Christian Magazine, Volume 6 (January to December 1853)

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THE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE,
DEVOTED TO
PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY
AND
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CONDUCTED BY
J. B. FERGUSON.

"Every scribe intrusted into the kingdom of Heaven, is like unto a householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.—MATT. VIII, 92.

VOLUME VI.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
JOHN T. FALI, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.—HEN FRANKLIN OFFICE, COLLEGE STREET.
1852.
cannot forbear to record the observation of one whose name is forgotten, that the dial, unlike the repining spirits of discontented men, refuses to count any hours save those that were bright.* This was at first a very imperfect instrument, and measured the hours not by a fixed length, but according to the changing length of the day. The Chaldeans were the inventors, and the dial of Ahaz, mentioned in Scripture, was doubtless brought from that inventive country. And such was the state of knowledge or rather ignorance in Rome at the time of the first Punic War, that a dial was brought to Rome and set up in the forum, which was made for another latitude. It was seen to be of no use; but how to mend it no one was wise enough to tell! The dial was succeeded by the water-clock (clepsydra) which was also imperfect from the ignorance of the law which governs the motion of fluids. Water was placed in an elevated glass, and the hour was measured by the time it required it to drop into another below. They knew not that when there was much water in the glass it would drop faster than when there was little. The use of these water-clocks was to determine the length of pleadings in court. Modern court-sittings, as well as sermon-sittings might be improved by the old Persian clepsydra. The ancient lawyer was allowed to speak while a given quantity of water filtrated through a perforated cup. The old Puritan preachers had a similar monitor in the hour glass which they placed upon the pulpit cushion; but judging from some of their sermons which have come

*Upon an old dial plate in a summer-house of the Garden of Plants, in Paris, is an inscription. "Irritas non numero nisi sermones."
down to us, they did not always accept the hint.

Clocks are of modern invention, which we owe to the Mediaeval ages. The ancients knew nothing of minutes or moments, but spoke of the latter by the expressive words, "twinkling of an eye," &c. Their hours were not fixed periods, but the time, whether long or short when anything happened. Homer makes the hour the seasons of the year; and Moses, Daniel and the Savior the time when anything happened, or was to happen. The night of the scriptures was divided into watches of three and four periods, which were loosely and arbitrarily regulated, and especially on a cloudy night when they could not observe the place of the star. Their best defined period was that of "cock-crowing" which depended upon the discretion of not always infallible poultry. The day was divided into morning, heat of the day, mid-day and evening; the evening beginning at the middle of the afternoon. In the days of the Savior although this division was in vogue, the Babylonian method of dividing the day by hours was also known. Many difficult problems, growing out of the unequal periods of light in different latitudes and the nature of the earth's orbit, could not be solved, before an exact method of measuring time was discovered.

The division of time into weeks has been in use from the earliest ages, and its existence is supposed to confirm the account of the creation as given in the 1st. chapter of Genesis. Certain it is, that Chinese, Hindoos and Egyptians, as well as Jews and Christians, not only thus divide time, but name the days of the week from the heavenly bodies. Our Sunday, Monday and Saturday, still show this origin: Sunday for the Sun, Monday for the Moon, and Saturday for Saturn. Our Saxon forefathers gave us the other names in honor of their rude divinities. Tuesday is the Saxon name of the planet Mars, Wednesday, of Mercury, Thursday, of Jupiter, and Friday, of Venus. The present names of the week, therefore, are the names of the ancients (i.e.) they are named from the same heavenly bodies, who were regarded as presiding over the measures of time.

This division furnishes us with what is called the Christian Sabbath. The first Sabbath was the 7th day, and as the first Christians were Jews, they observed that day as a day of rest, and by a special ordinance kept in memory of Christ laid the foundation of our present observance of Sunday. They doubtless followed their ordinary avocations on Sunday, with the exception of the time of their new religious services, as Christ did not directly set aside the institutions of the first religion; but with the fall of the Jewish polity and the growth of the Christian Church, the Lord's day (our Sunday) became the day, the sacred day of the week, and its importance to religion and good order has been acknowledged by all observant men, whether friends or enemies to the Christian faith. The failure of the French Revolutionists to abolish it, and their unhappy experience under the change has fixed it, doubtless, for all civilized lands. The nature of man and beast requires it. They are better with it than they can be without it. They will do more work and better work in the remaining six, and thus it is better for this world.—It promotes the cause of religion and morality, and thus claims the approval of the religious desires of man, and shows the wisdom of its appointment.

The months and years are regulated by the sun and moon, and the history of how these divisions were suggested, though instructive and pleasing, we can not now prosecute. Besides it is within the reach of all readers. We advance abruptly for want of time, to another division of our subject.

God has fixed exactly the measures of the day and year, whether man has been able to see his divisions or not. But an
important moral question to us is, how do we measure time? We answer.

1. By our passions. You will readily say, these are poor calculators, and so they are, but we are daily accepting their wild and deceptive measures. They make the hours, days, weeks and years of God's time long or short to us. How long are the hours to a spirit of impatience and discontent? How short to the spirit of regret that surveys the days of opportunity that have passed with dreamy swiftness. Hours are insupportable as we sit under the shade of a gloomy temper; they are nothing when the soul dances in its pleasure.—God's time then is made to us a short or long time according to the spirit we possess; and herein we see the one thing needful, not in arbitrary dogmas but in actual observation and experience. The Christian religion is divine, because it is the religion of the spirit, and not of the letter: it offers a holy spirit to all who will ask, and labor, to which time and all time's changes shall be made submissive and serviceable. God's time moves on, never pauses, never hastes. Its sweep is as calm as the shining ray of his sun, as noiseless as the movement of moon and stars. It hears not when we complain, and stops not when we entreat. It drives on whether we receive or repel. It heeds not our perturbations; but these perturbations are measuring our hours, the brightest and roughest, and will measure them to the end. Let God's time then, that neither waits nor hastens, give us moderation in all our desires, and we will receive his measures which are full to eternity. But we measure time also.

2. By our judgments. Every thing around a limited being is relative. If a youth is cut off in the morning of his life, we speak of his departure as premature. If a man be spared to a ripe old age we give thanks to the indulgent providence.—We measure our time by the ordinary limits of our stay upon earth. But the hound, did he live as long as his master, would be an old and worn out servant, while any of us can sit under a tree that has spread its branches over many generations. The man who loses his fortune in a day, speaks of his prosperity as lost, because it was unlooked for; while if his reason is turned into hopeless lunacy, we think the years long that hold him to the most hopeless of all diseases. Our thoughts and habits make the scale of our measures. We cannot do otherwise. You remember the fable of Methusaleh. When asked to make a suitable shelter against the weather, he replied to the Lord that as he had but two hundred years to live, it was useless to build it. There is serious meaning in that fable. Years, to such a life as his is represented to have been, were but as months to us. What were promised were few, compared with what he had. So now, a man who has lived to be seventy, if you tell him he may live ten more, looks at the ten as a very short time; while to the glad visions of youth, when the dim mystery of life is not yet revealed, and whose illusions are all beautiful, ten years are long and glorious. The old man feels that he has no heart for further enterprises; no time to pile up structures of glory. He must think of the eternal house, or of no certain habitation. He says: I am on the boundary of my pilgrimage. Here I must halt and die. Ten years to a hopeful youth, to whom every object is interesting; who puts his life into all he sees; who makes field, town and meadow glow with the visions that chase each other before his mind's eye, is a deathless period. We measure time then by our relative judgments, and as thus measured, what have we before us?

3. But we measure time by our services. This is the worthiest of all measures.—What services have we rendered? What work have we done? What moral improvement have we made? What recollections of faithfulness—the most blessed of all memories—are we blessed with?—This is the religious computation of time. All others exist for it. They will pass
THE OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

away, as forms and instruments all pass, but this will remain. Our passions will die, forgetting and being forgotten. The day is at hand that on earth there will be nothing to desire. The judgments, the comparisons of the mind will change with the last changes of our mortal condition. What we have accounted much, we will learn to account little. What we have accounted long will appear but short.—

Even the artificial instruments that measure our time will have no value to us.—

That clock, striking off the unconscious hours before our eyes, as before the eyes of our parents, and that repeater pressing thy heart, and beating responsive to its throb—will soon have no value to us. The hand that made them has perhaps already lost its cunning. We will need them not in the far-off heavens. But the records of righteousness; the spirit of duty and submission, of love and obedient faith; the consciousness of having endeavored, will never, never fail, will ever, ever be needed and cannot be put to confusion.

Our true time-pieces, then, measure time for us by measuring the breadth of our views of the divine government, the height of our principles of action, and the depth of our trust in God. The day of our services is our day. The night of our insufficiency is the night of our incapacity. If the hours are filled with good thoughts, the years will be full of good services.

"Why should we count our life by years, since years are short and pass away. Or why by fortune's smiles or tears, since tears are vain and smiles decay? O count by virtues—these shall last, when life's lame-footed race is o'er, and these when earthly joys are past, may cheer us on a brighter shore!"

J. B. F.

The opening and closing Year,

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

JUDGES 13: 8.—Thompson's Translation.

"And the children of Israel again proceeded to do evil in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord delivered them into the hand of the Philistines, forty years. Now there was a man of Sa-

ra, a community of the Danites, whose name was Manoe; and his wife was barren, and never had a child. And an angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman, and said to her, Behold, thou art barren and hast never had a child. But thou shalt conceive a son. Now therefore be careful not to drink wine, nor any fermented liquor, nor eat any thing which is unclean. For behold thou art with child, and shalt, bear a son; and on his head a razor shall not come; for the child shall be a Nazarete to God from the womb. And he shall begin to save Israel out of the hand of the Philistines. And the woman went and told her husband, saying, There came to me a man of God, and his visage was like that of an angel of God, very awful, so that I did not ask him whence he was, nor did he tell me his name. But he said to me, behold thou art with child, and shalt bear a son. Now therefore thou must not drink wine nor any fermented liquor, nor eat any thing unclean; for the child shall be consecrated to God, from the womb to the day of his death. Whereupon Manoe prayed to the Lord, and said, O Lord Adonai! grant me that the man of God, whom thou didst send, may come to us again, and instruct us what we shall do to the child which is to be born. And God hearkened to the voice of Manoe, and the angel of God came again to the woman. Now she was sitting in the field, and Manoe, her husband was not with her. So the woman hasted, and ran and told her husband, and said to him, the man hath appeared to me, who came to me before. Upon which Manoe arose and went with his wife, and when he came to the man, he said to him, art thou the man who spoke to my wife? And the angel said, I am. Then Manoe said, now the thing will
come to pass. How is the child to be educated and what is he to do? And the angel of the Lord said to Manoah, he must abstain from all things which I mentioned to this woman. He must eat nothing which proceedeth from the vine, nor drink wine, nor any fermented liquor, nor eat any thing which is unclean. He must observe all that I have commanded her. Then Manoah said to the angel of the Lord, let us detain thee here till we set before thee a kid of the goats. And the angel of the Lord said to Manoah, though thou detain me I can not eat of thy victuals; but if thou wouldst offer a whole burnt offering, offer it to the Lord. Because Manoah did not know that he was an angel of the Lord, therefore Manoah said to him, what is thy name, that when thy word cometh to pass we may honor thee? And the angel of the Lord said to Manoah, why askest thou my name? It is indeed Wonderful. Then Manoah took the kid of the goats, with the sacrifice of flour, and carried them up upon the rock for the Lord. And he went apart to offer the sacrifice, while Manoah and his wife were looking on. And when the flame ascended above the altar, up towards heaven, the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame. When Manoah and his wife saw this, they fell flat with their faces to the ground. And as the angel of the Lord no more appeared to Manoah and his wife, Manoah then knew that he was an angel of the Lord; whereupon he said to his wife, we shall surely die, for we have seen God. But his wife said to him, had it been the will of the Lord to cause us to die, he would not have received at our hand a whole burnt offering, and a sacrifice; nor would he have showed us all these things; nor would he, as on this occasion, have caused us to hear these things.

"So the woman bore a son, and called his name Sampson; and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him: and the Spirit of the Lord began to go out with him, at the camp of Dan, between Saraa and Esthaol."

The eight verse of this remarkable chapter, leads us in our thought. We stand to-day between two days which a large portion of the world regards as two interesting birth-days. Yesterday, the birth of Christ, a more "wonderful" child than the giant son of Manoah, was celebrated by many and thought of by all. And before we meet here again the New Year will be hailed with greetings and hopes our world over, as well as memories and regrets. The dying anthem of the Christmas is mingling its notes with the notes of the year-trumpet, preparing to sound. We may, as reflecting men and women, look back to the one and forward to the other, and in our feeling justify their union by the influence of healthful, religious, sentiment, more strong than any union from mere arbitrary authority or accidental nearness of time. We can unite the world of history and nature; the birth of the Saviour with the birth of the year, and by better authority than any that has settled either as the real beginning of each. No learned research has ever been able to fix any particular day as the day of his birth—no trace of tradition has handed it down. The moral idea, therefore, may be substituted for a forgotten era: for the rise of that Sun of Righteousness that has no Eastern or Western limit and casts no tropical shadow. The old Heathens celebrated the birth of the Sun, and when Christian were taking the place of Heathen festivals, the nativity of the true Son which enlightens the world was fixed near or at the same season of the year. The change was natural. The one gave date to the year; the other to the centuries. The one celebrated the birth of time; the other the "fullness of time" and the dawn of human eternity. The one looked back
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to the beginning of the world and forward to its catastrophe. The other was ordained before its foundation and was possessed in the beginning of the ways of the Almighty; of whom the early ages were prophetical and prepared for him, while the latest shall be blessed in his name. The year begins when the Sun commences his ascendency and makes his first invasion on the domain of darkness, and gives the earliest sign of the awakening earth that shall come forth from her now desolate chambers arrayed in her renewed and beautiful robes. So Christ arises in the depth of the world’s night—of the world’s winter, and before his ascending glory a new illumination awakens the mind and directs the energies of man. In both cases the old and ever-repeated lesson of divine wisdom is taught: from the lowest depressions come forth the best gifts both spiritual and earthly. The longest night precedes the lengthening day. The manger leads to the crown. Sampson and Christ come up from the barren womb, for God doth wondrously for which the soul of struggling humanity is glad.

“Humility is the first-born of virtue,
And claims the birth-right at the throne of heaven.”

The chapter before us carries us back to the story of the parents of Sampson: but its instruction does not confine us to these. The Hebrew champion was, also, a child of promise. An angel announced his birth, and directed his education. “Manoah entreated of the Lord, and said, O my Lord, let the man of God come again unto us and teach us what we shall do with the child that shall be born.” Will you notice the direction of this prayer? He does not pray that his curiosity may be gratified by seeing the wonderful angel that had appeared to his wife. Nor does he own he knows not whither to find the wondrous man of God. Nor does he inquire into his rank and station among the heavenly hosts. It is enough that he was from God, and therefore to God he directed his prayer, who alone can send the answer. He prays, too, for guidance and direction, what man ever needs, and yet seldom seeks. How may I educate the child: how order him? Not what mighty sceptre shall he wield? Not what wondrous honors shall be given. If ordered aright; if I can faithfully perform every duty to him, I know he shall fill the place that God designs. His prayer reveals the very spirit of all acceptable prayers, and thus instructs the world. It recognizes the weakness of the worshiper—it seeks divine help and looks forward to his own faithfulness.

As Manoah felt and prayed with respect to the promised child, so would we have you feel and pray with respect to the Holy Child, Jesus, and the child of the seasons that will be born as the opening year. “O Lord teach us what we shall do to the holy child Jesus, and how shall we faithfully order the child of the twelvemonth that anew opens to us our duty and opportunity.”

1. What of Christ? Not what of his metaphysical nature or the modus of his participation in the divine nature. Let bigots and zealots fight over what neither they nor their teachers can understand. It is like asking for the stature of the angel that appeared to Manoah, or the rank of the child whose birth he predicted and sent. “Lord teach us what we shall do with the child” that has been born! No, it is not even what has been done for mankind, either in the decrees of a foregoing eternity without our knowledge, or what will be done for us, unconditionally, I mean, in the curtained future that shall never end. We may have thus prayed and studied to settle such abstruse and unanswerable questions; but we will do no more, and especially as we ask after the son of God in connection with the sun of the year, which latter reminds us that the time is too short. Vain anxieties and worse dogmas are the answers to these speculative and not personal questions. What are we to do is the question of life and practice. What are we to do...
THE OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

We will acknowledge him as did the wise men and shepherds of old. We will bring an offering of praise and duty to his cause, and people which shall smell sweet as the ancient frankincense and myrrh. We will transfer his birth from the manger of Bethlehem to the dust and darkness of our own souls, that they may be cleared and enlightened—here, in thy sanctuary, for the year which is about also to be born to us, and along the way-side of our duties and charities, and do Thou O God, help our ignorance and weakness!

I. But what shall we do for the year about to be born? We are too apt to ask what shall the child do for us, and not what shall we do for the child? What will the year bring us of wealth and honor and pleasure? The year is also the child of God, and his birth is announced by the angel of time. He “maketh winds and his angels and flaming fire his ministers,” so he maketh seasons his messengers and ministers. The child of the New Year, like the child of Manoah, is announced by the angel of God, whose countenance may be terrible or gladdening, according to our faith in the divine goodness. As many hopes are clustering around that year as there were solicitudes around the cradle of Manoah’s son. Will these be gratified? Will the months smile upon us serenely, or look severely? Shall we prosper or fail? Shall our enterprises live or die? Shall we live or die? Shall the motion of God’s angel, the earth upon her mystic course, remove us from her surface? Shall it spare the healthy faces of those we love? Parents whose lessons of experience are exemplified in their lives before God and the world—friends, children? Will the aged fall who now stand so feebly in their places? Will the strong grow weak, and the weak faint?—These questions we will ask; but they are not the questions we should ask. There is more faith in the prayer of Manoah: Lord what shall we do?—not what shall be done to us. Look up to the heavens died on our account? This question will make us dutiful rather than inquisitive; humble rather than presumptuous. It will animate our motives, quicken our hope and give us the peace that flows from labors performed rather than the peace of self-confidences, not to say Pharisaical pretensions. The mission of Christ will help us if we mix our will and affections with it. It works not as a charm or a talisman, although it propose to save us, however unworthy. It reveals truths; but we must receive and apply them. It makes exceeding great and precious promises; but we must aspire after what it promises. It brings redemption; but it is to make us zealous of good or redeeming deeds.

God’s angeled was born, was trained, and his wonderful mission completed by approving Providences full eighteen centuries ago. He received the malice of men, the homage of angels and ascended to the Father. But his name and his faith are with us, and we are called upon to acknowledge the one and live the other.

Do we pray with pious Manoah, what shall we do, or what can we do? We are answered, we can render him obedience whom the Father hath sent and sealed. We can imbibe his spirit-follow his example, and grow in his likeness. We can deny ourselves and yield to him the fruit of every denial. He was born to bear witness to the truth, and we can receive and honor his testimony. We can be “doers of his word,” and seek God’s blessing “in the deed.” He taught in one solemn lesson—when he anticipated the most fearful judgments that ever fell upon any people—that acts of kindness and mercy, performed for the least of his brethren—were performed toward him, and would so be recognized. He, therefore, who refuses his pity to his most despised follower, refuses it to Christ. He that deals treacherously with his neighbor, deals treacherously with Christ. He that wounds his brethren wounds Christ; in the house of his friends. We can easily see the need of the prayer: “O Lord God!
and say, can you not trust their king?
Look back to the manger, and dare you hesitate in your trust. God rules over
the year as he ruled over the stable of
Judah's least village, and the tomb of Judah's richest senator. His spirit has fixed
its judgments as it gave power to the arm of Sampson and the words of Jesus. Its
changes will be various and transitory, but its moral consequences are beyond the
limits of temporal things—are of the spirit of God. What will happen is of his dis-
posal and our use. We can not command the results, but we can choose what we
ourselves shall be, at least so far as our consciences are concerned. We know
not what to-morrow will bring forth, but we know that God has charge of it, and
that all events, even the darkest and hard-
est, will be safe to the faithful. Like
every other year, it will have its good and bad success. We can take its favors,
we can bear its trials, if God shall direct
and defend us. He provides for sparrows;
we are of more value than many sparrows.
Under his shield, therefore, we will walk
forth in the dim vista of its circling months,
and unknown events, to walk with its
bright angels and wrestle with its dark
ones, and compel the hours to leave their
blessing on our hearts, homes, churches and country. Thus will we have strength
in sickness; peace in the hottest of our fiercest battles, and we will do for the
children of time what shall be remembered
when time, God's eldest earthly child, shall also ascend with his records to eter-
nity. And when time's last day shall, to
us, come, may our spirits, as angels of
the Lord, ascend in the flame that con-
sumes their corporeal dress, as it goes up above the altar toward heaven.

J. B. F.

Exposition of Scripture.

THE APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

MAT. 28: 19, 20

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing
them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things
whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with
you always, even to the end of the world. Amen."—

In an examination of this Scripture and
its parallel scriptures, we propose, in the
first place, a few observations on the
phrases employed by the sacred penman.
And

I. "Go teach all nations." From
the days of Dr. Geo. Campbell's Dissertations
on the four Gospels, the word "teach," in
the first clause of the Commission, has been understood to signify "to make dis-
ciples." The original word is Μαθητά-
te. Its scriptural use and meaning can be gathered, from Matt. 13: 52, 27; 57;
Acts 14: 21. Another word—Didascontes
—is used in the phrase "teaching them to
observe," &c. The true idea of the Lord
is doubtless contained in the following
translation: "Go make disciples of all
nations—teaching them to observe all
things whatsoever I have commanded you."
As disciples are made by teaching, our
translators saw fit to use the same words in both cases as expressive of the spirit of the original.

II. "Lo, I am with you always, even to
the end of the world." The phrase here
rendered "end of the world" evidently
signifies the end of the age, either Jewish or Apostolic, or both. To the end of the
Jewish polity Christ promises to be with
his Apostles, not in person, but by his
spirit, enabling them to perform miracles
in confirmation of their word and in de-
Ience of their persons and teaching till his
Religion should be so established as to be
self-perpetuating. This view is sustained
by the record of Mark 16: 17, 20; where, in
giving the same commission, the Sa-
vour is represented as saying "And these
signs" (signs of his presence by the spirit of miraculous wisdom and power,) "shall
follow them that believe: In my name
shall they cast out devils; they shall
speak with new tongues; they shall take
up serpents; and if they drink any dead-
ly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall
lay hands on the sick, and they shall re-
cover.

So then, after the Lord had spoken unto
them, he was received up into heaven,
and sat on the right-hand of God."
And also by Luke, who presents him on the same occasion as promising to endow them with the spirit. Luke 24: 48, 49. See, also, John 20: 22, and Acts 1: 5, 8. To establish a new and transforming religion in the place of an old and corrupt tradition, the Spirit of God was given to the Apostles and primitive believers in a manner in which it has never been bestowed since. Thus was he with them to the end of the age when miracles ceased. We may remark that had they continued, they would have ceased to have been miracles. The rising of the sun is not a miracle, though had it never risen till to-day it would have been the greatest of miracles. The above translation is confirmed 1. By the meaning of the original.—“Conclusion of this age” is certainly the signification of the original “τες συντελείας τον αἰώνος.” And from a careful and repeated examination of its use throughout the New Testament, I am fully satisfied, except to sustain the dogma of Apostolic Succession, or some peculiar notions of an organized church, or of a future judgment at the close of all terrestrial things, no other meaning would ever have been thought of. We will favor the English reader with distinctive instances in which the original words occur, and leave him to draw his own conclusions independent of the correctness or incorrectness of the opinions that have sought warrant from the common translation. The word rendered “end” is συντελείας from συντελεο, which signifies to bring to an end, to finish, to consummate, to ratify, to be terminated, to be fully realized. In the text it signifies completion, conclusion, or consummation. The verb is found in the following passages:—Matt. 7: 28; Rom. 9, 28; Heb. 8: 8; Luke 4: 2; Mark 13: 4; Acts 21: 27.—the noun: Matt. 13: 39, 40, 49; 24: 3; and the passage before us. The word translated world, is αἰώνος and signifies a period of time of significant character, an era, an age, a peculiar condition of man and the world. By what scholars call an Aramaism, it signifies the visible creation, as in Heb. 1: 2. Its common meaning is a period of time or an era.—The whole phrase may, therefore, be very properly rendered, consummation of this age or era.

2. By the general concurrence of the New Testament Scriptures. It must have been often observed by the critical reader of the New Testament, that most of its writers were made to look forward to some great event that would occur in their own generation, as the consummation of the Mosaic dispensation and the complete establishment of the Christian, involving a fearful overthrow of the whole Jewish polity and religion. This was called the “end of the age,” or “world,” as it is in our translation. The Apostle spoke, therefore, of the end of the world having already come in his day. “Now once in the end of the world,” Heb. 7: 27, and “upon whom the ends of the world have come,” 1 Cor. 10: 7. In almost every book of the New Testament, if we except the gospel of John, this event is connected with the second personal coming of Christ, and is described, often, as an objective and scenic event, to be seen, heard and felt; upon “a cloud,” with the “voice of a trumpet,” “raising the dead.” The destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish polity and the coming of Christ are ever connected, which events make the “end of the world” in our text. The 24th and 25th of Matthew and the parallel passages in Mark and Luke, will exemplify this remark. Although the day and the hour of that event could not be known according to Christ: yet it was to take place during the existence of that generation, Matt. 24: 34; Mark 13: 30; Luke 21: 32. It is called “the day of Christ,” Phil. 1: 10; the time of judgment: James 5: 9: “the end of all things” 1 Pet. 4: 7. The “last time,” 1 John, 2: 18; &c., &c.—Allusions of this character could be multiplied indefinitely, but every reader can find them.

In the scriptural style it is not extrav-
APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

Gant to so describe great political and moral changes. The destruction of the Jewish capital and commonwealth; the scattering of Israel from the place of their divine presence and from all the privileges of the Religion whose founder they had crucified; and the remarkable establishment of that religion as the regenerating element of the world, were events far more consequential and significant than many which are described with equal strength of language in the Old Testament. Let the reader patiently consult Isaiah 13, 9, 10 and the 14th chapter—also 24: 19, 20, 23; Ezek. 32: 7, 8; Joel 2: 30, 31; also 3rd chapter, and similar passages in all the prophets. The destruction of Babylon, Egypt, the devastation of locusts and like objects are described in imagery as vivid as any implied by the phrase "end of the world;" "coming of the Lord," &c., &c. In accordance with this, the only rational view of the scripture, we find that when the church was established on the day of Pentecost immediately, in the institution of the "fellowship," the sale of Judean estates and the establishment of a common fund—provision was made against this "end of the world." And in all the churches, even among the Gentiles, in view of wars, famines, pestilences and the final overthrow of Jerusalem and the ancient people of God, the spirit of prophecy and Apostolic authority and example were used to secure contributions for the poor saints of Jerusalem, and for the necessity that would scatter them abroad as the heralds of a new and divine Religion. The evidence that sustains this view of the phrase under consideration, and of the scriptures referred to, is scattered in some form over all the New Testament, and is so positive and overwhelming that the first critics of Christendom, and some of them very reluctantly, in view of inherited notions and prejudices in favor of a more popular though very inconsistent interpretation, — no longer think of resisting it.* Nothing, in my humble judgment, can be opposed to it but a kind of double-sense interpretation that makes the Bible a book of communards and riddles, and is the opprobrium of dogmatic theology: a theology that seems to look, not so much to the meaning of the words of the sacred writers, as to a forced meaning which, least of all others, suits the words in dispute. So, at least, it strikes me upon every investigation, and I feel it a duty to record my sincere conviction. Piety and learning, I know, have often been on the side of another interpretation, but truth and courage to state it, which at last must be the true life of all God-accepted piety, are with the view we have briefly delineated.

III. "Baptizing them," i.e. immersing them as the, original baptizantes signifies. The origin of baptism, as a religious rite, reaches back to an unrecorded antiquity and connects itself with universal history. It was the "water of separation," "a purification from sin" under the Levitical law. The worshippers of Buddha, embracing nearly one half of the human race, have from time immemorial, regarded a bath in the sacred Ganges as a cleansing from all moral pollution. The Greeks and Romans, numbered among their religious rites, ablutions in running streams and in the sea, by which candidates for favor with the Gods were accepted. The Nile, the Ganges and the Jordan have been sacred rivers from time's first records. The origin of baptism, as an emblem of inward cleansing, we think clearly traceable to the advance of the human mind from the idea of bodily cleanliness, associated with bathing, to the idea of purity of soul. Christ found it in existence, adopted it as the initiatory rite of his religion, and gave it the sanction of his divine authority. He placed it in the porch of his holy temple and made it the universal language of confession which should be adopted by men of all nations and languages. It may well be called the divine language, by which the believer in Christ acknowledged his death, burial and res-

*See Onstaden M. Stuart, Neander, &c.
Corruption, and commenced an obedient life to his authority as the manifestation of the fatherhood, remedial intention and spiritual purposes of God—"baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

A question of incalculable, practical importance now presses itself upon our attention, which we propose to discuss after presenting the commission as recorded by Mark. That question is:

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SALVATION?

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16:15.

I. What is Christian Salvation?—1. Salvation is deliverance from ignorance, sin and error. "You are saved" says the Apostle Paul, "if you keep in memory what I have preached unto you." 1 Cor. 15:3. The gospel or grace of God brings salvation, teaching us the denying of "ungodliness and worldly lusts, and that we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." Titus 2:11.

"According to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." We need not multiply quotations. "We are renewed in knowledge" not ignorance. Salvation so far as God is concerned is ascribed to his essential benevolence, his "grace," "mercy," "love." But so far as man is concerned, it is the result of effort to learn from the divine teaching, and to practice after the divine pattern and commandment. He is in the possession of Christian salvation, then, who possesses Christian knowledge, virtue and piety: knowledge of God and human duty; truth, or strength of moral purpose to overcome the evil habits of his soul, and a piety of such love to God as makes his commandments the rule of the life. Let me present the whole idea I wish to convey by a familiar example: Suppose a Heathen man stands before me, to whom I desire to impart the Christian salvation. He is a worshipper of idols; has no knowledge of Jesus or acquaintance with gospel motives. What is my first duty? To convince him that there is a God, the common Creator and Father of the human race. I succeed. I have saved him—how far? From the folly and darkness of idolatry by saying him from his ignorance concerning the nature and perfections of the Divine Being. This saves him from the evil and hard heart of unbelief. Next, I convince him that Jesus is the light of that Father shining in the world, and is, therefore, its Saviour. I present before him, also, the steps by which he may become and continue his disciple: teach him how to imitate his example, to imbibe his spirit, and obey his instructions. Believing in Christ as the true Son of God, and accepting his name in baptism; he enters the Christian profession. Now how far is he saved? Just so far as his knowledge and practice of Christ's teaching extend. It is a matter of degree. As his actions give evidence of a reformation of heart and life, he will be saved from his iniquities, and blessed with a just and benevolent character.—

The salvation of Christ is, therefore, in the language of our habits and experience, a deliverance from ignorance, sin and error, into the enjoyment of Christian knowledge, virtue and piety. It may commence positively and decidedly with a single act such as baptism, but it continues only so long as he continues a practical christian. The gospel of God's mercy assures him the past is pardoned whenever he commences; and the gospel of God's rectitude equally assures him that the joys of christian feeling and the triumphs of Christian faith are his, only as he forms the christian character. We are prepared, now, to answer our question and proceed to its proof:

1. Salvation is deliverance from ignorance, sin and error, into knowledge, holiness and piety. Proof:—In addition to the scriptures already referred to, we find it written in the first announcement of a Saviour: "thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their
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SALVATION FROM PUNISHMENT.

SALVATION FROM PUNISHMENT.

"He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." He sent his Apostles to teach, to preach, to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light, from the power of sin or Satan to God. "He became the author of eternal salvation to all that obey him." If, then, a man be turned from ignorance to the knowledge of the true God; if he be turned away from the authority of human and fallible teachers to the authority of the teaching of Christ, and from the power of his iniquities to the good works of piety, humanity and benevolence, surely no one will deny that he is saved from religious blindness and worldly iniquity, and is turned to the wisdom and holiness of the just.

2. We are saved whenever we become Christians. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The Scriptures everywhere represent believers in Christ as saved whenever they commence the life of obedience. Hence it is written: "He hath saved us." "He saved us." "By grace ye were, or are saved." "The like figure whereunto baptism doth now save us." By the institution of baptism the believer confessed Christ, put him on as a profession, and entered upon the renewed life of knowledge, virtue and piety.

The argument is this: If the Savior pronounced his disciples saved when they cordially embraced his religion; when they "believed and were baptized;" if his apostles declared themselves and their converts saved when they were found in the Christian life, then Christian salvation takes place whenever a man becomes a Christian; and it so takes place because he comes to the knowledge of salvation by Christ.

3. A man thus saved is in no danger of punishment. And this follows from the nature of his salvation. The temporal afflictions which his ignorance and comparative Heathenism, when he had no practical faith in God, arrayed in the gloom of punishment, he has learned to regard as evidences of divine love by which he is being trained for higher purposes and engagements, and thus his salvation, by this knowledge, gives him a resigna-

tion and a cheerful submission that delivers him from their power. He walks not after the flesh, and hence is superior to its power. Delivered from the guilt of his past sins, he fears no future condemnation only as he fears his abandonment of Christian duty and life, his return to sin.

His love, partaking of the love of the Father who sent his Son to deliver the worst of sinners, casts out all fear, for it has naught to fear in a universe over which that Father presides with infinite power, wisdom and goodness. "Where there is fear there is torment," and fear is always the daughter either of ignorance or hatred.

He that fears is not saved, and needs knowledge to deliver him into a state of filial trust and love. "He that believeth not is condemned already." His sense of condemnation reveals the necessity of faith—a faith that works by love and purifies the heart, a love that casts out fear. If, therefore, sin brings its torment; if it be true that he that has no love for God can not enjoy him; that he that is suffused with pride, anger and bitterness, can not enjoy the sweet waters of life; if our comfort, hope and triumph are in proportion to our faith, patience and duty, it must be clear to all reflecting men, that the Christian salvation delivers from all fear of punishment. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy on him, and to our God and he will abundantly pardon." Let him forsake his depravity and he will escape its punishment. "Let him forsake his iniquities and he will taste of forgiveness. Let him "repent and be converted," or reform his wicked life and turn his heart to God, and "his sins will be blotted out." Whoever forsakes a sin, that sin is instantly pardoned. Its remission and its counterpart virtue, make
the pardon, so far as man is concerned. And whoever, in the ordinance of baptism, forsakes a life of sin and consecrates himself to a new life, has the Scriptural assurance that the whole past is forgiven, while the assurance and enjoyment of that pardon will flow parallel with his preserved faith and duty. And thus he who is 'forgiven much loves much.'

What pardon is with God we do not at present wish to define. Our views on this subject differ from a vast majority of our readers. But what pardon is with man, as a matter of enjoyment and incentive to duty—as a part of his salvation, we feel able and willing to define. It is deliverance from the power and punishment of sin in the profession and enjoyment of a Christian character. It is secured in proportion as we reform evil habits, and secure our improvement in good ones—Hence the duties upon which it is suspended, with a single exception, are lifetime duties; and I believe, eternal duties. Faith and repentance are so defined in the Scriptures, as to show them to be principles of the soul, partaking of its nature and devotion. It is faith in Christ, the all-perfect, by which the life or happiness of the just is secured. It is repentance toward God—an infinite perfection to which we are called, and which is, and ever must be, a 'repentance unto life.' The Scriptures are full of proof of this sentiment. Our observation and experience also confirm it. Take a fact from observation: Look at the most depraved man of your acquaintance; unlawful indulgence has debased his appetite and brutalized his temper, perverted his affections and rendered his soul callous to good impressions, deranged his intellect and diseased his body. Family and friends suffer in his disgrace. What is he morally? With the past as a scene of distressing reflections; the present a scene of broken resolutions; the future filled with dismal forebodings? Suppose now, that God were, audibly to speak his pardon; would he be happy? Could he be and continue in his profligacy and crimes? You unhesitatingly answer, no. It would be no possible pleasure or help to him to know himself pardoned unless with it he receive hope for amendment. His sin is his punishment—his condemnation; and he must be delivered from it; or he is, and must ever be, miserable. Pardon, then, with man, is deliverance from sin, and universal experience so testifies. Every sin of heart and life is pardoned to me and with me when forsaken. God is, indeed, merciful; full of compassion and love. But He changes not when our sins are pardoned. The change is in us: and though in his mind he might and does pardon us, the punishment of no single sin can be escaped but as we forsake it. The divine pardon, to us, then, is the Christian character. All that helps us to this, helps us to our enjoyment of the divine nature, which is love, and which casts out all fear. We fear and must fear until we partake of it. Hence we should daily seek for it. Now we can understand why punishment often continues after the sin is forsaken. Reformation restores not always an impaired constitution, a wasted estate, a lost confidence or even self-approbation. Our memories are so constituted as to remind us of our transgressions. Sin destroys the soul’s happiness. It must be forsaken; and, lest we fall into it again, its remembrance is continued. We are sure to fall into it unless we are harnessed for faith and duty. There is nothing then, in pardon, that cuts the springs of endeavor. We are ever attaining; we never fully comprehend. We press forward and the prize is still before. But in proportion as we do attain we walk by the same rule and mind the same things. Man is a progressive being, as all limited and improvable beings must be. In this view he is never so righteous nor so pardoned as not to need reformation or more pardon. As a servant of God he says with David, "Judge me, O God, according to my righteousness;" but are the words are cold he adds, "Wash me thor-
ougbly from my iniquities, and cleanse me from my sins; for I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me."

Or with Christian Paul we exclaim: "with my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin." As in our bodies we frequently, perhaps always, have both health and sickness, so in our souls we have both sin and holiness; and the sense of the former should inspire to greater efforts after the latter.

The Miseries and Discipline of Life.

"Let the day perish wherein I was born." Thus spoke Job, in the dreariness of his pain, when smitten by the hand of God, and there appeared no promise or prospect of relief. In the burden of his life, he wept over his miseries, and there seemed no star to break the midnight of his fearful agony, and in the trouble of his spirit, his prayer was for death. Under the crushing load that had already gathered and was still gathering upon his soul, he longed for the quiet of death, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Such, I apprehend, under similar circumstances, would be the promptings of every selfish heart; that is, of any heart, when under the sway of selfish impulses. Job's story begins with this contempt of life, but it does not end with it; for his selfishness gives way to thoughts of God, his power, wisdom and goodness, and he comes to acknowledge that he had "uttered what he understood not, and things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." And he lived to bless God in the crown of a hoary age, for a life that had been so signally marked by divine discipline and favor. It is but natural to wish that all contempt of life may terminate, as wisely and as beautifully as the history of Job.

The selfish principle which undervalues every thing in God's creation, is often very strong in us, when least suspected, and least observed. There are times when we hear of the calamities of others, with-
that seems to make for the worshipper a
fish who become weary of life. The
sort of favoritism with Heaven; and for-
gets that God is good to all, and that his ten-
der mercies, however the contrary may ap-
pear to our limited vision,—are over all
his works. Sincere and praiseworthy
gratitude for the Bible always presuppo-
ses that we have some acquaintance with
its treasures and comforts; for the gospel,
that we have accepted its merciful provis-
ions; for health, that we are seeking to
use it for the purposes for which it was
given; for life, that it is accepted as a
treasure lent. And however grateful,
the well taught mind must ever know that
the day of calamity is only deferred, and
that life itself and death is a warfare from
which there is no release.

But why, let me ask, should we feel
our calamities when they do come, as more
than those of others, and our burdens as
heavier than our neighbors? Why give
other than the common character to our
griefs? Why account the sufferings of
our neighbor small, however great, and
our own great however, small? Yet this
is the course of genuine selfishness where-
ever you observe it, whether in yourselves
or others—and you may also observe, and
may God bless the observation to your
immediate and everlasting good, that the
sufferings of the selfish make them more
selfish, while the sufferings of the gene-
rous make them more noble. The miser
holds on to his gold or his merchandize,
or the products of his farm, the more te-
naciously, as sickness or danger, or famine
threaten the land; harder and harder be-
comes his heart as the need for its soften-
ing gathers upon him, until it becomes as
the nether mill-stone. Whilst more im-
pressible and affectionate, more ready to
give and serve become all true souls as
they feel the power of a common adver-
sity or a spreading desolation. And here
we see how hardly can a rich man enter
into the kingdom of heaven; whilst the
poorest condition may be rich in faith and
affection, and nigh to the kingdom of God.

But it is not always the obstinately sel-
fish, however great, and these shadows will come, despite the
bounding vigor of your pulse and the
glowing beauty of your eye. There is
chilling selfishness to be encountered—
there is a miserable insufficiency to be
found where we hold the promise of ful-
ness and joy; there are longings after the true,
the beautiful and the good, which many
aspects of the world will tantalize; there
are unwonted evils and multiplied anx-
ieties to press with leaden weight upon the
light spirit; there may be long, lingering
disease and the sad disappointment of
proposed remedies, that lesson your confi-
dence in a skill whose pretentions gave the
air of infallibility; and desertion of
friends, or their unworthiness, which is
worse; and the embarrassments of novel
situations and adventure, for which there
has been no studied preparation or self-
discipline. Ah! I can well see how life
may loose its charm even in the spring-
time of apparent joy and hope, and how
between the ages of twenty and fifty, dis-
cesses caused by mental anxiety are most
prevalent.
But, if this condition is to be regretted, there is another to be deplored. We expect youth to meet with early and grievous disappointment; but we hope that a sobered experience will clip the wings of its fancy, and bring it to more solid, if not so enrapturing enjoyments, than those which arose to its untrained imagination. But when this weariness of life takes on the corroborative power of experience and reflection; when it professes to have proved life and found it worthless; when it rises up in its manhood, and in the gate of the city, and before the judges, in poem, sermon and massive volumes testifies that there is more of misery than joy; that its employments are monotonous; its pleasures cloying; its honors transitory; its friendships false; its schemes delusory; its joys unrewarded; and all its possessions shriveled and insignificant! I say when manhood takes on this sad and absurd aspect, it is a sin that must be exposed, and its view of life as earthly as any other misanthropy. I repeat, while this distaste of life is to be regretted in youth, it is to be deplored in sober manhood. Youth to which the dreams of earth have suddenly melted; its hopes turned to ashes, crushed by disease and clouded by care; its luxurious blossoms scattered without fruit, and a worm at the core of every bud of its promise; no wise goodness at hand to instruct it; no vigilant tenderness to solace and cherish it; no loving consolation to speak to it in gracious words; no piety to hold out the divine hand of love and strength! O, to such a youth there may be weariness and saddening discontent. But even such a youth is not forsaken, as we all see when death uplifts the curtain that often hides from human eyes the hand of that equal Father, upon whose bosom the dead sparrow reposes without being forgotten.

But manhood should have learned better by experience. Still I am met here and opposed by the statement of manhood's cause of discontent. "My fortune has dermouled, and my sorrows come not alone to me, or I could, if not meekly, at least manfully, bear them. The fallen fabric of my fullest expectations has also leveled the fairest prospects of my family, and those for whom I toiled early and rested late; those who hung on me in infancy and looked to me in youth, are my fellow-sufferers. How can I be otherwise than weary of life?" I admit the power of the statement. Loss of health and loss of property, with innocent dependants, is a hard lot; but still even it is a bearable one, or there is no wisdom in philosophy, no rebuke in virtue, no truth in religion. When a lot is hard, unrelievably hard, there is comfort in the thought that God knows it. "The poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his trouble." But at last may it not be insatiable desire; desire run mad, that gives us our discontent, and makes the loss of this world's good so heavily upon the spirit. We make an irritable and discontented dream of life, whose exaggerations are turned to a sickened loathing. My proof is that the laborious poor have no such feelings. They never had time for such fancies; and this day, God is my witness, I would rather go down, or up, if you please, to the commonest ways of the commonest life, if they alone could preserve me from such bewildering and forbidding hallucinations. The common lot may at last turn out to have been the better lot. What I mean to say is, that our false way of living often converts desire into disease, the worst of all human maladies, for it is of the mind, and partakes of its incomprehensible greatness. An outward malady may be an evil, but it is a limited one. It can go so far and no farther. But an inward disease is unlimited, and even death cannot stay its ravages. It makes man a victim to his highest advantages. His noble mind, made to be active for the enduring, by the aid of the transitory and changing, comes down to seek more transient sensations and finds stability in nothing, for his interest is in nothing
whose basis is truth or stability. It is not
the lack of capacity to appreciate the no-
bility in man and the divine in nature; but
it is the distorted and exaggerated imagi-
nation that prefers false sentiment to sim-
ple truth. The light even of a good intel-
lect, shining through such an atmosphere,
would reflect every object in a perverted
form, and cause the healthiest creations of
God and the wisest enjoyments of society
to appear as mere annoyances and disap-
pointments. Moderate the desires, is the
command of God, the dictate of Reason,
and the testimony of experience to all
such. Then regular pursuits will no lon-
ger be odious. Despair for what we can-
not have will be replaced by a calm satis-
faction in what we may have. Friendship
that shows itself in homely fidelity and
kindly deeds, rather than in poetic and
impassioned sentimentalism; in undecor-
ning loyalty and immovable constancy, rather
than the high sounding words of an undis-
ciplined enthusiasm; and Religion, ever
the mother and the hand-maid of the peni-
tent, will come in to teach acquiescence
to the law which brings real suffering,
sorrow and death, to show us the evil as
well as the good of the scene through
which we have so short a passage, afford-
ing its aids for our improvement in it as a
scene of probation and trial—whilst far
away beyond its unsolid and tremulous
glitter in the New Heavens and the New
Earth that death shall open—it will point
us to the eternal dominion of righteous-
ness, peace and love, where we may find
every longing satisfied in eternal fulness
and joy.

But why then, do not all account life
a blessing? Why are men mean, sul-
en and fretful? Is it alone because their
wishes are disinterested? It is because they
live only for pleasure and make no pro-
vision for infirmity and neglect? It is.
Their lives are without either memory or
conscience to cheer them; without charity
to bless or usefulness to call forth grati-
tude for their stay amongst men. What
they have lived for has departed, and they
are unwilling to live for what may re-
main. They have acquired a habit of bl-
ing miserable. They have extinguished
the primal light of faith and hope, intend-
ed to be the light of the soul, and how
can they be happy? Such have mistaken
the great purpose of life. And I pause
to ask you, to ask every man, what is that
purpose? It is happiness says some one,
to whom I reply, why then are we not
happy? Or at least, why can we not be
happy? My answer to the question, is:
Duty or work is the purpose of life. Life
in other words, was made for work. Man
must work, or be miserable. His happi-
ness is in his work, not as an equivalent,
but as an element. Let a man, therefore,
make happiness his end and he is sure to
miss it. No man who studies his happi-
ness is ever happy. While no man who
studies his duty is ever unhappy. He may
have a false idea of duty, but so long as
he is faithful he cannot be miserable.—
Make his ideas pure, benevolent, generous,
faithful in beneficence, and it will expand
his capacity for happiness and, in propor-
tion, raise and gladden him. But let him
set his mind wholly upon his own happi-
ness, and he will be deflected. Some one,
child, parent, fellow, will come in to mar
the pleasure-cup of his fancied bliss, and
perchance dash it to the earth. But he
that strives for the right, makes duty the
end of life, will find what he did not strive
for; for the rewards of duty are not ar-
bitrary, they are inherent in the duty itself.
We may not see the reward, but every
good wish has its reward in the very do-
ing of the work. To the outward senses
of men good deeds or evil deeds may often
appear as the same: equally prosperous
or adverse; but there is no truth so well
settled, in my mind, as that all good deeds
will meet, and do meet, their reward,
while all evil deeds meet their retribution.
The great error that I meet with on this
subject is this: We are waiting to be
good, instead of laboring to do good.
Let me say with emphasis that we are
not to wait for preparations for duty
or character. The being and doing are the preparation itself—preparation for a higher being and doing. We are being prepared every day for good or for evil. Our friendships, our prosperity and pleasures, aye, and our sorrows are the agencies of our preparation. "Sorrow," says a Christian writer of the present century:

"Sorrow is the noblest of all discipline. Our nature shrinks from it, but it is not the less for the greatness of our nature. It is a scourge, but there is healing in its stripes. It is a chalice, and the drink is bitter, but strength proceeds from the bitterness. It is a crown of thorns, but it becomes a wreath of light on the brow which it has lacerated. It is a cross on which the spirit groans, but every Calvary has an Olivet. To every place or crucifixion there is likewise a place of ascension. The sun that was shrouded is unveiled, and heaven opens with hopes eternal to the soul, which was nigh unto despair. Even in guilt sorrow has sanctity within it. Place a bad man beside the death-bed or grave, where all that he loved is cold, we are moved, we are won by his affliction, and we find the divine spark yet alive, which no vice could quench. We cannot withhold our interest, and we are compelled to give him our respect.

"Christianity itself is a religion of sorrow. It was born in sorrow, it was incarnate in sorrow, it was tried in sorrow, and by sorrow it was made perfect. The author of Christianity was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Alone did he tread the winepress of agony, until the last drop of torture was crushed out. Alone did he walk on the waves of affliction in the dark and stormy midnight of solitude and woe. With sensibilities so quick, so gentle, and so loving, with a perfect soul, to which wrong or wickedness must have caused unspeakable pain, yet, to which the depths of wrong and wickedness were exposed; with sympathies alive to the smallest suffering, and yet which clasped in their wide embrace all humanity in its wants and its capacities; heavy, indeed, was the burden which his spirit had to bear. Not on one occasion only, but often, we conceived him bathed all over with the cold sweat of a terrible anguish—but often we may hear him exclaim, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

"It was for such a being humanity waited; out of the depths, of its gloom, of doubt, of suffering and of sin, the heart of humanity cried for such a being, and in the fullness of time he came. Humanity looked up bewildered to the stars, it looked down weeping to the grave; but the stars were cold, and the grave was silent. With passionate supplications, with tears and blood, it besought reply to its deep, sad questionings. But heaven and earth were mute to its petitions. At last a being was given to it, who understood the secret of its grief, and who solved the mystery of its fears; who spoke out of its own affections and to them; who, enduring its trials to the utmost, with the comfort of divine truth, bestowed the help of divine companionship. Distinctively, Christ was a man of sorrows, and distinctively Christianity is a religion for the sorrowful. It is by affliction that the need of it is felt; it is by affliction that its innermost meaning is apprehended. Even the pardon which it proclaims, the mercy which it reveals, descends only on the tribulations of repentance. It is a religion which brings the soul into communion with solemn things on every side of it, and into most intimate communion with itself. It is a religion which, in giving the soul an ideal of faultless excellence, humbles and chastens it, in the presence of the holiness by which it is elevated and sanctified. It awes by the majesty of its truths, it agitates by the force of its compunctions, it penetrates the heart by the tenderness of its appeals, and it casts over the abyss of thought, the shadow of its eternal grandeur. Nor is this all. It reveals such views of this thronged world, such views of those who throng it, as often to deepen reflection into sadness.
"But this sadness is exalting. It is the baptism by which every man who lives profoundly is introduced into his greater life. Since Christ wept over Jerusalem, the best and bravest, who have followed him, in good will and good deeds, have commenced their mission, like him, in suffering, and not a few of them, like him, have closed it in blood. Sorrow is not to be complained of, it is to be accepted.—It has godliness in its power, it has joy within its gloom, and though Christianity is a religion of sorrow, it is not less a religion of hope; it casts down in order to exalt, and, if it tries the spirit by affliction, it is to prepare it for beatitude."**

In conclusion then, allow me to reiterate the testimony of all true men in answer to the question, is life a blessing? It is a great blessing, because it affords a great discipline for the greatest, even the immortal ends. Life is good. God made and pronounced it good, and all his children, saints, Apostles and martyrs, have rejoiced in its goodness under the heaviest calamities. It is glorious, for it unfolds to us some knowledge of its glorious author; brings down wisdom from the infinite and bears up homage and gratitude to the glorious One who created the universe. It is good in unnumbered sources of happiness around everyone of us. It is good in the buoyant and happy affections that bless it. It is good in its connection with infinite goodness, or the hope of infinite glory that spans the darkest clouds of its dangerous passage. It is good even in its frailty and suffering, for it still survives and is not crushed under earthly burdens, and is daily redeemed from destruction, crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. Its heavenly nature is revealed in its frailty, as the true divinity of Christ was manifested in his death.—It is good even in its inheritance of corruption, for the hand of the incorrupt is upon it, and through mouldering and unsightly changes it is passing to glory and triumph.

*Henry Giles.

The strains of joy that go forth from its burdened heart are often mingled with melancholy, but their very sadness reveals the hope of heaven. Life is good in its misery, for even misery cannot destroy it; and its deepest grief becomes a source of deep and sacred interest. "Ah holy hours of suffering and sorrow! hours of communion with the great and triumphant sufferer; who that has passed through your silent moments of prayer and resignation and trust, would give you up for all the brightness of prosperity."

Life is good, for it is the creation of God. Its light sprang from darkness; its power from inertness; its being from nothing.—It came from the overflowing goodness of eternity, and that goodness will attend it, till it again is swallowed up in its boundless ocean. There is goodness in its infant voices; in its youthful aspirations; in its satisfied maturity; in its peaceful, quiet age. Good to the good; virtue to the faithful; victory to the valiant. A blessing then to its birth; hope in its death; eternity in its prospect!

Break down the barriers of sense; open wide the windows of faith; let the light of heaven pour in upon your souls, and this earth which binds you in chains becomes the starting-place for the goal of immortality. This life may bring you in dull cares and wearying vanities, or prove an ascension mount where heaven and eternity may spread themselves out forever. Our lives are ourselves. As is our life such are we. If our life be low, mean, selfish, base, so are we—and it is because we are so. If money-getting, honor-seeking, pleasure-craving, be our all we are what we pursue, and no wonder we are often miserable, for we have debased ourselves, and brought down to the dust our heaven-ward bent. Be lofty minded, be truthful, be pure and be holy, and this life will prove a glad hallelujah to the God who gave it, and its death the gateway to an endless and blissful immortality.

O God! give us, with the rejoicing Apostles and saints of old, properly to estimate and rightly to rejoice in the calamities of this life.
The Curate de la Vente of Louisiana and
Father Davion.

While spending a most delightful winter
under the sunny skies of our Southern bor-
der, my leisure was occasionally instructed
and amused in noting some romantic inci-
dents of Louisiana history. Among other
things that struck our attention and found
their way into our note book is, the following
description of two of the early pioneers of the
Catholic church of America. The pictures
will do well to study, as human nature is still
the same. They are from the pen of
CHARLES GAYARRE, the historian of that
State, and once Senator of the U. S.

"There was another person who highly ap-
preciated Cadillac, and who keenly regretted
his dismissal from office; that person was
the Curate de la Vente. No Davion was he,
nor did he resemble a Montigny. With a
pale face and an emaciated body; with a
narrow forehead, which went up tapering
like a pear; with thin compressed lips, never
relaxed by a smile; with small gray eyes,
occupying very diminutive sockets, which
seemed to have been bored with a gimlet;
and with heavy and shaggy eyebrows, from
beneath which issued, habitually, cold and
even stern looks; he would have struck the
most unobservant, as being the very person-
ification of fanaticism. When he studied,
to qualify himself for his profession, he had
several times, read the Bible and the Gos-
pels through; but his little mind had then
stuck to the letter, and had never been able
to comprehend the spirit, of the holy books.
Like a fly, it moved all round the flask
which contained the sweet liquor, without
being able to extract the slightest particle
of it. When ordained a priest, the Bible and
the Gospels were consigned to oblivion. For
him, kneeling was prayer, and prayer was
religion. Christianity, which is the triumph
of reason, because it exacts no belief but
that which flows from rational conviction,
was, according to his conception, nothing
but a mysterious and inexplicable hodge-
podge of crude and despotic dictates, to be
accepted on trust and submitted to without
reflection, discussion or analysis of any
kind: for him, thought in such matters
would have been a grievous sin; his brevi-
ary was the only book which he had read
for many years, and he laid to his soul the
flatteringunction that he was a pious man,
because he minutely complied with the rit-
ual of his church. He fasted, did penance,
and never failed reciting, in due time, all the
litanies. Thus, observing strictly all the
forms and discipline of the Roman Catholic
faith, he thought himself a very good Chris-
tian. But every man who did not frequent-
ly confess to a priest, and did not receive
the sacraments as often as the catechism of
his creed required, was in his opinion, no
better than a pagan, and was entirely out of
the pale of salvation. Animated with the
fierce zeal of a bigot, he would not have
scrupled, if in his power, to use the strong
hand of violence to secure converts, and to
doom to the stake and to the fagot, the un-
believer in all the tenets, whether funda-
mental or incidental, of Catholicism: for his
religion consisted in implicit belief in all the
prescriptions of his church, and his church
was God. Hence, all government which was
not theocratical, or bordering on it, he look-
ed upon as an unlawful and sinful as-
sumption of power, which the church by all
means, was bound to take back, as its legit-
mate property.

With such dispositions, the Curate de laVente
soon became the terror of his flock, whose
failities he denounced with the epileptic vio-
ence of a maniac, and whose slightest de-
linquencies he threatened with eternal dam-
nation. A fanatic disciplinarian, he had
been shocked at the laxity with which the
soldiers, the officers, the Canadian boatmen
and traders, and the other colonists, per-
formed their religious duties. He did not
take into consideration that a judicious al-
lowance ought to be made for the want of
education of some, for the temptations which
peculiar circumstances threw in the way of
others, and for the particular mode of life
to which all were condemned, and which
might be received in extenuation, if not in
justification of many faults. He might have
reclaimed some by the soothing gentleness of friendly admonition; he discouraged or disgusted all by the roughness of intemperate reproach. Aware of the aversion which he had inspired, and indignant at the evil practices in which some indulged openly from inclination, and others out of vain bravado to a minister they detested, he had supported Cadillac in all the acts of his administration, in all his representations of the state of the country; and he had himself more than once written to the ministry, that God would never smile upon a colony inhabited by such demons, heathens, and scoffers at the Holy Church; and he had recommended, not a Saint Bartholomew execution, it is true, but a general expulsion of all the people that were in the colony, in order to replace them with a more religious-minded community. As to the Indians, he considered them as sons of perdition, who offered few hopes, if any, of being redeemed from the bondage of Satan.

Seeing that the Ministry had paid no attention to his recommendations, he had determined to make, out of the infidels by whom he was surrounded, as much money as he could, which he intended to apply to the purpose of advancing the interests of the church, in some more favorable spot for the germination of ecclesiastical domination. With this view, he made no scruple to fatten upon the Philistines, and he opened a shop where he kept for sale, barter, or exchange, a variety of articles of trade. He disposed of them at a price of which the purchaser complained as being most unconscionable; and he also loaned money to the Gentiles, at a rate of interest which was extravagantly usurious. As a salvo to his conscience, he had adopted the comfortable motto that the end justifies the means. The benighted Indians and unchristian Christians (to use his own expressions) were not spared by him. When the circumstance was too tempting, and he had to deal with notorious unbelievers, he would even indulge in what he would have called actual cheating, if coming from a Christian dealing with a Christian. On these occasions, he would groan piteously, cross himself devoutly, fall on his knees before the image of our Savior, and striking his breast with compunction, he would exclaim, "O sweet Jesus, if this be an infraction of thy law, it is at least a trifling one, and it is done for the benefit of thy church: forgive me, O Lamb of mercy, and I will in expiation, say twelve paters and twelve aves at the foot of the altar of thy Virgin Mother, or I will abstain a whole day from all food, in thy honor." After this soliloquy, he would get up, perfectly reconciled with himself and with his Maker, to whom, in those cases, he always took care to keep his pledged word. Many a time, his worldly transactions for the glorification of the church, and for the increase of church property at the expense of these he considered as infidels, forced him to enter into such strange compromises with his conscience and with his God. Hence the origin of the accusation brought against him by Bienville, in one of his despatches, and which I have already reported, "that he kept open shop and was a shrewd compound of the Jew and of the Arab." The truth is that he was sincere in his mistaken faith, pious to the best of his understanding, a Christian in will although not in fact, a zealous priest in his way, which he thought a correct one, and a lamentable compound of fanaticism and imbecility.

**Father Davion.**

Father Davion had resided for some time with the Tunicas, where he had made himself so popular, that, on the death of their chief, they had elected him to fill his place. The priest humbly declined the honor, giving for his reasons, that his new duties as their chief would be incompatible with those of his ministry. Yet the Tunicas, who loved and venerated him as a man, were loth to abandon their old creed to adopt the Christian faith, and they turned a deaf ear to his admonitions. One day the missionary, incensed at their obstinate perseverance in idolatry, and wishing to demonstrate that their idols were too powerless to punish any offence aimed at them, burned their temple, and broke to pieces the rudely carved figures which were the objects of the peculiar ado-
ration of that tribe. The Indians were so much attached to Father Davion, that they contended themselves with expelling him, and he retired on the territory of the Yazoos who proved themselves readier proselytes, and became converts in a short time. This means, that they adopted some of the outward signs of Christianity, without understanding or appreciating its dogmas.

Proud of his achievements, Father Davion had, with such aid as he could command, constructed and hung up a pulpit to the trunk of an immense oak, in the same manner that it is stuck to a pillar in the Catholic churches. Back of that tree, growing on the slight hill which commanded the river, he had raised a little Gothic chapel, the front part of which was divided by the robust trunk to which it was made to adhere, with two diminutive doors opening into the edifice, on either side of the vegetal tower. It was done in imitation of those stone towers, which stand like sentinels wedged to the frontispiece of the temples of God, on the continent of Europe. In that chapel, Father Davion kept all the sacred vases, the holy water, and the sacerdotal habiliments. There he used to retire to spend hours in meditation and in prayer.—In that tabernacle was a small portable altar, which, whenever he said mass for the natives, was transported outside, under the oak, where they often met to the number of three to four hundred. What a beautiful subject for painting! The majesty of the river—the glowing richness of the land in its virgin loveliness—the Gothic chapel—the pulpit which looked as if it had grown out of the holy oak—the hoary-headed priest, speaking with a sincerity of conviction, an impressiveness of manner and a radiance of countenance worthy of an apostle—the motley crowd of the Indians, listening attentively, some with awe, others with meek submission, a few with a sneering incredulity, which, as the evangelical man went on, seemed gradually to vanish from their strongly marked features—in the background, a group of their juggling prophets, or conjurers, scowling with fierce

ness at the minister of truth, who was destroying their power;—would not all these elements, where the grandeur of the scenery would be combined with the acting of man and the development of his feelings, on an occasion of the most solemn nature, produce in the hands of a Salvator Rosa, or of a Poussin, the most striking effects?

Father Davion had acquired a perfect knowledge of the dialect of his neophytes, and spoke it with as much fluency as his own maternal tongue. He had both the physical and mental qualifications of an orator: he was tall and commanding in stature; his high receding forehead was well set off by his long, flowing gray hairs, curling down to his shoulders; his face was "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought;" vigorous fasting had so emaciated his form that he seemed almost to be dissolved into spirituality. There was in his eyes a soft, blue, limpid transparency of look, which seemed to be a reflection from the celestial vault; yet that eye, so calm, so benignant, could be lighted up with all the coruscations of pious wrath and indignation, when in the pulpit, he vituperated his congregation for some act of cruelty and deceit, and threatened them with eternal punishment. First, he would remind them, with apostolic unction, with a voice as bland as the evening breeze, of the many benefits which the Great Spirit had showered upon them, and of the many more which he had in store for the red men, if they adhered strictly to his law. When he thus spoke, the sunshine of his serene, intellectual countenance would steal over his hearers, and their faces would express the wild delight which they felt. But anon, when the holy father recollected the many and daily transgressions of his unruly children, a dark hue would, by degrees, creep over the radiance of his face, as if a storm was gathering; and clouds after clouds were chasing each other over the mirror of his soul. Out of the inmost recesses of his heart, there arose a whirlwind which shook the holy man, in its struggle to rush out: then would flash the lightning of the eye; then the voice, so soft, so insinuating, and
even so caressing, would assume tones that sounded like repeated peals of thunder; and a perfect tempest of eloquence would be poured upon his dismayed auditors, who crossed themselves, crouched to the earth and howled piteously, demanding the pardon of their sins. Then, the ghostly orator, relenting at the sight of so much contrition, would descend like Moses from his Mount Sinai, laying aside the angry elements in which he robed himself, as if he had come to preside over the last judgment; and with the gentleness of a lamb, he would walk among his prostrate auditors, raising them from the ground, pressing them to his bosom, and comforting them with such sweet accents, as a mother uses to lull her first-born to sleep. It was a spectacle touching in the extreme, and angelically pure!

Father Davion lived to a very old age, still commanding the awe and affection of his flock, by whom he was looked upon as a supernatural being. Had they not, they said, frequently seen him at night, with this dark solemn gown, not walking, but gliding through the woods, like something spiritual? In a world of mystery and doubt, the question, should it be as compassionate as it is earnest. In view of the profound importance of faith, it must ever be earnest; in view of the trials of our transient life, it should ever be compassionate.

Even men, whose religious persuasions are few and wavering, have their reflective moods, in which there is nothing they desire so much as the weakness of their faith. Scarcely a week since, one of the most reputable and intelligent men of the legal profession remarked to me that he would give his fortune—a very large one—could he believe the wonders of the sacred history. He felt the need of faith's consolations; he realized a consciousness of apprehension, not to say fear, as he looked over the world's rapid and desolating changes, and felt, as we all feel at times, that its desirable things, with the desire for them, are passing away; and this consciousness awakened the desire for the established convictions and hopeful aspirations upon which the feeble, the humble and the sorrowful...
have reposed in all ages. Such men will
 tell us that they cannot command their con-
 victions. Their judgment must be formed
 according to the evidence set before them,
 and where that is not sufficient they can-
 not be responsible.

We feel that much difficulty, doubt and
 objection of this character arise by mista-
 king what it is to believe. Let us under-
 stand the nature of faith and there can be
 no practical hinderance to a right-thinking
 mind. To believe a proposition is to give
 our assent—is to be persuaded that it is true.
 It may be the result of reasoning or
 a response of the moral sentiment—its na-
 ture is not changed. The assent may be
 rational or irrational, confident or diffident
 —its character is not changed. It is a
 matter of degree. With the same man it
 may be at times a clear assurance, shining
 in the soul, like the sun in a cloudless sky—
 and again, amid the struggles of life's hard
 lot, it may be overcast with clouds and
 chilled with the cold atmosphere of doubt.
 But in both cases, it is our only light, and is
 needed most when the mind is most dark-
 ened. It never was intended to be positive
 knowledge. It would not be faith were it
 palpable and absolute certainty. We are
 ordained to a lot in which we believe every
day what we cannot prove. Every truly
 religious man believes, what he has not the
 presumption to think he can comprehend.

This view accords with the scripture. It
 exhorts rather than commands us to believe.
 "Believest thou?" If thou believest," "Believest thou?"
 "If thou believest," "If you have faith," is its usual method of com-
nunicative address. It asks the question in
 the sight of God, having awakened the soul
to a sense of his presence. It asks you not
 the result of other men's thoughts, asses-
tions and conclusions. It kindly and im-
 pressively asks, "Believest thou?" We
 should confess the truth, whichever way it
 lies. If we possess but the lower degrees
 of faith, we should remember that every degree
 is precious, and brings with it some good.

The wonders of the sacred narrative, even
 when fully credited, would be nothing to us,
or at best, but a gratification to our ever
 restless curiosity, were it not that they man-
 ifest to us a power, wisdom and goodness,
 upon which we may rely in view of earth's
 darkest scenes, sin's rascal experiences, and
 death's desolating calamities. The Christ
 came to save us; to enlighten and free us;
 and the wonders of his history reveal his com-
massion and power, and manifest his glory.

We certainly do believe in something, lan-
gubly, perhaps, and inadequately for the
 good we desire, but we believe, unless we
 are absolute deniers of all things. We
 cannot own the latter character, for it
 spreads desolation over the soul, and we feel
 the condemnation that ever accompanies
 absolute denial. If then every remove
 from this state is precious, and so precious
 as to prompt the desire—Lord help my un-
 belief—say influences that will warm into
 activity our sluggish assent—that will en-
 large the measures of our conviction, and
strengthen the slender foundations of our trust, should be sought and cherished as beyond all price.

The question ever turns, then, upon the estimate we place upon faith's advantages. What does it secure, or rather what do we need—ever need—that faith can supply?—We need peace of mind! In order to this peace, it must be nourished with truth; confirmed in spiritual helps; assured of heavenly compassion; protected against distracting doubts and tumultuous fear; it must give serenity in all troubles, confidence in all discouragements and immortal hopes, that rise above the fall and ruin of all sensual good. O my brother of humanity! what is there to be compared to this? What substance, honor, or profit?

We may now see that faith is a moral choice and more a matter of will than any of us believe. We must believe, or we cannot come into positive relations with truth, or establish ourselves in the boundless satisfaction that God has provided for the soul. Faith is a necessity of the soul, without which, no truth is perfected to us, and no opinion becomes truth. Let the evidence be what it may, faith must realize the truth, or it is not realized. Facts the most certain cannot be received without faith. The hardest materialists cannot live even the life of a worldling without faith. He believes in his business or interests, or he could not follow either. If the business were less pressing, he would doubt the existence of the visible world, and, perhaps, his own, by the same process by which he rejects the consolatory truths of Religion. The truths of the spirit are just as real as those of the flesh—they are, indeed, the primary and everlasting truths which one generation declareth to another, and one civilization handeth down to the next—and they must be believed or our existence cannot be tolerable to any thinking mind. Let us state the question in its natural aspect. What is our life? if there be no God and no immortality...I stood but yesterday upon the deck of a mighty steamer that was ploughing its way against the current of the Great Father of waters. My eye, for a moment, rested upon a shore studded with trees of all sizes and most beautiful proportions. Suddenly, the foundation upon which they stood gave way, and they floated aloft into the mighty current that swept hurriedly by, and were buried beneath its engulphing waves.—Such, methought, is human life. An island of small extent, and for a moment beautiful. But it loosens from its foundations and floats and sinks into the wide, dumb, and unfathomable deep. We are on it—make our homes upon it—store and adorn them, and feign would stay upon it forever. But we dare not tarry even to listen, for the sands are crumbling beneath us, and the voice of the surge is already in our ears. Every day a part of our shore gives way, and the encroachment draws nearer and nearer to our mortal life, and we know that the whole will be submerged, and a terrible unknown will encircle us, which will carry us away as by a flood, whither and to what conditions of future life we know not. And there is no remedy. No levee, no embankment, no devise of human wit or industry can prevent the approaching doom. A foolish and materialistic philosophy says—"eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But, alas! the thought of that to-morrow spoils the appetite. Where, then, is relief? "I am the resurrection and the life," says Jesus. "Believest thou this?" Nothing else will avail. The thought that God lives and promises us life through Christ; that He is, and reigns; that he gave us our life and its island home, and appointed the measures of each, and when their foundations shall be removed upon one shore, He will carry us to another, and send us forth to renew our race with new missions, in new parts of his unlimited dominion.—This thought gives us repose, and this thought is faith.—let it be cherished. It comes through Christ—through his spirit and his example. It soothes our restless and uneasy spirits, and turns our misgivings into the joy of a reassured soul. It makes our life and the Creator's world pleasing to our sight, and maintains a devout thankful-
ness and availing trust perpetually within us. When power is failing, and light growing dim, and opportunity turning back, and the tides of sorrowful existence running low—yes, even then, it gives life to the spirit within us—the life of well-founded confidence—and we feel that we are not, and cannot be, portionless in a universe filled with the love of a Father, and we say with the Prophet of old:

"Though the fig tree shall not blossom,
And there shall be no fruit on the vine,
And the produce of the olive shall fail;
And the fields shall yield no food,
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls,
Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah,
I will exult in God my helper,
He will make my feet as hinds' feet,*
And hold me upon the high places."—Hab. 3:18, 19.

But I will be told, and I freely acknowledge, that there are many small matters and dark matters which a man may set aside and not believe—a thousand things that are made the rallying words of party and selfishness—things which occupy the critic occasionally, the debater always, and the dreamer who tires of their confusion. Is it easy to distinguish here? Men fight about the mere clothing—and that often ragged and dirty, with the violence and dust of their foolish contests—of truth. Truth—the truth, which connects itself with the highest and dearest realities, is ever charitable, for it is inexhaustible. Dogmatism, ignorance and stupidity are selfish and churlish, because they have but little to spare. The realities, I ask you to believe, are those that affect your spiritual position, your feelings, and your prospects. You need an allegiance to a Divine authority, and the foolish and angry disputes of men only show you that need, and should induce you to send it in ere they swallow you up in their own servility and shame. Your position will be drifting till you give a cordial acceptance to the invitations of Christ; your feelings will be at the mercy of chance, time, and the next wind of cunning philosophy, and the noblest stream of your life will be shut down if you are not loyal to your convictions both of truth and duty.

To a woman "careful about many things" in the hours of every-day occupations, Jesus said, "Believest thou thy brother shall rise again." Her reply is worthy of note for its humility and indirectness. "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art God's anointed, and that he will do for thee whatever thou wilt ask." This is the position we should all occupy. We are conscious of ignorance, frailty and liability to err. We err most, and most egregiously, when we lose sight of that consciousness. Under its influence we take our seat at the feet of Jesus. He fastens upon us the eyes of his compassion and says: "There is a Father of all worlds, ages and spirits, whose goodness is wiser than all men, whose goodness is better than all desert; who though supremely just is mercifully forgiving, and has sent his son to give us this assurance: His Providence is so minute that a sparrow falls not without his notice, and so universal as to beautify the lily and number the hairs of our head. He has provided a better abode for man than this wonderful yet decaying body, beyond the range of its scenes and the dominion of decay. His house has many mansions, and there is one for you.

Believest thou?" I know that you believe for naught else is left for you. Do not tell me you cannot, for it is the only possibility left the awakened and struggling soul. If you do not it is your own fault, and you must meet as you are now meeting, the retribution of that fault. Your views may not always be clear—may not always be bright—but they are all you have, and you must struggle to strengthen and increase them. Unlike our prospect by the natural eye in the outward world, our spiritual vision becomes clearer, the broader and the larger we make it. Take broad views of the divine government and let them span the nar-

*The allusion very beautifully shows us how a man of good purposes may, by his faith in God, be held up against the hardest and severest difficulties of life and not fall, though attempting the highest ascents within the aspirations of the human soul.
Our Faith.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 28, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER FERGUSON:—I was gratified to learn through Brother Jones on yesterday, that it would give you pleasure to confer with any of the Brethren, and to answer any questions appertaining to the unpleasant and unprofitable controversy, that has been carried on through our public journals by some of our leading Brethren.

In this controversy, you are represented as holding doctrines which, if true, tend, in my humble judgment, to sap the very foundation of the Christian's faith—and believing, as I do, that every gentleman has a right to explain his own language, and to explain in his own way what he intended to convey—and entertaining no other than feelings of the highest admiration and attachment for you—I take the liberty of handing you herewith, various items of Christian faith, which are represented as being the doctrines, privately and publicly expressed by you, as the doctrines of the Bible; and I sincerely trust that it may not be inconsistent with your views of propriety, to give an explicit and an unequivocal answer to each item.

1st. That you reject the literal interpretation of the scripture, and have adopted the allegorical—that taken by Origen, Swedenborg, and other Mystics.

2nd. That you deny the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, and that you doubt, if the scriptures are any more inspired than Milton's Paradise Lost, or the reveries of Emanuel Swedenborg.
3rd. That you hold the doctrine of progression, and consequently believe that new revelations are constantly being made—therefore the scriptures are not the only rule of faith and manners.

4th. That you believe that the state after death will be like the present—a state of probation and progressive revelation.

5th. That you do not believe in a resurrection of the body from the grave.

6th. That you utterly repudiate the idea of a judgment after death, in the sense of a judicial judgment.

7th. That you do not believe the Lord is yet to come the second time, personally and visibly.

8th. That you maintain that regeneration is not an event in the life of a person—but a progressive lifetime work.

9th. That you deny the doctrine of remission of sins in the sense of pardon, or the remission of punishment.

10th. That you have stated in a public discourse that the Apostle Paul contradicts himself in his Epistle to the Thessalonians, concerning the second coming of our Lord.

These are items of Christian faith published to the world by a man, calling you Brother, and professing to report a private conversation as being held by yourself, to be true; and trusting that Brother Ferguson will be disposed to attribute to me pure motives, in addressing him in this way, and frankly respond to the items above, I subscribe myself, sincerely and affectionately,

Your brother in Christ,

E. C. PAYNE.

"STREMER BULLETIN," 1 Mississippi River, 3rd March, 1863.

Bro. E. C. Payne,

My Dear Sir:—I readily grant to every one the privilege of interrogating me upon any question as vital as that of the Christian faith. Our advance in Christian intelligence and charity depends upon nothing so much as, upon a free and confiding expression of all we have received, or gained in divine knowledge. Where we do not attach unwarranted authority to such expressions of faith or opinion, and have no desire to exercise dominion over another's faith, but (as the Apostle expresses it) to be helpers of each other's joy, we need never hesitate in asking or answering questions, satisfied that when thus engaged, with good men, no advantage will be taken of our courtesy, to arouse the prejudices of the ignorant and the bigoted against each other, merely on account of a difference of opinion. My friends think I have been vulgarly and rudely trespassed upon by the writer, whose letter in the "Christian Age" has become the occasion of your enquiries; still I shall not complain of it, as it is no more than I ought to have expected. Allow me to say, then, that there is not one single specification, as it respects that conversation, that is not false, either in whole or in part. But I will reply to the specifications item by item.

1. It is not true that I ever rejected "the literal interpretation of the scripture," and adopted the allegorical. Whatever appears as literal in the Bible, I receive as literal—whatever is figurative, I receive as figurative. When Christ says "take up the cross," I do not understand him to require a man to carry a literal cross, and this is an illustration I gave in the conversations that have been so carefully misrepresented. I never, to any human being, living or dead, said that I had adopted the allegorical interpretation of "Origen, Swedenborg, or other mystics;" nor have I ever read a line from Swedenborg on the subject of interpretation. The rules of interpretation, acknowledged by the best standard critics, are the rules I adopt and use in the proof of every item of my scriptural faith.

2. If by "plenary inspiration" is meant a full revelation of the will of God, by selected human agency, I do not, and never did deny such inspiration. I believe the scriptures to contain the revelations of God, and that it is our highest duty and privilege to understand, believe and obey their requisitions. There could be no representation of
my reverence for the Bible that would more grossly misrepresent me, than to say I place it on a par with "Milton’s Paradise Lost and the reveries of E. Swedenborg." To no human being, living or dead, have I ever expressed such a view of them.

3. I do most cordially hold the doctrine of progression in human knowledge, as did the Apostle when he said, "grow in knowledge and in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and at the same time regard the scriptures as "our only rule of faith and practice." I have never, to any man living or dead, professed faith in "new revelations."

4. I do most conscientiously believe that the state after death is progressive; and that man, whether the man infant, or the man matured, will grow in knowledge, love and power, in that state; and I know of no reflective man that does not so believe.--"Now we see through a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face." Now "we know not what we shall be," but in that state "we shall be like him." The idea of a stagnant, or arbitrarily bounded spiritual state, is to me the most repulsive of all ideas, connected with the future, and I repudiate it, as alike unscriptural and absurd. I cannot say that your fourth item, as you have stated it, misrepresents my faith, if I understand your use of the terms "probation" and "revelation." My views upon this subject have been written out in the last volume of the "Christian Magazine," to which I respectfully refer you.

It is the strength and joy of my heart to believe that God has provided states of happiness, according to the capacity and development of his creatures, and that whoever starts in the divine life of obedience and love, and whenever he so starts, may go on from perfection to perfection, from glory to glory, forever and ever. If the cherishing of the joy of this faith makes me a heretic, then I must be so, for it is the result of the most patient and prayerful readings of the scriptures, and an observation of the experience of the human mind. After the way which some men call "heresy," so worship I the Father of our spirits, and seek the eternal life which He has revealed in Christ.

5. I do not believe in the resurrection of this fleshly body; but no man living has a stronger faith than I, in the "resurrection" of the spiritual body—the resurrection of the same person that dies in a spiritual, not a carnal body. The 5th chapter of 2nd Corinthians is my adopted commentary upon the 15th of 1st Corinthians, and my views afford me comfort and strength.

6. I believe in a future judgment—the judgment of God and Christ, and not of men, which goes on forever, and which will award to every man according to his works, and from which there is, and can be, no escape.

7. I believe that throughout the Old and New Testament, God and Christ are represented as coming in the coming of every great natural, civil, or religious revolution; and that Christ comes to every disciple of his at death, and takes him to himself, that where he is, there his followers may be also. Many views upon the subject of the coming of the Lord, such as those of Millerites and others, I regard as the debris of the religious systems of Jewish dotage, and calculated to mislead the hope of the Christian.

8. I maintain that there is such a thing as a Christian life, and that it is a life-time labor to secure and enjoy it; but in common with all Christians, I believe it has its decisive commencement, which may be described as a new birth, regeneration, &c. My only difference from others, on this subject is, that I have labored to strip the subject of the difficulties that angry controversy and foolish superstition have too often thrown around it.

9. I believe that God through Christ offers to all sinners a free and plenary pardon, but not such a pardon as allows them "to continue in sin that grace may abound."

10. I have never, at any time, stated that the Apostle Paul contradicts himself; but I have stated that if certain positions were assumed as true—which positions I denied—they would make him contradict himself. It is true that the representations of my
faith, which you have kindly collected and presented before me, have been published to the world as correct representations. But sir, I put it to you, as a candid and honorable Christian man, whether a representation coming from one with whom, unfortunately, before the representation was made, there was already a question of misunderstanding pending—a representation based upon private conversations, ought to be regarded as a correct exhibit of any man's faith? It was with pleasure, therefore, that I learned, that after a full investigation (by the board of trustees for your meeting-house, and the Elders of the church, when I was absent, and know nothing of the investigation), of the charges made against my faith not only in a public journal, but also in a private letter addressed to a member of your congregation, that yourself, in common with the whole congregation, (one only refusing to vote) did most earnestly and cordially invite me to become your resident Pastor. Allow me, also, to say, that here where I have been preaching for years, my congregation—the matter being pressed upon it also, in my absence,—has sustained me, with a unanimity and fidelity that commands my warmest respect. These facts would be my only public replies to such representations, were it not that those who have not the opportunity of knowing the circumstances, under which these representations have been made, may need such a denial and explanation as the one you have had the goodness to seek from my own pen. With best wishes for your personal welfare, and a sincere desire for the peace and prosperity of the church with which you are associated, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your fellow servant, under Christ,

J. B. FERGUSON.

P. S.—Will the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate, the Banner of Peace, Tennessee Baptist, and all other papers that have published the recent charges upon my faith, be kind enough to publish the above, and oblige one who, in common with all sincere Christians, desires the things that make for peace, and whereby one may edify another.

The Assault on our Faith.

We have had many letters in relation to the recent assaults on our faith. We select the one that follows, as expressive of the general desire of our friends as to our course. It may be considered severe, but when all the circumstances are remembered, it can not but be regarded as just. We shall certainly not reply to some of our opponents. They have never seriously disturbed either the equanimity of our temper, or the sincerity of our good wishes for their improvement both in the love of truth and good manners. Ed.

Mr. Editor, dear sir:

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it can not reach;
And when it hears of harm, it waxed wonders glad."

I and many others sincerely hope, you will not feel it your duty to reply to the low and slanderous abuse that is heaped upon you, by ministers of no certain dwelling place, or standing—men wholly irresponsible, estimated either by the laws of honor, or religion. The community do not require it; nay, very many are seriously opposed to it. The faithful and flattering manner in which your church and the community have supported you, and the confidence you have universally inspired, wherever you are personally known, are sufficient replies to all such assaults as have recently been brought before the world. I have some where seen it remarked, that human beings, when scrutinizingly, studied are found to have some resemblance to the lower animals, birds, reptiles, and insects that inhabit the earth. This is certainly true in a moral sense, if not in a physical. We have men whose dispositions resemble the wolf and the lamb, the eagle and the owl, the bull-dog and the cur, the whale and the toad, besides the buzzing musquito and the smaller animalcula, myriads of which people a single dew-drop. Some of your opponents remind me by the venom, which they so carefully secrete, of the toad. The rose does not exhale its perfume more naturally, than they seem to
THE ASSAULT ON OUR FAITH.

send forth their streams of envy and de-
truction. Puffed up with self-conceit, with
an eternal smile of contentment, stereo-
typed on the gross texture of sensual lips,
I have seen them squint and shirk and
grant, whenever your name and success
were mentioned, long before your heretical
opinions were broached. They think
themselves writers and orators, and for
sooth, as no one else so thinks, they
abuse every person so regarded. They are
ever ready to preach and dispute, turn ev-
ery colloquial address into a harangue,
and, if you do not contradict, they take
it for granted at once, that you agree with
their representations. I have been hor-
ridly bored by their inane and insipid
tbombast, and because they are not kissed
or treated with the contempt they inspire,
they imagine they have done wonders, and
given great satisfaction. They smother
a single idea under a deluge of words; a
grain of wheat in a hogshead of chaff; and,
if pleasant dreams render the hearer
patient under so great afflictions, they at-
ttribute the ominous stillness to the effects
of their lofty flights of oratory. Such
men report conversations they can not, or
will not understand, and make themselves
public nuisances, or at least, impediments
to the social and courteous intercourse
of life. Eternally meddling with every thing
under the pretext of correcting abuses,
utterly incapable of producing any thing
of their own; constantly assauling, or de-
riding the labors of others, while invent-
ing, so called, schemes for public good,
nonsensical and impracticable, they de-
lude themselves into the idea that they
are great men—greatly needed in trou-
bulous times.

It is useless to resent, or even to notice
the accusations of such men, whatever
they may be. No good man requires it.
All are the workings of hearts, corrupted
by their own envy, and their abuse is as
effectual as the discord of curs, yelping at
the moon, or their own deformed shad-
ows. It is really time thrown away for
you, or any other independent, successful,
and useful man, to expend any thought
upon the course pursued by such men, or
to expect them to understand the workings
of a noble and generous heart, intent
upon accomplishing, as far as may be, its
destinies on earth. You might as well
imagine the smallest worm that crawls
could raise itself to the conception of a
mighty planet's gravitation, as it moves on
its ever shining way, through the realms
of space.

May I urge you, then, to pass such op-
ponents with silent contempt. Low,
groveling men, who garble private con-
vversations, can not be regarded as real
and worthy adversaries. They are mere
shadows, and to contend with them, is to
contend with the phantom of impotent
envy. Men who can not sustain them-
seleves in one place for any length of time,
desire to push you from your high posi-
tion. Such is the reward of virtue often,
as goes the world, and their attempts only
show that they are conscious of the merits
they can not, or will not imitate. If they
can not bite in public, they will sting in
private. It is best to give them free play.
Your honorable, high-minded opponents
deserve proper attention, but the pigmies,
who never open their mouths, except it be
under the shadow and protection of great
men, no reasonable person can expect
you to notice. Let them sail down the
voyage of life, unherd and forgotten.
Your sincere friend,

P.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—We always
welcome its periodical visits, and take it up
with an expectation of being interested and
improved by its perusal—an expectation,
which we can truly say, has never been dis-
appointed. The Christian Examiner num-
ers among its contributors some of the
ablest literary and scientific men, as well as
divines. We regard it as the best of Amer-
ican Reviews. It is published in Boston,
by Crosby, Nichols & Co.
Delay of the "Magazine."

We have voluntarily delayed the publication of the "Christian Magazine" for nearly four months. We needed recreation, in view of our health, and we thought that perhaps a little delay would give the promoters of the present unworthy controversy, time to breathe more freely and per chance see the extreme folly and unprofitableness of their course. We are again at our post, and hope to be able to visit our readers regularly with messages of truth and peace. We have had a most hearty reception wherever we have been; have had opportunities of observing much and reflecting more, and have returned invigorated, we trust, for the labor that seems appointed for our day and task. We never had greater reason to be profoundly grateful for the merciful providence we have enjoyed, nor more sensibly humble under the mighty hand of Him who prepares us for our duty or suffering, and in his own way and times take us from them.

My absence and delay have enabled me also, in some measure, to see the consequence of calumnies and falsehoods, when directed by envy and barbed with malice. At home perchance I might have felt them more than they deserved; but others, my own congregation and friends have defended me in a manner, alike confiding and effectual. My opponents seem determined to enlarge my religious experience; and I should not complain, seeing that much, that was otherwise mysterious in the Scriptures and in life, is being opened to me daily. I am beginning to know the meaning of many a psalm of the great but sorrowing David, of the wailing Jeremiah and the rejoicing Apostles, that but for the course of my enemies, would have been meaningless upon the sacred page. Why should it not be necessary for me to pray with David?

"Deliver me O Jehovah, from lying lips, From a deceitful tongue. For my soul has made a long abode With those who hate peace. I am for peace, but when I speak They are for war." Ps. 120.

The worst wish that I have allowed myself to entertain for those of my opponents, who seek to carry their points by assaults upon private character, is, that they may yet see the error of their way and reform. But so many and so various are the good things that I have received of the Lord, notwithstanding my unworthiness, that it would be alike unnatural and irreligious, to complain of the cup of evil that some seek to mingle. If Jehovah will but guard my going out and coming in, and not suffer me to return evil for evil, nor in any way to injure those that trust in Him, I will not care what man shall say or do unto me. In His own faithfulness and by His own means, the souls of all who trust in Him shall be brought out of trouble, for He who created, acts as a refiner and purifier over the spirits which shall live, despite of every calamity and even death itself.

It is proper for me to state, that in view of our health and the interests of ourself and others, we have made arrangements to remove our residence further south, which will take place after a few months.

J. B. F.

Elder James J. Trott.

This veteran and laborious proclaimer of the gospel, who was called to the work of a State Evangelist by the State meeting, it appears, was very poorly sustained in his labors for the past year. Although constantly engaged, and often subjected to the evils and trials of a separation from a large family and the endearments of home, he has not received more than one-half of the meager amount promised him. This ought not so to be. It is surely wrong to let the worthy and faithful laborer go unrewarded. Subscribers to the Evangelizing fund have not paid. Will they not meet their promises at once, and will not other liberal-minded brethren do something towards making up this deficiency? We will wait to see, and shall wait in hope.

His address is Franklin College, Tenn.

It is proper for us to say that this statement is made without his knowledge, and purely from a sense of obligation to one whom we have regarded for years, as among the ablest and most worthy of the preachers of the gospel.
CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

From the Christian Examiner.

Present Condition of Palestine.*

Dr. Robinson's great work is too well established in the respect and confidence of the Christian public, on both sides of the water, to need any commendation at this late day. Although its learned author passed over but a limited part of the Land of Promise, and was deterred by prejudice from receiving any help from the resident Friars, although he started with indefensible principles regarding the determinations of the legendary localities, and embarrassed his work with a tedious, inelegant, and infelicitous narrative, his Researches stand consensually at the head of this class of writings. While his mistakes are so slight as hardly to merit notice, his thoroughness, originality, unequalled erudition, and extreme pains-taking, deserve all praise. Visiting the same spots with his volume in hand, we were surprised to find a general and minute a correspondence of the description with the existing reality. Some discoveries were made in the course of his journey, some disputes settled forever, and little was left for future gleaners in the field, except through the region investigated by the American expedition.


VOL. VI. NASHVILLE, TENN. FEBRUARY, 1853. NO. II.

Lieutenant Lynch's work is equally creditable to the country and to himself. Nothing but a national expedition, no individual enterprise we mean, was likely to accomplish anything farther than the sacrifice of other valuable lives. His excellent appointments, his intrepidity, perseverance, skill, and energy, with such superior assistants as he possessed, have cleared away an impenetrable mist from the most interesting, but least known, waters in the world. All that we care to hear of the Galilee Lake, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, is set before us in his accurate yet agreeable narrative, with such fulness and science, that the intelligence he communicated is already flowing amidst the Christian public in various popular publications, and is mentioned everywhere with gratitude, as an unfading wreath of fame for the Republic of the West.

Rabbi Schwartz's book betrays an unaccountable ignorance of all recent explorations in Palestine, and of some most noteworthy features of the country itself. The Galilee waters are still covered with vessels, according to his account, the Jordan is bordered with Paradise groves, instead of an impenetrable jungle, and the land is still crowned with not a little of its glory under Solomon. Probably his inquiries had been limited to Jerusalem, and the nearest seaport on the Mediterranean, and there discolored by Jewish partiality, and rendered nearly worthless by ignorance of the rest of the world; though he cannot be blamed for not giving heed to any Christian traditions, nor alluding at all to the points of interest to any other faith than his own.

The works of Kitto deserve the popularity they enjoy. With a few such errors as that of stating, in his "Scripture Lands," that the Sea of Galilee is nearly thirty-three
thousand feet below the Mediterranean,* they are the most readable, instructive, and profitable books of their class; more true, as a general thing, are they to the impressions which the country makes upon a visitor now than any other narratives, more condensed certainly in statement, and more comprehensive in detail. It is evident that American travellers have furnished the richest dishes of the table which he spreads before all that speak the English tongue.—And our zealous missionaries in Syria, the welcome given by our reading public to every word on an apparently inexhaustible theme, besides the new investigations expected from Dr. Robinson’s present journey, promise us additional satisfaction in the future.

And yet Palestine is not likely to be included in the usual route of foreign travel. The birthplace of our faith, its shore the infant-school of the race, its interior moistened with some of the best blood of England, the theatre of romantic exploit of Jew, Roman, Saracen, and Crusader, the hallowed ground to two powerful religions and hardly less revered by a third, it will not be visited by the crowds that hasten over Switzerland, or the frequent companies that sail so deliciously through the heart of Egypt.

It is not the danger; danger of life there is none now, from Dan to Beersheba; and, except in a winter visit to Palmyra or Petra, where the Bedouins gather along the track and levy “black mail,” sometimes by stipulation, sometimes to the last shred of clothing and the last copper of money, the European dress is protection from robbery. For five dollars each, a little more than twice the sum exacted of every traveller by our European consuls, the Shiek of Jericho contracts to see you safe back from a visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and attends you in person nearly all the way. For ten times that amount, even in the worst season, you are perfectly secure in visiting Petra, and this sum would probably include some service through guides, and some hospitali—

*In the different encampments. Thank Heaven, the old saw still holds good,—once welcomed with even a cup of their delicious Mocha, you are henceforth a friend and a brother; the whole tribe is your protector; its almost invisible providence spreads around your path; wherever its goats graze or its horsemen race, you are at home; and whoever touches a hair of your head does it at his peril. Theirs is really almost the only foreign hospitality for which no compensation is expected or permitted. The stranger who claims a night’s shelter is furnished with the chief’s tent, his cattle as well as himself and servants are fed, all the wood which the tribe have will be consumed for his comfort; he is not only wished a pleasant journey, but real regret is shown at his departure. If this hospitality is not enough to detain the traveler an hour after he can leave, it is all they can do, with the safeguard which it pledges; it is all they themselves prize, for the American Indian does not suffer more in the confinement of our cities than these ancient wanderers* of the desert in the lap of our modern luxury.

The real impediment is the miserable un-comfortableness of the journey, set off by its exceedingly meagre results. The entire trip must be made on horseback; there is no wheel-vehicle even in Damascus, and no carriage-road even through Jerusalem.—For weeks you must be exposed in the saddle to the sultry Syrian sun upon the plains, and the sweeping storm of rain and hail upon the mountains. It is not possible to halt; the ordinary Turkish khan is a mere shed of stone, through whose mud roof the rain often beats, whose floor is commonly clay, and seldom very clean, whose chief light is from the open door, whose fireside comfort is a little furze smoking in one corner, with just heat enough to warm the vermin into activity. And, for the first time in your life, probably, you are where no money can procure satisfying food; the cheap abundance of Egypt, the ever-varied table of Italy, is succeeded by a bread dry as paper, olive-oil, and some wild honey.

*Bedouin, or properly Bedawen means wanderer.
Such is not the convent fare. There, besides a hearty welcome, a good bed and nourishing, though simple, food are provided, for which every pilgrim is expected to make a starting present; which we have never known to be asked, however, except at the almost uninhabitable Greek convent of Baalbec. As the friars have sometimes to be your cooks, as well as waiters and physicians, as your wants must take them away from the service of the Church to "serve tables," as they are even more kind at the second visit than at the first, and have been the means of preserving many exposed lives, it seems ungrateful to censure them for not being a higher order of men, or to ridicule their childlike credulity. Remembering how their substantial building always looked up as a rainbow after the darkest heavens, how for one evening fatigue was forgotten and pain was soothed, unfounded reports of their self-indulgence shall not deter us from telling what we know to their credit. Being in company with Catholics, all parts of the Syrian convents were thrown open; a free intercourse was maintained with the brethren, their cells were lounged in, their larders inspected, their libraries examined, their more private altars visited, and, without having a prejudice either way beforehand, their evident self-denial, occasional suffering, actual poverty, and apparent cheerfulness made a lasting impression. There are twenty Latin convents at present in Syria, under the government of the "Terra Santa" corporation; whose head, stationed at Jerusalem, and always a Spaniard, bears the title of Guardian of Mount Zion and Custos of the Holy Sepulchre. Their occupants, Franciscan "Minorites,"—not monks, as Professor Robinson terms them, but friars,—are stationed where their Superior pleases, without regard to their wishes or health; as many at Jerusalem as, at any point, while Tiberias, Baalbec, &c. are kept by a single brother, and he sometimes of the Greek Church. All are fed alike, abundantly, though plainly. Clothing is provided once in two years—a single woollen undergarment and a hooded cloak of dull brown, with the knotted cord of St. Francis for discipline. All their apartments are stone, and generally unwarmed, even by charcoal, through the chilly dampness of the rainy season. They fare worse than our penitentiary people, yet seem always cheerful; are cheered by no promise of proselytes, yet never appear discouraged; are really poverty-stricken, yet keep the same open door as when Europe poured in its superfluous gold; suffer frequently by debility and get worn out by disease, yet do not desert their post in the season of sweeping pestilence, but drop in the midst of their duties, courageous as any heroes, rejoicing sometimes like the old martyrs. In the last visit of the plague at Damascus, these brethren shut themselves up in their convent, so that their whole body should not perish at once, and sent forth one of their number each morning to soothe the sick and bless the dying. During the twenty-one days in which this pestilence was at its height, it is said that twenty-one of these devoted men went forth one by one, voluntary victims, never beholding the faces of their brothers again; until the destruction was arrested at last and the public health restored.

But one thing is peculiar to the Holy Land. Travelers see neither more nor less than what they are prepared to see, the reflection indeed of their own hearts and thoughts. Nine out of ten of our countrymen would pronounce "all barren from Dan to Beersheba," would hurry through the journey as speedily as possible, would rejoice most heartily when the French steamer was bearing them back from the fading Syrian shore. Not so the Latin or Greek Catholic; he roams over the land with a full and flowing heart, bearing with him that ready faith which stumbles at no difficulty, criticizes no legend, suspects no imposture, discovers no incredibility in any assigned locality. In itself this condition is rather enviable; in places where there is nothing to interest the Protestant, where he yawns heavily in the friar's face, his Catholic servant feasts to his full: he throws himself at
once upon his knees, kisses the earthquake fissure in St. Sepulchre or the star in the Chapel of the Nativity; is humbled in awe, or wrapt in adoration, or melted in love.—Such child-like believers are the mass of pilgrims to-day. This list is headed by the Empress Helena, who erected the principal churches now covering various holy places, whose sepulchre Professor Robinson thinks he has discovered in what is commonly shown as the “Tombs of the Kings,” and down the same lengthening line are recent names of such celebrities as Chateaubriand and Lamertine. And for them the holy brethren have admirably arranged the spots where this fervor is to be manifested, so as to keep the soul in a constant glow, and make the body insensible to much hardship, and victorious over its own infirmity.

Neither the Jew who looks scowlingly over the land which belongs to himself alone, and by a Divine gift, not the Mussulman who despises Catholic Christianity, as an inferior faith, has at all such means of enjoyment; and the Protestant Christian is seemingly the least favored of all. In proportion as his mind is alive with the stirring associations of sacred history, his heart beats quick as he wanders over the Galilee hills, crosses the memorable mule-path to Bethany, catches at eventide the saddened murmur of the Lake of Tiberias, or watches the morning sun striving in vain to gild the leaden dullness of the Dead Sea. The moment, however, that he leaves these spots, marked out by unchanging characters of nature, and asks aid of local tradition, his ear is stunned and his heart perplexed. The incredible, not to say impossible, mingles so plentifully with the convent story and the Arab legend, that he cannot believe all, and he dreads to reject all. On the way from Beyroot, the great seaport of Syria, to Jerusalem, he is first confronted with a crowd of monkish inventions at Nazareth. The beetling crag overhanging the village strikes every eye as the spot where the Savior was hurried up by the synagogue mob to be cast down headlong; but the friars will not have it so, and they insist upon it that you must believe that the frenzied rabble on their day of rest dragged their intended victim quite a distance into the country, while the same object could be accomplished right at hand, and in a moment of time. This is not human nature, and material nature seems to utter her audible protest from the precipitous background of the village. So the Ascension cannot have been where the present chapel stands, because the sacred narrative implies that it was after they had crossed this hill-top on their way to Bethany that “he was carried up into heaven.”

Another drawback, and a very serious one, is, that you cannot always ascertain where you are in Palestine. When the modern names, as those of Acre and Jaffa, bear a resemblance to the Scripture ones, this is an acceptable guide, and of great weight, especially with Professor Robinson in determining a locality. But of most places this is not the case. It is hard to recognize Bethany under the Arabic word Erozereer, or Sychar in Nablous, and yet the natives know no other name; though there can be no question about either of these towns. The first guide in any investigation of the sacred places is the face of nature. This has changed no more than was to be expected from the marauding habits of the Arab and the oppressive despotism of the Turk. Barrenness has succeeded to fertility wherever it was possible, and silence to the happy hum of prosperity. The nightmare of despair presses down the heart of the land. The vine, so long nourished by its own blood, could not but perish. No country ever was more dreary. For hours upon hours you will hear not a sound, see not even the waving of a wing. Not merely is this true where you expect it, at the Dead Sea, and where you do not expect it, at the Lake of Galilee, but Jerusalem herself sits as the throned queen of desolation. Much of the time not a person or thing is to be observed in motion outside.
of the walls, not a cry of pleasure or a wail of sadness is to be heard. It is as if the dead, who skirt its hill-sides, sat there alone awaiting in the awe of expectation that judgment-trump which is to sound first in the valley of Jehoshaphat. All Ottoman cities are distinguished from the Christian by their grave-like quiet, because the Turk never moves when he can keep still, never talks when he can be silent, never permits the ringing of a bell, never encourages the interruption of his dream of life by stirring sounds. The Jew, who makes half the population of his Holy City, moves with the stealthy tread of a cat, as if the permission to visit Jerusalem had just been conceded, after years of refusal, and might speedily be withdrawn. And though the bazaars of the city are much better furnished than of old, though population is increasing and new buildings are erecting, yet, we are rather glad that Jerusalem is not and cannot be a manufacturing or commercial city.

There are occasional olive-orchards; and as the permission to visit Jerusalem had just been conceded, after years of refusal, and might speedily be withdrawn. And though the bazaars of the city are much better furnished than of old, though population is increasing and new buildings are erecting, yet, we are rather glad that Jerusalem is not and cannot be a manufacturing or commercial city.

There are many other saddening features of the scene besides the general stillness. There is a monotonous succession of ruins, as the prophets predicted. The most numerous settlements are wholly or in part fallen buildings, of no grandeur of design or grace of detail. The Jews were not distinguished in architecture. Celebrated as are the tombs of the prophets and the kings, of Absalom and Jehoshaphat, they are nothing to the tombs at Thebes, either in size, beauty, or solemnity. The poorest grotto in Egypt is, we had almost said, better than the best in Palestine. But those temples of Karnak and Philae, which man and nature seem to have struggled in vain to overthrow, those monster statues and sphinxes, the palace of Abydos and the pyramid of Cheops, find not the faintest reflection in Syria. Whatever the temple of Solomon might have been, it was, as the Saviour foretold, utterly swept away; and, except at the almost unknown Gerasa, the Roman remains are confined to a few ruined aqueducts, not in their best style, and a small bridge here and there. So that, through a land generally a desert, whose roads are a mere bridle-path from one village to another on the next summit, you have neither the relief of groves of trees nor that of gardens of flowers, neither the monuments of man's piety nor the expressions of his taste, neither the company of the industrious cultivator nor that of his humble and patient friends in the brute creation. Instead of it you hear only the cry of the partridge or catch sight of the startled jackal. You see the low, dark tents of the Bedouin, or pass the tedious caravan of wry-necked, vermin-covered camels, at intervals of days.

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Palestine surprises one unfamiliar with its features by its hilliness. Two ranges of mountains run through it from north to south, some of them exceedingly difficult of ascent, and frightful from their frequent precipices, but passed by the strangely-shod Syrian horse in perfect safety. These lofty and bold heights leave a grand impression. Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon tower sometimes eleven thousand feet above the sea, and wear their snow-caps in spots nearly all the year. Hermon is now termed the Sheik's Mountain, and rises above the rest of the Lebanon range, reminding some travellers of Mount Blanc.
but not seen so advantageously upon its own elevated plain. Tabor is a model of beauty; a truncated cone, with some ruins of Crusaders' fortifications and shrines of various ages, well wooded and seemingly fertile, dividing the waters of the East from those that empty into the Mediterranean, it never fails to fill the traveler's eye. It is a thousand feet above the level of the country, of limestone, the prevailing formation, and a mile in circuit upon its basin-shaped summit.

The water-courses of the country, the wells and lakes, have never materially changed, and never will. A little distance from the ancient Sychar, now a most flourishing city for Syria, the traveler rests himself at "Jacob's well," looks through a fertile valley where Joseph's tomb is shown, sounds this most ancient spring, and finds it "very deep," and is satisfied to know that, time out of mind, no other name but Jacob's well has ever been given to it by Moslem, Christian, or Jew.† Again, as you enter Nazareth from the east, a flowing fountain is shown, bearing the name of Mary; and as those gentle and devout-looking village women draw their water at the spot, you are reminded of her whose spirit seems to have lingered among her sex around her own home, who no doubt exchanged many a friendly salutation as she obtained her supply of the beverage,—perhaps wondered over the singular character of her child, and repeated his mysterious sayings. The "Pools of Solomon" are still visited, near Bethlehem, and the excellent water furnished by them travels through fifteen miles of aqueduct to Mount Moriah, supplying the fountain of Siloam, as it is believed, by some irregular, fitful, secret flow, reminding one by its sudden bubbling up of the "troubling of the water", not far distant, in the now deserted Pool of Bethesda. In a country where so much suffering is experienced from want of water, where even the winter traveler is tormented by thirst, it is easy to understand the glowing eulogy of the Hebrew upon his inexhaustible fountains. It seems a very short-sighted prejudice to speak scornfully of Siloam because it is not always clear and deep. So near to the city and so free to all, so cool and inexhaustible, it deserved to be visited annually with chant and psalm, as "a well of salvation."

Notwithstanding the hymn,—

"Those sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,"—the Kedron has ceased to flow, even in the rainy season; the resident missionaries in Jerusalem have not seen any brook there; the common descriptions take for granted what has not been true for centuries.—Following down its horrid ravine by the wild gorge of Mer Saba, we found the precipitous channel to be dry the whole way. The Kishon, however, and most of the other streams, make amends for this solitary failure by crossing the traveler's path with a deep flood, which in the rainy season has drowned many a muleteer, though in the fiery drought of summer it shrinks into a shallow bed. Rising near Mount Tabor, it empties into "the great sea" at the foot of Mount Carmel.*

The main water-beds of Palestine—the lakes Merom and Tiberias, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea—have been so recently and thoroughly explored by enterprising Americans, the results of the United States expedition especially are so satisfactory and so honorable, that the established facts ought to supplant the pious fictions so long shrouding the scene. The Jordan takes its rise nearly twenty miles above Caesarea Philippi,† the spot usually assumed as its foundation-head, and visited by Miss Martineau and others as such. The true source lies, says the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an American mis-

*The Mount of Olives and Jerusalem are seven hundred feet higher than this.
†Kitto's Cyclopœdia, under the article "Water," states that fifteen feet of water are found here, and the "Scripture Lands" makes a similar error; but it is now quite dry. Robinson, Vol. III. pp. 108, 109.

*In the fourth chapter of the Book of Judges the host of Syria is said to have been swept away by this river.
†Kitto's Scripture Lands, p. 169.
tionary, "nearly northwest from Hasbeiya, and boils upon the bottom of a shallow pool some eight or ten rods in circumference. It at once forms a considerable stream. It meanders for the first three miles through a narrow, but highly cultivated valley; then sinks rapidly down a gorge of dark basalt for about six miles, when it reaches the level of the great volcanic plain, extending to the marsh above the Huleh [Lake Merom]. Thus far the direction is nearly south; but it now bears a little westward, and in eight or ten miles enters the lake, not far from its northwest corner."

In summer, Merom makes one of the largest marshes anywhere known. The Arabs pasture their wretched herds on the northern part, but the southern remains through the dry season an impassible swamp. In winter the water is excellent, wild-fowl float upon it, water-plants fringe its edges, and numerous flocks of goats and sheep gather around. Nearly ten miles below this reedy marsh is the beautiful sheet of water now known generally and appropriately as the Lake of Tiberias (Arabic pronunciation Tabarêã), from the only town remaining upon it borders.— Its size has been exaggerated; it is hardly twelve miles long by half as many broad, is still subject to squalls, and has a depth at times of one hundred and sixty feet; but its loveliness as seen by moonlight in the winter season is not overdrawn. At a distance the battlemented Tiberias seems keeping watch over the sleeping beauty, snowy Hermon pierces the clear sky to the north, the mountains around are gemmed with flowers, and the unruffled waters glitter like silver as they course wave after wave down towards the solemn Sea of Death. Besides the associations which throng the scene of the Savior's principal teachings, which hush the voice and oppress the heart, a grave-like silence broods all around. No plash of the oar is any more heard, no net of fishes any more drawn. Except Tiberias, one of the four holy cities of the Jews (of which the Tal-
The Dead Sea is an expansion of the Jordan, the mountains receding from the shore, and rising on either side to the heights of fifteen hundred and two thousand feet. Professor Robinson ascertained that the assumption of there having been no lake on this spot until the destruction of Sodom was quite unfounded. Traces of volcanic action abound; a sulphuric taint is perceptible in the air; the water, though necessarily less pungent when we visited it, in winter, than in summer, is more unpleasant than any known medicinal springs; the effect upon the skin is of a prickly, burning oil; the waters themselves have no smell, but a book dropped in by the American expedition would moldy; and its metal boats were kept bright, polished by the motion waves. All travelers find it difficult to bathe in such buoyant waters, and quadrupeds roll over on their sides and become terrified by their strange position. No actual death is to be found in or around the waters: but the close and suffocating atmosphere tends to fever, a sensation of feebleness creeps over one, any wound festers, after a little while the body appears drophical, and the sufferings from thirst are peculiar. While one eighth of the fertilizing Nile is ascertained to be animalcula, no trace of animal matter can be found in the Dead Sea, and the shores are sometimes so hot in April as to blister the feet. Of course they are barrenness itself.

The most interesting fact, however, is one which Humboldt declares to be without a parallel in the known world. One portion of this sea is sunk nearly thirteen hundred below the rest, and so constitutes the lowest piece of water in creation; and through its middle a ravine has been detected running from north to south in continuation of the Jordan,—a proof that this was once the river's channel, but that it has been submerged by some monstrous earthquake and spread out into this deep bed, whose actual state has been lying concealed for ages. The sea is of more regular figure than has been represented, and covers about forty miles by nine.

The most difficult question regarding the Holy Land is its capacity to sustain within such narrow limits the three millions of Jews who possessed it in the days of its prosperity. And at first sight, its verdureless mountains, its stony fields, its frequent deserts, its craggy heights, its waterless wastes, tempt one to cry, "impossible." But before one takes sides with the sceptic in this matter, let him do justice, if he can, to the simplicity of Syrian life, and the contentedness of its present population, and probably of its older occupants, with an amazingly slender diet. The Orientals have long been satisfied with less than the crumbs of an Englishman's table. A few easily raised
vegetables are all which the native craves; unleavened bread and wild honey are his banquet; the Bedouin never feasts, and often fasts. No hot country demands or permits so much animal food as a cold climate, and it is animal food which requires such wide space to support life.

Even the horse and camel pass the year without a taste of grass or hay. All the other customs of the people—and these customs are, without a doubt, the heritage of the past—equally economize room.

A single suit of clothing, unchanged during the night,—an explanation of the Mosaic injunction about the return of the pledged garment at evening,—is all which the common people expect; and this appears to be worn day and night, until it has to be abandoned. One or two small rooms, furnished with a mat, two earthen jars, one for grain and the other for water, and an oil-cup for a lamp, corresponding to the ancient Grecian in shape, are the necessary equipage for housekeeping. Is it not plain enough, that a life of such abstinence might be crowded compactly, as it is at this hour in China, and cannot be at all estimated by the proportion of our population to the square acre? And that the vast numbers reported in the historical books of the Old Testament are not wholly fabulous is demonstrated by the present ruins of Gerasa.* This almost unvisited place was, be it borne in mind, nothing but an agricultural station, an obscure inland town, yet its principal theatre was larger than that of Bacchus at Athens; and besides this accommodation for eight thousand persons, there was still another theatre, a circus, and a mamamachia, in the very heart of the Peraon.

These remains, which were discovered by Burckhardt, and which are in remarkable preservation, considering where they are found, prove that a dense population has existed in luxurious circumstances where there is at present a wilderness.

Another fact is equally certain. No one can do justice now to the natural gifts of the Land of Promise. If for centuries New England were given over to continual spoliation, if the green crops were swept away by the wild men of the desert and the ripe ones were seized by a blindly despotic government, the traveler would find it hard to believe that agricultural towns, each of more than ten thousand inhabitants, had ever existed among us. Perpetual misrule, uninterrupted oppression, have changed the village to a graveyard, the garden to a field of stone, the city to some low huts where humanity struggles faintly against fearful odds. The besom of war has swept over all these once fearful plains. Upon Esrailon “the Assyrians and the Persians, the Jews and the Gentiles, Crusaders and Saracens, Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, and Franks, have poured out their blood.—Bonaparte achieved a signal victory on this famous field, and retired again in disgrace from Syria over this battle-ground of nations.”

And looking a little closer, you see many a tower, marking the spot of an ancient garden, in the midst of forlorn desolation,—many a terrace along the barren hill-side where once were ripened such delicious grapes as refresh the traveler upon Mount Lebanon, and wine was produced in abundance by a similar labor to that which makes the present wealth of the valley of the Rhine. The severe rains recurring every winter, and sweeping with unequalled force over such hilly grounds, have carried away much excellent soil, and left many a valley a mere stone heap,—as towards Jerusalem from the north,—and many a mountain like Gerizim as barren as it was once blest in almost perpetual production. If the land as originally promised was “flowing with milk and honey,” it was also promised, even of old, that, if the people proved apostate, the curse of barrenness should fall upon the laughing valley, the verdant hill-side, the luxuriant plain, and the vine-clad mountain. So that Judæa as it is, being forshadowed in our sacred

*Burckhardt’s Travels in Palæstine, Chap XXI.

*Dr. E. D. Clarke.
books, cannot be turned into an argument against Judea as it was.

We will now notice as briefly as possible the other points most interesting to the Christian. It has been well said, that though "the Arab lurk for plunder among the ruined cities of Judea and the Turk may rule on Mount Zion, they cannot rob Bethlehem of its cradle." And this half-ruined village, with its grotto of the Nativity, has its interest still. Its people are poor; their fields are robbed by the Arabs while they are ripening for the harvest, and by the Turks when the crops are gathered in. Their chief subsistence is by the sale of beads of olive-wood and crosses of mother-of-pearl to pilgrims and travelers. The position of the place has much of its ancient beauty. From its hill slope extend orchards and gardens, then the tomb, according to unvaried tradition, of Rachel, and the Greek convent of Elias, and in the distance the dome-crowned city of Jerusalem.

The place of the Saviour's birth is shown underneath a convent-church, erected by St. Helena; the silver star, that once denoted the point above which the "star in the East" rested its course, has been stolen away, the Latin friars say by the Greeks; the Greeks probably refer the robbery to their Latin friends. Dr. Robinson's principal objection to this spot, that the pretended stable is a cavern, is very surprising, when many subterranean places are so employed in Palestine still; and nothing can be more natural, under so sultry a climate, than this application of many of those grottos which abound through the limestone formations of the land. Dr. Robinson was wrong in not visiting the ground, and mistaken in placing the convent at a distance from the village. A change has come over the public mind regarding these local traditions. The early pilgrims carried with them the credulity of children; later visitors came to doubt, and went away to sneer. A better feeling is now observed, a wise dis-

*Vol. II. p. 79.
failed to allude to the fact in illustration of his humility. It is far more likely that the family occupied one of these many similar cottages of stone. The town in general has not materially changed for centuries; perhaps four of the five thousand inhabitants are Christians, descendants, no doubt, of the Syrian converts of the Crusaders, wearing a general aspect of comfort and independence, possessing fertile fields and some small manufactures.

Capernaum, the Savior's home has entirely vanished, like Pella and Gadara, Chorazin and Bethsaida, Dalmanutha and Genesaret; but Tiberias confidently shows its Chapel of St. Peter upon the spot of the miraculous draught of fishes. It is a single arched room of great age, though the celebrated travelers Irby and Mangles detected an inverted Arabic inscription upon part of the arch, proving that the stones were taken from some other building, and that the antiquity of their present form is not what has been claimed.

Bethany, the next place of interest, is a small, poor farming village, occupied by perhaps thirty families, the best of whom would hardly be said "to live" by our agricultural population. The largest house, a winter ago, could furnish the traveler no bed but the earth floor, and no load save an egg or two. The original name appeared to be quite forgotten; Ezereer, or as Dr. Robinson writes it, "el-Aziriyel," is the only one known in the vicinity. Of course, the house of the "Sisters" and of the "Leper" and the tomb of Lazarus are shown to all who ask for them, as it would be difficult to find an incident in sacred history for which monastics have not marked out a site, and repeated their affirmation for so many centuries as now to report it without hesitation, and believe it without a doubt. American Christians who come to the country, as Dr. Wainwright says in his recent elegant work, to believe rather than doubt, to kindle the heart rather than quench critical acumen, are glad to receive the legend upon tolerable evidence; but here there is really none. The tomb of Lazarus could not have been in the village, as this is; neither does its construction bear the signs of so great age.

Jerusalem is more overdone with these legends than any other city, and it is a sad day, exhausting as well as bewildering, when the Latin guide marches the traveler over all the principal points, to "the stone where Lazarus sat," "the house of Dives," "the arched window which presented Barabbas to the people side by side with Jesus," "the house of Veronica," "the corner where the Savior said, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves," "the place where Simon took the cross" and "where the Master fainted." But passing over in appropriate silence legends which could have had no means of outward authentication, and others which are utterly improbable, there is still a great deal left to touch the heart and quicken devotion.

Near the entrance to the grand gate of the ancient Court of the Gentiles is part of the Pool of Bethesda, an excavation partially lined with cement, so as to have been unquestionably a reservoir, even now seventy-five feet deep, three hundred and sixty long, and one hundred broad. Dr. Robinson was able to trace the work, under some arches that have been built to sustain streets, a great distance farther; and probably half of the ancient "house of mercy" is hidden from us by modern buildings. Dr. Robinson cannot be right in rejecting this designation, and placing here the deep ditch of the fortress Antonia, not merely because there is no contradiction in the hearsay attached to this work, but because the work itself is not of a military character, was peculiarly designed to hold water, and, while no other spot can be found for Bethesda, no authority has yet been produced for the existence of this vast fosse. The temple of Solomon has of course entirely disappeared. But the Mosque of

Omar, hardly second in sanctity to that of Mecca, lifts up its exquisite marble walls on the same proud height. Underneath its dome a rock rises up, supposed to be part of the original foundation of the Jewish temple; on one angle remain the arches erected by Herod; possibly some of the ancient treasures repose in the unexplored caverns beneath; the area is substantially the same as the ancient one; but no Jew or Christian can even mount its outermost step; and the intrusion of a Frank into the great court would be avenged by his blood. Had England suffered the country to remain under the mild sway of Egypt, which abolished the Kafar-toll exacted at every village, sanctioned the building of Jewish synagogues, authorized Europeans to bear fire-arms, and gave to strangers the protection of their own resident consul, the most interesting inclosure in the world would be open to view, the country at large might have been progressing, instead of receding, agriculture must certainly have increased, and the roads to Petra and Palmyra would have been thrown freely open. But English interference has commonly been an injury to the people amongst whom it is intruded, an arrest to civilization and an injury to other members of the commonwealth of nations. The few years of Ibrahim Pacha's sway gave the monks their first breathing-time, brought the Bedouin to terms, secured the safety of the principal roads, and lent Jerusalem an impulse not yet exhausted. His name is repeated now by the Arab watch-fire, and in the dreary silence of the cloister, with a gratitude approaching veneration.

The Holy Sepulchre and Calvary are a heaven upon earth to the Catholic pilgrim. One of these traditions may be rejected and the other yet be retained. There is no necessity for fixing the scene of an infamous punishment hard upon the new tomb of a man of wealth, certainly not for gathering this murderous crowd within a garden, carefully kept as it must have been, in the midst of the best build-
gery the world has ever seen. At the
gate of the ancient Sychar, and outside of
the southern entrance of Jerusalem, are
to be found every day a crowd of men
and women, uplifting their shrivelled
white hands and shrunken but imploring
faces, to obtain alms of the passer-by.—
There the leper still keeps at the gate
(2 Kgs 15:10), "still dwells alone with-
out the camp,” marrying only with wretch-
es like himself, and perishing by piec-
meal at the age of forty years. Only at
these points, and at Damascus, where "the
house of Naaman" is set apart for their
hospital, does the disease make its appear-
ance in public; and there it is evidently
shunned as "unclean," abandoned to des-
pair; and cast out from the sympathy of
humanity.

One other melancholy sight can never
be forgotten. In a narrow street, close
against the outer wall of the Court of the
Gentiles, is to be seen every Friday noon
a double line of Jews bewailing their
national ruin, repeating the penitential
psalms, and crying, "O God, how long?"
Old men and maidens, fathers and chil-
dren, seem to be pouring out their souls
in agony of sorrow, at times sobbing
aloud, and even beating their heads
against the cold, gray stones. It is the
day on which Thus took the city. They
have observed it from the earliest time
when they could venture within its holy
walls, and have long regarded these stones
as part of the ancient inclosure of their
House of God.

It is refreshing to find such tenacity to
a God-given faith, such strong hope sur-
viving the ages of persecution. Without
a temple, a country, or a home, the na-
tionality of the Jew is unimpaired, his
expectation of a peculiar Redeemer is un-
shaken. When the anger of Jehovah is
appeased by his heroically-borne sufferings,
he looks to recover his ancient glory un-
der a Divine Prince, sitting on the throne
of David, judging the tribes of Israel.—
So that the smallest Jewish contract at

Palestine has always this clause: "or un-
til the coming of Messiahs." But
their recovery of the soil of their
fathers is not at all improbable. Even
now, did Europe look on in silence, noth-
ing could bar it against them. The only
stronghold, Acre, is ruined; the citadel of
Damascus is but a name; the comely bat-
tlements of Jerusalem are hardly protec-
tion against Arabs; no fleet girdles the
coast; no power has much interest in a
profitless possession, already costing so
much blood. Abdul Medjid has to look
to England even for the security of his
own Constantinople, and, had he strength
by land or sea, could not spare it from
vibrating Turkey. But, the Jews are said
to be as numerous now as in their day of
glory, and wherever they reside, whatever
their occupation, though the heart faint
with long-deferred hope, that heart beats
the same as of old; no luxury of a higher
civilization, no success belonging to their
business acumen, no ease under the relax-
ation of sectarian bigotry, no favor be-
stowed on their often proscribed worship,
can wean them from the Land of Promise,
the graves of their fathers, the altar of
Jehovah’s accepted worship, the expected
scene of Divine manifestations yet to
come.

Upon the borders of the land and within
it are said to be a million and a half of
Jews, waiting with the keenest anxiety for
the hour of restitution,—a million and
more familiar with the resources of the
land, its mountain fastnesses, its pathless
wilderness, its ancient strongholds against
Assyrian or Roman,—a million and more,
if not trained soldiers, yet trained to suffer
and endure,—if kindled with the sense of
wrong, yet patient as the brooding storm
—if slow to strike, yet quick to die for
the hope of Israel. A mere whisper of
permission from any strong government
like England would invite in such num-
bers as would change the desert into the
garden again, and the heap of ruins into

*This was assured me by the English consul at Jeru-

alem, Mr. Finu.
If to propitiate God and to turn away His wrath from man by the sacrifice of himself, has been the only, or even the chief purpose of Christ's coming in the flesh, it seems strange that he remained so long on the earth.

The official career of Jesus, from his baptism to his ascension, was about a tenth part of his life among men. Of thirty years of the life of this wonderful personage we have no account, excepting the narrative of the flight into Egypt and the story of his conversation with the Jewish doctors in the temple. It is impossible not to feel interested to learn what Jesus did and said and experienced during his childhood and youth,—during nine-tenths of his life on earth. And yet we may believe it well for us, that God has veiled the unofficial life of Jesus from our eyes. Our salvation is concerned only with what he said and did in his official capacity as the Messiah of God. Interesting as his earlier history would undoubtedly be to us, we cannot say that it would conduce to our veneration; while it might, by exciting our minds to curious and unprofitable speculations, withdraw our thoughts from Him—"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Though we have no definite assurance as to what were the employments and experiences of Jesus during his unofficial years, still it is probable that we incur no risk of error in the statement that his life did not differ essentially in its external incidents or in its internal trials, from the general lot of those around him. That he engaged in business, employed his hands in daily toil, experienced the common physical allotments, was associated with those of a similar age in his early years, derived pleasure and pain from the common sources of human good and ill (guilt excepted,) acquired knowledge by observation and experience, and gradually enlarged his soul as he advanced in age; are statements which might easily win the assent of reflecting minds. Certain apocryphal narratives really too frivolous to be regarded as histories of Jesus, record many marvels which they allege to have been done by him in his pre-official years. But it is unlikely that Jesus performed any miracle before his baptism. For his brethren are represented as having said to him at the beginning of his public life, "If thou do these things, show thyself to the world." The Evangelist adds: "For neither did his brethren believe upon him."

The unbelief of the brethren of Jesus seems to forbid the supposition that miraculous powers were manifested by him during his childhood, or youth. Indeed, I am not aware that there is any reason for supposing that the active life of Jesus during thirty years, differed much (except in its purity) from the life of others of a similar condition. Nevertheless, it is impossible to regard the thirty unofficial years of the Son of God, as we would regard an equal period in the life of any of his associates. Those years must have had an intimate relation to the great object of his coming. And, though they were not rendered remarka-
ble by any connexion with external wonders, they must have witnessed the birth of experiences and aspirations in the bosom of Jesus, such as were essential to qualify him for his Mediatorial work. To present the thought in a single statement, I would represent the thirty unofficial years of Jesus as the period of his education for the Messiahship.

The amplest statements to this point occur in the "Epistle to the Hebrews."—

(Chapter 2: 17, 18.)—"In all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren; that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

(Chapter 5: 7, 9.)—"Who, in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared, (though he were a Son) learned obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him."

It may be well to remark, that the word "perfect," applied to Jesus in two of these passages, does not imply that there had been moral imperfection in him; for the same original word is used in John 17: 4, translated "finished," in the English Bible; it occurs also in Luke 2: 43, and is rendered "fulfilled." The meaning of the word as applied to Jesus by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, is that the sufferings of Jesus in the flesh perfected him for the Messiahian office,—qualified him to become the "Author of eternal salvation unto them that obey him."

Collecting these several scripture statements into a single proposition, we learn that it was necessary for Jesus to experience in person the various sufferings and temptations incident to human life, in order that he might be able to sympathize with every form of mortal woe, and become the Sover and Savior of every class of suffering, struggling, tempted men.

So, then, Jesus, during the thirty years of his private life, was making trial of human conditions,—was familiarizing himself with toil and privation, with pain and sorrow, with moral infirmity and the forces of temptation. When to this we add the experiences of his public career, we may confidently affirm that there is no species of sorrow and suffering, of trial and temptation, that is known to man and unknown to Jesus. He has tasted of every bitter cup that sin has filled for man. The pinnings of poverty, the weariness of wasting labor, the tempting opportunity of worldly advantage, the cold indifference of those whom he died to redeem; all, all are known to Jesus. And (as if this was not experience enough of sorrow) when nailed to the cross, derided by foes, denied and forsaken by his friends, with the damps of death gathering upon his brow, he must yet taste the unutterable bitterness of the withdrawal of the soul's last support—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

"O, Lamb of God! was ever pain, Was ever love like thine!"

"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: * * * he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

"In all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren; that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

There are seasons in our experience when the burden of our griefs, or of thickening temptations, weighs oppressively upon us, and the soul yearns to unboast its agonies to some pure friend, to find direction and relief in his counsel and sympathy.—How blessed to have such a friend! How it alleviates the load of sorrow, to obtain the sympathy of the good! How it weak-
ens the power of temptation, to remember that we have pure-minded friends who continually make intercession for us! How it unburdens the oppressed conscience to reveal its guilty woes to some faithful heart! "Confess your faults one to another, (says the Apostle James) and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." But there are some experiences which perhaps every soul will feel that it cannot—must not—uncover to any earthly eyes.

The soul has its outer sanctuary into which they who are pure may be admitted; but it has also its inner sanctuary—its "Holy of Holies,"—opened only on the great day of expiation, and entered only by the high-priest. "We have such a high-priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." Who, "because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood; wherefore he tempted." Often when the hearts of men are burning with indignation at the sinner, and they remember only that "Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned;" the guilty one finds sympathy with Jesus, and a heavenly voice speaks to his soul, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

In Jacob Abbott's "Young Christian," there is an excellent illustration of the sympathy of Jesus, which I shall do well to transcribe here:

"It is very often the case that persons are struggling with temptations and sins almost in solitude, and those to whom they are directly accountable do not appreciate the circumstances in which they are placed, and the efforts they make to overcome temptation. I presume that teachers very often blame their pupils with a severity which they would not use if they remembered distinctly the feelings of childhood. Perhaps a little boy is placed on a seat by his intimate friend, and commanded upon pain of some very severe punishment not to whisper. He tries to refrain; and succeeds perhaps for half an hour in avoiding every temptation. At last some sudden thought darts into his
mind,—his resolutions are forgotten; the presence of the master, the regulation of the school, and the special prohibition to him, all fit from his mind; and after the forbidden act, which occupied but an instant, is done, he immediately awakes to the consciousness of having disobeyed, and looks up just in time to see the stern eye of his teacher upon him speaking most distinctly of displeasure and of punishment. Now if any severe punishment should follow such a transgression, how disproportionate would it be to the guilt! The boy may indeed have done wrong; but how slight must the wrong be in the view of any one, who could look into the heart, and estimate truly its moral movements in such a case! It is unquestionably true, and every wise teacher is fully aware of it, that in school discipline there is constant danger that the teacher will estimate erroneously the moral character of the actions he witnesses, just because he has forgotten the feelings of childhood. He cannot appreciate its temptations or understand its difficulties, and many a little struggler with the inclinations which would draw him from duty, is chilled and discouraged in his efforts, because the teacher never knows that he is making an effort to do his duty, or at least never understands the difficulties and trials which he finds in his way.

"Suppose now that such a teacher should say to himself, and suppose he could by some magic power carry the plan into effect,—"I will become a little child myself, and go to school. I will take these same lessons which I assign, and endeavor to keep, myself, the rules which I have been endeavoring to enforce. I will spend two or three weeks in this way, that I may learn by actual experience what the difficulties and temptations of children are." Suppose he should carry this plan into effect, and laying aside his accumulated knowledge and that strength of moral principle which long habit had formed, should assume the youth and the spirits and all the feelings of childhood, and should take his place in some neighboring school unknown to his new companions, to partake with them in all their trials and temptations.—He toils upon a perplexing lesson, that he may know by experience what the perplexity of childhood is; he obeys the strictest rules, that he may understand the difficulty of obedience; and he exposes himself to the unkindness or oppression of the vicious boys, that he may know how hard it is to endure them patiently. After fully making the experiment, he resumes his former character and returns to his station of authority. Now if this were done, how cordially, how much better can he afterward sympathize with his pupils in their trials, and with what confidence can they come to him in all their cares.

"Now we have such a Savior as this,—The Word was made flesh; that is, became Man, and dwelt among us. He took not on him the nature of angels, but the nature of man. "Wherefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful high-priest."

If Jesus were unable to enter with perfect appreciation and sympathy into the sad and bitter depths of all hearts, he could not be the Savior of the world. Wherefore to know all human woe, he came down from heaven and was made flesh, and dwelt among us. For more than thirty years he was with men, experiencing their conditions; rising and retiring, laboring and communing with them, eating at their tables; watching at their bed-sides, loved by friends, hated by enemies, assailed and tempted by every species of evil. He knows all our trials and sufferings, and no story of human sorrow is uninteresting to him. Jesus was once a child, subject to the infirmities and griefs of childhood; therefore the little children may come trusting to him. Jesus has experienced the temptations of youth; knows its peculiar besettings, its aspirations, its hopes—many of them, alas! formed to be disappointed. O young men and maidens, seek the guidance and sympathy of Jesus! What, but the remembrance of his own youthful
years, enabled Jesus, when the young man came to him seeking instruction, to regard him with such brotherly compassion? Jesus is acquainted also, with all the forms of temptation and trial which men experience during their mature years—ambition, worldliness, distrust; Jesus knows them far better than we. He knows every weakness of our nature, every power of temptation, and every unutterable depth of sorrow. The Jewish priests bore the tribes of Israel upon their bosom, in a symbol; but our highest priest bears the whole world upon his heart, in that he has experienced every kind of suffering and temptation known to man.

The mission of Jesus as our Sympathizer, was not ended when he withdrew from the earth.—Indeed, it was but then fully begun. With his glorification there was a great enlargement of his usefulness to man. When he ceased to be confined by physical conditions, and became "a quickening spirit," he grew nearer to mankind. Had he remained on earth, a corporeal Presence, he would have been near to some and remote to others: for Universal Presence is not predicatable of any subject of terrestrial relations. It was necessary that Jesus should depart out of the sphere of material cognition, in order that he might, as the Purifier and Consoler, enter all willing hearts. "It is expedient for you (said he to his weeping disciples) that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Jesus withdrew from the sight of his disciples, in order that he might be nearer to them forevermore. He was released from physical connexions, in order that he might become accessible to men in every clime and age, to communicate his spirit to them. He "ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things."

And now, perfected and glorified, he who was once the "Man of Sorrows," is possessor of "all Power in heaven and in earth," for the relief of wretchedness and the cure of sin. He is a universal Presence, purifying and consoling all penitent minds. Wherever two or three are gathered in his name, he is in the midst. He is acquainted with every soul of man. No pang of human grief is unknown to him. No sigh for purity escapes a burdened soul, but straight it goes to the heart of Jesus, and speedily his divine sympathy fills and calms the stormy bosom. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." If any man sorrow, we have a Comforter able and willing to give relief. All sins and all griefs are known to him. "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens—Jesus the Son of God—let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high-priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempt ed like as we are, yet without sin: Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Christian Repository.

A Kind Word.

"It is a little thing, yet do not forget it. You know not how much good it may do.—It may buoy the sinking spirit up and nerve it against despair. We cannot tell what those around us feel. Sunny smiles may conceal a heart that is even now breaking, and that wears the semblance of joy only to conceal its wretchedness. A kind word may dispel the gloom and heal the wounded spirit. Perhaps you may not know it, but it may bless you when the turf is green upon your grave. Mark that sad and lonely one in whose eye the tear drop often trembles. Listen to the low sigh that struggles to hide the soul's emotion and speaks more plainly than words of the agony within.—There is bitterness there; the world may not heed it, and may even look with scornful gaze or pass by in utter coldness, but be thou an angel of mercy to that blighted
heart, soothe its despondency, and point to brighter hopes. It will give you back a rich reward, the love of a trusting heart. You may find there a precious gem, one that, though it shuns display, yet glitters not the less brightly, and discovers its beauty to those only who will carefully seek it.

"Speak gently to the erring. Know they may have toiled in vain; perhaps unkindness made them so; oh! win them back again!"

Yes, speak gently to the poor wanderer who has strayed from the paths of virtue and holiness, who feels that he is an outcast and that no one cares for him. Ye are all children of one Father, and that wayward one is thy brother, an erring one, but yet thy brother, and you may save him.

He was not always so; once a pure and happy child, "he caroled light as lark at morn," and every evening saw him bend the infant knee to lip the prayer his mother taught him. And when in after years vice lured him with her syren songs, oh! what a struggle was there within that young heart; what agony in its feeble efforts to resist temptation too strong for the unguarded soul! He fell; pity while you blame; you, Christians. So far from being irksome, many would be fascinated by the opportunity thus to spend an hour. But, somehow or other, there is a notion abroad in true benevolence there is to be sacrifice, an effort, a self conquest, and besides this that those whom we visit are not perfect beings, but for the most part sick, suffering, famishing mortals, brought up without habits of cleanliness and thrift, and being so used to hardship that complaint and meediness become somewhat natural. Practically every day, charity is to visit such. This is honest, sober, downright benevolence. Over floors stained and mudded, up bending flights of stairs, amid children crying or quarrelling for bread, in tatters and filth, that a lone, suffering mother is not able to mend and to wash, too sick to hush, her murmurs day by day, and find it a long, tedious and almost hopeless task to do so; to find bodily sickness preying on the mind, and making one constantly cap-

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.
IDEAL AND PRACTICAL CHARITY.

...rious, fretful, ill-humored,—and then the mind prereyed in turn on the body, making the disease more virulent; to find the husband careless, rude, and brutal; to find your attention in the end forgotten and your patients but little improved in health; to see throughout it all the necessity of not looking for the luxury of thanks and successful effects, but of thinking only of your own duty and the blessing to descend into your own heart; and to persevere gently but firmly, day after day, in this unwearied work,—this is not ideal benevolence—it is of another sort. It is that true, real benevolence which, if there could be such a thing as merit in aught that you do, would be, indeed, a meritorious work.

And then this distinction between the ideal and the practical runs through the subject of giving in the same way as in that of visiting. The poor man that comes with humble and flattering tones to your door, how is he received by the idealist? Why—that he should never have been unfortunate in business, always acting with consummate prudence, and energy and tact; or if he has lost, and lost his all in money, yet that the loss must have occurred in some such purely accidental way as by a stroke of paralysis or a flash of lightning; that he should be saving in all he gets, never spending a cent uselessly; that he should be a model of sobriety, never having tasted a drop of certain beverages; that his whole biography, told over from year to year, should bear witness to an humble, patient, yet diligent Christian, struggling against misfortunes, but without a hard word for any above him or around him; and then, too, that he should, even in rags, and reared, perhaps, in a cellar, be perfectly proper in his manner; saying neither too much nor too little, being neither too haughty nor too cringing; these are the requisites that the idealist demands of the beggar at the door. He is to be thoroughly sifted, fully known from youth to age, in mind and heart, body and soul, and woe beitide him if he has not a clean sheet of character to present, and then we drop in his palsied hand a sixpence, considering that we have to pay out another sixpence in the course of the day. Such is one way of giving—a nice view of charity, refined and dainty enough for the famed realms of Utopia, but rather out of place, methinks, for the matter-of-fact world that lies around us.

A truer sort of benevolence, one having more of mind, heart, and of Gospel, too, in its composition, is to give to those who have erred, and who wish to reform to those who, like all of us, have been hasty, or inconsiderate, or careless, and have suffered the bitter consequences, but now are struggling upward to a new life, and wish only a helping hand; to give to any that are famishing, whether they be personages of character or not, like the bounteous Father of us all, who makes the sun to shine on the evil as on the good; to give to them, though they never will thank us, though they even turn and read us; to give, though at present they are rude and thriftless: seeking to reform them, not expecting to find them without errors, but seeking only to know what their errors are, and to put them in a way and with means to mend them: this is by far the greater part in practical matters of charity. This is body and substance; perhaps not a pleasant and ideal view of the subject, but it is a sensible one—one that we are called on to take every day of our lives. It is easy to get rid of a beggar by spying out his faults. We save the conscience in thinking that he is worthless, and save the purse in the bargain. But if we do not give in this way, it is not likely we will give at all. The true luxury of giving should be in helping those most needing our help, in character as well as in body, and in relieving those when we have to deny ourselves; to do what nature does not like to do.

In this holy season, Mr. Editor, when our Savior's sufferings are so prominently brought before us, such a view of Chris-
tian duty may be a sensible one. The example of our Lord should be ours; His gifts to us our motives, His promises our encouragement. **Self-denial** is the lesson written all over the season in characters we may not fail to see, and it is that doing something, really and earnestly, that taking up the Cross, not merely bearing it when laid upon the shoulder, which, especially now, it becomes us to practice. Excuses wont answer; sentimentalism is out of place. The work is no sham.—**Evangelical Catholic.**

**False Religion.**

"To false Religion, we are indebted for persecutors, zealots and bigots; and perhaps human depravity has assumed no forms, at once more onious and despica
bles, than those in which it has appeared in such men. I will say nothing of persecution; it has passed away, I trust, forever; and torture will no more be inflict
ded, and murder no more committed, un
der pretence of extending the spirit and influence of Christianity. But the tem
ter which produced it still remains; its parent bigotry is still in existence; and what is there more adapted to excite thorough disgust, than the disposition, the feelings, the motives, the kind of intellect! and degree of know
developed by some of those, who are pre
ing to be the sole defenders and patrons of religious truth in this unhappy world, and the true and exclusive heirs of all the mercy of God? It is a particular misfortune, that when gross error in religion prevail, the vices of which I speak, shew themselves especially in the clergy; and that we find them ignorant, narrow minded, presum
tuous, and as far as they have it in their power, oppressive and imperious. The disgust which this character in those who appear as ministers of religion, naturally produces, is often transferred to Christiani
ty itself. It ought to be associated only with that form of religion by which these vices are occasioned."—Andrew Norton, *Thoughts on True and False Religion,* second edition, pp. 15, 16."

**The Death of the Year.**

Twas midnight and the moonbeams cold
Glimmered down upon the white snow,
The winds swept wildly through the wold,
Waving the bared trees to and fro;
And weaving with the night bird's song,
And owlet's love too—whit, tu-who,
Their own sad wail, as swift and strong,
They through the mountains passes flew,
But, hist! there is a louder wail
Now echoes from the mountain side,
Now rises from the silent vale;
That one would think the funeral cry
Of nations had been uttered, then
They weep, who living had been man.
That wail why was it and so dread?
Ha, hat whence comes that laugh so chill,
As by, old Time with hopeless tread
Sweeps onward—ever onward still!
Methinks I hear him whisper now
From out the mist of by-gone years,
Which gather thick about his brow
Dank with humanity's sad tears:
"Ah, ha, good youth, they tell in story
I step as lightly as the breeze,
Which blows o'er temples and temples hoary,
And wakes a sigh from out the trees;
And yet I'm stronger than the waves
When waging winds on ocean's deep,
Fresh bursting from their prison-caves,
In wild, untutored freedom sweep.
Few moons have wasted since I saw
A youth spring up along my way,
Whose beauty seemed without anow,
Whose onward course without a stay.
He saw me nearer drew
And wreathed his face into a smile,
And snapped his fingers as he flew
Away with buoyant step the while:
But still I did pursue the chase
Until his youthful days were fled,
And a long white beard grew on his face,
And hoary locks upon his head.
Then first he seemed to dread my power,
And fear-impelled, was forced to part
With many a gem and many a flower,
Which he had carried at the start.
But this did not avail him much,
For soon my hand was on his head,
And soon he felt my scythe's eff'ct,
And wailed but once, and then was dead,
That wail is what you just have heard,
For now the Old Year is no more,
And with him many a hope deferred
Lies buried 'mong the things of old,
And many a head made desolate."

But here old Time could say no more.
For an elfin joy had sprung up straight,
In the path which the old man trod before;
And him old Time now hotly pursued
As way on the wings of the wind he sped,
With flowers along his pathway strewed,
And roses blooming above his head.
But still the moon beamed down upon the world,
And the wild whirh, from the tree bare,
And the winds swept on through the lonely wold,
The same as if the blithe New Year
Had not been born at the death of the Old.
Cambridge, Mass. 1853. H.
For the Christian Magazine.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF O. N. HUNDLEY.

BY HIS BROTHER.

Brother! cold the turf is lying,
Cold and still above thy head,
And the winter winds are sighing
Sadly o'er thy dreamless bed:
And thy eye is closed and sunken,
And all pallid is thy brow,
And thou hearest not the mourners
That are weeping o'er thee now.
For thy father weeps above thee
Tears he cannot well suppress,
And thy gentle mother mourns thee,
Mourns thee ever-comfortless.

Father! why dost thou lament him,—
Why lament him that is gone—
He, the righteous One who lent him,
Hath but taken back his own.
For a while his gentle spirit
Was to bless and cheer us given,
Then why grieve when God hath called it
To a happier home in heaven?
To a home of fadeless beauty,
Where bright flowers ever bloom,
And is heard no voice of mourning—
Mourning o'er the silent tomb.

Mother! why art thou now weeping
O'er thy son so early dead?
He in the cold earth sleeping—
Sleeping in his narrow bed:
And although I know thy spirit
Tres's a world of fadeless bliss,
Where the loving are not parted
Who have faithful been in this—
Still I weep and mourn above thee,
For thou wast my childhood's friend,
And to know thee was to love thee,
As I knew and loved thee then.

Cambridge, Mass. 1853.

D. R. H.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE—MOTIVES.

Warmth from their spirits spreads around
An atmosphere serene—divine—
Magnetick, like golden rays,
Encircling mine.

To-day I bless Thee most for power
It draws me, Father, nearer Thee—
To love all things, even though they give
No love to me.

In stillness deep I walk a land
Where spirit forms my footsteps great,
And beauteous thoughts—an angel band—
Chant low and sweet.

Deer hours I know will darkly come,
Like April days of cloud and rain.
But thou must heart, like wintry fields,
Grow green again.

I thank Thee Father, that I live;
Though waiting fill this earth of Thine;
To labor for Thy suffering ones
Is joy divine.

And even I, so weak and poor,
May bear some word of life from Thee,
A beam of hope may reach some heart
Even through me.

MOTIVES.

"It is the motive, more than any thing else, that renders an action good or bad.—However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow, if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten to the core. Who cares for an outward seeming, or show of affection, unless the heart be also on the same terms? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake, because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles, for they are but dross.—The principles are the gold on which is to be placed the stamp, and if the gold is not good, the stamp, though it often deceives the people, give it no real worth; and he who graves the Queen's image on base metal, is punished for his forgery."

'RISING AND SETTING suns are common-place exhibitions, when were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.'
God's Presence Lightens Our Sorrows.

Mr. Editor, Dear Friend: I send you an extract from a private letter, written by a friend far from home, and when laboring under the daily apprehension of approaching disease. It was not intended for the public eye, but it is all the better for that. It did me good, and I hope will afford others a thought that may bless and lighten a sad hour. If you will publish this, I will send you others from the same pen.

Sincerely yours,

AMICA.

New Orleans, Feb. 11, 1853.

My Dear — My thoughts are turned constantly to my home and my friends; and I can not forbear to trouble you every few days, even though I have no personal news to write. I have suffered somewhat with my old disease, but not enough to keep me in doors. Nor do I make much complaint, as it is always disagreeable to answer the same inquiries, and especially when the answer gives no happiness to those who enquire.

* * * * You see that I lack neither for friends nor entertainment; but I confess that it is dull and lifeless to me, in my present state, and so far away from those who ought to know and love me best. * * Except in the spirit of worship I enjoy nothing alone. Still, I have my enjoyments. Indeed I would say it humbly, but truthfully, it is not in the power of outward circumstance to make me miserable. God is with us every where, and we often feel him nearest when most separated from the sympathies of others; and with this thought, who can be miserable? And how much, my dear ---, do we need this thought! The sense of his nearness and complacency gives to the soul its perpetual noon, more bright this day, to me, than ever these sunny skies; more warm and fertilizing than all the beams and dews of heaven; and the spirit of this thought now breathes more balmy odors than have ever swept the groves of orange, fig or myrtle of earth's richest scenes. And this vision of God is open to all men, even the humblest. It stirs the quivering leaves, moves upon the crooning waters, glows in the spangled firmament, and gives heavenly freshness to the dullest sights and sounds around us. The mission of Christ was to reveal this divine presence to all, even the most sinful and lowly. Do we see it? It may be after struggles with self, and pride, and sin; after prayers and watchfulness; after the last vestige of self or selfishness has been crucified; after the letter of Scripture has been transfigured, like the body of our Lord, into its spiritual meaning and glory, or meaning to our spirit if you had rather; but we see him at last, and the light of his countenance streams like the dawn of the morning; first faint and distant, but still coming on o'erta, till it shines full-orbed, and plays into every nook and corner of our narrow and darkened hearts, and makes them glow with love and hope. May we not, then, often say:

"I see from far thy beauteous light,
    Only I sigh for thy repose!"

And such love and hope, O my soul! how they course through all the relations of domestic and social life, opening living springs in all its deserts to make them bloom and blossom as the rose.

"Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand rills
    Some through the groves, some down the sloping hills,
    Whirling a secret or an open course
    And all supplied from one eternal source."

Ah! it is the thought of this love of God at last that helps us to keep the commandments; to resist temptation; to work at our work and regard heavenly charities. It melts the hard eye of bigotry with the dew of tenderness; gives a fragrant kindness to the ill-tempered and envious heart, and makes us all bend over our often broken and bleeding nature to pour in the oil and wine. Who can allow his bosom to be filled with gall and evil temper while the thought of God is in it, or near it, knocking to enter? Then let us cher-
ish this thought as the treasure of treasures, for it melts my heart and sweetens my sympathies, and charms away all doubt, all fear, all dismay, and often makes all my faculties leap up and shout huzza and huzza as the children of old shouted, when they strewed the way of the Meek and the Just.

Remember me affectionately to——

Do not grieve either on account of my health or happiness. I have enough of both, and the lack of the former does not destroy the foundation of the latter. God bless ye, every one!

Yours, truly, &c.

Excerpts of Things New and Old.

Seeing you would not be the dupe of bigotry nor the slave of custom, what rule would you adopt to regulate your actions? To this question, or one similar, I once heard an answer which spoke peacefully to my struggling thoughts, "Be wise, and just, and free, and mild."

Truth has a sway more holy than ambition. It gives hours of serenity that far outweigh all the gifts of Anarch Custom; consecrates suffering by its gifts of knowledge and power, which neither poverty nor infancy can blight or mock, and spreads a smiling morn above the soul that points to immortality. It makes the true man stand unshaken—even cherished friends turn with the multitude to trample on what they cannot understand. Its thoughtful and often pallid cheek, though coursed with tears wrung by the hand of human folly, is ever beneath an ample forehead whose very aspect subdues all unwonted fears, and its deathless voice never pauses even though men should tramp upon the purest names that love them. It is our lamp in error's dreadful night, whose radiance shall shine on unde- stined and undiminished to eternity's full day. Truth, ever calm, and beautiful and free, invites us all to fill our little cuppers at her exhaustless fountains, how-
The religion of Christ helps us to discriminate—to remove the one and hold on to the other. Sin shall not “reign” though it will “dwell” in our mortal bodies, so that our earthly, fleshly bodies make our life a warfare, where victory shall never be fully proclaimed, until in the spiritual body we shall shout

O Death! where is now thy sting, (sin?)
O Grave! where is thy victory.

We are asked sometimes how we can listen to much of the dogmatical nonsense that is generally and solemnly uttered from press and pulpit. We answer, that if a writer or speaker will give us something like truth on the whole, enough to help any one, even the simplest to guide himself and live, we will indulge them with the license of unlimited talk. The eagerness of some men for mere dogma is a good deal like village and neighborhood gossip. We can listen to it, provided they do not ask us to take a part. Where you can stop the current of bigotry or absurdity it is well; when not, better let it roll by without interruption—it will be less noisy than if impeded.

Scepticism.

The “Eclipse of Faith,” very aptly compares some of the half-way stopping-places of Scepticism between Christianity and Infidelity, to a road-side Inn through whose ragged windows all the winds of heaven are blowing, and whose gaudy signs assure us there is good entertainment “within for man and beast,” but when you enter, you find entertainment only for the latter!

It is said of Lord Herbert, one of the Fathers of modern Infidelity, that after writing his book against all external revelation, he prayed earnestly to heaven to know whether he should publish it or not. The day was calm and serene, and he distinctly heard a sound of thunder which he immediately received as “a preternatural answer to his prayer, and an indubitable sign of Heaven’s concurrence!”

It is sometimes said that the requisitions of Christianity are too severe; that they take away our zeal for life and its pleasures, and if carried out with consistent practice, would stop the wheels of progress and repress all sallies of the imagination.

The records of philosophy are very comprehensive, but their most instructive chapters are those that present the world with example rather than theory. True, there must be theory; but its principles must be illustrated in action; its spirit must be typified in life. It is by this agency the Divine Being most perfectly reveals himself, and renews the virtuous energies of humanity. The happiest inspiration that flows from Society, is the influence diffused by the intellectual and moral lights of its members. Constellations of these are arising and setting continually. But there are some particular stars, which on account of their proximity to the region of our peculiar circumstances and sympathies should be most earnestly and studiously regarded; while we may never forget that in “all the train” of earth’s benefactors there is but one star whose brightness never grows dim.

“Whene’er safely moored our peril o’er,
We’ll sing first in night’s dismal,
Forever and forever more,
The star, the star of Refuge!”

“I pray you listen, my dear children. I am a very old man; and the longer I live, the more religiously I become convinced, that there is much to be forgiven to poor frail Humanity. Hast thou an enemy, and dost thou wish him evil for the harm he hath done thee? pause a moment and reflect: is he not, like thee, a child of sorrow in this “dark estate?”—Are there not reserved, in the hands of Fate, lashes sufficiently keen to draw his life’s blood from him, without adding thine
also to the number? Think of the afflic-
tions entailed, more or less, upon all hu-
man flesh: disappointed hopes and unre-
quited affections, the corroding pangs of
Poverty, vicious associations, a defective
moral organization, a weak will-power,
with a fearful preponderance of the wild-
er elements of our nature; the brutal ty-
ranny of Appetite, which hunts us down
like a blood-hound, fastening its inhuman
fangs upon its own mother, nature, by
whom it was generated. Add to these
the ravages of Disease, stealing like a
deadly viper along our veins, parching up
our life's blood, grating horrid discord up-
on the brain, until each nerve-note of the
system vibrates in agony! and then comes
the terrible \textit{Finale}—the dark, dread
tragedy, Death!

Imagine now, you are standing over
the grave of your enemy, and say, would
you not exclaim with our own beautiful
Irving, \textit{"Alas, that I should have warred
against this poor pile of ashes"}?

It was said by a very wise man, \textit{"In
my youth, I would have written a satire on
mankind—in my age, I would write their
apology."} Is not this the unfolding of
the divine law of Love in the heart, when
the experience of after years serves to
"temper our judgment with mercy?"

\textit{—Preuss.}

\textbf{Embodyments of the Christian Idea.}

The visible universe is an embodiment
of the great idea of \textit{"One God and Fa-
ther of all."} Hence, \textit{"the heavens de-
clare the glory of God and the firmament
showeth his handy work."} \textit{"For the in-
visible things of him from the creation of
the world are clearly seen; being under-
stood by the things that are made, even
his eternal power and Godhead."}

Man is an embodiment of spirit, and
without this embodiment who could have
the idea of spirit? The atmosphere
around us is an embodiment of electricity
and water of this world are embo-
iments of the elements of all our earthly
enjoyments and an essential means of hu-
man happiness.

All the embodiment of nature are the
results of infinite wisdom, power and be-
nevolence, and to seek for enjoyment out-
side of them, is a foolish effort to be hap-
py in opposition to God. God has incar-
nated all his favors, in nature and re-
demption, and in those incarnations he
comes near to us, and if we would \textquotedblleft draw
near with a true heart, in full assurance
of faith,	extquotedblright we must seek the Lord in his
own appointments, and no where else;
otherwise, we follow our foolish imagina-
tions and not the wisdom of God.

The first embodiment of the Christian
idea was a divine embodiment. It was
conceived in the divine nature in the ages
of eternity past. It is the eternal pur-
pose of God which he purposed in Christ
Jesus our Lord. \textit{An \textit{"election in Christ
before the foundation of the world."}}—

The idea, purpose, election or predestina-
tion was, \textit{"in the dispensation of the
fullness of times he might gather together
in one all things in Christ, both which
are in heaven and which are on earth."}

But this divine embodiment of the
Christian idea was unapproachable by men
or angels. Hence, it is called \textit{"the mys-
tery of his will," \textit{"the mystery of Christ"}
and \textit{"the mystery of godliness."}} It was
the great secret of the universe, concealed
in its divine embodiment from angels and
men till it was deposited in, and devel-
oped by, a mediatorial embodiment.

The second embodiment of the Chris-
tian idea was a typical embodiment con-
ected with mysterious promises. The
altars, priests and sacrifices of four thou-
sand years were types of the Christian idea.

The patriarchs and prophets heard the
promises and looked at the types of the
Christian religion, but there was a veil
spread over it, so that they could not
steadfastly look to the end or design of
and light, and without it we could neither
see nor live. In one sentence, the earth,
God's Annointed Everywhere.

The second embodiment of the Christian idea is an imperfect one, but necessary to prepare the world for a revelation of the great secret. For had the world been ignorant of the spiritual ideas conveyed by the words and types of the patriarchal and Jewish institutions when Messiah came, Christianity, as revealed in the New Testament, would have been perfectly incomprehensible. Hence these "externals" and "forms" of religion were not only essential to religious enjoyment in the typical ages, but also, absolutely necessary in order to perfect development of the Christian idea under the reign of Messiah.

The third embodiment of the Christian idea was in human nature. The idea was transposed from the divine to the human, from the type to the antitype, and from the shadow to the substance. "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." "God was made manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." In the incarnation and life, teaching and ministry, death and burial, resurrection and glorification of the Son of God, we see the Christian idea in all its brilliancy, as we behold the sparkling diamond in clear water under the beams of a vertical sun. The son of Mary was most emphatically the embodiment of the whole Christian idea. All the intellectual, moral and spirituality of Christianity were felt, taught and practiced by him on earth. Who can read his history and not be wiser than the patriarchs and prophets and all the philosophers and sages of the olden times? Who can believe in the wonderful facts of his divine wisdom and not feel the impresses of a divine life? And who can be his disciple and not be transformed into his divine likeness from glory to glory by the spirit he imparts?

But it was not compatible with the wisdom of heaven that one so God-like should continue in this world of sin. Accordingly...
is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in
the letter, whose praise is not of men but of
God.' J. B. F.

For the Christian Magazine.

A Worlding's view of the Sects.

Mr. Editor: The old adage, throw
nature out of doors with a pitchfork, and
she will come in through the window, is
as true to day, as when uttered. The
Christian religion has only modified and
softened human nature, without changing
it. Envy, jealousy, ambition of the lowest
stamp and persecution are, to all appear-
ances, as rife now, as before the coming
of Christ. Even professed chris-
tians and ministers, in spite of their study-
ing and teaching the beautiful doctrines,
extemplified by their master and Lord,
show as little charity and as much of the
spirit of persecution, as in ages past.—
True the time for burning and torturing
those who disagree with our own opin-
ions is over; yet no sooner does a man, by a
life of self-denial and labor, break through
the old cobwebs—the dogmas of the sects,
than every illiberal person sets up a hid-
cious yell, and begins to wake up some
thoughtless act of indiscreet youth, or to
hint that all is not right, striving to excite
the curiosity of slander loving, rattle-
ing people, in order to bring him to their own
low level, instead of trying to cultivate
and elevate their own base natures. The
spirit of this kind of persecution is as
bad, nay worse, than the so much denoun-
ced inquisition; because an invidious en-
emy, under the garb of a friend, may steal
into one's confidence, and stab him unau-
wares. We boast of our liberality in re-
ligion, but from whence did it come—
Was it the product of any sect, or did it
originate with those who had manliness
enough to be willing to be the target for the
envy and malice of dogmatists? Why are
there so many Christian wars? Why does
one denomination strive to break down
another? Why do the different sects lay
down creeds, and yet receive as members
those from whom they may expect benefits!

Why don't all the Protestant denomina-
tions unite against the common evil, sin
and wickedness; instead of persecuting
the Catholics, and even one another?—
Their contests, originating in envy and
ambition, tend to check the progress of
ture religion more than all the opposition
of bad men out of the pale of the church.
There is more genuine liberality and char-
ity to be met with among the worldlings
than among many professed christians.—
There is more admiration and reverence,
given by the world to truly good men, than
by their professed brothers, but a preach-
ing hypocrite, bolstered up as he may be by
the strength of a numerous sect, will be
properly appreciated and despised.

There was wisdom in the course pursued
by the heathen king of Japan, who closed
his gates against all Christians as sects.
The Catholics had made rapid strides to-
wards removing the evils of the heathen
religion, when fired with sectarian zeal,
they commenced war upon one another,
forgetting the great and noble object of
civilizing the natives. The sensible king
became disgusted at the scene before him,
and urged on and assisted by one party,
heasilly crushed the other, till, in the end,
he expelled both. This will be the fate of
the sects here, unless they change their
course. There is room enough for all to
labor and grow strong, without extermina-
ting one another.

What is the real difference, in the course
pursued by Christians of the present day,
and that of the Athenians towards the best
of their sons—Aristides? There is many an
Aristides in our own country, and there
are many who show the same feeling as
the peasant, who requested Aristides to
write his own name, for Ostracism, on his
shell. Being asked, if he had been in-
jured by Aristides, he answered no—that
he had never even seen him, but he was
tired of hearing him called Aristides—the
just. Are there no such peasants now?
Let us each one ask ourselves the question
and answer it honestly to our own hearts.

Worldlings like myself, christians, min-
isters of the gospel, are there no peasants among us?

For one, worthtelling as I am, I candidly admit that I am obliged to strive hard to overcome envious feelings, frequently, though I admire, may venerate, a truly honorable christian. I have been so disgusted by seeing men of great professions, merely wolves in sheep's clothing, that I am content to remain without the assistance and communion of the good and upright. I find liberality, charity and brotherly love, are not confined to the churches. Would that there were more exhibitions of these virtues among the faithful. I rejoice in liberality, be it among rationalists, infidels, catholics, or protestants. I am thankful that the days of priest-craft and superstition are, to an extent, passed, and I would be rejoiced to see the true doctrines of Christ triumph everywhere. I hope to see the time, when private character shall cease to be assailed by the so-called, but not genuine christians, under the dictates of party spirit and malice.

AN OBSERVER.

Family Prayers.

While opposed to mere formal worship, we have seen individuals who were assisted in the direction of their devotional feelings by the use of a form of prayer. To such we present the following for Sunday morning, and will follow it up with prayers suited to each day of the week:

"ALMIGHTY and ever-blessed God, source of all being, and fountain of all good; we, thy children, created by thee, continually preserved by thee, and indebted to thee for all that we possess and all that we enjoy, would come before thee this morning, to express our sense of thy goodness to us, to acknowledge our dependence upon thee, to adore thy greatness, and commend ourselves to thy care.

Glory be to thy name that thou hast made us capable of holding communion with thee, the Father of our spirits, and of receiving the revelations of thy word and will. Glory be to thy name for the heavenly doctrines, precepts, and promises of the gospel of thy Son. We make it our earnest prayer to thee, that our hearts may be touched by its holy influences, that our characters may be formed by its spirit, that our lives may be governed by its laws. O guide us, we beseech thee, in the ways of its truth to the everlasting home which it promises to the righteous.

Let our attendance this day on thy public worship, and the services and instructions of thy house, conduct to our spiritual improvement and our eternal good.—Let us enter thy gates with thanksgiving, and thy courts with praise, and take with us our best affections and resolutions to the temple of the Lord. Suffer not our minds to be distracted, nor our devotions to languish. Let not our thoughts, which ought to be engaged in the holiest offices, be still returning to the cares, pleasures, and follies of a transitory world; neither let us take thy name upon our lips when our hearts are far from thee. But let our prayers and meditations exalt and purify us, and assist us to discharge our duties in this life, and contribute to prepare us for that eternal world to which we are rapidly hastening.

Bless all who call upon thy name this day. May they approach thee in sincerity, humility, and love. May all denominations of Christians, however divided in opinion, be joined together in the bond of peace and an earnest regard for the interests of true religion and virtue. And O let the name and the gospel of thy Son be known and glorified more and more, till the whole world shall come to the perfect light, and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. In his worthy name, and as his disciples, we offer thee our petitions; ascribing to thee, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, all glory and honor, might, majesty, and dominion, now and for evermore. Amen."—King's Chapel Liturgy.
Saul of Tarsus.

The Edinburg Review, No. CXCVII, January, 1853, has, under this title, a remarkable article—remarkable as appearing in that Journal, (once rather sneering and sceptical in its treatment of such themes) as well as for its interesting and suggestive character. It is founded on several publications relating to the great Apostle of the Gentiles: the most important of which are "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, &c., by Rev. W. J. Conybeare and Rev. J. S. Howson," and "Der Apostel Paulus, Von Karl Schrader." We can only give detached extracts; but these will be found instructive, and may serve to draw the attention of some readers to the whole essay.

THE APOSTLE WANTED.

The foregoing sketch of the state of the world shortly after the Christian era, will enable us to lay down a priori the necessary and desirable qualifications of the man who is to be the main agent in propagating the Christian faith.

First. It is absolutely necessary that he be a Jew. Founded as Christianity is on the ancient covenant and promises, its appeal to the world was mainly through Judaism, addressing itself "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." It is to the Jews that the preacher must look for his earliest and most able converts; men, who have been reasoned with out of the law and the prophets, were thereby convinced, and prepared to convince others, that Jesus was the Christ. And none but a Jew would gain access to that exclusive and prejudiced people. The synagogues would be forbidden ground to a Gentile teacher; the ears of the Jews would be absolutely closed against him.

For the same reason, the Apostle of the world must not be a Hellenist, but of pure Hebrew descent. It is of the utmost importance that he should be able to speak and cite in the sacred language of the law and prophets. The Hellenites were looked on by the purer Jews with disparagement and contempt. They had their own synagogues in which the sacred tongue was never heard, and to enter which would have been pollution to the scrupulous and rigid Pharisee. Thus a Hellenist would have acted at a great disadvantage, in leaving the central fortress of Judaism untouched, because to him inaccessible.

This last consideration will at once bring before us another requisite. None but the strictest sect of Judaism will furnish the man who shall be sufficient for this work. The pretended mysteries of the Rabbinical teachers must be in his grasp to deal with and set aside. None must able to say of him, 'This man who knoweth not the law is cursed.' In one point at least his message to the Jews should be without fault: all should be compelled to look upon him as one trained to teach, and thoroughly capable of doing it. If the question, 'Whence hath this man letters?' was for other and wise purposes permitted to be asked respecting Him who came to be rejected and suffer and die, it would have been, as far as we can judge, a serious obstacle to the work of one who must be to the Jews as a Jew, in order to persuade and gain them.

But yet another reason existed (and this is ably brought out by Schrader and Neander), why the great Apostle of Christianity should be a Pharisee. Of all the opposition offered to Jesus of Nazareth, that of the Pharisee was the most consistent and entire. They saw in his teaching the abnegation of hierarchical Judaism. If He were a teacher from God, the ceremonial law had passed away, the barrier between Jew and Gentile was broken, and Judaism became an empty husk henceforward. None thoroughly understood this but the bigoted Pharisee. The lapse of years, and the warning of heavenly visions, had not kept the greatest of the chosen Twelve from vacillating on this vital point; and there is every reason to believe that the Church at Jerusalem remained to the end practically prejudiced against the free admission of the union of mankind in Christ. Amidst all the difficulties and inconsistencies on this matter, he only would be sure never to go wrong, who having during his life of Phar-
Harper's Magazine.—This Magazine is published in New York City, and we are rejoiced to learn the great success it has met with. The publishers of this paper have become justly renowned for their many and noble enterprises, of which this is not the least. This magazine is always filled with interesting and instructive matter, carefully collected from the best sources. It is calculated to meet all tastes—historical, philosophical or romantic. We would gladly devote more time in noticing this popular work, did our labors admit; but we commend it to the notice of our readers, as the best and cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

Acknowledgments.

Our acknowledgments are due Messrs. H. G. Riddle, C. F. Conrad and G. W. Morris, and through them the Calliopian Society of Union University, for the announcement of our election as an honorary member of their prosperous Society. The Society has our best wishes.

Brethren A. L. Jones of Hustonville, Ky.; J. A. Cope of Dallas County, Texas; "P." Berea Academy; Dr. M. of Sumner county, Texas; W. F. Groves, Esq., of Scottsville, Ky.; W. S. Brown of Glasgow; P. W. Warren, Cotton-wood, Ten.; W. F. Rafferty, Ohio; John Wearley of Princeton, Ky., will receive our hearty thanks for their several favors, and their just views of the controversy between several brethren and ourself. We would publish their articles but that we desire neither directly nor indirectly, to provoke any further disputation. From the beginning we have carefully avoided saying or doing anything that would savor of retaliation. The public will yet see "who cause divisions." The obdurate and misguided course of our opponents should only cause us to live more closely to God and look off to the society where every member is just, considerate and kindly affectioned. It is good for us to be compelled to remember Him who trieth us as silver is tried, and holdeth our souls in
OBITUARY NOTICES.

Be Thou Like the Great Apostle—
Be Thou Like Heroic Paul—
If A Free Thought Seek Expression,
Speak It Boldly—Speak It All.

BRO. E. AMERTON:—It devolves upon me to announce to the brotherhood the death of our beloved brother, John W. HOCUTE, of Lowndes co., Ala. He died Oct. 27, 1852, apparently resigned to give up the whole world, and said to me, a short time before he died—"I have striven much for the cause of Christ, but now I must leave all!" His eyes glanced towards heaven, as if to say,

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home!"
My Savior smiles and bids me come.
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

Though he died in peace, we trust, with God and man, yet we mourn his loss to us, in the Church of Christ, and deeply sympathize with his bereaved wife, Elizabeth J. Hocurt. But we should "sorrow not as those who have no hope," for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. "Uphold them who look for him shall be appear the second time, without sin unto salvation." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Brother Boboe's pious, Christian walk in life gained him friends who deeply lamented his death. And, though dead, yet he speaketh.

W. F. KIGHT.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Died, at her residence in Lowndes co., Ala., on the 7th of Feb., sister Sarah Warren, consort of J. M. White, aged 27 years and 6 months. She was immured about 7 years since, and became a pious and consistent Christian. She has left her mourning relatives and friends for a better sphere.

Christian Age please copy.

Died, in Franklin, on the 2id of Dec., last, sister Caroline R potives Campbell, daughter of W. F. Campbell, aged 17 years. She was immersed by bro. Tro.

Died, at her residence in Johnson co., Mo., on the 22d Nov., 1852, after a protracted illness of over two years, Mrs. Lucy Hurry, consort of Dr. William HufT, in the 2d year of her age.

Mrs. HufT was a native of Ky., and with her husband emigrated to Missouri in 1830. Her kindness, benevolence, piety and social virtues, made her universally esteemed and beloved. For the last 30 years she had been an exemplary and devout member of the Christian church, and in the full triumph of a Christian's faith, urging her weeping relatives and friends to prepare to meet her in that "better land," where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," calmly breathed her last. A touchingly beautiful evidence that the terrors of the grave vanish, when the dying hour is passed her last. A touchingly beautiful evidence that the terrors of the grave vanish, when the dying hour is passed. A touching evidence that the terrors of the grave vanish, when the dying hour is passed. A touching evidence that the terrors of the grave vanish, when the dying hour is passed.

In the spring of the year before her death, she was early removed from her bereaved family, clearly showing that "in the midst of life we are in death." But let us not mourn for the departed as if there was no hope. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Let us be the aboveben desires of the world, and place an implicit trust in him who is able to save.

BRO. PAGE. PARKER, one of elders of the church at Union, Sumner co., Tenn. said "Sinful duty;" but why should we thus speak of the death of a Christian? Why not say, "Let us rejoice together; an heir of immortality has been born in the heavenly family; a beloved brother has gone from earth to the society of angels and pure spirits above!" It is true, we sorrow because of our separation from him for a few years, or days, perhaps, but this transient grief is not to be compared to the joy of the angels at his immortal birth. The Savior said to his disciples when about to leave them—"If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I said, I go to my Father." And why can we not rejoice when those we love go to the Father? He was sick three or four weeks, during which time he suffered much, but bore it all with patience. His disease was typhoid fever. When conscious that he would soon die, he exhibited each member of his family and the persons present, to live for heaven, by cultivating that constant, daily piety, and bidding them an affectionate farewell, he fell asleep in Jesus, November 9th, 1852.

Hear what the voice of heaven proclaims For all the pious dead: Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus and are blest, How sweet their numbers are! From suffering and from sin released, And freed from every snare.

Far from the world of toil and strife, They sleep and present with the Lord; The labors of their mortal life End in a large reward.

PAGEP. PARKER.
From the New Orleans Daily Pleasure for Sunday, 27th February, 1853.

DUTY AND DIGNITY OF LABOR;
ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER AND SOCIAL DUTY OF MAN.

An Address,
Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans.
February 20, 1853.

BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON.

Brethren: In the spirit of that religion which forms its communion, not upon the barren dogmas of an arrogant sectarianism, but upon the practical duties of a genuine Christian benevolence, I do most heartily call you brethren. It is to me a source of unaffected joy, to know, that as the world tires of a speculative theology, that seeks an impossible uniformity of faith and opinion, the positive spirit of love and duty, which all our creeds recognize in some form, gains the reverence and obedience of all, of all creeds and of no creeds, who seek the elevation and happiness of man. This spirit is now seeking many outlets into the great deserts of human ignorance and want; and among these, it is a pleasure to place your, as yet, infant association. Its purposes and objects command my warmest sympathy. Its sacrifices and duties should secure the hearty co-operation of all who desire the prosperity of your city, and the general usefulness and happiness of man. And with this view of the nature of your association, I could not, in reply to your flattering invitation, forbear to contribute my mite to the entertainment of this occasion, however illly prepared for a popular address.

As in all enterprises for the good of each other, it is in vain that we make societies unless somebody will work, I propose to you an address upon the duty and dignity
of work—desiring to see for myself, and to help you to see the necessity and importance of God-appointed labor, whether it respect our individual improvement, or social elevation. And before I introduce the general features of the subject, allow me to remind you that while there is nothing easier than to form associations, there are few things more difficult than to perform their work. In other words, there is more to be done than to associate, elect your officers, and subscribe—somebody must work or all is a vain boast. We cannot work together without the right spirit, and the right spirit, which is not merely the good spirit, but the spirit to do good, with all its immortal aims and hopes, will ever lead you to make any and every personal and partisan sacrifice to secure the objects of your truly Christian association.

I need not say to you, young gentlemen, that there is a growing disposition, in many of our communities, to undervalue, if not to degrade the dignity of labor. This disposition has manifested itself in some form in all the ages of human progress, and may be regarded as a key to much that is evil and miserable in our lot. Labor is a necessity of our being. We are endowed with feeble physical powers; are placed in contest with tremendous elements in nature; are of all animals the least defended; of all animals exposed to the most dangers; and, possessing neither the instincts nor the weapons of defence, we have imposed upon us the necessity of activity as the only principle by which we may gain a sovereignty over the beasts of the forest, the elements of nature, our individual wants, and the evils inflicted by the misguided judgment and perverted passions of our own kind.

Activity is the measure of human improvement. The savage state of man is one of comparative indolence, having, indeed, its feverish excitement, but such excitement is fitful, and are succeeded by long periods of irresponsible repose. While in this state, the wants of man are confined to mere sensation. Their tendency, also, is to depress and degrade the power of action. The savage lies down, in brutal indifference, before a lot and destiny that hardens his heart, and swallows him up as the victim of nature. You will remember that the philosophers of another century looked to this savage state of life as to a pure archetype of human greatness, and some of our romantic visionaries have delighted to dwell on the free and noble delights of Indian hunting-grounds. But what has the reality revealed? Where we expected to find men, uncontaminated by the vices of civilized society, we have found a creature "Squalid, revengeful, and impious, Remorseless and submissive to no law, But superstitious fear and abject sloth."

It is activity alone can raise us out of nature and above it. It opens the fountain from whence flow the streams of art, government, spiritual development, and moral strength. It refreshes the desert and desolate places of earth. By it all that is commanding in heroism, sublime in patience, and rich in the elevation of the enduring soul, is brought out, beautified and preserved. Strange, then, that freedom from toil should ever be regarded as a privileged condition! Strange that it should ever be looked upon with longing eyes, as though it were worthy of human admiration! Rather should we suppose that he who is so unfortunate as to possess the privilege of doing nothing, should make some apology for his indolence to his toiling brother.

How often, however, does he seem proud of it, and in his inflation effect to condescend, with patronizing air and lordly bearing, to the daysman beneath him. But he is not wholly to blame. The laborer makes his apology, hopes you will excuse him, as if he were doing something mean, when "he really must be at work."

But, to estimate our subject aright, we must define what we mean by Labor. Much that we hear upon this subject is but the effervescence of envy and jealousy from one class of society towards another. And there is bitter and sceptical complaints made of it by all classes. We are all conscious of trouble, and care and uneasiness connected with it, and we need to mark its
definition with a just discrimination. Labor is a condition, ordained in the very nature and purposes of our being, and cannot be changed. We may renounce the condition. By the power of wealth and the hurry of dissipation, we may imagine ourselves exempt. But experience will correct the delusion, and will correct it in sadness and sorrow, if we do not return from our folly to receive labor as God-appointed, and like every other divine appointment to be used to bless or curse our lot, according to its use. Pleasure becomes mere frivolity, and dissipation, ending in a desperate attempt at reckless gaiety or soul-killing ennui, to leave its marks upon the pale and haggard brow, as the type of an agony that consumes within, whilst a slavery to duplicity and deeds of maddened sensuality, make the man loathsome to himself, and an abomination to his species. And, at last, what is this sad condition but one of labor; labor perverted; labor to kill time, the most idle. He must work, and for the best of reasons, he is destined to higher ends than indolent repose and irresponsible indulgence. But when I speak of labor, I would be understood as meaning not merely the work of the hands. All activity is labor, and all labor is to be estimated by its results. It may be mental or physical, or both. The man who toils with his head is apt to look down upon him who toils with his hands, while the hand-laborer looks up with envy and discontent at him who "lives by his wits." Both are wrong, for both are necessary, and a proper acquaintance with each other would lead to mutual helps and advancement. But both are superior to the great ones of society who do nothing. The aristocracy of uselessness! Must the children of hard tasks and toilsome burdens ever look up to them with homage? Would the industrious pupils of a common school pay homage to the truant? And will those who have labored well in the great school of Providence, and who still bear the heat and burden of the day; who have learned their tasks and have toiled faithfully to perform

*Dr. O. Dewey*
them,—will such God-honored men forever pay this homage to him who learns nothing, who earns nothing, who does nothing, and because he does nothing? And are we always to hear in this fair land, reclaimed from the beast and the savage by the triumphs of industry, when a man is introduced into our polite circles, the supercilious and degrading criticism—degrading, I mean, to those who use it and those who tolerate it—that he is a poor schoolmaster, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, or a poor preacher, or a poor mechanic, who makes his living by work? If so, I would ask how do the rest of mankind make their living? And if without work, what right upon God’s earth have they to live? Unless it be as pensioners, fraudulent ones at that, upon the honest toil of those who have made, and still beautify and protect their homes. But I mistake. There is one ground of honor upon which indolence may safely repose. It will be found that what all the world coincides in honoring must have some legitimate basis, upon which is rested the meed of praise. What is that basis in this case?—It is that aristocratic indolence depends on the treasures that labor, not its own, has aforesight made and gathered.—It is not a man, then, that we honor, but the effigy of a man, reposing upon the mausoleum that some honest or dishonest toiler has erected. This effigy does nothing, is nothing; but yet he does not starve and is saved from honest beggary, and holds his significance in the world because somebody has worked—somebody forgotten, perhaps, or dishonored, or at least not imitated.—The worker produced; the effigy consumes. The worker built up the treasure-heaps of human comforts around him, and the effigy takes them away. The worker went forth amidst struggling elements and fought the great battle of life; the effigy, in cowardly effeminacy, glories over the victory upon beds of down and behind pillows of ease. A quaint writer of modern days shall describe the worker; your imagination can picture the effigy:

“Two men,” says Carlyle, “two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of man, living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because I must pity as well as love thee!—Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed.—Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles, wilt so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacement of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toildest for the altogether indispensible, for daily bread. “A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensible; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light and guidance, freedom, immortality?—these two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whether it listeth.

“Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man’s wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing, than a peasant saint, could
such now, anywhere be met with. Such a
one will take thee back to Nazareth itself;
and wilt see the splendor of heaven
spring forth from the humblest depths of
earth, like a light shining in great dark-
ness."

All honor, then, to labor, with its strong
muscle, its manly nerves, its resolute and
brave heart. Honor to the sweaty brow,
and toiling brain. Honor to the great and
beautiful artificers of humanity; to man-
hood’s toil and woman’s task; to paren-
tial industry, to maternal watching and wea-
riness; to teaching wisdom and patient
learning; to the brow of care that pre-
side over the State, the heart of anxiety
that yearns over the Church, and to many-
handed labor that toils in the work-shops
and fields, beneath the sacred and guar-
dian sway that overarches the world.—

Heard ye the sound of the axe in the
deepechoing forest? There is music in
its echo, that speaks of age and infancy,
and woman dependant on its strokes for
bread, defence and comfort. It is not
merely, therefore, the hard hand and the
sweaty brow that we see. We see a mor-
al significance, a spiritual discipline, a
religious consecration, more pure, often
more heaven-honored and more beneficent,
than much that mars the sacred name of
Religion, that comes from pulpit and
press. And should such a worker be sad,
or go forward to his toil degraded in the
spirit of his mind? Why, all that is glo-
rious in the world is the product of God-
appointed labor—the labor of the body or
of the mind. The treasures of genius are
the trophies of work! The cultivated
fields are the results of industry. The
rising cities, the stretching railways, the
crowded marts, the enriched empires of
nations are all the out-goings of the toil-
some hand and laboring brain. The pyr-
mids of Egypt, the towers and temples of
Europe and America, the buried ruins of
Asia and Mexico are the grand footprints
of labor, striding time past and present,
without which the achievements of the one
and the glories of the other would never
have been.

But these may be called vague generali-
ties, and yet they are, if we stop the course
of our reflections here. Our subject, how-
ever, is but introduced, and we descend to
its more particular acquaintance. We
wish to speak of the dignity of honest
toil. We wish to say that he, who earns
his own living, is the only independent
man. He has a right to hold up his head
in the courts of Kings, and stand fearless
before the grandees of the earth. Such a
man can neither be bought nor sold—can
neither be abashed or overawed. If he
speak, he may speak the voice of truth,
of conviction, of sincerity, which cannot
be said of the slaves of artificialism, in
whom cunning has taken the place of
wisdom, and circumvention and conven-
tionalism, of honest faith. He need not
imitate the servility of the poor, nor bow
to the blinding interests of the rich. And
if he have influence, either in private or
public, it will generally be wise, salutary
and practicable. But I have a truth to

The elements of modern society, with
reflective minds, date back at least to the
collapse of the Roman Empire. The very
name of that Empire still calls up all our
ideas of human grandeur, power and mag-
nificence. It had produced men, who, in
moral dignity and force of character, have
perhaps never been surpassed upon the
earth. Their names are the inheritance
of mankind, and their shades still pass
amongst us—ever enwrapped by an
atmosphere of glory—when we think of a
government, united, vast and uniform,
extending from the Euphrates to the At-
lanic, and from the shores of Britain and
the borders of the German forests to the
sands of the African desert, consolidated into one commonwealth, united by the ties of law and government, by the facilities of commerce, and the dissemination of the classic languages among the largest number of the tribes and nations of the earth. And when this vast empire fell, amid the expiring embers of civilized institutions, the destruction of cities, and the usual safeguards of property and life, the whole of Europe was parcelled out to military adventurers—called Feudal, or more properly, Allodial lords—who soon were constituted the most powerful and despotic landed aristocracy the world ever saw. Their occupations in their earliest history were the chase and pasturage; they were without cities or contiguous dwellings; they parcelled out the lands of their military conquests between themselves and the original possessors, generally taking two-thirds, and in the cases of the Vandals, all the best lands of the conquered provinces. These lands were made to pass to their children, or in the event of their failure, to the nearest of kin, and only a small part of them was ever alienable to females. The system was of almost universal prevalence. It extended over the whole kingdom of Charlemagne, the kingdom of Aragon, the Neapolitan provinces, Denmark and Bohemia, and gave character to English and Scotch conquests. Its privileges were enormous. It possessed all the offices of trust and power; whilst all not born to its degree and lineage were degraded to a condition of servitude, to which liberty could never come. It made and unmade kings, until it made such as were able to strip it of some of its high prerogatives, and alienate them to the crown. This aristocracy held labor in perfect contempt; and a gentleman in France and Germany could not exercise a trade, without derogating from his rank. Much of the affected or real contempt, in which the fortunate classes of modern society still hold the needy laborer, is inherited from the feudal barons, and like most unworthy inheritances, is less worthy of respect in us than in them. Its haughtiness of birth looked down in disgrace upon all marriages of its class with any beneath it, and confiscated the property of the parents. The children of such marriages were not received into any order of nobility, and were regarded as not much elevated above the bastard class, tainted with the alloy of their plebian extraction. And this state of things continued until monarchs began to bestow titles of nobility upon favorites at court of "low birth," which conferred some of the privileges of ancient lineage and extensive domains. Now, I ask, what was there in the ancient society to counterbalance and restrain this unnatural and conquered power? There was no wealth but that in the hands of the owners of the soil. Seated in his rock-built castle, overlooking a whole county, the feudal lord was monarch of all he surveyed. His word was the law; his beck was the will of thousands. He said to one man "go," and he went; to another "come," and he came. He was magistrate, sheriff, and jury. His castle vaults below were the prisons of his vassals, who starved or froze away their lives in the darkness and dampness of an unvisited dungeon. The haughtiness of the baron inclined him to a solitary or selfish life, ever a life of natural repulsion. Covered with his coat of mail, or a cuirass, jointed so as to correspond with every movement of his body; with a buckler which he could oppose to every blow, and a casque which, when its visor was lowered, enclosed the whole head, he went forth only to command and feel himself impervious to the attack of any injured or low-born vassal. To men of an inferior class, he dealt death around him without fear of personal injury, and a single knight was of more importance than hundreds of the plebians, who were unable to offer him the slightest resistance. But such was his unnatural authority, that, with all these advantages, he was compelled to
keep up his address and strength; to arm; to inure his limbs to the weight and constraint of his armor, which he dared never lay aside. His mind, of course, was uncultivated; his life was spent on horseback in the harness, in the exercise of military preparations or engagements. His isolation from his kind, and the frowning of his impregnable castle, destroyed all the feelings of brotherhood and equality between man and man. And I ask what prepared the way for breaking up this exorbitant and arbitrary power? It was, gentlemen, the revival of the mechanic arts. The rude and mentally uncultivated baron was tempted to part with some of his wealth to improve his condition.—Beds of down were seen to be more comfortable than bundles of straw; a plate seemed a fitter thing to eat out of than a trough; a knife and fork were more clean to eat with than to gouge and tear the flesh of his meal with his fingers; and plastered walls were more beautiful to look upon, and better defences against cold than the rough skins of slain beasts; it was sweeter to the taste to drink from a glass than a horn; and a coach and four over a smooth road was a more comfortable conveyance than to plunge on horseback into a succession of sloughs and quagmires. These comforts and luxuries could be had only by the industrious habits and patient fruits of agriculture. And this agriculture could be created and sustained only by the mechanic arts. The mechanic arts could not be cultivated without the erection of a village; and, if the village had a maritime location, it would grow into a city, whose concentration of power and accumulation of wealth at last swallowed up the authority of the baron, and his lands and forests were used for the purpose of general prosperity, safety, and peace. All honor, then, to the mechanic, for his power has at length taken the place of the overshadowing aristocracy of the feudal baron, whose rule is gone forever. Silently, but steadily, a new element was developed, by which the people learned their rights, and arose in the might of their power, to demand a share in the government, a voice in the making of the laws, the levying of taxes, and the administration of justice. When a ruler was to be appointed over him, he demanded a voice as to whom he should be, and hence arose the elective franchise. When his property was to be levied upon, or his life exposed, he demanded a voice in the making of the law, and hence arose legislative assemblies, composed of representatives of the people. When accused of crime against the honor of the State or the happiness of his fellow, he demanded a decision by his peers, and hence arose the trial by jury. And when summoned to the great work of war, for the aggrandizement of a family or the gratification of the vindictiveness of a prince, he rebelled, and hence arose most modern revolutions leading to free government. All forms of modern representative and free government, therefore, are the legitimate children of the mechanic arts, and their interests are the first to suffer by the mistakes of statesmen, and their welfare is the only perfect thermometer of public prosperity.

But Commerce, King Commerce—the only legitimate monarch now upon a throne, and the only throne under which the fires of destruction are not already lighted—is the sun of the mechanic arts. His agent, the merchant, is the mediator between the producer and consumer, the tiller of the soil and the manufacturer; and it is the mechanic who reduces the raw product to the various forms which meet human wants. He lives upon a small per cent. of the products of human labor. A small per cent. did I say?—Yes; but upon that small per cent. the most colossal fortunes the world has ever seen, have been collected and dispensed; fortunes by which a restricting hand is this night laid on the wrath of nations and the ambition of kings, and the gates of war are often shut and opened.
Thus, the mechanic arts, the arts of labor, have transferred the sceptre from landed capital to mercantile wealth, have prevented the frequency of wars, and have employed the simple productions of earth in beautifying it, and rendering their ministration highly serviceable in the development of the rights and interests of the race. Why, the very rumor of war creates an embarrassment in trade,—embarrassment in trade throws multitudes out of employment, and the cry of want and the cry of distress ascend to the halls of legislation, so loud and importunate, that the military furor dies away, quenched by the apprehension of mightier calamities. Mechanic arts have developed the balance of power between labor, capital and land, and each now exercises a salutary influence upon the other. The landlord must have his comforts and luxuries. In order to do this, there must be a market. The capitalist can do nothing without trade, and there can be nothing to trade in without the industry of the mechanic arts, and mechanic arts languish in wars; agriculture, also, is neglected, and the people take steps backwards toward barbarism. This thought, to my mind, presents a beautiful picture. It shadows forth a civilization in which every department of the body politic is dependent upon its fellow-department, and each becomes a part of one stupendous whole,—securing the prosperity of that whole by the effectual working of every part. There is, then, no opposition of interests in a properly regulated society; and let us away with the idea. The wealth of the capitalist does not oppress the mechanic. He is benefited by it when it is invested in roads and banks, offices of insurance, and all the media that opens markets with speedy and safe conveyances and exchanges. He wants a sale for the products of his labor, and the more capital is invested in their purchase, the more immediate and certain is the dignity of the laborer respected in the scale of his achievements, and our lovely and beloved South will take her rank among the industrial and powerful, as she has among the patriotic States of a great confederacy.

Our subject concerns itself mainly with the material interests of man, but not overlooking its connection with his moral well-being. But let us present to our imagination a picture of an estate in these old feudal times; of men and things as they then existed and as they speak to our senses, giving us a strictly true and living idea of the social system which once prevailed. First, in the outline of this picture is the gloomy castle with its massive towers, deep moat, heavy draw-bridge and ponderous gates. At the entrance, the Herculean warder on the battlement, and steel-clad sentinel; and within the courtyard rough and rioting men-at-arms. As you enter, there is the oaken hall, where, after the chase or fight, the mad revels run high, and the wildest passions rage tumultuously. Ascend the tall and sky-piercing turret, and everywhere beneath your eye stretch away in the hazy distance, dark and untrodden forests, poorly cultivated hills, and valleys thinly scattered between, whilst under the very shadow of the fortress are the cold, damp mud-walled and thatched-roofed hovels. I know that we are wont to look back to those times as through the rainbow-broidered clouds of romance. But I would have you regard them in their reality,—their wild, comfortless, coarse and naked reality,—not as the gorgeous imagination of the novelist would paint, but as the stern fidelity of history would describe it. Within and around this feudal domain is superstition and not religion, ignorance and not knowledge, rudeness and not refinement, suffering and not comfort, wealth obtained by violence, poverty caused by direct oppression, man the foe of his brother-man, or his slave, without the obligation to protect him; and despotic, lawless force, encumbered with its own
iron panoply, ruling hordes of human beings, collared and driven like brutes.—The landholding nobility and the squalid serfs of Russia are still somewhat living examples in their nations, of what almost universally obtained a few centuries since between lords and peasants, warlike barons and their stolid followers. Now, having gazed at this picture, turn to its contrast in our own homes, in this land, favored of Heaven and reclaimed but yesterday from the wilderness. Let any village and neighborhood of the West, and the associations they will awaken, reaching back to Virginia, North Carolina, and the New England States, afford the contrast. Our villages and residences are also guarded, as I have noticed in rapid glances I have taken of them, in the glorious summer months of our climate.—But their sentinels are lofty trees and beautiful evergreens, guarding the fronts of neat houses, stores, and mechanic shops, with the Hall of Justice in the centre, and Churches interspersed. The dwellings are much of the same pattern. A few are of three stories, but most of one and a half or two stories, embellished with green blinds, and a verdant and often blooming front yard. In various directions from the main roads are well tilled and productive farms with grass-covered forests, and comfortable and sometimes elegant residences upon the hillside, or beside the gently-flowing streams, that wind amid orchards, fields and meadows. The picture would be still more forcible, if here and there the hum of the tall factory and the whistling of the locomotive were heard commingling with the screams of boys and girls, rushing from neat schoolhouses, sprinkled over the whole country. And these we will have, as our brothers of other States have them. The inhabitants are nearly on a level, and where equality is not the guardian of a large population, the well fed and well clad negroes, reclaimed from the worst forms of barbarism, and contented under the direction of intelligent, merciful, and independent masters, are seen advancing in industrial and civil habits, enjoying the highest condition of any of their race. Every white adult male is a voter, and may aspire to the highest duties of the Church and offices of the State. A newspaper is printed in the village of course; the Academy and often the College is there; and the affairs of the nation, and the discoveries of science, and the dogmas of religion are duly discussed by the fireside in winter, by the roadside in summer, at the store, mill, shops, or post-office at all seasons of the year. Among our population there is but very little poverty,—and perhaps none that could not be remedied—if the dignity of labor were so respected as to embrace its duty. There is but little crime,—and defenceless age and delicate women are everywhere safe. Front doors are secured by slender bolts, scores of which might be wrought out of the immense bars that once fastened the iron-cased gates of ancient castles. Iron is an ornament rather than defence. Colonels, captains, and corporals, are in almost every family, engaged in no very warlike operations, unless it be war with each other, in the conquests of gain, of beauty, or pleasure.—We forget who is the general, except upon muster-day, and it comes so rarely that we forget its regular return. The lawyer must despair of clients unless he is a smart man and popular. The doctor may not be very scientific, provided he be sociable and attentive. The preacher,—aye, the preacher—is the butt of criticism to everybody, public property is he, and must do his best to perform a miracle and satisfy everybody. The representative of labor who pays his poll-tax, neutralizes the vote of the man of thousands, and who pays ten times the taxes of his neighbor. Col. Upper Ten, with his “big brick house,” is the fellow-citizen of lower John Smith, and it would be a hazardous experiment for Mrs. Toplofty to give herself airs, because she has bought a three-ply carpet and a carriage for herself, and a pianoforte for her daughter.
The feudal state once was; the village and city state now is. No one can bring them together without seeing an advance of the Present on the Past. The gradual transformation of war-like castles into peaceful villages,—the slender bolt taking the place of the huge iron bar,—the school-house and factories taking the place of the prison; and these offer sufficient contrast to prove that, however the world of matter has continued on its old axis, the mind of man has neither stood still nor moved in a circle, but has gone on nearer and nearer to a promised land of Christian civilization, which is yet to spread its verdant fields, and peaceful homes, and glorious hopes before the whole world. Much has been done, but much is yet to be done by our own generation, and the myriads that are crowding behind us. Our prosperity is but a pioneer prosperity, that must yet embrace the oceans of the world. Much injustice, misery and crime yet torment the race. Their black and bloody footsteps stain our fairest fields, and leave marks on the pavements of our noblest cities. Garish luxury and artificial refinement can never cover up actual evil. And the dark, as well as the bright side, the shame, as well as the glory of Christendom, are easily seen. In the old world, beside royal palaces, are gin palaces—beside our churches are brothels—beside our hospitals, are gaming hells—and beside magnificent stables for King's horses, are homeless thousands of the King's subjects; and whilst an idle nobility squander princely revenues, over-worked laborers and starving Irish cry out of fireless dungeons for bread; the songs of the opera are succeeded by the Song of the Shirt—and graceful literature covers over the crimes of graceless licentiousness,—and golden splendor which cannot be imagined, shines beside the dark shadows of squalid misery, that cannot be described. But this, I am told, is in the old world. How is it nearer home? Much better, but yet there is much to be improved. Fearfully large, also, and multiform are the forms of our ignorance, inequality and iniquity. Fearfully great, therefore, are our responsibilities and duties. A stinted and partial education belongs to a large part of our population. The progress of science has been marvelous, and the diffusion of knowledge wide; but still there remains a prevalent ignorance in the simplest truths. For example, an acquaintance with the alphabet of physiology and natural philosophy, would save us from many pains and penalties, almost universal. Everywhere, throughout all communities, in relation to the body, the intellect, and the moral nature, is blundering guess-work, vainly endeavoring to do what can only be done by accurate knowledge. Take a single example. How few of our race know how and what to breathe. We make mistakes as egregious as the putting together of fire and gunpowder, and hence the rapid increase of diseases of the lungs and nervous system, killing thousands before their time. And our labor is not divided as it should be. Physical toil, I have shown, is more of a necessity than a curse, but multitudes are doomed to it incessantly, while dispepsia and gout, and numerous nameless ills, follow the steps of too much mental labor, and the failure to pay that price for bread intended for every man to pay. Lilliputian children, in statue, strength and constitution, are becoming the sad inheritance or legacy of the better classes of society. All our sufferings cry out to tell us that wisdom, wit, learning, eloquence, must dwell in healthy, fleshy bodies, upheld by sound bones and moved by supple muscles, and nourished by a moderate digestion, or we are of little value in this working world. All life was not intended to be the work of the body, seeing that all workers can think and love, as well as eat and drink. Nor can all life be thought and love, seeing we were made to eat and drink. Besides, how many men feel themselves, under the present form of society, out of place? Some think they were born Shaks-
peares; but, alas! they must follow a trade. Raphael must command a cotton jenny, or dig potatoes. And hundreds of Byrons are doomed to drink juleps in country bar-rooms, or dream poetry amid fumes of frying tobacco juice, and clouds of its fragrant incense. There may be some truth in this, and the old patent fool of custom and fashion may cheat us out of mute Miltons, but laziness cheats us out of more, and the shame of labor leaves men to dream, whom God created to act.

But where is the remedy?

Our manner of treating our subject, directs our attention at once to the source from whence our help against the unequal distribution of labor, the exorbitant commands of trade and accumulation, the base idolatry of property, is to come.—

The claims of mind are to be preferred; a friendship is to be established between science and labor; the former leaving its secret laboratories to go forth into the service of the people; machinery is to be substituted for stiffened bones and exhausted muscles; facilities for intercommunication are to be increased; man must take matter, knead it, give it form, breathe into it strength, and almost make it live, and quite make it the servant of all work; simple justice must legislate in the place of selfishness; the horrible lie, that Providence creates human beings to kill themselves into able-bodied and harmoniously-souled men; science must be applied to agriculture as it is to mechanics, the spread of knowledge must diminish the amount of manual labor; more brains must be busy with inventions, so that even our present nicely-adjusted and powerful machinery shall appear awkward and tardy, compared with what shall supersede it, as awkward as the Indian canoe contrasts with the floating palaces upon our Mississippi, the baggage mule of the Alps with the screaming locomotives—shooting like arrows from land to land, flying backwards and forwards like weavers' shuttles, weaving distant villages into contiguous cities;—science must manage in person, making every sailor a navigator, every farmer a chemist, every builder an architect, and everywhere teach the well-informed head to guide the dexterous hand; labor must be made honorable and all become willing to share it, the over-crowded professions must be thrown back upon the farms or work-shops to profit by their learning there; the incarnation of vanity, laziness and selfishness, feeding upon honest toil and thinking to live by its wits, that is, by out-witting its neighbors, must learn its duties and improve its elegant leisure; mathematicians, poets and artists must rejoice to serve as well as amuse their fellows, and while at work must no longer look degraded, nor feel degraded; intellectual culture and moral worth will create a nobility to be respected, whether with or without an equipage; all that can embellish life with the sentiments of the sublime and beautiful, giving graceful form to duty, and cheering and elevating the soul. We must cease to flatter wealth merely to purchase labor and bribe talent—to obtain outward prosperity at the expense of human souls; and thus loyalty to mind will hasten a brighter day. Men will work for the race who work for themselves,—benevolence and an enlightened self-interest will form their happy marriage,—duty become radiant with the attractiveness of a privilege, and reverence for the human soul in every condition will abolish the slavery of ignorance, and develop a mental and moral strength that will conquer matter, subdue and replenish the earth, according to the original command, convert the wilderness into a paradise, beautified and adorned as the equal home of all.

But while speaking of the dignity of labor and the origin of free governments from the cultivation of the mechanic arts, we must call attention to the art preservative of all arts, and which is before our eyes now, working a moral change in the whole world, by giving perpetuity to the discov-
DUTY AND DIGNITY OF LABOR—BY THE EDITOR.

eries, and widening the circle of all industry. Need I say I allude to the art of Printing? The press is the Palladium of Liberty. Once Liberty was the dream of the hour, the admiration of secluded assemblies, as she received the praise of some lips fired with zeal for human rights; but now she breathes through the permanent exertion of human thought, and bids fair to spread her eagle wings over the increasing wealth and enlarged desires of the most opulent state of society, the world has ever seen. The discoveries of science and the charms of genius have attracted a few in every age. But the diffusion of knowledge, by means of the press, awakens not merely the transient bursts of popular feeling, but constantly imbues the minds of the master-spirits who direct human thought. Its effects are lasting upon society, and are perpetually renewed in each successive generation which inhales, in the ardor of its youth, the maxims and the spirit of the freedom of old Greece and Rome. This art has modified the whole face of society. It has counteracted the causes of ancient decay; it has developed new principles of life— for society—by bringing the energy and talent of the multitude to bear upon the fortunes of the State. It has shaken the influence of despotism throughout the earth, and has infused the independent principles of free government into the very armies that were destined to enforce its authority. It is extinguishing the most injurious elements in human society, and though too often the instrument of evil as well as good, its evils are gradually abating, while its power of improvement is lasting in its effects. Its abuses are often alluded to, but the abuses of the press, like the abuses of Grecian and Roman liberty, will cease to trouble the world; while its agency for good, like the maxims of that same liberty, and the works of its genius will permanently continue to enfranchise and elevate mankind. The one will be forgotten while the other, acting upon the improved fabric of society, which it has imbued with the increased vigor which it communicates, will continue to bless and improve the race.

Thus have we shown, by an appeal to historic fact, and a brief view of a single mechanic art, that the arts of industry, by the introduction of new wants, and new comforts, and new powers, have completed the destruction of the feudal power; have originated all modern free governments, and are this day its chief and only reliable safeguards. The order of their operation is divine. The changes they have produced, and are producing, like the changes of nature, are unperceived, and the more effectual and certain because beyond casual observation. They gather their forces in secret, and manifest only their effects, before which their enemies retreat almost without a struggle.

Like Time, that greatest of all innovators, they are gradually, but powerfully, changing the face of the whole moral world; and where the superstitions of effete forms of religion, or worn-out charters of government, stand up in their way, they strike at their foundations by correcting public opinion; and when their promoters are ready to marshal their hosts in their defence, they have time only to escape their supposed fortresses, ere the whole is in ruins around them. Tyranny in church and state must fall before the spirit of information that the industrial arts have brought forth. Tyranny has everywhere prevailed by arraying one class of people against another. In the State, its chief reliance has been upon the troops, whose interests were identified with its support; in the Church, upon the credulity and ignorance of its adherents, inflamed by appeals to partisan pride, under the assumed name of humility, and a bigoted self-conceit that consigned all the world to eternal tortures that could not, or would not, mouth its shibboleths, or subscribe its dogmas, or wear the old rags of its beggarly orthodoxy. But the progress of information has destroyed its influence even over its own vassals. It has divided
Already we are running a race with time, and are outrunning the sun along our telegraphic wires under the sea and round the earth. We, creatures of a day, atoms of an atom in a boundless universe, and borne about ourselves by secret influences no philosophy has yet explained—ourselves a secret, disclosing secrets every day! Upon our minds are thrown the wondrous visions of things to come, while yet we have no vision that explains us to ourselves. Industry has heretofore worked in the mines of the material world, too much to the neglect of its soul, and the attention must be directed that way now. And strange facts are being dug up by an industry thus directed. For example, what, if I would say, that we have had prophecies of all the great facts that marked our boasted progress, but the mind was not wide enough awake from its puling infancy to hear, or it heard as in dreams, and stoned its prophets as dreamers or magicians! No one of you would believe me, and yet modern research has shown that my statement is not without truth. A modern journal furnishes to my hand the following:

"Semiramis set up a pillar, on which it was written—'I, Semiramis, by means of iron made roads over impassable mountains, where no beasts come.'"

Friar Bacon, more than four hundred years ago, said:

"Bridges, unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely, breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands, never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity, than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labor; bind
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Here is poetry and philosophy wound together, making a wondrous chain of prophecy. Who shall adventure upon a solution of that golden chain, which the oldest of poets told us descended from heaven to earth, linking them as it were together? Was it an electric fluid in which mind and matter were indissoluble?—Blackwood, for February, 1851.

Surveying these wonders, and calling to mind the triumphs of art and industry, and looking forward with a well-assured hope to the future discoveries of science in the realms of mind and matter, may we not say, with as profound truth as reverence, that God is in human labor, and that he is in it that he may promote human progress? Men have walked in the labyrinths of ignorance and fancy, and have lost themselves in the mazes of their own bewildering imaginings as they have sought the philosopher's stone, the alchemy of immortal youth, or the fancied glory of burdensome, and to them, useless wealth. But God has guided the race to light, and the wildest vagaries of their thought have led to wisdom said and done, and their words have been put down by the power of art, that facts might be sifted from fancies, and in the allotted hour come forth to bless the world. Thus a child takes up the apple, and the law of gravitation is set down. The kettle boils upon the fire, and the steam engine, with all its gigantic machines, runs to and fro in the earth at the bidding of man. Men walled with stones, are mystifying knowledge and calling it alchemy; and chemistry is the child of its parentage, whose great mysteries it was once death to reveal. Deeply imaginative minds look up at the everlasting stars, as they adorn the canopy of night, and calculate the fortunes of princes and states; and the wonders of a boundless universe, held together by eternal law, are arranged by the hands of pure and potent genius in the science of astronomy. Reasoners in mental philosophy reason themselves out of reason, and forsake the wholesome air of truth, and speak in dreams of dreams, and talk of magic; and mental philosophy, with its primitive truths, appears to the consciousness of philosopher and mind, and helps to a reconciling and joyous faith and hope. Thus the dreams of the dreamer become the visions of the seer, and noble thoughts and ennobling discoveries are inwoven into the thread of this otherwise dull and plodding life, and truth comes forth from its swaddling clothes to bless and elevate the race.—

God is in it, my fellow-brethren, and the sudden thought and happy hit, that brings out or uses the discovery, is his gift to the race; and this thought alone will make every gift a blessing, if received and appropriated with thankfulness. The age is full of inventions, no one of which can be fully traced. We follow the chain; bestow honor here and there; but are ever satisfied that we have not found all its links. They run up into the Divine Spirit, that pervades and guides, and governs the whole. The inventive mind is multiplied, whose activity and whose advancement in knowledge and science, we may all share, under the facilities for the transmission of knowledge, though no one of us can picture the wonderful futurity.—

Could the spirit of the mightiest thinker of the ancient world stand up before this
age, he would realize that he never had a
dream equal to the present reality. Could
he see iron cables twisted into knots as
though they were shreds of tape; ponder-
os masses suspended without a cord, by
a secret power called magnetism; the
thousand marvelous worlds revealed by
the telescope, and innumerable systems of
worlds revealed to the thought; the myri-
ads of living creatures making a universe
of every leaf upon the tree, of every drop
of water, disclosed by the microscope;
could he see the vast machinery of mod-
ern mechanics at work, and have the
world’s life and all its business start up
before him, as it did in the Crystal Palace,
he might well, with the Bard of Avon, find
that poetry alone can speak the truth;
and it but faintly, when it exclaims—
“What a piece of work is man! how no-
ble in reason! how infinite in faculties—
in form and moving how express and ad-
mirable! in an action how like an angel!
in apprehension how like a god! The
beauty of the world! the paragon of ani-
mal! And this stock of inventions
must be enlarged. The power of mind
has no limit. Its work-shop in the hu-
man brain is the great instrumentality of
God to subject and civilize the world.—
Who, then, will undervalue the dignity of
labor? Who so blind as to see nothing in
all this but degradation and disgrace—
“Who so dull as to see nothing in the
nineteenth century but tall chimneys and
the white smoke? To the imaginative,
even the smoke itself becomes an embod-
ed genie, at whose feet the earth opens
command; and who might open to them-
selves in a garden covered with crys-
tal, to behold all beauteous things, and
precious stones for fruit, such as Aladdin
saw, and fountains throwing out liquid
gems, and fair company from the ends
of the earth, as brought together by enchant-
ment—and this is the romance of real-
ity!”

But I was saying that God is in human
progress, and wished to illustrate it by a
single thought. That thought has been
indirectly stated, but we refer to it to make
it clear. We reiterate, then, that the
most important and useful discoveries are
accidentally made by those who are search-
ing for something else, and the unexpect-
ed result realizes as much or more than
the dream of the worker could have real-
ized, and thus humbles while it elevates
him. Need I refer to instances? Why,
the very gas that lights our streets was
discovered as a nuisance in coal mines,
and in efforts to convey it by tubes to the
outer air, was found to ignite, and was
thus made to illuminate every important
town in the civilized world. Nature
makes nothing for itself; for Divine Benefi-
cence presides over it. Every fact in it
is but a round in a ladder of invention,
by which angels ascend and descend up-
on the habitations of man. We know
not whither that ladder reaches, but where-
ever it touches the earth, it delivers up its
secrets, and they float as voices from
Heaven over the hope and destiny of man.
Every discovery brings a blessing, for it
comes with a use not suspected by the dis-
coverer, and benefits men who never hear
of their benefactor.

But who shall speak of the triumphs of
the workers in electricity, by whose mag-
ic arts time and distance seem almost an-
nihilated? Electricity is now beginning
to be looked upon as the chain that holds
together all created things. It has nei-
ther boundary in earth nor heaven. Its
home is everywhere—its circumference
nowhere. But ubiquitous and powerful
we are, it is found to be under restraint.
It is held by an unseen power from evil,
and allowed only to show us what frail
creatures we are in the presence of the
subtle agencies around us. But by dis-
covery—by work if you please—it is
made to us serviceable, proving the eve-
rywhere disclosing beneficence of Him
who in wisdom created the world, and in
condescension pronounced it good. That
young girl little suspects, as she plucks the beautiful rose, and shakes from it the dew-drops of the morning, that her hand has handled lightning enough to cause her instantaneous death. But its true.—And the poetical dream, young ladies, of your enraptured lovers, that they may be killed by the lightning of your eyes—struck dead by a tear that only moves your eyelid—is also a sad reality to young gentlemen, in more senses than one. The power of death is in every drop of water, and only by the power of God is its execution stayed. And at last, who can tell how much of electricity is in love itself, conveyed by the smile of pity or approbation from friend to friend, and how much of it will yet be developed to destroy the selfishness, hatred and animosity of man, and bring on the grand old time when the Heaven and earth shall smile in the beauty and freshness of Eden restored. Man, expelled from Eden, is doomed to labor; but labor, under the blessing of Christ, may yet bring it back, and the dead come down to see.

We need add no more upon the dignity of labor, seeing that God is in its appointment, in its discoveries, its uses, and its present and final results. But we cannot close, young gentlemen, without carrying this thought a little further, and offering it to you as the only revelation of the true position of man and of nations, in the struggles of his and their condition. Unless He be regarded in your labors—both here and in your professions—labor will be regarded as a hard lot, and the voice of murmuring and discontent will take the place of thanksgiving and joy.—And unless He be seen in the progress of nations, every man will do after the sight of his own eyes, and will lose his patriotism and his hope. In conclusion, again I assert that God is in history, as he is everywhere. Development and progress, amid change and decay, go forward as the law of nature and of God, marking alike the animate and inanimate—the rational and irrational creation. The beautiful flower, that opens its petals to the vernal sun, and perfumes the evening zephyrs, is but the developed bud from which it sprung. The mighty oak, felled by the furious storm, is but the outgrowth of the acorn germ; and, whilst returning to its original elements, it becomes, even in its decay, the nurture of flower, beast and man,—who feed upon the vegetables its dissolution nourishes and develops. The "boy is father of the man,"—for the vastness of his intellect—the sublimity of his moral enterprises—aye, and even his weaknesses and imbecility, are but the natural expansion of his juvenile or infant nature. The great globe itself exhibits upon its surface, and within its hidden depths, evidences of change and revolution, which, though at first appearing as destructive, served also as adaptations for successive orders of plants and animals, and last for man himself. And it is an old tradition and a general faith, that it awaits another grand, terrific, yet glorious transformation, by which the new Heavens and the new Earth shall arise, prepared for a purer and higher order of intelligences. What is seen to be true in nature, is true of man; and what is true of the individual, is true of the species,—in families, States, and nations. The events of all history, and of all human action, are thus linked together; and the changes and revolutions of our times are all dependent on the past, and connected with all that is to come, and are made to subserve the purposes of Him who permitted or ordained them,—and subordinates each to His all-comprehensive and unchangeable purposes. It is in this view you will see what we mean when we say God is in labor and in history. He superintends the movements that work the changes among men and nations. He may not be seen by the profane multitude, for "He is a God that hideth himself." His existence and presence, in the connection of antagonistic or opposite events, may be denied; but He is denied in nature, also, because he works by laws.
Still is he there as everywhere, despite the perverse denial. He manifests the true and beneficent design in the progress of men and nations; establishes the bounds of their habitation, that they may fulfill their destined work; and when this is fulfilled, he removes them away, leaving their knowledge, vices and sufferings, to instruct and warn those that succeed. —Christianity—a pure, spiritual Christianity—is the brightest manifestation of His purpose, and is at last the perfection of all philosophy, and the key to all apparent anomalies in the moral world.

Allow me to remind you again of a few events that prove and illustrate this greatest of propositions,—that God is in our humblest work and most wonderful enterprises, to carry forward the great and glorious end of our creation,—the highest development of the human being. We will look again at the downfall of the Roman Empire. A few hardy shepherds met, by accident, and formed a city. —They called it Rome, or strength. It became strong—strong as Leviathan. It conquered, civilized and consolidated all the surrounding tribes. It received the sceptre of the Greek Empire with all its material for its improvement. The influx of the world’s wealth had deluged all the hardy virtues of its early inhabitants. —The influx of the world’s philosophy had destroyed all faith. The spoils of plundered empires rotted in its bosom. The blood of slaughtered millions cried to heaven for vengeance. The decree, the just and retributive decree, went forth—she must die! A bolder and nobler race rolled down from their mountain forests and despoiled her of her inheritance, and divided her power. But she has something that must be preserved. Her classic literature, her holy scriptures, are intended for the future instruction and salvation of the race. They, with her monks, are carried into the monastery to find a retreat till the inundation has subsided. The burial of her ancient civilization preserved it; preserved it for a future use, when the human mind should be prepared for a future awakening, and be able to use all that was valuable in its past development for the final and glorious regeneration of the whole race.

The revival of learning, after the long night of storm and desolation, was the awakening of the human mind to all interests alike—to commerce, freedom and religion. That awakening produced two distinct kinds of civilization. That over which the Bible exerted a decisive and a controlling influence, and that where the ancient classics were left to smile at the follies of an effete superstition. The former resulted in the English revolution of 1688, which gave the measure of civil and religious liberty, which England enjoys, and in the American revolution of 1776, which placed a new government of regulated freedom in the lead of the free nations of the earth;—the latter in the French revolution of 1789. Both, or each, were reformations, the one with the aid of a new and controlling element of civilization—the Christian element—the other without religion, and both with characteristic effects. The French people, in the revival of ancient learning, without the sanctifying influence of a divine faith, allowed their philosophy to degenerate into Roman atheism. They decreed that there should be no ruler in Heaven and no dominion upon earth, save their own, and following in the wake of a Roman example, they found in Napoleon Bonaparte a Roman Caesar, with a military Despotism to absorb their boasted liberty, and dazzle and govern with a Roman power, their flattered and subservient people. Roman Atheism was established in France, and who but a Roman Caesar could govern a Roman people? Thus error, revolving in a circle, always comes round, by an unalterable uniformity; to the same centre and produces the same effects, modified only by the new influences it may gather in its widened orbit.
But each revolution served to arouse, to guide and to warn the world. It started under its impulse, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, upon a new career of improvement, and its course from that day has been onward, so that now we may pause, and mark very controlling results. Two great and distinguished points have been irrevocably gained. The rapid advancements in scientific discovery have rendered the revival of Scientific Atheism impossible, and those very discoveries are destined to uproot and destroy every vestige of superstition, and restore to the world the God of Nature as the Father of the human family, and extend the great purpose of God. Commerce, like a giant Briareus, is stretching her arms over the earth, that she may ultimately gather together a family of nations. With her steamships by sea and the net-work of innumerable railroads threading the territory of the globe, she will unite all nations, all tribes, just as certainly as savage customs must give way to civilized enterprise.

But compare the nations of the earth, and we must see the inevitable result. Compare Mohammedan nations with Catholic States, the least leavened with Bible truth; compare these with Protestant nations, and these with each other, and it will be seen that just in proportion to the influence of pure Christianity is the power now permitted to each. Three centuries ago, when the world, by the revival of learning and the Protestant Reformation, awoke from its long repose, Italy was the centre of intelligence and Spain of Empire, England was but a third-rate power, and North and South America just discovered! Now look at each and note the contrast; and tell me what Knowledge, Science and Religion may not do in the coming ages of the world?

We do not say, nor do we believe, that the nations which possess the power and wealth of the world, are faultless, or are destined to eternal duration; but we do say that the human race has made rapid advances and that only such nations as shall move on as Science and Religion open their treasuries to bless the world, can stand. Let any one stop, and its doom is fixed. They now hold the physical world in their hands, and at the command of God are making its rough places smooth, that his people may dwell together in unity. The mighty laborers...
are at work in art, in artistry, in religion, in government, in scientific discovery; they are literally, as well as spiritually, boring the mountains, filling the valleys, bridging the oceans, and coursing all the territories upon firesteels, which carry thought like lightning and men like wind; they are at work, and each art is godlike to all who have faith to look to the final result: a wilderness of barbarism and selfishness won to the world, and which shall yet bloom and blossom as the rose!

The old world is now in revolution; it is passing through the fearful transition state. There will be severe conflicts, but with faith in the God in History as in Nature, we say let them come. Let humanity weep over thrones fallen; over millions of human beings butchered; over hearts bleeding and hopes of philanthropy for a moment blighted. The conflict is but for a moment, the magnificent triumph for eternal ages. That triumph is the grandeur of the world. Before it the majesty of earthly empires sinks into insignificance, for they are but means to an end, the final conquest of the earth to humanity and religion; the redemption of men to the religion of Christ. To see a redeemed race walking this earth; the chains of ignorance and superstition fallen; their step free and their bow uplifted; their nature robbed of its savageness and changed into the image of Christ, filled with his spirit and won to the loveliness and power of his benevolence,—aye, this is a vision which hearts inspired with prophetic forecast may now well indulge. For it is coming!! It is coming!! And all tyranny and selfishness shall fall before it, and there shall yet be universal "peace on earth and good will among men."

**Battle of Doubt and Unbelief.**

Who has not seen the time when he felt the ground trembling under his feet, when confused questionings shadowed all his thoughts, when he began to doubt almost every thing; when his faith in God, and in himself, in the reality of a divine government, in the existence of infinite wisdom and goodness, in the future life, and even in his own soul, all seemed slipping from his grasp into infinite darkness and chaos! Some one has said that he who never doubted only half believes. Is there not something of truth in this? Is it not by doubts and questionings and answerings, by difficulties solved, by manifold struggles with unbelief, by investigation and labor and prayer, the tide of feeling and conviction now ebbing and now flooding—is it not in this way, thro' this wild dark conflict, that at last we get our feet planted on the solid rock of Faith, and fling the banner of victory to the breeze?

The firmest Christian, strongest in the faith, clothed in the full armor of God, has often, I think, in his progress forward, taken up the pathetic cry of the disciples,—"Lord, we believe. Help thou our unbelief!" There are times when the problems of Life press upon us with overmastering force, and we stagger for a moment in spite of our strength, and the courage with which we seek to face the mystery. Plans of happiness and usefulness which we had formed, into which we had flung all our feelings, all our energies and hopes, confident that there was nothing in them on which Heaven itself could frown, and expecting that God would surely give his blessing on efforts involving so much good to others as well as ourselves,—these beneficent plans, these fond hopes are suddenly trampled out in the dust, and the heart that cherished them so fervently throbs with unutterable anguish, and bleeds at every pore. And the mind is stunned and bewildered with the suddenness of the blow, with the seeming wanton cruelty which, without visible cause, has shattered the beautiful edifice that was built up with so much labor, and gave promise of so much usefulness.

Sometimes, when the night thus suddenly bursts in upon our bright, glad day,
shutting out the sunlight, and bringing no light of the stars in the place of it; the question will spring up in the thought—

*Why, O why is this dismal wreck, if God is good and mighty, and able to prevent it?* What need is there that this desolation should fall like the blackness of darkness on our little world of love and joy, and on designs of usefulness so worthy of Heaven's favor? Why should so much good, proposed and ready to be wrought out, be destroyed, and so much evil come into the place of it? If God lives and guides all things, why does he permit this? If he is our Father, and loves us, why does he deal with us in this way?

Again: we look abroad into the political and social world, and we see the inequality, injustice, oppression and slavery which weigh down the millions; grinding them into the earth; we see exhausted, unrequited labor, huddled in its trampled straw; we see hunger with its gaunt and livid face, destitution in every form, ignorance, depravity, and crime of every grade, all sooth ing and wretched together as it were in the great pit of hell. We see childhood forced into unnatural and shocking maturity of vice, woman sunk into frightful depths of infamy and shame, to avoid starvation; and honesty, with its open, manly face, and ready hand, vainly seeking and praying for labor, and at last seemingly driven for want of it to the hard choice of crime or starvation.

All these, and many more, meet us as the evils of political and social misorganization and misrule.

At the same time, side by side with these, we see enormous wealth wasted in revel and dissipation; in frivolous and corrupting amusements; pretended ministers of God, named bishops, wringing a hundred thousand dollars a year out of their half-clothed and half-fed flocks, utterly indifferent to the cry of suffering.

We see the whole soil of a nation, as England, Scotland, Ireland; owned by a few thousands of nobles and landlords; whole districts depopulated to make hunting grounds for a single individual, while thousands are on the verge of starvation for the want of a potato patch. We see palaces adorned with all the wonders of nature and the splendors of art; enough spent at a horse-race, or in a single day's pleasures, to make scores of suffering families comfortable for a whole year.

And with these inequalities, we see all the hatred and revenge, the fierce and fiery passions, which flood in between the unjustly rich and the unjustly poor, the oppressor and the oppressed.

When all these discord, and social antagonisms, all these real and terrible evils, rise up before us, and challenge our faith in explanation, we find it hard battling against the doubts which will sometimes sweep in upon our thought—hard battling with the questions which will rise up in spite of us—Can these things be, and God be at the same time? Is it possible, if there be a divine government, that such abominations, such monstrous wrongs and abuses can be tolerated? On the whole, is there an infinitely mighty and wise and good God, who can, if he will, have all otherwise or is this world only a chance medley, a kind of arena, where Might and Right, Good and Evil, fight out their battle, and the strongest has it? If there is a good and just God, why does he not interfere to prevent all this wrong and cruelty? why does he not show himself more visibly on the side of justice and suffering virtue?

But again: look at that sweet babe, innocent, without pain, without care, with no sense of suffering, playing with toys and dolls; with no knowledge of the miseries of the world; with no need of relief, but having no answer—and this helpless, hopeless agony of child and parent protracted, with brief intervals, through days and nights, and it may be weeks.

O how hard it is to feel that this is right and just and merciful! how desperate the
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battle with our doubts and questionings! how hard to fight them down under our feet, and say, 'O God, thy will be done!'

Yet once more. There is a man, one of the noblest specimens of human nature seen in a life's observation; gentle and loving as a child, yet embodying the will and energy and enterprise of a score of ordinary men—benevolent to a proverb, beloved and honored by all who know him; hundreds relieved and employed by him, and depending on his enterprise for the means of earning their bread—a man whose life seems absolutely necessary to the welfare and happiness of those about him, to say nothing of the devotion and unspeakable tenderness with which he is loved at home, by those whose very being is bound up in him.

This man dies, is struck down in the midst of his usefulness and hopes and beneficent action, his fall bringing desolation and almost the madness of despair to those to whom he was so dear, and his life so precious. He dies, while within reach of him a miserable, worthless, brutal thing, a loathsome wreck of humanity, a curse to himself and to all connected with him, whose death would be a relief and a blessing—this one is suffered to live, and linger on year after year, a pestilence, a foul cancerous tumor and blot on society!

Sometimes seeing this, and suffering from it doubly, by the death of the one and the life of the other, there are those who have fearful conflict with their unbelief, with the dark doubts and the fierce questionings which come trooping in upon the soul like screaming devils from the pit. These are the times when they feel that Life is indeed a battle, and that with these subtle and obstinate foes they must have a hard fight of it. And happy are they if, with help of Reason, of Scripture, and of God, they come off at last victorious, bringing from the battle field the spoils of unbelief.

But, after all, if it do not end in victory, what does come of it? Verbly, a state of mind much worse than that of doubt or conflict. This fight with unbelief, with questionings of evil, is one which ought to be maintained to the death, rather than yield, rather than suffer these dark doubts to conquer us. If we are vanquished, we lose every thing—but if we conquer, we win every thing.

Suppose we retreat from the high ground of the Christian faith, and take refuge in the conclusion that there is no God, and no divine government in the affairs of the world, or, in other words, blank, naked, absolute Atheism. What kind of refuge is this? What have we gained? how much nearer are we to a solution of the problems which oppress us? Not one step nearer, that I can see. The evils still press upon us, whether their source or origin is named Nature, or God; and they press just as heavily, and are just as real. By denying God, we change not the weight or form of the burthen, but only the name of it.

The shadows still fall, sorrow and suffering still wring the loving heart, sickness, death and evil are still in the world; and I do not, cannot see how believing they are the product or sport of mere chance, or the eternal result of the iron laws of Nature, will make them any easier for me to bear, than believing they are all under the control and direction of a wise and beneficent God, my Father, who uses them for good and gracious ends, and who, when those ends are accomplished, will abolish them forever.

Yes, says the dark spirit of Doubt, but it is not a question of what I shall gain or lose, but a question of logical necessity. I may wish to believe, but with these difficulties in my way, it is not what I would, but what I must. If there is a God, and he is infinitely good, these things could not be. But these things are. Therefore there is not a God; or, if there is, he is not infinitely good.
So does Unbelief fight out her battle with the soul, and drive it sometimes on the borders of universal Night! But courage and science may still turn the tide of conflict, and win the triumphs of Faith. Sound logic, as well as a just philosophy, come up to the rescue, and the hosts of doubt give ground at last, and in the end are driven from the field.

Of course I cannot descend into details, but must be content to indicate the way in the most general manner. It must be obvious to all that the difficulties noticed, allowing them all the weight they are justly entitled to, cannot set aside the abounding proofs in Nature, in Man, and in Revelation that there is a God. And how multiplied the proofs, compared with the difficulties. Now, if I mean to be fair, I am bound to respect the evidence on the other side. And if I do this, my doubts are outnumbered two to one, and a severe logic compels me to yield.

For example. If the difficulties against the being of God are equal to five, and the proofs for his being have the value of ten—then before I can logically deny the existence of God, I must either reduce the ten below five, or raise the five above ten. And this indeed is more generous to the evil genius of Doubt than is required: for if he will not believe that there is a God, however great the proof, so long as one difficulty remains, or till five is reduced to nothing,—so I am not strictly bound to disbelieve, however high he may raise his figure five, unless he also reduces my ten to nothing; or until he has utterly destroyed all the evidence of nature, of the human mind, and the human body. This he can never do. One, therefore, who takes up his position on such ground, can never, logically, be either Thoist or Atheist, which sufficiently shows the absurdity of such reasoning.

"If there is a God," says the spirit of Unbelief, "He would not suffer evil to exist in this world. Evil does exist.—Therefore, there is no God!"

Admitting the soundness of the first proposition of the syllogism, which we do not by any means, would it not be easy to set against this the evidences of God's existence as unfolded in Astronomy, in Natural Theology, in the adaptations of the animal and vegetable world, the wonderful framework of man, and lastly in the existence of Mind itself? All these things are—how came they, if there is no Creation?

"You must remove this abounding evil from the universe, before I can believe there is a God," says Doubt and Unbelief. But Reason replies, "You must remove these abounding proofs of his existence, before I can believe there is not a God."

The most indeed that can be logically made out of the existence of evil, is this: 'Evil exists, and therefore there is a difficulty in the proof.' This would be admitted, for I fancy there are precious few questions, or subjects of human thought and inquiry, without difficulty. And if difficulty is equivalent to a denial, we should believe neither in mind nor matter. As to the position that, if God was good, evil would not exist—that is begging the question. The school-boy argues in the same way: If my father were good, and loved me, he would not refuse me the delight and happiness of going to sea—he would not subject me to the hard and severe discipline of school. This is the child's reasoning; but we do not accept his argument, nor endorse his conclusions—and yet the evil and the suffering are real enough for him. Still his father is good and loves him; and the very evil he laments is proof of it! At bottom it is not evil at all, but good; and the seeming to be evil is only for a time, and at manhood takes the form of real and lasting good. The temporary apparent, gives place to the eternal actual.

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The assertion, therefore, of Doubt, that if God were good, there would be nothing of what we call evil, is very unsafe. The reasoning is narrow and without discrimi-
The Preacher and Pastor.

The ways of God may not be as ours, nor his thoughts as ours; but with him there is no darkness at all, no evil, no change or caprice. He is like the sun, the centre of the universal system, supporting, controlling, and blessing all. It may be day or night with us, but at the sun it is always day. Clouds may float in our atmosphere, and obscure the light for a season; but there are no clouds about the sun. That shines always, by day and by night, visible or invisible—forever bright, forever beautiful, forever beneficent!—T. B. Thayer.

The Preacher and Pastor.

"I will give you pastors."—Jer. III, 15.

A pastor is the person who has the charge of a flock. The minister should be a pastor. In other words, he should "take heed to the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him an overseer." The preaching of the Gospel, it has been said, is, indeed, the great means of converting and saving men; while yet the Scriptures plainly and strongly connect with this work—subsidiary to it—and, as it were, indispensable to its appropriate result,—what is termed, in distinction from preaching, pastoral efforts and labors. Preaching saves men; but it must be genuine preaching—enlightened, suitable, well-adapted preaching—if this great object shall be fully accomplished, and such preaching ordainably exists only in unison with pastoral watchfulness and wisdom. Hence it is that the pastoral ministry is an essential department of the sacred office; and hence, too, when there is deficiency in this department, the labors of the pulpit, though otherwise able and acceptable, are of comparatively little effect. Happy for the Church and the world, were this great truth engraven upon the heart of every Gospel minister upon earth! The idea is still far too prevalent, that a minister's great duty, for the most part, goes out in public preaching. An error this, as insidious and plausible, as it is unscriptural and fatal; and it is the more prevalent, as it tail-
teaches publicly, of course, and from house to house; and for three years ceases not to warn every one, night and day, with tears. How was this? Was all this effort in the shape of pulpit sermons? or was it not by public discourses and by personal addresses combined—the two modes reciprocally and mightily aiding each the other? Went not these two apostolic influences hand in hand, just as previously, when daily, in the temple and in every house, Peter and John ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ? This is a plain matter. What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. We may not mend the ways and works of God, nor be wise above what he has written.—The apostolic minister of old was a pastor. The minister for these times is equally a pastor. No other will, in general, be of great use. The age requires not mere hirelings—not those who, while they preach no Sabbaths, are yet remiss and neglectful at other seasons. The times demand of a minister that he care for souls,—that he be instant at all seasons—that he spare no pains, whether in the pulpit or out of it—warning every man, and teaching every man that he may present every one perfect in Christ Jesus.—Trumpet.

Spring and the Resurrection.

Spring of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness, With-winged emblem, brightest, best and fairest! Whence comes it then, when with dark winter’s sadness The tears that fade in lustrous smiles thou sharest? Sister of joy, thou art the child that wearest Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thouarest Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle petal, Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.4

"Thy dead shall live again; The dead bodies of my people shall arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust! For thy dew is like the dew upon the plants, And the earth shall be delivered of her dead."—ISAIAH, xxviii. 19

The above is the conclusion of a song of joy put into the mouth of the people of Judah upon their return to the land from which they had been driven by their enemies, and their re-establishment under the government and worship of the God of their fathers. The song most beautifully and impressively celebrates the restoration of the land and city; refers its deliverance to Jehovah, who becomes the walls of its salvation and its bulwarks of defence; states the peaceful confidence that every agitated mind may repose in him who is an everlasting refuge; shows that the desire of the troubled soul should ever be to the Lord, for whom we should wait in the way of his judgments for our sins, and who leadeth men and nations to righteousness by his judgments in the earth. He states the great truth that mercy shown to the wicked when full of wealth, honor, and the success of his enterprises, will not prevent his injustice and impiety, or that he will not see the hand of the Lord until his comforts die. A contrast is also drawn between the dominion of God and man: the kings and tyrants of the earth whose names he had blotted out. Jehovah had enlarged the nation, and though many had died in the captivity, yet, says the Prophet, "Thy dead men shall live; the dead bodies of my people shall arise; the earth shall cast forth her dead." There is no doubt but that the reference here to death and the resurrection is figuative. The people had been dead to their privileges, their homes and their country. Their king had been carried captive, their temple profaned, and their name blotted from the roll of nations. As we speak of men dead in law, dead to enjoyment, dead in sins, so were they dead. Their restoration was their national resurrection and life. But while we admit this, we must also admit that the figure is drawn from the knowledge of the life after death, and that this great truth, which underlies the literature of all people, was known and acknowledged by the prophet and the people. The image was familiar.

The great lesson of the Scripture is, that however we may be dejected and oppressed we may trust in God, who is able to subdue our enemies, restore and elevate our privileges, cover us with the protection of his wings till his indignation be over-past, and then come forth to deliver us from every agitation and conflict, and make them the means of advancing his dominion over us and the world.
Now every life has its agitations and conflicts, and every life has its tragic end. This fact gives sadness and sometimes terribleness to the melancholy spirit that ever anticipates gloomy and forbidding changes. All minds have this melancholy impression at times, but some feel it more deeply than others. All life is a mingling of hope and fear, but some yield more to the power of the latter than the former. To a mind elevated by hope and one depressed by fear, how differently will every doubtful object appear. The wisdom of God is seen in this as in every department of our moral constitution. He would have us avoid the evil while yet at a distance, and prepare for the good which is yet and ever to come. But both tendencies are liable to extravagance and abuse. When fear leads to melancholy its tendency is sickly and evil. It sees no prosperity whose fall it will not predict. It asks how long the friendship of the friendly, the love of the loving, the health of the healthy will last. Upon the bright cheek of infancy it sees the speck of disease, and in its laughing eye the dimming and drowning tear-drop. Its clear days are only harbingers of storm, and the buds of its spring betoken the stealthy frost. If men and women are light-hearted and gay, it regards them as insane, and if depressed and murmuring as religious and rational.

This spirit in any of us, is as unreasonable as it is complaining, as impious as it is murmuring. Mortal troubles we inherit, and mortal destinies we must meet; but if we believe that God appointed and God directs, and have any just conception of his nature and perfections, we will, despite the evils of our lives and lot, which we should never deny but humbly acknowledge, rejoice in life. God in our nature has furnished us aids to enjoyment, and where these fail, he has furnished us aids in himself. The former will lighten the ills of our present season, the latter will swallow them up. "For even the dead shall live," and the living shall praise thee.

Now I do not wish to hide from you a truth that every one must sooner or later see and feel. We have ills and we have burdens that may be so bitter and so heavy that the soul may be overcharged and dismayed by them. After the most favorable account has been given we know that our evils are numerous and various; that however doubtful in their forms, they are certain in their coming. We do neither deny their existence nor their power. But, we ask, what is it that has been given to sweeten and lighten them?—what clothes their cloudy aspect with the sunlight of a divine promise? It is the faith which one generation and experience declareth to another, that God is in them and will deliver from them. "Thy dead shall live; awake, therefore, thou that sittest in the dust, for thy dew shall be as the dew of perfumed plants." Our present earthly and sensual life is incomplete without the thought of another; and our meditations lead to brutal endurance or phrenzied despair, unless they lead to the thought of God and his unchangeable goodness. The spirit of this world says to the troubled mind, bear it like a man or try to forget. It says, enjoy while you can, for the opportunity is passing. There may be some wisdom in such advice, but it is not profound—it sounds, often, as hollow as the pleasures that beguile us for a moment and are gone forever. We have wants that cannot be met by it; we are in the midst of mysteries that such philosophy cannot explain. We need the revelation of a Heaven that is not above our reach, and of an earth that shall be something more to us than a grave. You may tell me that life is beautiful, but I tell you its beauty is but transiently spread over death and desolation. If it brighten in the rays and colors and songs of spring, it darkens; also, in the dreariness of death's winter. If the green grass waves and blooms, it blooms over corruption and darkness beneath. If the waters flow on blithely and merrily they flow over rough chasms and fires beneath. Go under the surface of our lives, and there too are flaming perils and streaming oblivion.
This account of life we cannot deny or contradict. We cannot forget that our good and our happiness will perish; and we will see the day when we will be willing to admit that they ought to perish. But if we cannot deny nor contradict, we can balance. We, too, can say, enjoy while we can; cast away sorrows; for you will have enough of them; and, in addition, we say, we have immortal persuasions that brighten the darkest prospects. We believe in a destiny higher than the earth, and in a Providence stronger than human power. Our being is impregnated with eternal elements, to which death is but an incident, a fearful one indeed, but still, but an incident. This faith gives a divinity to our lives, despite all their meanness and miseries. It does not make us insensible to evil, but reveals the higher good. It does not deny that pleasures will die, that strength will fail, that our foundation is in the dust—but it promises a strength that shall never fail, and pleasures that shall never die—and says, “awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust.” It is of the spirit everlasting that comes down to loneliness and want, and sorrow, to give courage and hope. It revives the memory of a steadfast providence, and the evidences of an almighty love. It speaks of how Jesus lived in reproach and died in shame, and revived in glory everlasting.

My respected hearers, this is the season of the springing grass, the new born leaves, the opening flowers. The winter is over and gone, and spring is awakening with gladsome smile all along the blushing borders of our gardens and walks. Slowly up the sides of the mountains and rapidly down the blooming valleys, the lovely season moves on its appointed way.—“The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard again in the land.” A new expression is spread over the face of all things. The plants that know nothing and feel nothing are carefully dressed in their beautiful sheen. And if the plants are so dressed, and the unseen crocus that vegetates amidst inaccessible hill-tops where no human eye can see its beauty, and scarcely an insect can sip its sweets, will not the hand that beautifies it clothe us whom he has created, supported, and so long borne with in mercy,—answer, O ye! of little trust? Shall our expectation be cut off, and our spiritual restoration never come? Shall ours be always the language of complaint and discouraging contrast? Is not the spectacle a signal of our deliverance, intended to be as dear to the soul as it is to the senses? The dispensation of the gospel, as much from God as the beauty of spring, would have it so, and it says—

“Thy dead shall live—
In their dead bodies shall they rise.”

What the prophet said to a nation separated to the acknowledgment of God, the gospel says to all mankind, “Thy dead shall live.” The spirit of God, in the prophet, declared that the dead should live, but the spirit of man who has lived in sorrow and selfish distrust, says the dead cannot praise thee, neither they that go down to silence;” while the gospel uniformly says “All the living who believe in me shall never die,” and all the dead “live to God.” The gospel has brought the immortality of man to light, and that light shall shine on forever. And the voice of the season is in unison with the voice of the Son of God. He is the Resurrection—He is the Lord, the Spirit—he is the quickening spirit. His spirit has breathed upon the dry bones and dead cloths of our forests and valleys, and everywhere from their tombs have sprung forth, fresh as the morning, numerous as the sands, and more beautiful than the robe of glory of eastern monarchs, the flowers that but yesterday were as unsightly “roots and dry dust beneath our feet. The miracle of the resurrection is before us, and myriads of plants and insects, by an incomprehensible operation of God, rise from the dust to praise the Almighty Creator who delivers from death, and will bring us all to the light of more beautiful and glorious days. Sellers of the products of these fertile hills and valleys, owners of these smiling fields and orchards,
inhabitants of one of the fairest portions of God's creation, will you live and die insensible to these prodigies that are everywhere before your eyes? Citizens of this dusty and tumultuous city, will you not often ascend that proud hill-top that overlooks one of the fairest and most varied landscapes in nature, and behold the hand of God, leading on the smiling season to preach to you the exuberance of his goodness and the resurrection both of the just and unjust? He would speak to you through trees, and flowers, and insects. He would tell you that the children of God of all ages, of all places, of all times, of all conditions, shall stand up before him; that light and life penetrate the dark chambers of death and darkness; that new heavens and new earths are revealed to the dying!—and, awaking from the dust we shall arise and sing; for sin shall be no more,—and sorrow shall be no more,—death shall be swallowed up in victory, and we shall die no more!

And does any one ask with what body shall they come? let the old answer be given, "thou fool!" that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die, and it is not that body which shall be! We shall be raised, but the mortal shall put on immortality; the natural shall be changed to a spiritual body, and the glory of that state shall be as the glory of the sun, moon and stars, where one star differeth from another in glory, but all are glorious, clothed with the beauty of Him whose likeness we shall bear.

Look around with inexpressible peace, and have thy faith in the promises of thy God confirmed and illustrated, in every scene of thy accustomed walks. God speaks to thee in every seed, plant, insect, egg, and says, "thy brother, thy dead brother, shall rise again;" not unclothed, but clothed upon; not in the tabernacle of flesh and blood, but in the house prepared in the unchangeable and everlasting love and power of God. He is not the God of the dead, therefore, they live to him. He is not the God of senseless dust, therefore, he says, "awake from the dust, and thy dew shall be as the dew of herbs." Age and sickness are invading our forms and will crumble them to nothing; but God will adorn us with celestial beauty and imperishable grace. Thou shalt spring from the dust like the corn and the clover; thou shalt be transplanted to the garden of the true Paradise, the radiant home of eternal holiness; thine eyes shall be open upon his glory; thine ear upon the melody of angels, and thou shalt taste the bimful cup of deliverance and call upon the name of the Lord. O happy day and glorious triumph! The thought of it renews our withered hopes and assures our heart-longings that "our father's house" is no fable. The tomb in Joseph's garden is empty, and a vision of angels has revealed that he has arisen, who said "the dead live to God." We have had a visible resurrection in the world's history. To prove that the soul lives on, the soul of Jesus returned to show us, in the body, that no child of God can be destroyed. "He has abolished death," has taken away its significance, and we are assured that it breaks not the continuity of life. "I go and come again;" and his return removes the gulf that separates the true conditions of our life.—"He showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs." Let us walk, then, in the light of immortality made manifest through him, and in our last earthly hour we will fear and feel no evil. He is the conqueror of death, and has gone before our spirits in the path of duty on earth, and of glory in heaven.

Allow me, to conclude these pleasing reflections by reminding you of what you must often have felt, namely, that the human soul without religious culture is much like the outward world in winter. There may be life in it, but it does not appear. It is life under the form of death. In the natural, and especially in the sinful condition of man, the world is without a Father, life without a direction, and the soul is emptied of God. Christ overflows the world, life and the soul with God—spreads his presence and love over earth and heaven, which casts a cheerful radi-
sanctified, as was in the world before we became Christians, but we did not feel him.

He is in the world of the Hottentot, but is not felt there as in a land of Christian culture. Christian culture is the spring of the soul. Christ gives us a new mind and a new heart, from out of which we look, as from new eyes, upon all things. His gospel is as the breath of spring, giving life to the dead, and beauty to the ill-favored and ghastly features of once despairing and sinful spirits. It hallows all that it breathes upon, and ennobles all that it employs.

Awake, then, you that sit in the dust of unrepented sin, or unrelieved sorrow, and sing, for the Lord is risen indeed, and has gone to dispense pardon and help and prepare a place for us, where with angels and the lambs without spot, and all ransomed souls, we shall stand before him, and sing of everlasting deliverance.

J. B. F.

Saul of Tarsus.

But Jew and Pharisee as he must be, other elements must be mingled in him, which few who were Jews and Pharisees united in themselves. A Jew born in Palestine, and receiving a purely Jewish education, could have been a missionary for the most part to pure Jews only. It is plainly necessary that he be, though not a Hellenist himself, yet from youth accustomed to the use of the Hellenistic version of the Scriptures with the Hebrew original,—more, from youth accustomed to the habits of thought and expression of the more cultivated Greeks,—no stranger to the literature and rhetorical usage of that language which has been prepared for the work which Christianity had to do. The advantage of a boyhood spent in the haunts of Greek literary culture would be great, even if he himself did not frequent the schools for instruction. A certain pride in the place of his birth would lead a youth of genius to some acquaintance at least with the Greek writers who had sprung from it, or were connected with the studies there pursued; and the first remembrances of his early days would be bound up with his taste, however brief, of the sweets of profane literature. All this would evidently fit him to address a Grecian audience; to know the peculiar stumbling-blocks which the hearers must be taught cautiously to avoid, and gently to step over; and skilfully to avoid incurring those charges, which might excite, in the Greek mind the repulsiveness of himself and his message. At the same time, no extraneous culture could educate a Pharisee. In the Holy City alone, and in the schools of the Jerusalem rabbies, was the fountain head of Judaism to be drawn from.

Thus we have arrived at the complicated, and we may conceive not often united requirements, of pure Judaic extraction, with birth and early education among the Hellenists and Grecians, and subsequent training in the rabbinical schools of Jerusalem. If, however, we rested here, one important advantage would be wanting. The great Apostle is sure to incur the deadliest hatred of the Pharisaic party, which he has deserted to pass over to Christianity. That hatred will be unrelenting, and will pursue him wherever his message is delivered.

No calumny will be spared, no attempt withheld, to make him odious to the local magistracy. Should he be found in Judea itself, the jealousy of the Roman procurators, ever ready to awake against turbulence and sedition, will be aroused to effect his ruin. One safe-guard, and one only, humanly speaking, would obviate the danger of his career being cut short by conspiracy on the part of his enemies, or the tyranny of an unprincipled governor. If he possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen, his person would be safe from punishment at the hands of the officers of Rome; and an escape would be always open to him from conspiracy or apprehended injustice, in an appeal to the supreme power in the great metropolea.
We have said nothing of personal characteristics. That the Apostle of the world should be full of earnestness and self-forgetting zeal, is too obvious to be insisted on. That a great persuader should, besides convincing men's minds, be able to win and keep their hearts—that he who wishes others to weep must weep himself—has long ago passed into an axiom. We prefer filling in this part of the sketch a posteriori, from the facts themselves.

That the person so required was found—that so many and unusual attributes were combined to one individual—is known to us all.

SAUL'S FITNESS.

We shall proceed now, with the aid of the works which we have characterized, in some measure to fill in a posteriori the outlines given above. To do this continuously would be out of the question. We must necessarily select a few salient points of the history as examples of the rest.

The destined Apostle of the Gentiles was born of pure Jewish descent, 'a Hebrew of the Hebrews,' at Tarsus, the capital of the province of Cilicia, a few years probably after our era. With his birth he inherited the citizenship of Rome. His native place, characterized by himself as 'no mean city,' was one of the most celebrated seats of Greek learning. Two eminent Stoics, Athenodorus the tutor of Augustus, and Nestor of Tiberias, were taken from the school of Tarsus. Strabo gives it the preference over Athens and Alexandria, and every other academy of the time. No city could be imagined more fitting for the birthplace of an Apostle of the Gentiles.—

Free from the warping influences which would have beseet a childhood in Athens, Alexandria, or Rome, the Hebrew youth might here stray without danger into the pleasant paths of Grecian Literature. We know that his main education was Jewish. In all probability, both the Hebrew text of the Scriptures and the Septuagint version were familiar to him from childhood. The former would be sure to be known and read with all his soul, and was thus inclined to a

ty with which he cites the latter from memory, can hardly be accounted for except by early habitude. Mr. Howson traces, with that graphic minuteness which, while it is sometimes his temptations, is undoubtedly also his excellence, the illustrious recollections connected with the tribe of Benjamin, and with his own royal name, which would stir the spirit of the eager Hebrew boy,—and the fine emotions with which one capable of the feelings which we find expressed in his writings, would wander by the clear, cold stream of the Cydnus, and gaze on the snowy heights of Taurus.

But other and more exciting scenes soon rose upon his view. We can hardly conceive the burst of enthusiasm with which such a Jewish youth, educated in exile, first beheld the spot where Jehovah had placed His name. We may well conceive that from the time of the youthful Saul entering the Holy City, his previous intercourse with Hellenism was dropped, and he devoted himself zealously to the study of the law and traditions of his fathers.—

He himself appeals to the fact many years after: 'My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straightest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee.' (Acts xxvi, 4, 5.)

'Having a foundation of excellent natural talents, gifted with creative profundity, and a rare clearness and energy of thought, he made his own the whole circle of Rabbinical Scripture lore, its jurisprudence and its theology, the different exegesis of the Bible, its allegory, typology, and tradition, as his Epistles sufficiently show. By this theoretical tradition, he was enabled in after times so powerfully and convincingly to refute Pharisaical errors, and to unfold the most profoundly and amply of all the Apostles the intrinsic doctrines of Christianity. By nature an ardent and decided character, armed with the choleric and melancholic temperament found among reformers, he embraced whatever he once held to be right in a pure Hebrew family; and the familiari-
rude straightforwardness and action in extremes. Thus he became a Pharisee of the strongest kind, and a blind zealot for the law of his fathers. (Phil. iii. 6. Gal. i. 13, 14).

Saul was never a hypocrite. He hated the name and followers of Jesus from his inmost soul. In this he nobly differed from many of his elders and compatriots, who in hypocrisy carried on an opposition to a teaching which in their hearts they approved, but saw to be the certain ruin of their worldly hopes. Schrader (ii. 47, 7) brings out well this difference, and speculates on its probable effects. It was no small thing for Phariseism to possess a partisan of an earnest and thorough spirit—one too, who was not, like the Palestine Jews, confined to a narrow Judaistic circle of experience, but had from childhood known Gentile persons and practices. Is it not certain that they who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, would be carefully training such an one for a missionary of their own, and promising themselves, by his cooperation, a rich accession of Gentile converts? If so, Phariseism was eventually pierced to death by a shaft winged with its own feather.

With such an impression of Jesus, and with his earnest character and fiery temper, Saul could not but be a persecutor. To extinguish that hated name,—to prevent the obnoxious sect from spreading in or out of Jerusalem,—would be an exertion worthy of all his energies. To this, accordingly, we find him devoting himself, when the sacred narrative first introduces him to our notice.

The question whether he had seen our Lord in the flesh, is wrapped in obscurity. The probable answer is in the negative.—Had he taken any part in the acts of the Pharisees during the eventful period of the ministry of Jesus, he would have passed it over in silence in those passages where he speaks so freely of his state and acts as a persecutor; and that he should have been present, and have taken no part, is inconceivable. Why he was absent from Jerusalem during three years, it is impossible to say. It may have been just the interval between the completion of his Rabbinical training and his maturity as a member of the Sanhedrim, which we afterwards find him. He may have been at Tarsus, or on travel. That he should not yet have arrived as a youthful scholar, is chronologically improbable. However it was, such seems to have been the fact; and his first hostile efforts were brought to bear on the Church about eight years after the Ascension.

PAUL SENT FORTH.

Five years, at least, elapsed after his conversion, before we find him actively engaged in ministerial labor. He certainly was not idle, but his proper vocation had not begun. There had apparently been nothing more than fragmentary testimonies in the synagogues. At Damascus and at Jerusalem, he had been exposed to the fury of the Jews, whom he had now through life for his implacable enemies. At both places he was rescued by the brethren; who yet, not knowing in what department to employ the zeal of the new convert, sent him back to his native town, to wait a special call of Providence.

A great question soon began to be agitated in the Church. Was Christianity to be preached to the Gentiles? That they were eventually to share in its blessings, no believing Jew doubted; but how this was to be brought about, was yet unknown. The first step towards a solution seems to have been taken at Antioch, by certain Cyprian and African Hellenists, who had fled on the persecution which arose about Stephen, having spoken to Gentiles in that city.—This new step aroused the attention of the mother-church at Jerusalem. Barnabas, himself a Cyprian, was sent to report on the movement, or perhaps to restrain what was deemed an excess of zeal. By what he saw, he was convinced, and sympathized. But joy was not his only feeling at seeing the Gentile converts. The time for action was obviously come. There was one in
Saul of Tarsus.

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retirement, to whom it had been said, 'I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.' He went to Tarsus to seek Saul. For a year they taught at Antioch, which became the second historical capital of Christendom, the great centre of activity during the transition state from Judaism, and most appropriately the birth-place of that name, by which those who were neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, were in future to be called. After a journey to Jerusalem for a special eleemosynary purpose, the two friends depart, by Divine command, on this great missionary journey. * * * * * Paul's Epistles.

Into many points of interest which now gather round us, we must forbear to enter at length. At Corinth, St. Paul wrote his first extant Epistle to his Thessalonian converts. There commenced that invaluable series of letters in which, while every matter relating to the faith is determined once for all with demonstrations of the spirit and power, and every circumstance requiring counsel at the time, so handled as to furnish precepts for all time, the whole heart of this wonderful man is poured out and laid open. Sometimes he pleads, and reminds, and conjures, in the most earnest strain of fatherly love;—sometimes playfully rallies his converts on their vanities and infirmities; sometimes, with deep and bitter irony, concede that he may refute, and praises where he means to blame. The course of the mountain torrent is not more majestic nor varied. We have the deep still pool, the often returning eddies, the intervals of calm and steady advance, the plunging and foaming rapids, and the thunder of the headlong cataract. By turns servile and calm, argumentative and impassioned, he wields familiarly and irresistibly the varied weapons of which Providence had taught him the use. With the Jew he reasons by Scripture citation, with the Gentile by natural analogies; when both, by the testimony of conscience to the justice and holiness of God. We were not the Epistles of Paul among the most eminent of inspired writings, they would long ago have been ranked as the most wonderful of uninspired. * * * * * Paul's Death.

Of the death of St. Paul, we know next to nothing. All that tradition tells us, is no more than might be inferred from his own notices, and therefore probable; but on this very account, of little independent weight. Gathering the evidence for ourselves, we may safely assume that he died by martyrdom, and possibly at Rome.

However this may have been, we know that he regarded his course as finished.—The end for which he was raised up had been answered. A man had been found, who by birth, by training, by privilege, by character, united in himself the many requirements for an Apostle of the Nations. By this man's living word, the principal churches in the world were founded. By his written testimony, the principal disputes of Christendom were anticipated. To this armory went Augustine; to this Luther.—From this, future champions of God's truth and man's right may yet equip themselves.

We regard it as a sign for good, that just now attention should be directed to the biography and character of St. Paul. No study could prove so effectual an antidote to the assumptions of hierarchical pretensions; none will afford a more grateful relief from the tinsel of that frippery Christianity, which is now so ostentatiously importuned among us. He is above all others the Apostle of individual religion; of those things which are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

His course was a life-long and single-hearted striving after one glorious purpose, with no side-aims nor reservation.

The more such a character is known and appreciated, the better Protestants we shall be, and the better Christians.—Quarterly Review.

Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thy heart unto my knowledge.
**Family Prayer—Religious Experience.**

1. We may be quite sure that our will is like to be crossed in the day; so prepare for it.

2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.

7. When we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of every thing, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants, and commend them for little things, when they deserve it.

12. In all the little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.

13. To try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

14. When we have been injured by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, 'Have I not often done the same, and been forgiven?

15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.

17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of life.

19. To read the Scriptures every morning, and ask 'God's blessing to attend each member of the family through the day.'

**Religious Experience.**

1. Life is a stream, but it does not flow over a smooth and regular channel, beside blooming shores and smiling villas, nor will it bear us without care or effort to the peaceful haven, that fills our hope and bounds our journey. On the contrary, it has many cross eddies, deceptive quicksands and noisy rapids, which require that the eye should often be fixed on the chart of duty and steadfastly held to the sure lights of Heaven, lest gusty winds, and fickle currents, and tossing waves, drive our slender bark we know not whither. Every Pilot, who is more anxious to record a true experience than to establish a foolish claim to infallibility, will tell us that the downward current of Prosperity is more dangerous than the upward struggle, as the latter will never allow us to sleep at our post, nor remain inactive when the winds and waves roar, and the voice of the tempest is heard remote. The tempest will come and reveal a thousand perils each one of which may stand as a warden to open death's gate. But we struggle on and hope ever; for the storm, though long and dreadful, will be overblown, and the sun come out with joyous face, and blissful hours return, as placid as the tide when not a bubble on the waters stand.

2. Life is a warfare. We battle with the elements of nature, with each other, and with ourselves. In battling with ourselves every one will applaud the victory.

3. Life is a beaten highway which leads over mountain fastnesses, down devious valleys, and has no resting place that can be called secure. It is a way, moreover, on which no one can carry another without stumbling to his fall. But we walk arm in arm together, so that if one fall the other may lift him up.

4. Life is a nursery where we are planted, trained and pruned by the hand of a Divine Husbandman. The plants are born of the spirit of God, or nurtured by the Providence of God, and are destined for transplanting to the Paradise of God. The smile of the wise and careful Husbandman is spread over our heads, and he sends the grief we feel, as the drippings of the dreary rain and the noise of the loud thunder to purify the sultry atmosphere and bring forth, in fresh luxuriance, every blossom and fruit of faith and love. The mists of worldliness must be dispelled, the vision of the inward eye must be cleared to look upon the upper and serener heavens, and hence the bolts of alarm and agony come to our hearts and homes.—The earthly vine to be trained to the tree of eternal life, must often have its lower tendrils cut that it may run up higher and higher, until it shall be so fastened among the upper branches, that it may bear the unearthing of its root, and the final transplanting to the everlasting gardens.

J. B. F.
Life and Death.

What is the Christian teaching on these themes? There are distinctive opinions characteristic of the several writers of the New Testament; but we think there are broad and essential principles upon which they agree. We propose to seek after these principles, and to justify and enforce them by an appeal to experience and observation. In the wide range of thought and reflection, we do not know that there is a single subject that has so much occupied our attention, or so connected itself with all our religious emotions as the subjects, of Life and Death.

From our earliest recollection until this hour, there has scarcely been a serious hour of our life that has not had its thought, investigation or emotion connected with their great secrets. But we shall eschew, in some measure, the remembrance of past thought, and seek, dryly perhaps, to know what is the teaching of the New Testament with regard to the mysteries of Life and Death. The New Testament writers have used these terms with a variety and strength of meaning, such as cannot be found in any accredited writings, ancient or modern. They rarely use them in a literal sense. "Let the dead bury their dead," "whoever hateth his brother, abideth in death;" "thy brother who was dead is alive;" "without the law sin was dead, but I was alive;" "buried by baptism into death;" "she is dead while she liveth;" "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him;" "if you would enter into life keep the commandments;" "he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die;" "he that believeth hath everlasting life;" "we know we have passed from death to life, because we love the brother's;" "his light was the life of men," are specimens of the use of these terms, at once bold, startling and comprehensive, and well calculated to make the serious and candid reader pause to fear that there may be actual falsity in the dogmas he so complacently receives, as the teaching of Christian revelation. From the above specimens of the use of the terms, and from others easily gathered up by the most superficial readers, we may confidently, that something more than mere existence and loss of existence were generally associated with the terms, and that they have a significance not to be fathomed without a sustained attention.

Life is used as equivalent to true life; the experience of mental peace and divine favor; a restoration from the bitter experience of sin and misery to the joy and power of penitence, pardon and reformation; the knowledge of God and his paternal interest, in us revealed by Christ; or, to express it in one word—Life was Love. Death is used as equivalent to ignorance, guilt, misery. As a child has no conscience of sin, where it has no sense or knowledge of the authority of parent or guardian, so Paul, before he knew the law, was "dead to sin." As the sweets of innocence and virtue, are as if they were not, to a person absorbed in guilty pleasures and crime, the Apostle would say they are "dead while they live."

The words are used in a highly spiritual sense; i.e., a sense that finds its response in the spirit, or spiritual experience. The guilty and the unbelieving man is dead; whilst the believing, trusting, obedient man is alive, are truths that human nature, in its rudest forms of culture, will ever respond to, if its experience be really
awakened. It is a most appropriate use of language, and is to be found among all nations who have a recorded language.

We give three instances from different periods of the world's history. The Pythagoreans erected a tomb to a member of their order, who became impious and abandoned, upon which they inscribed his name, age and moral misfortune, accounting him as dead. A citizen expatriated from the Roman Commonwealth was "civitas mortuus"—dead in law. Fene-lon says of all life, that it is death, save that which is lighted in the heart by God. Every where we have the earnest testimony of opened souls saying that to live, held in slavery by the degraded vices and habits of our nature, is death; whilst a conscious purity of heart, energy of faith, and oneness with God is life, the true life, and in Scripture phrase, the eternal life which Christ offers to all who will accept it.

There is a sinful experience, then, which renders its unfortunate victims so miserable to all the true purposes, powers, and ends of life as justly to be denominated death; and there is a virtuous experience of such serene activity and religious joy, as to allow us to call it the true life. Christianity, as a religion, addresses these experiences in a manner most effectual and responsive.

With this explicable use of the words death and life, we can understand another operative Christian doctrine: the inherent, enduring nature of both, reaching into all states of the spirit whether described as living or dead. This life or death of the spirit, is represented as independent of the outward changes of our condition, and even of literal death itself. Its experience will be transferred to the existence out of the present fleshly or changeable body, and will continue in the spiritual state, uninterrupted by physical dissolution. "The world passeth away and the lust of it, but whosoever doeth the will of God shall abide forever." "Reckon ye, yourselves dead indeed to sin, but alive to God." Similar passages, at once announcing the immortal spiritual destiny of man, and the immortal nature of the Christian life, and the "word" or appointments of God that sustain it, might be multiplied indefinitely. The consciousness of this life can be forfeited by sin, by moral defection, and vice and misery must ensue; whilst a real faith in God's paternal mercy, and love may restore the life and bless it with the uninterrupted blessedness of its eternal object. This faith, in a true life, has been divinely made known and planted in the world by Jesus Christ, who announced it in his teaching; exemplified it in his example, proved it by his works; sealed it in his death, and crowned and glorified it by his resurrection. Through him, is opened up to every one who will believe and obey him, access to God as a Father, the assurance of his forgiveness and our reconciliation and improvement. This true life brings its own experience, which is "peace and joy" in believing, and becomes the earnest of all that is promised. True and imperishable life—or if we would have it in more modern terms—real and enduring development and happiness is to be obtained by the union of the spirit of man to God in trust and love, which is secured by a constant and hearty acceptance of the instructions of Christ.

Now, to fully appreciate this doctrine, a distinction is made and kept up, throughout the New Testament, between body and soul, or flesh and spirit. The one is a temporal accompaniment, that will be thrown off at death—a tent that will be unpinned and removed; the other is enduring in its very nature—and will receive at death a house not made, with hands, eternal in the heavens. This distinction lies at the basis of all religion and true philosophy. The terms that express it in the New Testament are not always used with sharp precision, for it speaks the language of the common people, who often use the terms interchangeably. Still the distinction is everywhere
Life and Death.

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The prevalent philosophy of those times was, that there is an ineradicable hostility between the flesh and the spirit—the one being the source of all evil and wickedness, the other of all happiness and purity. The prevalent philosophy of those times was, that there is an ineradicable hostility between the flesh and the spirit—the one being the source of all evil and wickedness, the other of all happiness and purity.

2. The fact, that the flesh is the occasion of many of the most easily besetting and pernicious vices that degrade our beings.

3. And, thirdly, the peculiar adaptedness of these terms to express, in a vivid and impressive manner, the great lessons of Christian purity and truth. We would like to illustrate each of these points after length, but the space we have allowed ourselves will not admit of further mark upon them. We have yet to ask the question, What is the Christian doctrine concerning physical death?

The instincts and imagination of the savage, under the dim impressions of the world he has so little studied, and the piercing intellect of the most cultivated alike believe that soul and body are two things. Christianity adopted the distinction, and has built up its teaching upon it; and everywhere, throughout its sublime lessons, the thought is found; that the body, with its appetites and luxuries, must perish—the soul, with the trust and love that fed it, shall live on forever.

We have seen three points in this investigation; let us pause and note them.

1. The sinful man is morally or spiritually dead, though his existence even in the body may not be interfered with; while the believer is alive, and is going forward in the experience of a true life.

2. That this experience of the sinful and the righteous makes the essential and enduring elements of human character, and will survive the dissolution of the body.

3. That this Christian doctrine of Life and Death is founded upon the natural and everywhere prevalent distinction between soul and body.

With these conclusions before us, we proceed to give three reasons why the terms Life and Death are used with such boldness of metaphorical meaning.

1. We may know that Death is in the world, though...
we may have mistaken the cause of its origin, and the benevolent design of its permission and power. Nothing confirms my reverence for the Bible more, or more clears the estimate that should be put upon its disclosures from the mist of inherited, and sometimes crushing superstitions, than to see how the revelations of an advancing science, reveal to us our ignorance of many of its commonest pages. As an example of what we mean, let us turn over to the third chapter of Genesis, with this question before us, Does the historian there say that man’s disobedience was the cause of physical death—his own and that of all inferior races and plants? Let us read—17-20: “And unto Adam he said, because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. And Adam called his wife’s name Eve, because she was the mother of all living.” That the earth was cursed—and man was doomed to labor—and the annunciation of the fact that he would return to dust, is clearly presented; but all that could be legitimately inferred from the whole connection is, that his sin became the occasion, not the cause, of his dissolution, and had nothing whatever to do with the dissolution of the inferior races. He dies because he is “dust;” he returns to the ground because he was taken “out of it;” and he is doomed to toil and eat in “the sweat of his face,” separated from the tree of life until he return to the dust. The sin of Adam brought upon him a death, the very day he committed it. This was what was threatened. But he did not die physically, for eight hundred years afterwards. It must have been a moral death, therefore, that was visited upon him for his sin, and which cut him off from the means that would have made his existence more life-like, more peaceful, pure and happy. Even if the Scripture is subjected to a rigid literalness of interpretation, all that could be logically claimed would be, that the death of the human family was brought about by the sin of its head, and was so brought about by his being cut off from the tree of life. But the passage admits of a more consistent interpretation, and one in perfect harmony with all the recognized facts of science and the experience of mankind. We would assert as modestly as our convictions will allow, that the Scriptures, rationally interpreted, do not teach that man’s first disobedience was the procuring cause of organic or physical death, and that it is a neglect of investigation that allows Christians to hold to the dogma. Spiritual death, degradation and suffering are all that can be found in the original account of sin and its punishment. God did fulfill this solemn threatening, in “the day” man eat of the forbidden fruit. Adam lived, experiencing the curse of guilt, toil and woe, as already stated, upwards of eight hundred years after the transgression. But does not the New Testament affirm that by “one man’s disobedience sin entered into the world, and death by sin;” and that “in Adam all die?” It does unquestionably; but we have already seen a usage of the words, Death and Life, in the New Testament, that shows them to have other meaning than that usually given them. It is said by the same writer from whom the above quotations are made, “That as the law”—given hundreds of years after Adam’s transgression—“has reigned through sin unto death, so shall grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life.” Here death is ascribed to another sin than that of Adam, or the violation of another law. Is it not evident, therefore, that he must be speaking of some other than physical death? The truth is, that sin and death are placed in exactly
the same relation, as righteousness and life—not only in this passage, but throughout his writings. Death was alienation and wretchedness; life was a consciousness of reconciliation and peace. One was the fruit of sin, which sin sometimes personifies as death; and the other was the fruit of obedience, which he also calls life: "The minding of the flesh is death; the minding of the spirit is life." "The fruit of sin is death;" the "wages of sin is death;" the "fruit of righteousness is life and peace." The words are used metaphorically, and no other view can make them consistent. "We are dead to sin," when alive to God; when alive to sin, we are dead to God. This, to me, is the substance of his teaching, after frequent, and, we think, candid investigations. With this everywhere sustained view of Paul’s use of these terms, let us now look at the passages before us.

An antithetical contrast is drawn between the results of Adam’s sin and Christ’s obedience. “As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so passed upon all, for that all have sinned—so, also, by the obedience (or righteousness) of one, the free gift came upon all men to justification of life.”—Give the terms of this passage their literal force, and then answer the following questions: If literal death had come equally upon all men by Adam’s sin, could literal life, by Christ, do more? If physical mortality upon earth was lost to all the descendants of Adam by his fall, could we expect less than its restoration through Christ? And has he restored physical immortality on earth? Has he freed his followers from natural decay and death? But suppose, in perfect accordance with Paul's use of the words, Life and Death, throughout the Epistle, we render the passage thus: “By one man’s disobedience many were made sinners—were made to suffer the guilt and sorrows of sin, represented by the word Death—so by the obedience or mission of Christ they may be brought to enjoy the consequences of righteousness, represented by the word Life.” Then, all is clear, consistent and satisfying. The facts, too, bear out the case. Adam's sin shows the stern operation of law in the influence of strife, misery, despair—all, and more, represented by the word Death; whilst the consequences of Christ's obedience are seen in the peace, love and indestructible happiness of all who, by access to God through his favor, or the favor of his religion, have joy even in tribulation. The Scripture in 1st Corinthians—"As in Adam, all die in Christ, shall all be made alive"—teaches the plain truth, that as all die like Adam, because they have animal or “natural” bodies; so all shall live like Christ, in a “spiritual body,” of which God has given the pledge and the proof in the raising up of Christ from the dead. The assertion is not that Adam’s sin brought organic death into the world, but that all men die like Adam, because taken from the dust; because inhabiting fleshly bodies. The first man "was of the earth, earthy." We are like him, and die like him.

This view of the origin of Death is not any more incompatible with a just interpretation of the Scriptures, than with the facts of science, which prove, incontrovertibly, that Death was a mighty monarch in the earth ages before the era of moral transgression. As the Geologist, therefore, observes layer upon layer of the dead bodies of earth’s races, and holds the terrific work of earthquakes, volcanoes and deluges that filled the strata of the globe with terrific Death before human guilt was known; and as he knows they did their fearful work by the operation of chemical and mechanical laws, he need not feel that the facts of God’s creation are at war with the facts of his revelation. Death was a part of God’s plan; and like all his plans, was dictated by a power that never fails and looks forward to purposes as benevolent as they are wonderful and overwhelming.

But some one will say, Then you do
Doctrinal Distinctions are not Rational Differences.

Doctrinal Distinctions are not Rational Differences.

not look upon physical death as a punishment? No, I do not; but the greatest of blessings or privileges, when accepted as a part of the will of God. If it were a punishment, it were unjust; for it comes equally upon prattling innocence and hoary transgression; upon saintly virtue and wretched guilt. The best do not live longest, nor does it come to the guilty with the greatest terror. "As dieth the fool so dieth the wise man;" and the manner of their dying depends upon a thousand contingencies that may make it placid or terrible to look upon. What, then, is physical death, if it be not a punishment? It is an era in our being; a part of the visible order of things ordained by God, which cannot be changed—a step in our existence, which, like birth, must be made before any one can pronounce upon its full nature or purpose. "Death is ours," as "life is ours," says the Apostle. The Scriptures do, indeed, speak of it as a punishment, but always in a metaphorical sense, as equivalent to deadness of soul, ungodliness, guilt, moral misery. While in the teaching of Christ death, even the most shameful and violent, is seen to be a blessing to a good man—opening for him a new mansion and a new experience, under the supervision of Him who looked forward to his own death as the hour of his glory and triumph—no Christian, properly enlightened by the promises and example of Christ, ever looked at Death as an enemy thrusting us into the gloom of eternal night, or the billows of eternal flames, but as the smiling hand-maid of a Father, whose offspring we are, opening the portals that lead to his blissful presence and the pleasures of his right hand of power. "To die is gain;" and he that sees it not so, is either ignorant, or the slave of some personal wickedness he will not give up.

In view of sufferings inherited and labors endured, it is sweet slumber. In view of reproaches and persecutions, it is a triumphant deliverance into more loving and trustful, because more pure and holy associations. In view of the loved and departed and never forgotten, it is the meeting of friends in the beauty and glory of their sublime estate, whose purest attainments reveal our new possibilities—whose seraphic voices, no longer touching the chords of human passion, but sweeping the golden strings of celestial music, shall greet us with a welcome to which all earthly friendship is cold and distant.—O who has not felt the slavery of his body and the environments of his mortal relationships, and longed for his liberation!

"O who would live always? Thus fettered by sin, Temptation without and corruption within; Where the rupture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears?"

J. B. F.

Doctrinal Distinctions are not Rational Differences.

It is easy to say we love truth, and are willing to pursue its track, wherever it may lead; but he that will pursue it, will find himself parting company with many a cherished prepossession, and, perchance, many a cherished friendship. We too often have our creed, even though it may not have been written out, nor even defined in the mind; and it is more or less prominent before us even when we see facts that contradict, or at least enlarge, some of its items. This is right, if we do not abuse it. We need to be prudent, and more than half the controversies of Christendom are vain attempts to comprehend the manner of truth, and not truth itself. The manner of God; of the human soul; of the future life; or the present religious ex-
perience, have separated more Christians than all the attacks of Infidelity put together. One man asserts that the manner of the Divine existence is a Trinity; and his neighbor, who cannot adopt his assertion, is forthwith accounted anathema. Another tells us the soul is immaterial; and because his neighbor cannot comprehend him, he is ranked with speculative philosophers. Another divides the whole spiritual society into two grand and definitely fixed divisions; and because his fellow-citizen cannot so read the revelations from the spiritual state, he is turned over to the second division as wicked and only wicked, and that continually. Another looks to God for pardon, help and hope, because it is the nature of God to bestow such gifts; and another expects them as the magical influence of penance or submission to peculiar rites, and they will not fellowship each other in the enjoyment of either. Cannot every reflecting mind see that the difficulty is about the manner of the matter in dispute, and not about the great truth that underlies the manner? Both believe in God, and ought to be mutually assisting each other to love and trust him, and to appropriate every manner of his manifestation, that providentially comes before them. Both believe in the soul, and the spiritual existence of the man, and ought to be improving each other in self-power, in knowledge, purity, and love. Both believe in the spiritual and future world, and need to strengthen their faith in it against the calamities and sorrows of our mortal destiny. Both believe in the joy and power of pardon, and both need both the joy and the power, in order to receive and help each other, without regard, or even in despite of agreement or disagreement in incomprenhensible matters. To doubt the existence of God, would be to displace ourselves from the rank of reasonable beings; but to doubt the manner of that existence, as represented by fallible mortals like ourselves, may be the best evidence we can give, that we are rational. Some men have represented him as the sun, as a man, as a tortoise, as a vegetable, and as a devouring flame. But Christ has revealed the Universal Father, and that his true light shines through him. The human representation will make a system of human folly—showing the degree of mental and moral culture of those who accept it; but the Divine representation speaks to every degree of culture, and offers an advance to each. It says to vain man attempting to explain the Inexplicable, explain thyself first, or be at peace in the humility of a child-like trust. Instead of explaining thy soul, seek the proofs that it will live, when it has quitted the body, in a better world, where God will reward its every earnest and honest endeavor a hundred fold, for all the evils it was profitable for it to suffer in this; that blessed society awaits it after death; that the Christ will come to us and take us to himself; and that wherever he is, is bliss, and there we shall be, and be like him. Whether it will be in or out of the body, or a body, may be a matter of speculation variously necessary to different minds; but that it will be, is of importance to all minds. That something which I call myself, that responds to the least desire of reason; that moves, or is the mother of thought, and around which all thoughts revolve; which says to itself, I am, I exist, a fraction, perhaps, yet a distinct personality. We may not know its nature, whether it be of the essence of matter, or of light; but we know it is, even though the body changes and dies. Child of eternity, and traveler but for a few days in this heap of dust, it was made to expend its power, and the domain of its enjoyment, and Christ teaches us how and when.

That God changes not, and yet pardons and helps his sorrowing children, we are clearly taught; and that certain ordinances, such as baptism, prayer; and certain lines of duty and charity, secure the enjoyment of that pardon, is also clearly revealed. But how or why it takes place in
that, indeed, has been considerably abridged since our forefathers when two or three hours was not an uncommon measure of their time. For this various pleas were urged; such as the example of Paul, protracting his speech until midnight; such as the great distances to which men, in those days, travelled to hear the Word, and the necessity of giving them proportionate supplies of spiritual nourishment; and such as the fact that the hearers liked to listen to long sermons and that the demand must create the supply. There was another still stronger reason, Books were then scarce. There was little reading among the lower ranks, and the long, elaborate prelections of the Sabbath were necessary, it was thought, to make up for the intellectual vacuum of the week. These reasons are now all obsolete. And yet we have not sufficiently shortened our sermons. Nay, in one or two denominations, we have witnessed, with some alarm, certain attempts of late to return to the ancient longitude, although, in our humble judgment, it were quite as sensible to go back to the old length of our fathers' beards as the old size of the sermons. We are far from defending the "fifteen minutes," so common in the English Church, but we do think that the Scotch "hour" is equally preposterous. For, mark, it is not with a speech or a lecture, where you can interpose light matter at intervals—tell a story here, and crack a jest there. The Scotch sermon is almost universally a grave affair; solemn, didactic, or hortatory, with little imagination or fancy, and with much direct statement or close argument; and in proportion to the gravity of any address should be its shortness. "Brevity is the soul of wit." How much more truly may it be said to be the soul of sermonizing! As it is, where sermons of an hour continue to be preached, the following are the general phenomena: First—on the pronouncing of the text, and during the introduction, there is a general preparation on the part of the audience for listening, rather than actual attention.
There are a rubbing of eyes, a pricking of ears, a settling down into the attitude of compposure; an exhaustive coughing, an elaborate effort to resign themselves to the orator. If the introduction be highly wrought and effectively given, the interest is really arrested; and during the announcement of the particulars and the illustration of the first head, it does not materially diminish. But the discourse must be a very superior one, or the speaker possess a very extraordinary power and charm, if, with a common audience, at this point there do not begin to be noticed a disposition to flag on the part of the majority. Some yawn, others look around the church, others sleep. Any accidental interruption, such as the rattling of a shower on the windows, or the fainting of a female, is felt as an agreeable diversity. A few uplift their Bibles, a few begin to look stealthily at their watches, and—tell it not in polished England!—in the Northern churches, snuff-boxes begin to go their awful round from pew to pew. We have witnessed such scenes occasionally, even under the ministry of Dr. Chalmers; and we all remember that John Foster complains how the attention of an audience can be diverted from the most solemn themes by the falling of a hat from a peg! It is not true of preachers, however true it may be of poets, "in medio tutissimus ibis;" it is precisely the middle part of the hour's discourse that tells least, and is, in general, utterly thrown away.

After three-quarters have passed, matters begin to mend. The sleepers have got their nap out; the shower has passed, and the sun is shining cheerily again; the fainting female, with her extempore train of followers, has vanished to the vestry or returned to her pew; the hat is restored by some hardy hand to its peg again, or else rests ingloriously in the obscure spot on which it fell; the procession of snuff-boxes ceases to move; the speaker, too, begins to increase in ardor and animation, and the last fifteen minutes are, in general, listened to amid deep silence, and often produce a profound, immediate, or lasting impression.

Now, could not this in some degree be bettered—and be bettered in the following way? Since people will listen to the introduction, let that be always, if possible, good, and rather lengthy than otherwise. Let the first crop of attention be thoroughly reaped. Since people will not listen to the middle, or listen, at least, very languidly, however excellent it be, let it by all means be short, rapid, touching with light, firm, hurrying finger, upon prominent points. Since, again, people will listen to the close, let that be solemn, condensed, brief, impressive, gathering together all the meaning and momentum of the sermon into one sharp point, into one electric shock, vibrating with which the audience shall leave the church. And all this, we verily believe, can (in various degrees, of course, according to the ability of the speaker) be effected in the compass of forty minutes.

**Effectiveness of Short Sermons.**

We have some specimens of what can be effected by short sermons in the writings of Wolfe, Arnold, and others. We know, too, of some distinguished ministers in Scotland, as well as England, who make it a point that their discourses shall in no case exceed the length of half an hour, and whose lucubrations, since, are distinguished with greater pith and power, and attended with equal or greater effect. Their sermons, if thus somewhat shorter and lighter in the middle, are very much superior in head and tail.

**Personal Adaptation in Preaching.**

We have much graver charges than this to urge against modern preaching. It is not, in general, adapted to the various characters and circumstances which are to be found in every audience.

Our modern preaching is far inferior in power to our modern press, is wielding comparatively little influence, either on the lower, or the upper, or the intellectual orders of the community, and seems rather, like the lines at Torres Vedras, to
be covering a great retreat, than, like the fire of the final charge at Waterloo, to be carrying dismay and destruction into the ranks of the enemies of the Christian faith.

A volume could easily be filled with illustrations of these remarks. There are, in all denominations, many brilliant exceptions.

A certain vague universality—such as Foster charges even on Hall—pervades the majority of sermons. The preacher forgets of what a motley and mingled yarn his hearers are composed, and that each has a right to expect something in the discourse specially adapted to him.—Here is seated a mourning family, expecting a morsel of comfort, a movement as it were, across their weeping eyes of a finger of that Hand which is to wipe away tears from all faces, and that he should manfully, and not sentimentally supply. Here is a poor, untaught, half-human creature, whose nakedness has been newly clothed; who has come from a "ragged church" to this; surely a "crumb" might be spared from an overflowing feast to this "dog under the table;" and yet, often, he has to go empty away. Here, again, is a hopeful little boy, whose soul in his eyes you see just awaking, and the emerging of the evening star suddenly from black clouds is not so beautiful as the first shining out of immortal mind in a child's dark or deep blue eye, and he is waiting for an incident, or little comparison, or some such barley-corn of truth; and shall not his young hunger be fed? Here, again, perhaps, is one bowing under a sense of secret sin—shrinking away from the preacher's eye, as if he knew all about it; shall there be no "Go and sin no more" for that poor fluttering heart? Here, on the other hand, is a proud and impudent transgressor, glorying in his shame; there should be a shaft in the gospel quiver to pierce him to the heart; some one word that shall stamp fire upon his callous cheek. Yonder is a conceited youth, who deems himself wiser than all his teachers; the preacher should have a word in season that may abate his pride. And here is another young and ardent inquirer seeking after truth; let there be a handful of truth for him. And here is an artistic critic, demanding the beautiful; let the beautiful be there, either coming out in sudden gushes or shed like a fine dew over the whole performance. There should be milk for babes, and strong meat for those that are of full age. There should be much that every one can understand, and, perhaps, (it was Baxter's avowed and universal plan) something in every discourse that only a few in the audience can understand. Contrast this ideal with a whole sermon employed in trying to prove the doctrine of the infinite evil of sin; or with another on the Arminian controversy; or with a third, the half of which was taken up in proving that Christ's body was not a phantom; or with a fourth, showing, elaborately, that the fish with the piece of money in its mouth was an emblem of Christ, coming back from the grave with the price of the world's redemption.

ADAPTATION OF PREACHING TO THE AGE.

Modern preaching is not, we think, sufficiently adapted to the cravings, and wants, and circumstances of our present age. It seldom even recognizes that these are peculiar. It either cries out, "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace, or proclaims war against phantoms, which were never aught else, and which have long since vanished away. What, we ask, is the pulpit doing in order to meet the manifold skepticism, and shams, and mammon-worships, and commercial frauds, and political wrongs of this section of the nineteenth century? Some eccentric and some able men have become famous by grappling, in their pulpits, more or less successfully, with some of these. But we repeat that in this part of the article we speak of rules, and not of exceptions. Premising this, we do not find that relation to the age in the pulpit, far less that
precedence of it, which we should have expected and desired.

How to Meet Skepticism.

The skepticisms of the present day are not sufficiently attended to in our daily ministrations. Whether preachers know it or not, there is now a great deal of secret or lurking skepticism in all assemblies. Some are doubting about the very existence of a God while listening to his Word, or standing or bowing in his worship. Others, with leaves of the Bible open before them, are skeptics as to its divinity. Others, while joining in ascriptions of praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are doubtful whether these three are one. Others are perplexed about inspiration, or about churches, or about baptism. Could, in short, the dark doubts passing through the hearts of a congregation, in the course of one act of public worship, be laid bare before the speaker, he would tremble amid the fullest tide of his oratory, and hide his eyes from the terrible display thus given of the uncertainties and dubieties of thinking and earnest men in this age of ours.

The genuine preacher will not only look at doubts in the face, but will inquire into their causes. He will not rest till he has explored, so far as he can, the "dark bosoms" of the sufferers, and found out whether their skepticism spring from secret or open vice, or from a restless tendency to speculation, or from that excess of the imaginative faculty which so often unsettles men's views of Christianity, or from a gloomy temperament, or from false views of Christianity, or from the influence of great names, or from a combination of such causes; and according to the result of this diagnosis should be his mode of treatment and his plan of cure. It will not do, now, to stamp, stare, roar, and dogmatize down all skepticism, in the same monotonous of coarse and wholesome condemnation. Such cannot be the true panacea to be used by any who have studied modern skepticism calmly, who have looked at it in a philosophical point of view, or who have compared its working in the hearts of others with its working in their own; for need we say that a portion of doubt has its dwelling in every thinking soul, and that religion lives in a constant state of warfare with it, and is glad, even when it cannot strangle, if it can suppress and silence its voice?

The Pulpit Should Touch Every-Day Life.

Our modern pulpit attacks gross vice; but it says little about the worship of money, about the cant of respectability, about the undue honor paid to "Right Honorable," and other great names, about the mean tricks of trade and frauds of commerce, and the innumerable white lies which abound in all departments of society. It shuns, too, in general, all allusions to the political and social movements of the age; although, surely, the pulpit should be an eminence commanding a view of both worlds, and intermeddling, on fit occasion, with every subject connected with the welfare and advancement of mankind. The consequence is, that people stepping out of the every-day atmosphere of life into the Church find themselves in a strange and perplexing atmosphere. They are less elevated than startled and tantalized; they hear little that comes home to their business and bosoms; they seem to have passed by a single stride into the sepulchral gloom of the middle ages; and when they leave the sanctuary, it is like coming out of the world of dreams. Ah, the Church does not overlook and lord it over the Strand—the congregated throng of men—they go on their own way, and it stands apart, uttering unregarded thunders, and shooting out flashes which too often are powerless as painted lightning.

Old-Style Preaching Inefficient Now.

The truth is, that, while the age has progressed, the pulpit has stood still with us.

Some there are who would deliberately stereotype the mode of preaching, and insist that we in this day must reproduce the
exact style and manner of the Covenanters or the Puritans, and that every minister to be successful, must become a second Baxter or a Rutherford Redivivus.—This is not possible, and it were not desirable if it were possible. As well regret the loss of the grimaces which their preachers made and the strange gamut which they sung. Even Paul himself, were he returning to the Church, would, in all probability, change his mode of address. “Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,” would still be his themes; the result would be again that Felixes would tremble at his oratory; his way to the heart and conscience would still be a terribilis via; but there would be important diversities in his tone, his language, the line of his argument, and the course of his appeal. Paul was inspired as a writer; but there is no evidence that as a preacher he was perfect, or meant as a complete or final model for us. Crysostom did not preach like Paul, but like Crysostom; even as Paul had not preached like Jesus, but like Paul; Luther did not preach like any of the three, but like Luther; Knox copied not Calvin in his preaching, nor Melville Knox, nor Chalmers or Hall nor any of them all. The beauty, power and glory of preaching have always lain, if not in absolute originality, yet in new adaptation of old truth to new circumstances. And, on the other hand, the weakness, contempt and degradation of preaching have lain, and do lie still, in slavish conformity to models in the form of sermon, abounding with the heads, and particulars, and inferences, the “ohs” and the “ahs” of old sermons, imitating, too, their tone of sanctity, and accompanied by the whining voice and the starched aspect which belonged to a by-gone day. How many the preachers who seem to imagine that man’s religion, like his life, depends upon his nostrils, or who deem that length of visage is a measure for piety and power, and who mistake a compound of clamor and cant for eloquence, or who confound the mere phraseology and technical theological language of our ancestors with their living fire and solemn earnestness! These are the men who disgust and weary the young intelligence of our day, whose sermons present a contrast so striking to the amenities and manly genialities of our current literature, and who may be said, indeed, unintentionally on their part, to be most masterly pioneers in the road of infidelity.

**MATERIALS AND LIFE OF SERMONS.**

We have known of some ministers who were in the habit of inlaying their common-places with all the brilliances they could pick up from the popular religious publications of the day, so that some attended them for the sake of hearing the best things of Isaac Taylor, Dr. Harris’ “last,” or the better sentences of Henry Rogers’ newest paper in the “Edinburgh.”

We verily believe that a sermon of moderate literary merits, coming fresh from the preacher’s heart, and dictated by knowledge of the circumstances of his people, will tell more powerfully, and be far more useful, than the sublimest pulpit meditations read from a Bossuet, a Howe, or a Hall.

Why should God’s Word wear either a straight-jacket or a stiff and stern coat-of-mail? Why even a tunic? Why not a free, easy, flowing, and flexible toga? Is it not of age, and able to speak for itself? Why a uniform and starched-up costume, like that of the childish Chin-eze, painted sometimes, too, not as the second veil of the temple was, with the figures of the cherubims, but with flames and fiends, like the dress and the victims of an auto-de-fe? Why so little of the direct, the conversational, and the dramatic? Why does the preacher so seldom lean over the pulpit, and, dropping state and ceremony, talk on the level and to the consciousness and hearts of his people? Why so few allusions to the literature, the art, the politics, the science, and the philosophical aspects of the day?

Even good poetry is seldom quoted, or, if
it is, with little effect, and with many si-
lent protests on the part of the audience,
or inquiries, "Who is that?" for we in
these days are afraid of sharpening our
weapons at the forges of the Philistines,
and it were considerably safer for a min-
ister to quote Satan than to quote Shelley.
Thus it comes that—partly through the
blame of the preacher, and partly through
that of the people—preaching stands up
in the midst of us a cold bust; beautiful
sometimes, but certainly blind; "among
us, but not of us;" tantalizing many by
its symmetrical proportions and snowy
whiteness, but neither, in general, in-
structing nor making nor moving the
world.

The preacher should seize upon the
territories of Science, Literature and Phi-
losophy in the name of God, and appro-
priate to the cause of heaven all their
riches. He must not come as a bewilder-
ed beggar asking for alms, but as a con-
quering monarch claiming spoils. Pos-
sessed of the grand central truths of
Christianity, he will gather around them
all the tributes of "gold, frankincense,
and myrrh" which the whole world of art
and knowledge can supply, feeling that,
after all, before Immanuel, and the sub-
limites of his religion, Art must lower
her pencil, Science lay aside her plum-
met, and Poetry at once exalt and mitigate
her song."

[We present our readers with the fol-
lowing admirable Lecture from W. G.
Elliot. It will well repay perusal by all,
but especially by our female readers.—
Ed.]

An Appeal.

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman
that feareth the Lord, shall be praised."—Prov. xxxi, 30, 31.

My present discourse will be introduden-
tory to a series of sermons, upon the du-
ties, and responsibility of woman. It is
an undertaking upon which I enter with
diffidence, and almost with reluctance;
for I can hope to say nothing new, and
have no desire to afford mere entertain-
ment. My desire is to do good to those
who hear me, and especially to the young,
by exciting them to more serious reflection
than they are probably accustomed to be-
low upon the common duties of life, and
their responsibility to God. My onlyhope of
accomplishing this, is by the expression of
well known truths, in a plain and simple
manner. But how far plain truth, plainly
spoken, will be acceptable, no one can
tell until he tries.

The years of childhood and early woman-
hood are generally so bright, that the
shadow of mature reflection scarcely falls
upon them. The enjoyment of life is so
fresh and sweet, that the serious responsi-
bility which life imposes seldom engages
the thoughts. The path of life is strewn
with flowers, and if thorns sometimes ap-
pear, it is only those which grow upon the
flowers themselves and are inseparable
from their beauty. The days of the young
maiden dwelling under a father's roof,
with the kind protection of a mother's
love, shielded by the proud affection of
brothers who love her almost with jealous
tenderness, glide onward, not without
care, not without disappointment, not
without tears, but with almost uninterrup-
ted enjoyment. She feels herself to be
loved by every one, and that those whom
she loves takes pride in pleasing her.—
Their kindness is lavished upon her in
daily tokens of affection; she is every-
where met with smiles; her most tritlin
efforts to please are successful; she is
praised as being amiable, if willing to be
happy. I know she has trials which seem
to her very great; but in after life, she will
look back upon those years, before the
serious duties of life began, as we recall
a pleasant dream. When her brow is
saddened under the weight of cares, from
which the wife and mother never escape;
of the anxieties, to which the tenderness
of woman's nature always makes her sub-
ject, she will think of those blessed days
when her chief responsibility was in
childlike obedience, in the performance of
The duties so light, that they were little more than recreation, rewarded by the approving smile or checked by the gentle rebuke of love, until the remembrance fills the eye with tears and the heart almost with sadness.

Fond and bright days of youth, enjoyed but once; when we know nothing of the world's sins and very little of its grief; when all our friendships are inseparable and our confidence without reserve; when the denial of a pleasure is the severest trial, and the path of duty so easily trodden that the sense of duty is scarcely felt; when we hear of the wickedness of the world, only as one who sits at the quiet, cheerful fireside, hears the howling of the storm and thinks vaguely but pitifully, of the wretches whom it destroys;—we do not prize them as we ought, until they are past, until perhaps "the days come, in which we say, we have no pleasure in them." We do not know how perfectly beautiful is the cloudless sky, or the bright April day, when the fleeting shower serves only to give greater freshness to the earth's new beauty, until the long continued storms of winter come, and the heavens are obscured by clouds, and the sun itself looks down upon us with cold and cheerless light.

Yet I would not speak as those who regret the short continuance of Spring.—The Summer, and the Autumn, and the Winter are each beautiful in its place. Childhood and youth, the years of maturity and advancing life, and also the declining years of old age, may become to us equally full of real enjoyment, if, as we advance in that certain progress, we keep the face still turned towards Heaven, and walk in companionship with God. Nay, the true enjoyment of life should continually become greater. As the ripened fruit is better than the beautiful promise of Spring, although gathered under skies that are becoming more sober, and the threatening of chill Winter is near; so are the mature enjoyments of middle and advancing life better than the laughter and frolic of earlier days. And as the Winter itself, which shuts up the treasure-houses of the kindly earth, and by the withdrawal of external allurements, turns our thoughts to the pleasures of the fireside and friendly intercourse, and gives us time for reflection, often becomes the happiest season of the year; and we look forward with joy to its long evenings, in which, after the short day's duties are done, we learn how much we love each other, and the seclusion from the world makes our love more tender; so that there is no other season which we would so unwillingly spare, as that which at first seems the most dreary: "Thus it is, in the experience of human life, that in its closing years, when the almond tree begins to flourish, our highest and most perfect enjoyment may come. If the former seasons have been wisely spent; if we have laid up for ourselves a treasury of pleasant recollections, if the chambers of our imagery are filled with beautiful pictures; if, as we sit down quietly in the soberness of thought, the past brings no feeling of shame and the future no trembling; then does that part of life, which seems to the observer so quiet as to be almost sad, become more excellent than all that has gone before.—The step must lose its elasticity, but the heart may retain its youth. To the physical frame the grasshopper may become a burden, but the soul is stronger than in the days of youth, and all the burdens of time are light to him whose spirit reaches forward to eternity. I know how many are the sorrows of life; I know how poignant its grief, how severe its disappointments; but they who learn to remember the Creator in the days of their youth, and who walk with their Savior as with a friend, going about to do good, consecrating their best strength to the service of God, will find that they daily become happy in the enjoyment of what God gives, and that the shadow which memory casts, cannot obscure the brightness of that hope which shines upon their path from Heaven.

But whence cometh this blessedness?
The seed must be sown in spring, in the soft ground and under the fertilizing showers; the long days of summer must ripen it, while the weeds are kept away by careful cultivation, or the autumn will have no good fruit, and the needful provision for winter will be wanting. Those bright days of youth, when the heart is tender, and smiles and tears so quickly chase each other, must have their hours of reflection and sober thought. The good seeds of virtue and religion must be then planted. We must cultivate them, with the hope that under the dews of God's grace and the sunshine of his love, they may spring up and bear the fruit of righteousness, or our life will be a growing sadness; each added year will be an increasing burden, and sorrow will become the portion of our cup. We would not lessen the brightness of the maiden's life; the overflow of her innocent mirth brings gladness even to the heart of age. But she, too, should have her seasons of thought, of serious reflection and of prayer. Life is to her, also, a responsibility, a time of probation. She, too, has a duty to perform, and hereafter an account to render. She should learn to look, therefore, upon the earnest realities of life, not less than upon its fair brightness and beauty. She must not suppose that because she is fondly cherished now, her wishes all consulted, and her pathway strown with flowers, that it will always be so. The charms of beauty and youth may now secure the tokens of willing approbation, and the fondness of admiring hearts, but when these fade, as they must soon, unless their place is supplied by the better charms of a sweet temper, a well educated mind and a religious character, the neglect she will experience must be in the same proportion, both sad and humiliating. From this the chief disappointments of woman's life proceed. When her early fascinations surround her, she hears continually the language of praise; her faults are quickly excused, every hand is extended to help her, every face meets her with a smile.

She supposes that it will always be the same, and so perhaps it would be, if the same fascinations continued. But they must fade, and if nothing better takes their place, she is left to wonder if she is slighted, and the tokens of that spontaneous approbation withdrawn? Ought she not to have the good sense to perceive that admiration is a different thing from love; and while she is pleased with the attention that youth and beauty bring, is it not better to seek for the affection which is founded upon respect?—But who can respect the butterfly, however beautiful it may seem, however brightly clothed in the gay painting of its rainbow wings! Who wishes for, or can endure, as the companion of life, one whose highest thought is her own gratification, and by whom the increase of admiration is exacted as her unquestioned right? It is pleasant for a time to expend one's ingenuity in the adorning of a beautiful image, or in gazing upon a beautiful picture; but who wishes to spend his life in such a way?—Even if the image retain its beauty, and the picture the brightness of its hues, the language of admiration will gradually become faint, and more substantial pleasure will be sought. But if, as the truth must be, the fair image gradually loses its beauty, and the bright colors of the picture fade; if the sparkling diamonds, which we wreathe around the brow, begin to suggest the feeling of painful contrast, and the pearls, encircling the neck, serve only to call attention to the changes, by which time marks his relentless steps,—who can wonder that weariness comes in the place of ecstasy, and sometimes disgust in the place of admiration?

I would not speak unkindly. I know how great are the wrongs which women endures. There are shallow-hearted men enough, and selfish and bad men, under whose power, in the different relations of life, woman is placed. They seek her love as a transient gratification to themselves, and when they have obtained it, use their power to disappoint all her hopes, to blight all her affections. They
AN APPEAL.

admire her at first only as the child admires a play-thing, and, as the child, quickly become tired of it. They have not largeness of heart enough to appreciate the excellence of her character, or to overlook the faults of her inexperience, and she becomes their servant through her whole life, in the vain endeavor to please those who are not worth pleasing, and to gain the love of those whom she has honored by loving. This experience is so common and so painful, that I cannot help wondering to see the readiness, almost the thoughtlessness, with which women trust the whole happiness of their lives to men of whom they know nothing, except that they are ingenious in paying compliments and persevering in their attentions. In return for this cheap incense, they bestow the best affection of their hearts, and lay up for themselves a store of disappointment. When the real trials of life and its vexations come, they find but little sympathy. Every thing that goes wrong is imputed to them; their silent but diligent exertion to make every thing go right, is unobserved; and life, instead of being the rich experience of mutual affection and forbearance and gentleness, one towards another, becomes almost a blank,—a routine of duty which brings no pleasure but that which the performance of duty always brings, and which wants that best human reward, the approbation of those we love.

Sometimes the case is still worse, and we see those who are gentle, pure-minded and lovely, giving their hands with their hearts in them, to men who perhaps warmly love them in return, but whose habits and associations in life are well known to be such that a pure-minded woman ought to shrink from them, if not with horror, yet with distrust. They who incur such a risk are generally actuated, either by a degree of affection which prevents them from seeing the uncertainty, or by the romantic yet admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, which leads them to incur the most fearful danger, for the sake of saving those whom they love from ruin. They hope that their influence will be greater after marriage than before, and too often find with breaking hearts, that it is less. They find, when too late, that their self-sacrificing devotion was misplaced, and that the martyr-spirit has not brought to them the martyr's reward. A noble effort indeed, a noble purpose, which none but woman's heart is able to conceive, but which even woman's love is seldom able to accomplish! If her influence over the man she loves is not strong enough to turn him from dissipated or sinful habits, before she surrenders her liberty to him, there is little probability of such a result afterward.

If the possession of a virtuous woman's love, and the hope that she may become his own, is not enough to keep his hands from the cup of intoxication, and his feet from the paths where sinners walk, the claims of married life are not likely to do it. He will hear words of counsel from his betrothed, which he will not listen to from his wife. With the hope of bliss before him, he will make promises in which he fully believes, but which, having obtained his reward, he is not able to keep. I have had many opportunities of observing where this experiment has been tried, and the result has been so uniformly the same, that I am willing to run the risk of seeming harsh in its statement. My advice to a sister or to a daughter, and therefore, to all whom I have the right to advise, would be given without any hesitation, without any reserve:—"Be sure that the man whom you love is now a good and temperate and faithful man, or let your heart break, rather than become his wife. Say not to him, conduct yourself rightly for six months, or twelve months, as a test of sincerity. It is insufficient. For so short a time and with such great reward in immediate prospect, a man must be brutal indeed not to restrain himself. But satisfy yourself beyond all reasonable doubt, that the principle of
self-control is there, the practised love of virtue, the confirmed habit of a sober and pure life, before you speak another word of encouragement, and if possible before your love itself is bestowed."

I know that this language may seem too stern and rigid, but it does not come from stern or harsh feeling. There have been times when I have advised differently, but the result has taught me better.

She who becomes the wife of a man who has ever been dissipated, is incurring as great a risk as any one should incur, and far greater than she knows. Surely it is not too much to ask that the reform should be complete, unconditional, and long continued, before she trusts to its completeness.

But on the other side, if woman has a right to demand the fixed character of a virtuous life, we too have a right to demand something. The man who discovers, when too late, that she whom he had pictured to himself almost as an angel, gentle, sweet tempered, easily pleased, with a smile for everyone and a frown for none, appeared so beautiful only because untried; that her character has no depth, and her mind no real accomplishments; is not to be blamed if he feels disappointed; nor to be wondered at if he shows his disappointment by neglect. He feels almost as if he had been entrapped, when he was entranced; that he has been betrayed into a foolish step by false appearances. Instead of finding a helpmeet, he finds one who expects continually to be waited on, caressed and flattered; who has no definite expectation except to spend the money which he makes, and to remain the idol of his affections because she consents to be admired.

On her part, she discovers her mistake soon enough, and if she has moderately good sense, will studiously endeavor to increase the fascination of her character as the charm of novelty dies away. But on his part, the effect is too often a disenchantment which opens his eyes, even too widely, to her faults, and makes him impatient of her efforts to correct them. It is very hard for her to do after marriage what she ought to have done before; and it is a vexation to him to learn, that the whole substantial education of his wife is yet to be begun. Mutual disappointment brings mutual fault-finding, and the bliss of married life is found to have been a dream. If there is a general good purpose on both sides and strong mutual affection, the lapse of two or three years will bring things right, with a comfortable degree of rational bliss. But it would be far better, if greater maturity of character could exist from the first. It would be far better, if those early disappointments and recriminations could be avoided, and this would be done, in part at least, if the self-education of woman in her youthful days were more carefully attended to; if it could be more deeply impressed upon her, that the graces of character are more excellent than personal loveliness, however attractive it may be.

The beautiful face will attract admiration, its pleasant smile wins the love, and all the surroundings which youth and beauty encircle themselves, dazzle the eye, and take the heart captive. But she is very unwise who relies upon such things for her permanent influence, or as the foundation of happiness. It is those virtues which entitle her to be called lovely, and that cultivation of mind which enables her to share the thoughts and cares of her husband, while they command his respect—it is these upon which she ought chiefly to rely. These do not come of themselves; they are the result of self-discipline, self-denial, and self-control. They are not obtained easily, but are partly the reward of persevering endeavor, and partly the answer to prayer.

I am inclined to think that young persons of the gentler sex give but little time to serious reflection, or to preparation for the real duties of life. The world in which they live is, in some respects, quite unreal and different from that upon which they afterwards must enter. The task of
self-discipline and of self education, both moral and religious, is more difficult because its necessity is less evident. The temptations to which they are exposed are few, the faults which they are likely to commit comparatively trivial, and their character is not so much in danger of being bad as of being unformed.

The young man, from the time of his first entrance into life, meets with the real trials and is exposed to the worst dangers of the world. The temptations which assail him are such; that if he yields to them he is manifestly ruined. — The faults of which he is most likely to be guilty, are in themselves sins and vices, by the greatness of which his vigilance is kept alive. He feels it to be a question of life and death, and if he is wise, lays hold upon it, as upon the work of salvation. The greatness and urgency of his work therefore nerve him to its accomplishment. Many fail to do it, and are ruined, but by many it is faithfully accomplished, as I trust it will be, by all those who may hear me this day.

But with woman the case is different. — In the departments of life, where those who now hear me walk, the question is not of virtue or vice, of sobriety or intemperance, of honesty or fraud. That question is settled by the circumstances of life and the restraints of society. She shrinks with horror from the world’s iniquities, of which she knows almost nothing, and to which her thoughts are seldom turned. Let it be so always! Let there still be a part of the human family, from whose eyes human deformity is veiled. — Let it be woman’s privilege not only to be free from the contagion of the world’s iniquity, but to be ignorant, except so far as her own safety requires, the knowledge of its existence.

But does it follow that she has no faults to correct or to avoid? Are there no wrong tendencies of character, because they are likely to be checked before they reach their worst development? Such is not the estimate of sin given by the Gos-
AN APPEAL.

1

finding it, is discontented and full of com-
plaint. Her temper, which seemed so gentle, is found to be quick and petulant; her disposition, which in the sunshine was so sweet, proves to be, under the common trials of life, harsh and sour. Her friendship is invaded by envy, her love is so exacting that it continually finds food for jealousy, and the result is, at the best, the very common-place character of a worldly-minded and selfish woman, whom it is difficult to love, and impossible to respect.

It is the natural result of a character unformed, and of a mind undisciplined in early life. It is the natural, and not the extreme development of those selfish and worldly tendencies, which her early education, as frequently conducted, is most likely to create.

Let the young lady pause for a few moments, and with serious reflection, ask herself, how large a part of her time is given to amusement, or to the preparation for it, which is sometimes her only labor, and how small a part to anything that could be called self-education and religious improvement. How large a part is given to the adornment of her person, and how small to the adornment of her mind. With how great eagerness she prepares herself for the ball-room and theatre, and with what languor for the church.

What diligent care she takes that her steps may be rightly trained for the maze and intricate and sometimes objectionable dance, and how thoughtless she is whether her feet are walking in the pathway of duty, of propriety and religion. I cannot but think that many, who are not purposely living bad lives, would be improved by such reflection. They would discover perhaps that their lives, without being bad, may be exceedingly unprofitable. They will certainly see that a life which is little else than a varied routine of idle pleasures, of trivial cares and useless occupations, is but a poor preparation for the duties of a Christian woman.

You know that my views upon such subjects do not incline to austerity. I can discern no sin in youthful gayety, or in that glad merriment of heart, so natural to those who are free from care. We do not expect nor desire at the age of sixteen, the stillness and sobriety of three-score years. It would be both unnatural and unamiable. But we may nevertheless concede that a touch of little more seriousness, a gentle shade of reflection, improves the fairest face and gives to the most eloquent eye greater persuasiveness.

There must be beauty of mind shining through the features, or they soon become insipid and uninteresting. Still more, there must be religious principle and the earnest effort to form the character in the heavenly graces, or the experience of after-life will show that the laughter was like the crackling of thorns, and that childhood and youth, with all their merriment, are but vanity.

It should also be remembered that the influence of woman is very great when she is young and beautiful. Although she is not herself exposed, as a general thing, to the danger of great iniquity, her influence is very great upon those in whose path the temptation lies. The standard of morality among men is to a considerable extent fixed by woman. There are few men who will not admit that their training, either in virtue or vice, has been to a great degree according to the female influences, under which their early lives were passed.

In my lectures to young men, I said, that it depends upon them to elevate the tone of public sentiment, and to advance the cause of public morality in this city; that it is for them to say, whether intemperance and other forms of sin shall continue to increase among us, or daily become less; that the moral character of our young men is the moral character of our city, and that the one can be elevated only by elevating the other. I believe that this is strictly true—but perhaps there is an influence behind that, equally to be regarded. Our young men give character to the city, but who gives character to
them? What plastic hand is moulding
them for good or evil? At what shrine is
their allegiance first offered, and whose is
that persuasive voice which it is, humanly
speaking, impossible for them to resist?

Very often, before religion has placed its
restraining hand upon them, before they
have adopted any fixed principle of life,
the direction to their whole lives is given
by an influence which they have felt, al-
though it was scarcely discerned. They
may trace their salvation or their ruin, for
this life and the life to come, perhaps, to
the smile of encouragement, or the gentle
expression of reproof, with which their
first step in folly was encountered. I would
not willingly excite a smile upon a subject
so serious, nor turn the solemnity of these
great interests into the channel of merri-
ment; but it has been so truly said that it
may be seriously repeated—there is little
hope of reforming young men and keep-
ing them in the path of virtue, unless we
begin by reforming young women, and
Teaching them to give their best influence
to the cause of goodness and sobriety.—

"You may rely upon it," said a young
man to me not long since, and he was one
who had felt the influence of which he
spoke, "you may rely upon it, that if
they mix the drink for us, we will not re-
fuse to take it. If their lips first touch
the glass, we are sure to drain it. If they
evidently think us better company, when
our tongues are loosened by wine, and
join in the laugh when we tell them of
our follies, ministers may as well stop their
preaching, unless they can go a step fur-
ther back, and begin at the right place." It
is quaintly said, and has the air, at
first, of being half ludicrous, half satiri-
cal; but I fear that it is more than half
true. The influence of the young lady
and her consequent responsibility is very
great. That influence is often thrown on
the side of immorality and irreligion, sim-
ply because she does not think of it at
all.

We do not speak now of specific ac-
tions, by which she often throws tempta-
tion in the way of those who seek her
favor—by leading them into extravagance,
or to frivolous amusements, to the waste
of time, and to false ideas of respectabil-
ity—not to the fascination which she
sometimes throws around the first steps of
intemperance. Such subjects will have

their proper place in other lectures. We
are speaking now of general influence—
the influence which she exerts by her real
character, by her ideas upon religious and
moral subjects expressed by words and
conduct. Every woman, whose manners
are at all attractive, is exerting such an
influence wherever she goes, to a degree
which it is impossible to estimate. In
every circle she fixes a standard of mo-
rality, above which few men dare to rise.

Woman's perception of virtue is genera-
ly understood to be more nice than that
of men; and what satisfies her is sure to
meet with their approbation, and generally
speaking, they will not come quite up to
the mark. If she speaks lightly of reli-
gion, they will blaspheme it. If she is de-
voted to pleasure, they will enter into dis-
sipation. If she is heartless, they will
be unprincipled. If she treats temper-
ance as a joke, they will regard intoxica-
tion as a pardonable fault. What I now
say may be mortifying to the pride of
such, but it is true. We seldom rise quite
up to the standard of morality and relig-
ion which woman holds before us. We
never rise above it. In this respect, she
is the law-giver and we are the subjects.
The only hope for the moral advancement
of society, is to keep woman in the ad-

vance guard. Let her point the way and
lead it; and the right progress is secured.

But she must do it not by words only,
but by actions. The influence must come,
it at all, from her real character. Does
she love virtue and goodness? Does she
respect religion and seek to make it the
law of her own life? Is she striving to

conform her heart and her conduct to the
divine law of Jesus Christ?—then will her
natural influence be strong and availing
on the right side. Otherwise, whatever
The Lord's Supper.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Corinthians xi. 26.

It is an hour of love. The toils of death are spread for the great Teacher. The great council of the nation have decreed that Jesus shall die. He knows that his hour has come,—that the shepherd is to be smitten, and the sheep scattered. Regardless of his own sufferings, but full of tender solicitude for his disciples, he gathers the faithful few around the paschal table, and there pours forth over them his love, his counsels, and his prayers, in words of the most thrilling pathos, which must have made even the traitor's heart die within him, and which alone will suffice to account for the agony of remorse that seized him, when he found his crime committed past recall.—Not for them alone does Jesus pray; but for those who shall believe on him through their word. He looks far down the vista of time, and far-off generations rise before him.

He sees the growing ranks of the redeemed from every kindred and people. For all these is he to bear the cross and endure the shame. For these is the crown of thorns to lacerate his brow, and the knotted scourge to tear his flesh. Their sins he bears, their griefs he carries on his interceding breast. Through him is the voice of pardon to reach them, and the peace of God to be shed abroad in their souls. How stupendous an interest hangs around this hour! He has uttered the testament of love, and is going to seal it with his blood. It is "a night much to be remembered unto all generations." "And it will be remembered," we may suppose our Savior to have said. "My disciples in every age will look back to this hour to learn the depth of my humiliation and the fervor of my love. They will revert to these words of mine, when they are smitten of God and afflicted. My voice will vibrate to the end of time, saying to the tried and stricken everywhere, Let not your hearts be troubled,—believe in me,—in my father's house are many mansions. And now I am to be offered up a sacrifice to my own quenchless love. Let those, for whom I die, love me as I have loved them. Let them know how sore an anguish weighs me down in view of their guilt and woe, and how deep their names are engraven on the palms of my hands and on my heart; and they will, they must love me."
rene, tell them of this festival of love, let
them in memory of me act over the scene,
and, as they recall my prayers and counsels,
and muse sadly on my broken body and
flowing blood, break for them the bread and
pour the cup, as I do now. Thus, when
the world has grown old, and the time ar-
vives that it should pass away,—when I
shall stand at the latter day upon the earth,
not, as now, in the weeds of poverty and
sorrow, but in the glory of the Father and
his holy angels,—shall I find those here who
still keep the feast, and show forth their
Lord’s death till he come.”

Such is the request,—such the memorial
—the dying wish of our best friend,—of
him who suffered for us then, and intercedes
for us and loves us still. Let us now con-
sider the disposition of mind and heart with
which it becomes us to approach the holy
table.

1. We should come with deep humility.
For who are we, who thus meet to commem-
orate the Savior? Most or all of us, I trust,
have felt something of the power of his
death and resurrection. But from what
experiences of life have we come hither?
From homes and from paths of duty, in
which Jesus has been constantly with us?
Or rather, in this holy presence, must not
confession precede thanksgiving with the
most faithful of us? One comes to the al-
tar from an active and busy life, in which
the love of gain has often been the over-
mastering principle, and selfishness has
usurped the place of brotherly love. Here
is another, in the main a careful and faithful
wife and mother, who yet, when troubled
about many things, has sometimes forgotten
the good part, and let worldly cares shut
out God and heaven from her thoughts.—
Here is one in the flush of youth, who at
times has loitered over long, or transgressed
the bounds of Christian soberness, in the
pursuit of mere gratification, has spuned
the yoke of duty when its weight was felt,
and cast away the cross when it began to be
a burden. Another has left a home, where
he finds it hard to preserve the meek and
serene aspect in which the eyes of the
world sustain him, where he often lets for-
bearance give place to wrath, fretfulness
cloud his brow, and discontent rankle in
his heart. Some come from neglected fam-
dly altars; some from want and misery which
they have known without relieving: some
from calls of religious charity, to which they
have lent no ear; some without an effort,
since we last met, to hasten the fulfillment
of the prayer we always offer,—“Thy king-
dom come.” How cold and languid has the
flow of our devotion often been! How
much imperfection, how large an admixture
of inferior and unworthy motives, mingles
with our holiest seasons and our best servi-
ces! How often does the shadow of self
come in between our own spirits, and both
our brother whom we have seen, and our
Father whom we have not seen! How va-
rious, how heavy, how humiliating, the bur-
den, which we, communicants, bear to the
footstool of Divine mercy, when we lift our
united supplication, and say,—“Father,
forgive us, take away our sins, and make us
all that thou wouldst have us!”

With all these frailties, we come hither to
commune with one who bore part in our
temptations and trials, yet knew no sin,—
with one for whom no shadow of self ever
lay across the path of duty, or between him
and the throne of the Most High. We
come to measure our spirits with his,—to
make his piety and love the standard for
ours,—to try the question, whether we are
like or unlike him, and, if like him, how
nearly resembling him, and in what traits,
still lacking kindred with him. This self-
comparison, we ought to make, whenever
we come to the table of the Lord. We
should admit him as Judge into the recesses
of our hearts, and listen with reverence for
the sentence that he may pass upon us.—

Did we bow at the altar in conscious lowli-
ness,—did we, while owning the Savior’s
love, behold in truthful hues our own negli-
gence and sin,—did godly sorrow for what
we have not attained blend with our thanks-
givings over the emblamatic bread and cup,
did we, making a mirror of our Lord’s coun-
tenance, get the just reflection of our own
characters, as many days as these communion seasons lie apart, so many Sabbath-day's journeys on the path to heaven would they mark, and each would be a starting-point for a yet higher aim, and a yet more vigorous pursuit of treasures incorruptible and eternal.

2. While we come to the altar with deep self-abasement, let us come also with sentiments of gratitude to Jesus personally, for what he has done and suffered in our behalf. This is not a season for general praise, prayer, and meditation, or for the contemplation of duty, virtue, and piety in the abstract. But one image should be before our minds,—that of a loving, suffering, interceding Redeemer, considered as standing in the closest personal relation to us, as the medium of God's best gifts, as the friend and benefactor of each of us individually. It was with emphasis that Jesus said,—"This do in remembrance of me."

In other religious services, while we recognize him as our Mediator, his and our common Father is the direct object of regard. Here, though all is to the glory of God the Father, our vows and thanksgivings should pause and linger on their way to the eternal throne, to retrace the steps and rehearse the love of Jesus, and to dwell with a prolonged and intense regard on the benefits, of which he has been made the sole agent and almoner.

I love to go back in fancy to those early communion seasons, when the apostles themselves broke bread from house to house, and when often there might not have been one present who had not talked with Jesus, sat at meat with him, and received special favors directly from his hand. At such a scene, there may have frequently met Lazarus of Bethany and the widow's son of Nain, both "recalled upon earth to testify the powers of Heaven," made mortal again to bear witness of immortality. There may the maniac of Gadara and the grateful Samaritan leper have told, each in his turn, what great things the Lord had done for him. There, too, met the self-made maniacs, and the victims of spiritual leprosy, whom the good Shepherd had called back from their mad wanderings, and healed of their infirmities. And then, as years passed, what inward gladness and gratitude must have beamed from the countenances of the little children, on whom the Lord's hands had been laid in blessing, as they came forward to join the company of his professed disciples! How must the Master's form and face have been portrayed before the inward eye of each and all! How closely felt must have been his spiritual presence with them! And, as each told his own story of the Saviour's compassion and love for him personally, as they retraced one and another of the scenes when they had been with him on the lakeside or in the desert, and especially when one of the chosen twelve unfolded the dreadful mystery of sorrow and agony on the night on which he was betrayed, I can almost see the furtive eye turned to the closed door, in expectation of his visible appearance among them, saying,—"Peace be unto you."

But are these communion seasons never to be repeated, and these dear remembrances never to be recalled? Far from it. They were what ours ought to be,—seasons of personal remembrance and gratitude for the great things that the Lord has done for us individually. If we are in our true place at the altar, he has done great things for us,—greater things than those outward miracles, for which we imagine such heart-swelling praises to have gone forth. He has done more than to awaken us to a dying life; he has breathed into our souls a life to which there is no death. He has done more than to raise us from the couch of chronic illness; some of us, we trust, he has cleansed from old iniquities, and restored our palsied powers and diseased affections to health and soundness. He has done more for us than to pronounce a blessing on our infant heads; for many of us his blessing rested always on our very cradles, his baptism was on our spirits when they first unfolded, his gentle influences were shed all around our infancy and childhood, and have never for a moment left us, except when by our own perverseness, we
have shut them out, or grieved them away. His image blends, or ought to blend, with every comfort, hope, and joy. There is not a gift of Providence which he does not sanctify for our use, not a sorrow in which his words of peace are not breathed for us, not a cup of consolation or gladness mingled for us by the Father, which he does not help fill.

Now, why did not God rain down righteousness upon us? Why, instead of sending his spiritual favors as he does the dew and the summer shower, did he give them to us through the hands of a Mediator?—Was it not that he might make that Mediator a central object of reverence, love, and gratitude, and fix our hearts upon him with the warmest devotion; so that, when we lifted our thanks to the Father of all, we might praise him, not only for his gifts, but even more for that chosen Son and elder Brother through whom he had bestowed them? Let us, then, prepare at the holy table inwardly to recount our Savior's benefits to us.—Ought not each of us to be able to make such grateful acknowledgments as these?—"This virtue I learned of him on the Mount. That sin he rebuked in me, as he taught by the Sea of Galilee. This spiritual grace I have copied from the living law which he held forth. His meekness has made me gentle. His prayer for his murderers has taught me to forgive. I mourn with hope for my pious kindred; for his words at the tomb of Lazarus give me peace. I bow with submission under trial, I take the bitter cup without repining, I murmur not when the cross is laid upon my shoulders; for I have watched with him in Gethsemane, and have trodden with him the path to Calvary. Death has no terror for me; for I have seen his countenance in dying. Eternity is full of hope for me; for it is lighted by rays from his broken sepulchre.""
be offered with peculiar fervor, and with the earnest resolve that it shall come in part through our own instrumentality. We here commemorate the great work of redemption; shall we not hear part in it? We render our thank-offering to him whose name was Jesus—he shall save; shall we not labor with him in the saving of souls?

I have sometimes thought, from the apathy of so many professing Christians to the great work of the Savior and his Church, that the flow of their reflections at the altar must be directly the opposite of all this—that many a self-complacent communicant, with a sunny smile upon his countenance, and with a really grateful and benevolent cast of feeling, yet with a most unchristlike narrowness of spirit, may say to himself, as the consecrated elements are distributed—"How mercifully are we surrounded by bulwarks of salvation and walls of praise! How kindly are we cared for, with the word of truth regularly dispensed, and the feast of love spread in its due season, with no weary length to go that we may worship God, with no sacrifice to make for the truth's sake, with no form or mode of self-denial, in order that we may win Christ and be found in him! All that we have to do is to sit quietly on the favoring tide and float to heaven." These thoughts may pass, and the communicant may deem them pious thoughts, and may go away imagining that he has had a season of refreshing from the Divine presence; while yet there has not been a single outgoing of spirit for a world lying in ignorance and sin, not a single purpose of effort or of charity in any cause of human progress or redemption, not a shadowy idea that Christ has established a bond of sacred obligation between the well nourished and the hungering and thirsting spirit.

Brethren, we have not thus learned Christ. Let us not, then, in heart and in practice receive him thus. By his appointment, every disciple is a missionary of his cross, bound in some way or form, by prayer, by influence, by effort, by the mite or the talent, as God shall endow him, to urge on the cause in which the Savior died, and for which he ever lives to intercede. Let vows and purposes of faithfulness to the work which he has given his Church to do mingle with the solemnities of every approaching communion season. And may we so eat and drink at his table, discerning the Lord's body, that the bread may nourish us, and the cup strengthen us, for a walk of growing duty, piety, and love.—Dr. Peabody.

What should I Read?

"The following passage we quote from a letter to a young friend on the subject of Reading:

"You could scarce ask me a harder question, than the one you now ask, 'What books should a young man read between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four?' It is puzzling to answer such questions, not only because no two persons ought to go through the same course of reading, but because we study, not to heap up so much miscellaneous knowledge, but to learn those things of which we are peculiarly ignorant, and to cultivate those of our faculties which most require it. While, therefore, I may be able to advise you very well, knowing you as I do, I am wholly unable to advise your brother; and as to giving hints adapted to all, I would sooner turn quack, and give one dose for all constitutions and all diseases; for I think it better to trifle thus with the body than the soul. But there are some remarks which will apply equally to all persons and all courses, and to some of these I will ask your thought.

"I would first, then, say, never read without an object. If you have ever been called on to study with reference to the attainment of some definite end, you will remember that what you thus learned remained with you long after most that you read had been forgotten. Not alone because you went deeply into it at the time, but because it was in your mind so associated and incorporated with many other subjects, that it is easily brought back again in after life. Do not, then, read
vaguely and without purpose; know what to expect from your book before you begin it; and at every step, see what bearing what you have read has upon the points before you. Many men read every thing twice,—once to find out what to read for, and again, to learn what is to be learned. Read, therefore, few very new books, the merits and objects of which you know nothing about; wait till you know where-of the last publication treats, and how it treats it.

"Next, I would advise you to read by subjects, not by volumes. I have known many scholars who had never read a book through in their lives, except, of course, those of mere amusement. In this way you get comparatively whole, not fractional views, and both sides of a question; you may thus escape partyism, partiality, and narrow notions.

"In the third place, I would recommend you not to commonplace your reading, but to think it over, digest it, and, if you have time, reduce your own views, obtained from what you have read, to writing, in a blank book. The thinking may be done while you are walking, waiting tea, sitting over the fire, or in attendance for an unpunctual friend. The secret of writing much and easily consists, I fancy, in sitting down to write with your thoughts already in your mind, instead of fishing in the inkstand for them.

"My fourth piece of advice is, to draw up for yourself a systematic list of all the subjects of human knowledge, made as particular as you please. By a glance at this you may see at once how little you know; may refresh your knowledge of your ignorance, and see to what subjects you most need to turn your attention.

"Lastly, I would say, keep by you a blank book, arranged as an index, in which you can enter references to those many passages and facts met with daily by a student, which have no immediate connection with the subject of the work in which they are found, and which we so often remember to have seen, but cannot think where.

"I will now call your mind to a question, which every systematic reader must ask himself,—Shall my reading be confined to one or two subjects until I am thorough in them, or shall it be general and superficial? Most whose advice you would follow, would, I think, advise the first; for my own part, I am in favor of the last course. It is true, that superficial knowledge should be avoided where it can be; but to my mind, the true question is this,—Does it best become a being destined for eternity to gain a broad view of all that he can know, though a very imperfect one, or one more narrow and more perfect? If you look into what is said in favor of thorough studies, you will find them upheld, generally, as the means to gain worldly power or distinction; and, when this is not the case, they are contended for by those who have little or no faith in the doctrine, that our studies, habits, and occupations here will affect our fate hereafter. But to me it is clear that all the powers and capacities of the man are more perfectly developed, and brought out in better proportion, by gaining an outline merely of all knowledge within our reach, than by pursuing any one branch of knowledge into all its details; and the ridicule and scorn which have been heaped upon "smatterers," though it may properly apply to those who go from subject to subject without purpose and without system, cannot, with justice, fall upon students who go perfectly as far as they go, and stop because they perceive the inutility of going farther. Some one subject, it is true, will become the prominent one in every man's mind, and it is right it should be so, for every man owes it to the world, to extend, in some direction, the circle of knowledge, if it be in his power; but the prominence differs from the entire predominance of one subject. A man may carry his researches in natural or mental philosophy, history or natural history, beyond the common line,
WHAT SHOULD I READ?

and yet by no means give up other subjects. This has been done by some of the most eminent men in all branches,—Milton, Newton, Locke, Coleridge, Goethe. If you read the works of Coleridge, for instance, you will find continual references to all branches of natural and political science, and will see that from these he has drawn many of his most admirable illustrations; and gained from them that breadth and unity of thought which must ever distinguish him, despite his many faults; and the great German is still more striking instance.

"But the habit of general and systematic study is by no means common, among either great or small men. We are apt, if lawyers, physicians, or clergymen, to read upon no subject as we should read, except that belonging to our profession, and seldom upon that. Other subjects we take up for amusement, and lay them down again to resume or not as occasion occurs. This I would advise you never to do. If a work on botany or biography falls in your way, do not touch it, unless you see that you can pursue that of which it treats to some purpose; and, above all things, eschew the habit of standing about a library or reading-room, dipping for a moment into this book or that review, and then turning to another.

"Reviews are at times of great use, because they compress knowledge and give references, and also because they excite an interest in subjects that, but for them, we might never approach; but they are, to the student, edged tools, to be used with great caution.

"I would say, then, let your reading be general, but by no means promiscuous or vague. You may learn enough of nature to have the God of nature always before you, to value all that he has made, and from his works; to learn the many lessons of mercy, faith, love, and courage that they were meant to teach, and yet be what men will call a smatterer; for you need know few names, and be ignorant of many standard authors. But I should think you far wiser to gain this smattering than to give the time spent in its gain to becoming perfect and thorough in the dates of history, or the minute facts of statistics.

"But, while I advise a large field of study, I beg you to guard against the too current practice of making a very imperfect knowledge of a subject enough, whatever chances may occur for increasing it. I would be content with imperfection, because general perfection is impossible; but be as thorough as you can be, and never think that you know enough of a subject when opportunities offer to increase your knowledge of it. There is an essential difference between the man that is content with a scant view of the whole now, because he hopes to perfect that view hereafter, and the man that is content with it because he cares to know no more.

"One more remark, and I close; in choosing your subject of study, have your eye ever upon the great truth that should be our guide in every pursuit, and a full, ever-present, ever-influential faith, in which is the beginning, and body, and end of all philosophy,—the truth that we are immortal spirits. Having this in view, you will not, as some do, spend years in acquiring knowledge that cannot have any influence, as far as we can see, upon the eternal interests of yourself or others. Having this in view, you will never narrow your reading to the newspapers and magazines of the day; nor yet despise them, for they are your only means of communication with the great mass of your fellows. It is for want of faith in this truth, that the lawyer becomes a mere lawyer, the politician a devotee to the interests of the time, and the tradesman a bondman of trade. Keep this truth, then, ever before you, by attendance on public worship, by private devotion, by the study of Scripture, by the study of nature, by reflecting upon your own powers, and going over again in thought your past life, in the opportunities and changes of which you may see the hand of God schooling you for the future, as clearly as you see it in the stars of night, the clouds of noontide, or the plan and formation of your own body."

—J. H. Perkins.
Excerpts of Things New and Old.

Some men think that fear first taught us to know God; but this is a mistake, if we mean by it, God the Father, revealed in Christ. Fear brings us to a devil, who torments and punishes us with and for our sins. But love casts out the fear and drives away the devils, for "love is of God and God is love." Ghosts do not more certainly retreat before the advancing light, than devils fly before the approach of Christ, who reveals the pardon of sin and offers the means of amendment.

When God's love occupies the heart, and the thought that God is mine and I am his, takes free possession, there is revealed to us a piety of the heart—the greatest of all piety—which allows no place for devils, or fear, or misanthropic hell, for it is the true Shekinah that fills all with its divine presence. Unfortunately, the majority of us, and the majority who lead our churches, have a small development of this piety. We are too apt to speak of "charity" ("agapae") on Sundays, but follow avarice through the week. The one is treated as weakness, the other as a virtue. They talk of the exceptions to that charity, and not of the rule, until selfishness falls to sleep under the sermon, and dreams, if it be even capable of the spiritual power of a dream, of the great work-shops of trade and toil, and it wakes up about as considerate and disinterested as when it returns from the record of a mortgage or the partition of the stolen goods. Still there is love to be awakened in human nature; and every true prophet has seen the time when all hate shall cease; and the selfish at last are only the hod-carriers of the true lovers of men, who will build the temple of peace and good will, even for the evil. Man's tiny tent of love is first pitched upon the smiling plane of maternal interests, and though Arab-like, he is ever wandering, if he be guided by the Prince of Peace, he will pitch it at every night's tarrying, nearer and nearer to his God. Have not many of us found many an oasis in the long desert we have been traversing since we left our Mother's pavilion? and will not the gaining of everyone only bring us nearer and nearer to the Mount Zion we were started for, whose gates are pearl, whose walls are salvation, and whose streams are Love?

DEATH TEACHES LOVE.

Who can live in an unreconciled enmity with any human brother, and still retain a religious sense of the sudden surrendering of all earthly ties, that may take place at any hour? Who would keep the wounds of unquenched anger open to give a ten-fold sharpness to the death sting? Who would reserve for himself bitter weeping over the grave of the injured? "Then let not the sun go down on thy wrath," for it may shine upon the shroud of thine enemy, or upon thine own. Death will soften the faults we complain of; and however we have blamed the living, we will feel ourselves guilty when we stand over the dead. Then love will revive; we will long to grasp the shadowy spirit in one reconciling embrace, and ask forgiveness in the streams of Paradise with the muddy waters of fleshly suspicion and strife? Who would instil the gall of bitterness into the cup of sorrow, already full, at the grave-side of a fellow-mortal? Then when we bring our gift to the altar, and there remember that we have aught against a brother," whether it be he or us that is to be blamed, let us leave the gift, and first be reconciled, and then come and offer the gift, "and a common Father will surely accept it." Let us not lie down at night upon beds that may be made beds of death, without being at peace with all the world and at peace with God. "For the Son of man cometh in a day and an hour when we look not for him," and will appoint to the soul at enmity a place with unbelievers.

It was the instruction of Jesus to his
disciples, to take no thought what they should say when brought before accusers or enemies. This was intended, some one will say, for an age of miracles. So it was, perhaps; but we may also live in the spirit of that age, and, therefore, it was intended for us. By which I mean, that we have been in many very trying and embarrassing situations in our life, and that whenever we have made that rule of Jesus' our law, we have always spoken more truthfully and more effectively, than when we have appeared with studied sentences and logical address. God's inspiration has not yet ceased, for which let us give thanks.

PRAYER BEFORE LAYING THE REMAINS OF
A BROTHER IN THE TOMB.

We come here, O our Father! to lay the earthly remains of our Brother in the dust. Thou hast taken the spirit and left the clay, and it is meet that we, without murmuring, should surrender it to that out of which it was originally, so mysteriously taken. But we feel, O Father, like taking a tuft of the green grass beneath our feet and waving it over these dissolving remains, while we repeat to our hearts the inspired words: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withers, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the appointments of God abide forever!" May we not hope that, as the grass revives its greenness from the death-like frosts of winter, so our Brother shall live in the Spirit-home of purified and refined associations? Father, we feel that we must die; but may we not live in Thee? We know that all our unions upon earth are to be separated; but may they not be reunited in heaven? Bless our sorrowing and bereaved hearts with hope, and thy name be blessed forever and ever.—Amen.

Family Prayers.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Our Father who art in heaven; accept, we beseech thee, our grateful acknowledgments for thy goodness to us this day; for preserving our lives; for shielding us from danger; for supplying our daily bread; for permitting our attendance on the ordinances of thy house. Let it not be in vain that those of us who have united with thy people in public worship, have lifted up our thoughts to God and listened to the voice of instruction. We fervently pray that whatever good impressions may have been made upon us, may be durable; that whatever good resolutions we may have formed may be steadfastly kept; that the errors which we have confessed may be reformed; that every devout aspiration, we may have breathed in the sanctuary, may be remembered in the world, to guard us against temptation, and preserve us holy and undefiled. Help us all to set our affections on things above.—Keep ever in our minds a lively sense of our responsibility to thee. May we constantly live in thy world, in thy sight, as thy subjects, thy creatures, thy children.—Let it be our study at home and abroad, by day and by night, to love and fear thee as we ought, and to do those things which are well pleasing in thy sight.

We acknowledge, O thou Father and judge of men, that we have sinned against thee; that notwithstanding we have been continued in the world from day to day, and thy mercies have been borne to us on the wings of every hour, we have been undutiful and unthankful; we have often forgotten, and often disobeyed thee. O Father, pardon and reclaim us, and give us that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Cleanse us from our secret faults, and let sin have no dominion over us. Enable us to become true followers of thy Son Jesus Christ in all things; to clothe ourselves with his humility, purity, and benevolence. Let thy will, as it was his, be ours also.—Like him, may we go about doing good.—May the contemplation of his character, and imitation of his example, bring us constantly nearer to his own perfection, and to those mansions of everlasting happiness which he has promised to his disciples, and gone before to prepare for them.

Take us, Almighty God, under thy sove-
FAMILY PRAYERS.

reign protection. Make us in soul and body wholly thine. Sanctify our domestic relations; and strengthen and purify the bonds of love which join thy servants together. May the blessings which we receive from thee, excite our gratitude and animate our obedience. May those sorrows, and privations, and pains, with which in thy wisdom thou mayest afflict us, be endured with fortitude and resignation, and improved to our eternal peace. Watch over us during the darkness of this night, and the defenceless hours of sleep; preserve us from all dangers; and bring us to the light of another morning more inclined to love thee, and resolved to serve thee, than we ever have been. Accept our evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, which we offer in the name of Jesus Christ our most blessed Lord and Savior. Amen.

MONDAY MORNING.

Great and glorious Lord our God; we, thy servants, whom thou hast brought to see the light of another morning, prostrate ourselves before thee, and humbly acknowledge thee as the God of our lives and the giver of all good. It is thou who sustainest us in the defenceless hours of sleep, and when we awake we are still with thee. Encompassed by the same care which guarded us by night, we go forth to the occupations of the day. O God, our trust is in thee. Give us grace faithfully to use this world as not abusing it; to hold fast our integrity as long as we live; to remember that thou seest us always, and that we must render a final account of all that we do to thee, the witness and the judge of men.

We thank thee, O most merciful Father, for our domestic ties and family blessings. May we, the members of this household, mutually endeavor to discharge our several duties to each other with tenderness and fidelity. Let the gentle and pure spirit of the blessed Jesus possess our hearts, and influence our conduct. Let tranquility, harmony, and love abide in our dwelling, and the voice of health and cheerfulness be continually heard in it. Wilt thou extend thy loving kindness to all our friends. Delight in their happiness here, and make them heirs of the inheritance of the saints in the future and eternal world.

O thou, whose blessing is on the habitation of the just, let us be the joyful objects of that blessing, now and for evermore.—Let thy mercy encompass our abode, and follow us in all our ways. Throughout our earthly pilgrimage, be thou our guide and comforter; let thy rod and thy staff be our support in the valley of the shadow of death; and lift up the light of thy countenance upon us in the regions of eternal day. O God, hear us in thy great mercy; pity our infirmities; pardon our sins; and from our united hearts accept this tribute of devotion, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY EVENING.

O thou who dwellest in the heavens, but whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, unto thee do we lift up our souls.—Thou art never far from any one of us, and we cannot flee from thy presence. If we say, The darkness shall hide us, even the night shall be light about us; for the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.—Thou seest us at this moment, and discernest every thought and intention of our hearts. Thou art acquainted with all our ways, and there is not a word in our tongues, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Let this momentous truth be deeply impressed upon our minds. However occupied, and in whatever place or circumstances we may be, may we remember that thou art with us; that no fault which we commit will be overlooked; no virtue we exercise be unnoticed, and no prayers which we utter be unheard by thee, our God.—Encircled in thy protecting arms, may we fear no evil. Encompassed by thine awful presence, may we dread all sin. When discouraged by difficulties, let us look up to thee from whom our help cometh; and when distressed by calamity, may we take refuge in thy mercy, and find peace by stay-
ing our minds on the eternal One. Thro' life, may we act always as seeing him who is invisible. In death, may we find our consolation in the presence of him, who, when flesh and heart fail, will be the strength of our heart and our portion for ever.

Accept our thanks, most merciful Father, for thy great goodness in bringing us to the close of another day, in the enjoyment of so many blessings. While we gratefully receive the gifts of thy bounty, let us not incur the guilt of loving the creature more than the Creator, or of laying up treasure on earth to the neglect of our treasure in heaven; but help us so to pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not things eternal.

Graciously regard whatever of duty we have this day performed, Forgive whatever has been sinful in us. Let no evil come near us or our dwelling in the night; and bring us to the morning rejoicing still in thy great goodness, and praising thee, the Father of all mercies, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.—King's Chapel Liturgy.

POETRY.—"RESIGNATION."

Selected for the Christian Magazine.

The following pieces are selected from Longfellow's Poems. "Resignation" is one of the prettiest and sweetest pieces in the English language. All of Mr. Longfellow's poetry is replete with beautiful thoughts and sentiments, which appeal directly to our consciousness and meet there a ready response. He infuses a moral and religious tone into all his works, which elevates and purifies the heart. We are rejoiced that the United States can claim him as her son. Such men cast back the aspersion that our race has degenerated by coming to these western shores. We have produced no Shakespeare, nor Milton, and I might also mention other illustrious names, but we may console ourselves with the reflection that the world has produced only one of each class. Yet we can challenge the world to produce little poems more beautiful than the Psalm of Life, Resignation, Bryant's Thanatopsis, or, in fact, many productions of our own poets.

"RESIGNATION."

There is no flesh, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fareweal, however defended,
But has one vacant chair!
The air is full of faireweals to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mist and vapors;
Amid these earthly dumps
What seem to be but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptations—safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.
Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces again enfold her,
She will not be a child;
But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.
And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The welling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot beat rest,—
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have sway.

SIN,
"Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Friend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave."

CREEDS.
"Lutheran. Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Exist are; but still the doubts are, where Christianity may be."

CHRISTIAN LOVE.
"Whilem Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it besprinkled,
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke."

RETRIBUTION.
"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."
OBITUARY NOTICES.

JAMES A. PORTER.

"When musing on companions gone
We doubly feel ourselves alone."

This sense of loneliness was felt by many at the announce ment of the death of our townsmen, James A. Porter, on the 23d of March, 1833. The eldest of one of the oldest and most respectable families of the city; for many years intimately and most pleasantly associated with some of its most important business departments, ever courteous, obliging and confiding in his friendships, his departure could not fail to awaken the deepest emotions of tenderness and regret. He has long occupied a prominent and influential position, and has been connected with the prosperity and reputation of the city, through all the active part of a life that had reached to fifty-three. He was kind sooted in all his manners, uncomproningly honest in his dealings, affectionate and provident in his home relations, humble and hopeful in his Christian faith. He died in the communion of the Presbyterian Church, with which his earliest religious impressions were associated, and breathing a catholic spirit of love and interest for all of all churches, who are living with the hope laid up for them in Heaven. He often waited upon the imperfect ministrations of our church sanctuary, and ever seemed deeply interested in that cheerfulness and comforting light which Christianity sheds upon the struggles of life and the darkness of death. He has passed behind the veil and left a mournful chasms in the riddle of a family and friends of which he was the central point, around which they clustered and revolved in sweet and lovely harmony. But they need not be comfortless. We have received a faith which assures us that life's broken ties shall be reunited, and the long separated shall be once more together; and the fellowship thus resumed shall never more be broken. Though we all, with sighing heart and from the depths of our souls, could strive more faithfully after the qualifications for that inseparable union, the foretaste of which, even in this life, bears the rich fruit of faith, piety and love.

Moses Norvell.

"The ways of Zion mourn."

On Lord's-day evening, the 9th of April, after having enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the ministrations and ordinances of the sanctuary, our brother, Moses Norvell, fell asleep in Jesus, in the 66th year of his age. Although the death of our long known and sincerely loved Christian brother, came upon us suddenly, immediately after we had grasped his hand in the friendship and fellowship of a cordial and usual Christian love, yet we know that the death angel had sent his summons before, and his death was not unexpected. In the early part of our brother's life he was extensively connected with the business of this city, in which he had suffered some, and reverses. But for many years his chosen and cherished interests were in the church of Christ, with whose fortune and fellowship, he has been directly and prominently connected, almost from its organization in this place. There were none amongst us more regular in their attendance upon its worship, or more grateful in its place and prosperity, and there is no one whose presence will be more missed in the assembly, and around the table of the house of our God. He was a man of sincere and steadfast friendship; of sharp but firm and hopeful faith; of cheerful and grateful dispositions; and had borne the keenest shifts of adversity with a patience which those who understood him not accounted as indifference, until he was borne, as the faithful and willing servant, to where the ever forming and goodly company of the redeemed shall welcome us to the Heavenly altar and the nearer praises of "Him who has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light." He leaves a large and interesting family and a large circle of friends and brethren to feel his departure, and to realize that those who composed his chosen and cherished company on earth, will soon also be united in the fellowship of that inseparable union, the foretaste of which, even in this life, bears that it cannot imprison the beloved who have parted from us; that they have but entered into different mansions of the same Father's house, and that we are still one house, one family, and their example may help us forward with an eye to the end, and our steps in the path tried by all the faithful, who have only a little while preceded us to that divine presence which dispenses joy unspeakable and full of glory.


Departed this life, at his residence in Williamson Co., Ten., on the 30th day of December, 1832, our much venerable brother in Christ, Joel Anderson, aged 71 years and 4 months. Father Anderson was a native of Cumberland Co., Va., where he emigrated to Davidson Co., Ten., in 1809, and afterwards to Williamson county, where he resided until the time of his death. Professing the faith in the 11th year of his age, he became a member of the Baptist Church, in which he labored a prominent and influential minister for many years. Upon the first promulgation of the ancient Gospel in Tennessee, as proclaimed by the reformation, he, with several others, organized it, and united together in a corporation at Friendship, in this county, of which he continued a faithful, unwavering and highly useful member until his death.

Staid integrity, and high moral worth, formed the prominent features of his character through life, and in the church, of which he was no idler, or pseudo member, but a consistent and faithful servant of Christ. Truly may it be said of him, that his death was a correct exemplification of the good man's end. His conduct and conversation, his exhortations, and admonitions to his family, relatives and friends, in his last illness, bore the most ample testimony that he had lost no time in the acquisition of every trait of character which constitutes the savior of Christ. And now that he had met his last earthly enemy, (according to the promise of his great Leader,) he quailed not, but stood firm, evincing no symptom of fear, yielding a ready obedience to the law of Nature, decreed by Nature's God. "To him to die, was gain." A kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a devoted Christian, he has gone in that rest prepared for the people of God. Surely he shall reap his reward.

And

"With us his name shall honored live,
Through long successive years; Embalmed in all that we can give,
Our praise, and our tears."

Hartinger please notice.
HUMILITY.

"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble." "Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate." "If a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." "He pulleth down the mighty from their seats and exalteth the humble." "Thus saith the High and the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity: I dwell in the high and the holy place and with him, also, who is of a contrite and humble spirit, and the Lord will guide him in the way of judgment."

As long as self-knowledge is ranked as the highest and most useful of all knowledge, so long will humility find its place among the first of virtues. The most natural, and yet the most neglected object of knowledge to man is himself. His attention in infancy is first directed to himself, and to himself amid the shadows of age and infirmity it must again return. Nor can he entirely detach himself from this object. He may separate himself from his friend, from his family, from virtue, and knowledge and duty; nay, he may exclude even the thought of God, and in his pride or corruption deny his existence. But he cannot separate himself from himself. The sentiment which regards himself he cannot throw off, because he cannot separate himself from its object. How important, then, that his knowledge of himself should be correct. We will look, therefore, at the heart of man, and see what it discloses upon this great theme of self-knowledge. And we need but open our own hearts to discover what transpires, to some extent, in every other. And what does the heart of every one present testify as to man’s opinion of himself? Is it not that he is in love with himself? And I am asked is this wrong? Must he hate himself? By no means. But we have as yet half stated the truth. He not only loves himself, but he loves himself above all, beyond all. He loves himself not in humility but in pride—in desire to rise above all, in the wish to be first, the only, the exclusive first. He loves himself to the hatred of others—at least to their neglect. He loves himself to the forgetting of God, upon whom he depends for life, breath, and all things. He aspires to exaltation and supremacy, at all hazards and at all sacrifices. He would see a world obsequious at his feet ready to adore him. From the shop of the artisan to the seat of the President, at heart, we have never ceased to aspire. Whoever and whatever we are, we desire to be first. The artist would be first in his art. The orator would be commanding in his eloquence. The general would be victorious, not only over the enemy, but over all rivals. The minister would be chief in the conduct of the affairs of empires. The senator would sway the listening nation. And all rulers would be supreme.

But not only do we seek supremacy, but we seek it by the power of nothing. A young man or woman receives from nature an agreeable countenance. They have dark hair, sparkling eyes, noble expression, amiable countenances. Such aspire to be called pretty, amiable and noble? No. They dream of supremacy and dominion. They would be objects of admiration upon the lips of the world. They would hear recounted all these ephemeral charms, that they may feel their petty distinctions and enjoy their momentary triumphs. Frivolous
creatures, you will say. But what are we all? And with this aspiration for domination and triumph, how stands the world? Not the world of our dreams and our delusions, but the world that is—that God made—and man profanes. Can we be gratified in our aspirations? Can we all be first, foremost, and triumphant? Suppose we are intoxicated with ourselves, and gloat over the fond illusions of our unledged fancy; does experience correspond to the hopes of our vanity? No. The directly opposite lies before us. Ranks are formed in which we have no place. There is a hierarchy of birth, of recollections of glory transmitted through ages, and which, on the brow of a man without merit, yet shines through the influence of history; of talent which nature has distributed at her pleasure, and which, in spite of all our pretensions, places itself above us, and casts upon our self-love magnificent insults; there is a hierarchy of fortune, derived it may be from virtue, it may be from vice; and it may be from superior capacity; and hierarchies resting upon laws, traditions, necessities.—We see, and feel all this, at some stage of our lives. It often arouses the baser passions within us, and we murmur in envy and jealousy at our lot. Our hearts rebel at that time which makes us make. We hate the superiority above us, and we hate the mediocrity around us, and we abominate the inferiority which often, like an abyss, yawns beneath us. We talk about equality, and we become greatly patriotic as we repeat our boasts. We state it in our charters of independence; decrees in our laws; but it exists not—it cannot exist. God has made no two men equal. And because he has not, pride rails against his will, and would destroy both itself and the universe, but for its contemptible impotence. The pride of superiority calls to its aid the hatred of equality, and the contempt for inferiority. It allies itself with baseness and forms for itself means of degradation. It degrades its conscience, it sells it for selfish ends, and accepts contempt in order to bestow it. Now, I ask, what is the remedy? This pride is a false, inhuman, and contemptible sentiment. But who is free from it? I repeat it is false; for how is it possible for all the world to be first? Yet all the world seek it. Nature does not call us to the primacy or she would have given us in every department, transcendant gifts.—Providence does not, or it would not, have placed such impossibilities in our way.—Had God intended it as the aim of our life to be supreme in all things above our fellow, he would have made no fellow; he would have allowed only one being to have existed; for how could two exist, and both be supreme? Nay, if only one, lone, solitary supreme man had been created, he could not have been supreme. Supremacyimplies others under us. The sentiment is false, derogatory to nature, to reason, to the first glimmerings of intelligence. But it is also inhuman. It can be gratified only by degradation of all others, of all who do not or cannot rise to its point of elevation.—And it is wretched, for it contradicts all the realities of life. Pride makes an infinite demand, but this poor life has but little to pay; and, hence, it must put up with gewgaws, with disappointment, and extreme mortification. And it gains what it does gain by cruel extortion from the ignorance, the credulity, or the necessities of others. Miserable sentiment! No wonder when Satan is described as the embodiment of all that is hateful and murderous, he is called Lucifer, son and father of Pride. The scriptures lay before us its nature and its consequences, assuring us that it is as irrational as it is irreligious. It makes men incautious and foolish when least they expect it. "When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom." Prov. 11: 2. It exposes to sudden calamity by making men negligent and impovind." "The turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Prov. 1: 32. It makes men rash by making them perversish and insolent, by making them obstinate. "Pride goes before destruction, and a lofty spirit before a fall."
It involves men in perpetual strifes, contentions, and foolish debates upon foolish or unprofitable questions, and thus shuts up the way to all true happiness. "He that loveth strife, loveth transgression; and he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction." Eccles. 16: 8.

It separates the purest friendships and opens the way for the triumph of our enemies. "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility."

It creates a foolish appetite for flattery; rejects the offices of those who could serve us; and associates with those who are ready to afflict the greatest injuries—thus making us insensible to our own folly until we fall into contempt. "A man's pride shall bring him low, and honor shall uphold the humble in spirit. 29: 23, 20.

It hinders the reception and profitable use of wholesome advice, and renders us incorrigible in our prejudices, vices and crimes. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can give a reason. He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered."

It feeds the heart with vain-glorious designs, employing all its thoughts in self-confident imaginations, and thus makes them incapable of religious improvement. "The soul loveth the honey-comb. It is not good to eat much honey, so for men to search their own glory is not glory."

Thus are we instructed by the wisdom of the ancients, whose elegant and forcible observations bear the impress of the spirit of God. But we have not yet directly answered our question: where is the remedy. We have seen the nature of the disease, and how all are under its influence. We have seen, also, its fatal consequences, and how like most diseases it is hateful even to those who feel its power, and know its depths. We have seen, and I trust we feel, that foolish and weak as we all are, we are ever ready to assert a power of independence, alike in violation of our nature, the Providence of God, and our own condition. And we have learned from the scriptures already quoted that the idolatry, sensuality, unbelief and irreligion of man, are all resolvable into a vain attempt to elevate himself above his fellow. Its remedy is to be found in overturning the entire basis of this passion; in extirpating it as a ruling sentiment from the heart, and in enthroning Humility, so as to form another and a directly opposite influence over the disposition and the character. Men live by pride, God would have them live by humility. And what is Humility? I admit that true humility is difficult to define. It is not the possession and cultivation of a meaner opinion of ourselves than we deserve or truth would justify; for this is affectation, and leads to self-deceit and hypocrisy. Indeed, to affect to think of ourselves as there is no just reason for us to think, partakes of the essence of the very worst pride, and is like Satan transformed into an angel of light. Nor is it a sense of obligation, right or wrong, to prefer every one else to ourselves; for no virtuous man, making it his endeavor to discharge his duties to God and man, can believe a vicious and profligate man his superior, as no man of cultivated mind but what knows himself wiser than the ignorant multitude. Nor does it oblige us to inflict unnecessary contempt upon either our words or actions; for he that says things in his own dispraise, which he and others know to be false, shows too plainly that he but offers a bait to catch praise, and thus ministers, deceivingly, it may be, to his personal pride. All this, like every species of affectation, is sheer folly, and but exposes the misguided to the charge of hypocrisy, and the labor of supporting a character that is not real. We may wear our clothes after the rudest and plainest fashions; nay, we may make it a part of our religion to have them of a certain cut and material, and yet do all this to be noticed of men, and appear as clothed with humility before them. Then
What is Humility? It is a habit of mind which consists in not attributing to ourselves any thing that we do not possess; in not overrating what we perform; in not seeking more praise, even for our best actions, than we deserve; in a sense of our constant imperfections and many sins; in ascribing all we have to its proper Giver. Amongst the ornaments of a gospel life, it is the little child to which belief in God, in duty, and in heaven, is natural. It is the sister of candor, the companion of simplicity, and the mother of faith. If it hear the word of God, it does it in the posture of one at the feet of wisdom, with open ear and attentive heart. If it enter the presence of God, it does it prostrate, smiting upon its breast, and not daring to lift up its eyes to heaven. It seeks the lowest seat, though entitled to the highest, and is surprised when asked up higher. It can praise excellence and imitate virtue, though it may not be found in its own class, at its own altar, or in the assembly its devotee has chosen. It associates with its fellows, emulateous of no distinction but that which arises from pre- eminent service. It asks not to be called master, but lays its honors down at the feet of Him who is Lord of all. It lays the foundation for universal obedience; fills all its subjects with gratitude for blessings enjoyed, and feels, in the lowest situation, a post of unmerited distinction, as it is held by the grant of Him whom the angels worship. And when at last it shall stand before the great white throne, it will not be to enumerate its godlike deeds, but to receive the crown of its glory as the reward of a grace which has abounded over sin and swallowed up death in victory.

It aims not at place or duty above its strength. It is not vaunting in its conversation or appearance, and can never be forward, obstinate, envious, discontented, or ambitious. It is the voluntary acceptance of the place assigned us in a universe of many other beings; the possession of one self with a moderation corresponding to our real worth; and for the sake of seeing our God it leads us to descend to that even which is beneath our worth. Pride tends to mount—Humility to descend.—Pride hates a superior, will not acknowledge an equality, and abominates inferiority. Humility respects what is superior and seeks its advantages, loves and respects its equals, and engages in the elevation of its inferiors. Pride asks to be first—Humility to be last. Pride seeks to be king: king-money, king-talent, king-position. Humility asks to be servant. Incredible sentiment! some one will say. Is it so? Ask its history and its glory.—Yes, I say glory, for do not for one moment believe that a virtue so noble, so necessary and so honored of God, can degrade you. Humility is a Christian virtue? And I pause to ask, what other system or doctrine proposes to man an object so great, so extraordinary? It speaks to him of a divine origin, of invisible relationships, of unconquering duty, and of an immortal destiny. It takes away the vain conceit of immortality upon earth and substitues immortality beyond the reach of disease and the ravages of decay. It gives God in Christ for a Father, and eternity for a home. It inspires with such a sense of self-respect as causes the deepest horror for a positive wrong, and prevents man from living in peace so long as the slightest stains mar the splendor of his personal dignity. Thus, by the aid of Christianity, the highest elevation of soul—the only real elevation indeed—may be allied to the profoundest humility. But how is this? How can an ambition without limits be compatible with an aspiration to serve? It may be easily seen if we take off the veil of this world and look into the inner heart of things. True elevation, you will admit, is an elevation of soul—the only real elevation indeed—may be allied to the profoundest humility. What then is birth, wealth and genius, before him? Nothing. Nothing. These
are artificial and pass away. In the light of all the courts of this world what avails a man's birth, fortune or genius, when he dies. It is as though he had never been born, never owned a dollar, and never possessed a thought above a brute. But virtue, genuine virtue, reproduces in us the image of God, and thus elevates from the lowest place to the highest. Let us understand this. To imitate God were we near his throne, and kindred to him in capacity—were we, in a word, angels that excel in strength—it would be an easy matter to imitate him. But when we consider our inferior rank, our human birth, our poverty, our mental imbecility, bending as we do under the burden of severe toil, and often occupied in the vilest drudgery—I repeat—when such a creature elevates himself by a movement of his soul to God, although far from him in his sin and prodigality, it is something may well enlist his highest ambition, for it makes the song of heavenly melody. This movement of the soul is Humility. It makes us the servants of others, as God serves all. Can we serve others without self-denial? Can one sacrifice himself without first sacrificing his pride? What is pride but selfishness itself? And selfishness and virtue have no companionship. Humility and virtue have. Therefore, to be humble is to rise. Pride is the selfish, hungry passion, that would draw everything within itself, that would crush the whole world besides; Humility is the form of Love, that passion of a being truly great, which would make itself little the better to devote itself to others. Thus Christ, the greatest, was the most humble of beings. He was height without measure, and yet abased himself to redeem a being covered with ignorance and sin. "Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2. 6-11.

But we would understand the offices of Humility with reference to the distinct positions and duties of life. Men may be superior to us in natural abilities. True Humility consists, not in submitting our understandings to such blindly and implicitly, but in being willing to be instructed by them; in not envying them the advantages God has bestowed; in not repining at their honor, but in rejoicing that according to their true merit and capacity they are placed where they may be blessings to the world. Men may be in advance of us in point of religious knowledge and improvement. Humility rejoices in their knowledge, and the promotion of the kingdom of God through their instrumentality. Sometimes we will be called upon to see others, whom we consider not our equals, preferred to places we have desired to fill. In such cases we will be in danger of supposing ourselves injured, and of indulging uncharitable feelings toward them. But humility will suggest that we may judge favorably of ourselves, and in its kind affections of brotherly love, will in honor prefer another. You have read the parable of those that were bidden to a great feast. Luke 14: 7-11. So also the Apostle exhorts: Eph. 4: 1-4.

But men may be below us in the world's esteem. Humility requires that we should neither despise nor neglect them. Humility requires of a governor that in exercising his power, he shall show that he does it not from a love of dominion but for the benefit of those he governs. He
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should command without insult, reprove with meekness, punish unwillingly. Humility in a rich man, consists not in leveling his estates to make himself equally destitute with others, but in a readiness to relieve their necessities, and a desire to see the condition of all made supportable. This will make him ready for every work of public benefit, and willing to engage in every benevolent enterprise. Humility in a man of learning and rare knowledge, does not consist in making a show of being ignorant; (for this is conceited affectation) but in willingness to communicate what he knows, and a desire that all may have the advantages of genuine knowledge—Humility, in religious improvement, teaches us to be always sensible of our own defects whilst we express solicitude for the salvation of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem another better than himself. Look not every man on his own things but also on the things of others." Men can be influenced towards religion much more by meekness than by a claim to superior knowledge or sanctity. "But Jesus called them unto him, and said, ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and that they are great exercise authority upon them. For they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

But not to burden you with quotations we state, in brief, that Humility never affects to gain the applause of men by an outward ostentation of greater piety than that of others; but consists in forbearing to judge of those who differ from us in opinion. It yields in things indifferent. It is careful not to offend by haughty assumptions such persons who, by meekness, might be won to Christ. It does not impose grievous tasks. It never presumes to sin under a sense of numerous virtues. It boasts not of its good deeds, and would rather they could remain in secret. It makes the will of God its duty and seeks to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Such is Humility. It may be differently estimated by those who hear me to-day, for there is ever great disparity between the divine and the human estimate of things. In the sight of God it is of great price; in that of man it may be valueless. The outward distinctions of the world may possess a luminous halo, that may blind the eye to the merit or demerit they may cover. But remember these only add to what a man has—not to what he is.—They will soon be laid down, with these aching frames, in the undistinguishing tomb. Their light may shine here, but it shines not into death's dark valley; and before that tribunal where moral distinctions alone are regarded, and we all stand upon a common level, they will be of small account, unless it be to enhance our condemnation for their abuse. But I contend that the cultivation of this despised virtue involves a higher degree both of mental energy and moral worth than many of these public exploiters that fill the admiration of the multitude. The achievements of military renown, however great, do not require a higher degree of mental energy and resource than do many of the humble labors of common life. The difficulties in the latter are greater. The difficulties in the way of the great actors in the great public concerns of life, are generally of a physical nature. They are questions of numerical force—of the amount of bones, nerves and muscles to be employed on both sides of the contest. Such actors, too, have their professional advisers; have the unquestioned supremacy of their own will, and hundreds are ready, upon pain of death, to do their bidding. But to conduct wisely and usefully any responsible business or profession in private life is far different. For here the conflict is not with palpable agencies, but with opposing feelings; passions, prejudices, plans, pursuits, interests, and ten thousand moral obstacles which often de-
feat our best laid plans, and countervail our most determined purposes. Nor is the contest with armed and open foes—but with a deadlier class of enemies—enemies that are not known, not even suspected—smiling enemies—serpent-tongued, who sting and stab in the dark—or with summer friends, half-friends; or with the indifferent, the cold, the suspicious, the envious and the malignant; or with solid columns of those who are wrapped up in their own selfish purposes, and who have neither leisure nor inclination to subserve the purposes of others. Besides there are but few animating calls to such duties—there is no file and drum. He that discharges them has but few enthusiastic hopes. His pretensions are scarcely allowed. His claims are scarcely canvassed. His real merit is often undervalued. His success, if won, is scarcely allowed. And the result of his labors is never palpable. If a decent competency, carefully husbanded, can be made to minister to him in his sickness and age, he may deem himself happy. And when called to die if any earthly hope is brought near to his fainting spirit other than wife and children, left poor and desolate to the tender mercies of a cold world, he may account himself an exception and a favorite. Look at the humbler walks of life which embrace the many of God's creatures. Men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—who, unpatronised, and unhonored by any popular acclamation, and hopeless of any great success, are seen to pass day after day, and all their days, in unceasing exertions for small returns; contending with adverse circumstances, yet preserving their integrity at all hazards; faithful to their trusts; kind and true in all their social relations; devoted to their families; placing their hearts where they have pledged their hands; exhibiting a true public spirit as good citizens; and recognizing in all things their Christian responsibility! Ah, these are the glory of earth and the elect of heaven. I honor them! God honors them, and eternity will reward them. But where are they seen? I answer, in all the ordinary walks of life, if we had humility enough to look at them; and to me, their humble and unobtrusive worth removes far away the world-sounding renown of the mighty ones who often stand in the high places of this vain world. I could give instances; from my own congregation I could give them; instances I have thanked God for the privilege of seeing when my own burdens were heavy, but delicacy says, forbear. I have seen the young who once had a happy home but have lost it—no matter how they have lost it—who once had parents and natural guardians, but who have them no more—and who are now called upon, with heavy heart and the remembrance of their heights of glory they bend over with complacency and sympathizing love for all their struggles, and are ready to sing their triumphs in immortal anthems. These humble but God-honored virtues may be seen everywhere by the observing, and those who can estimate the moral over the physical. They may be seen in the toils and sufferings of every truly Christian mother, in behalf of her children and her home. This is to me the miracle of moral heroism. And when a besotted world shall cease to pay its court to mere external advantages, the virtues that produce it, under the appointments of God, will be estimated as above all price. But this will never be until our false standards of conduct and character are thrown down,
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and we weigh them in the balances of the true sanctuary. Until we shall cease our poor and miserable idolatry of wealth, of external show, while God and his great cause of pure, high, single-hearted excellence, is made secondary or of no concern. Meanwhile our duty is plain. While the world pays its slavish and ignorant worship at these heathenish shrines, let us cultivate that justness of thought, that mental liberty, that genuine independence of character, that Humility, if you please, that will enable us to honor and imitate intrinsic worth, however lonely its dwelling, or unnoticed its achievements. If we would be wise unto salvation, we must learn to regard character and conduct, as Christ regarded them. We must study to view them not as they appear to misguided and conceited man, but as they appear to our unerring Judge on high. We must learn to estimate them here as they will appear to us in the light of eternity. The distinctions of this world are necessary. I do not deny this; nay, I cordially believe it. In giving to us different capacities, different means of improving those capacities, and a different environment of circumstances, God appointed our relative distinctions. But he never appointed their abuses, and he never intended all distinctions to be in subordination to the high aims and moral purposes of our spiritual nature. This spiritual nature shall endure forever.—These distinctions must be laid down at the grave's brink, never, never more to be resumed. We can carry nothing with us to the judgment seat of Christ but our characters. And then, the worthy of this world, the true nobility of God, who are now, it may be, passing unknown along the humble paths of life, as it were princes in disguise, shall be called forth to become heirs of the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world.

I remark, in conclusion, that the ordinances of Christianity are divine ministrations to our Humility. At the very threshold of the Christian temple we are called upon to renounce ourselves. And this self-renunciation is exhibited most forcibly in our own burial in the waters of baptism. Here we profess to die to sin; to renounce the vanities of the world, and seek to clothe ourselves afresh with the paternal protection of the Father; the remedial power of the Son; and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost.—Divine Institution! Appropriate emblem! Holy names! Who present is ready to commence the new life of Humility after the example and in obedience to the authority of Him who was himself humbled that he might be exalted; and passed through a baptism of sufferings unparalleled, that through the vale of humble submission to his commandments we might tread the way of everlasting life?

The Lord's Supper brings us constantly under a sense of our unworthiness; of our need of forgiveness, help and strength; whilst it elevates to the thought that we are associated with angels, and with all the redeemed family of God. These Institutions make Humility the measure of our religion. Without it, they teach us that we have no claim upon the principles and honors of the sons of God. They give us lowly views of ourselves and the highest of God; they present before us a Christ willing to stoop to the lowest, and by the power of his example and the cultivation of his spirit, would have us imitate him in the most genuine duties of piety and love. Thus they will supplant our fleshly ambition; show us that its gratification may prove our ruin and disgrace, and ever open to us the quiet paths of contentment and peace, found oftenest in the humblest vale of honest and sober industry, enabling us to fill up our brief life upon earth with usefulness in the situation where God has placed us. And as the purest and loveliest streams often flow in the retired forest, far away from the noisy, thundering cataract and stormy ocean, so is the sweet peace of soul which we call Humility, and which dwells oftenest far from the “maddening world’s ignoble strife,” the bustle of public life, and the
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storms and tempests of a mad ambition.

In conclusion, allow me to repeat, we can be humble in all conditions. There is enough of evil everywhere to check our presumption, and to bind us in compassionate brotherhood and teach us that we are all of one sorrowing, dying family. Death will soon accomplish the catastrophe of all our earth-bound calculations. The monuments of fortune and power will disappear. We cannot stop the motion of our lives. Our ambitions and our vanities wither before us like gourds of a night, and we, as the Prophet of old, lean over them and weep. Bloom will depart from the field, splendor from the grove, seed-time will come and the harvest pass away, and the dread, drear, dark winter of the grave fall upon us all. We cannot now rekindle the morning ardor of childhood; we cannot go back to the noontide brightness of youth; the perfect day of maturity has passed, or is passing from us; while the evening shadows of age and weakness are deepening upon us! Then, why, O why, in our weakness and our mortality—Why, "should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

Patience.

A DISCOURSE, DELIVERED AFTER A RESTORATION FROM SEVERE ILLNESS, TO HEALTH, AND THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"Add to your temperance Patience."
"Let Patience have her perfect work."
"But that on the good ground are they in which, in a good and honest heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with Patience." "In your Patience possess ye your souls." "To them who by patient (or persevering) continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor and immortality, [God will bestow] eternal life."—
"Let us, [therefore,] run with Patience [perseverance] the race set before us, looking unto Jesus."

Need I say, my beloved brethren, after such an array of Divine testimony, that Patience is an essential element in the Christian character, indispensable to the attainment of Christian excellence as it is to the happiness of human life? It must ever hold its rank high amongst the cardinal virtues. It is a distinguishing feature in Christian teaching, attesting its divinity and perfection in contrast with all the moral systems of classic antiquity. Seneca, among the ancient heathen philosophers, for the near approach of his system of ethics to the Christian standard, has been often styled the "Almost Christian." But whatever you may find in his moral system calculated to afford profit or pleasure, you will not find Patience. It holds there no companionship with human virtue. And it is to this unfortunate absence that a reflecting mind will be compelled to attribute some of the most revolting consequences which he himself draws from his system.

He advises, that when overwhelmed by incurable evil, our happiest and bravest privilege is to leap out of existence. And he cites Cato as his paragon of virtue, chiefly because of his heroic self-murder. I repeat, Patience is a Christian virtue. It gives the Christian hero the sceptre of conquest, by inculcating the maxim, that "to bear, is to conquer our fate."

It is a remarkable fact, that the very department of morality precluded by all profane systems, is the one upon which Jesus expends most of his precepts and example. A stream of gladness, full and clear, flows over his whole life from Bethlehem to the mountain of Olivet, intended to refresh the desert of our sufferings and spread a lovely verdure over all its necessary evils, transfiguring every ill we fear into a stone of sapphire in the pavement on the highway to Heaven! Like a garment of celestial beauty, it clothed his wearied limbs; and like a jewelled diadem, it sat upon his bruised brow, the grandest glory that ever shone in the hall of Justice, or crowned the mount of holy Martyrdom! And in view of my limited observation, and perhaps, I might say, my experience of the evils of life, were I this day asked, What is your
brightest evidence of the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth? I would point to his sublime Patience, which converted a homeless pilgrimage into a pathway of immortality, a crown of thorns into a diadem of glory, and the broken reed of mock royalty into a sceptre of universal and unending dominion.

We propose, as appropriate to the circumstances of this day, to speak of the nature, helps and uses of Patience. Coming up, again, to the house of God and the association of his people, from which we have been kept away by unexpected and disappointing events; looking back over long days and weary nights of physical agony and mental prostration, and forward in the unknown future, without knowing what a day may bring forth, save only that task and toil, and perhaps pain, await us all along its opening vistas, it becomes us to look at our resources of Christian help, and see how far they are exhausted, how far they can be replenished, and what sources of comfort and strength are to-day within our reach. I feel to rejoice in a deliverance of which I am not worthy; in a restoration to this place and its privileges; and as a very small sense of my gratitude, I desire, with the blessing of God and your attention, to present you with the great instrumentality of God. In the original Scriptures, Patience carries the idea of perseverance under, as well as submission to, what we cannot alter. It associates itself with courage—not the brutal passion which is usually called by that name—but that moral strength that bears all, whilst it braves all, trusting in God in its darkest hours, and under its most forbidding prospects. Still it is more than courage; for courage is the duty or occasion of peculiar circumstances; patience is a habit, and the duty of all occasions. Few, comparatively, are required to be courageous; all must be patient. Courage is sustained by artificial props, courts observation, and has its victory amid the sound of trumpets and the huzzas of the multitude. It may give strength to evil as well as good—to the murderer, the thief, or the traitor, as well as to the philanthropist, the moral-worker, or the patri-
But Patience may live in loneliness and quiet; may not allow its left hand to know what its right hand doeth—may have its warfare unobserved—its fight with pride, passion and sin.

"A fierce one without,
But a fiercer one within."  

And may dwell in the bosom of piety, receiving its aid not from noisy multitudes, but from the presence of its Father and God.

Patience is therefore something more active than mere suffering without complaint. If we bring forth our fruit with patience, we do so by continuance in our labors. If we run with patience, we persevere in our running. Those who patiently continue in well-doing, never cease to do well. They uncomplainingly submit to suffering, whilst they unshrinkingly persevere in faith and duty. They bear their suffering and evils with tranquil mind, for they hope to the end; and that they may hope, they maintain their constancy of purpose and practice. Such a patient endurance of affliction serves to mellow the heart, so that like the fallow-ground of the field, spread open to the showers and heat of Summer, the morning and the evening dews—it is opened to the full influence of gospel truth, to become rich and full in its intended productions.—It enables us to resist the storms of distress; the temptations of the world; the allurements of pleasure and profit; the enticements of evil company; the treachery of our own corrupt affections and inordinate passions; till we obtain a title to the promise of the Savior, that we shall be saved, because we have endured to the end. It would be difficult to overrate its necessity. A part of our earthly inheritance is tribulation. It is unavoidably so. In making this statement, I have no sickly sentimentality to indulge in the abuse of this world. There is much in it, I admire, love, and delight in. I love its lofty mountains, engirding the clouds. I love its swelling oceans, embracing the continents. I love its gurgling streamlets, and mighty rivers, fertilizing the abodes of beast and man.—

"The floods have lifted up their voices—
The floods have lifted up their waves."  

And unless the voice of God was heard above their notes, we have felt that all, all was lost—was vanity, and worse than vanity. Nor are these seasons momentary, and such as may be met by a sudden and defiant effort. With many, they are prolonged, continuous, spreading their thick clouds of darkness over all our future. Some, too, find the Sun of their life darkened long before it reaches its meridian; and though they have many kind reliefs and rich blessings, yet they know there is no perfect relief this side the dark valley, and no permanent cure short of the fruit of the Tree of Life, that grows in the midst of the Paradise of God. Others contend with poverty; with early and repeated disappointments in business; with family miscarriages and disgrace; with desolations of the death-angel; with painful and irremedial disease, or inherited infirmity; with unfortunate, but unalterable, unions for life; and these are known to be their portion and their sphere of duty till their mortal shall
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put on immortality, and life be swallowed up in victory. Now how shall they meet their lot? I pause, and repeat—how?—The evils of their lot are facts; and they become Atheists, still are they true, stubbornly, unyieldingly true. We may foolishly deny them; strive to keep up contrary appearances; but we neither improve nor simplify them by the denial. We gain nothing. We alter nothing. We neither make our difficulties less in number or in embarrassment. We do not alleviate a single sorrow. We do not add a new ground of relief to our mind or lot.

A man is sick, or disappointed, or dying. He may not believe in God; still is his sickness not removed; his ambition not satisfied; his dying not prevented. Once more, I ask, How is he to meet his lot?

II. We will look, therefore, at the helping by which we may cherish this virtue.—Among these, the first and most prominent that I would mention is, a deep and abiding faith in the love of God, and the benevolent purpose of all his dispensations. We all profess to believe in the unfailing goodness of God; but how few of us realize the power of such a faith? It was the intention of religion to give us unqualified dependence upon Divine beneficence and power. When, therefore, we are disposed to complain of our own lack of Patience, it is well to remember the patience and long-suffering of our Divine Father, which must ever exceed all human measurement and appreciation, as the heavens exceed the earth, and as eternity swallows up time. The incomprehensible perfections of Jehovah stand in no need of our services. Of the stones of our streets, he could raise up better children than many of us are. Yet he bears with us—O! how long?—Exercises towards us far more compassion than frail and passionate men will exercise towards themselves, though their whole well-being depends upon their services to each other. Still, in his Divine Patience, he invites even sinners to amendment, unwilling that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live. He asks of us, as he did of ancient Eph-
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"How shall I give you up, O Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, O Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zebaim? Mine heart is turned within me, and my repentings are kindled together." And to these affectionate and eloquent descriptions the Psalmist adds: "The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and of great goodness. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." And again: "O that my people would hearken to me. O that Israel had walked in my ways."

If the mind can be aroused to consider the Divine Patience, it is comparatively easy for it to exercise itself in the same virtue. "God is love," and the consolatory truth must enter into our consciousness; must be digested, before it can be assimilated. And this should be done in our childhood—in our early and unburdened days—when the smile of our Creator seems to rest upon us, and our moments hang as the dew-drops of his morning blessing. No parent ever taught his children the necessity of faith in a Fatherly Providence, in the days of their youth and their joy, but who has prepared them for the ills that sooner or later come upon us, but who has qualified them measurably for future adoration and thanksgiving. Such will acquire a habit of looking back and remembering the mercies of God, the deliverances and favors of their past lives. They will look around them and trace back the streams of many that still follow them, to the fountain eternal, from whence life and being, and life's hope have flowed perennial. Every man's life, when viewed, free from the influences of pride and envy, has enough in it, if he would but ponder it, to excite high and holy gratitude. God has nourished him as a child—has defended him as a man—has supplied him as a father—has admonished him as a friend—has disciplined him as a teacher—and has ever made him the object of his care and love. And the recollections of these mercies, by the side of his own unworthiness, will give him patience in the evil day. Is he diseased?—His affliction is but an altered form of mercy, ordained with kind purpose and attended with a blessed ministry. His outward trial may heal his inward disease. His bodily affliction may give his soul a firmer health, may strengthen its aspirations, and shed over it the peace of heaven. Do his worldly props fall from under him, and his earthly wisdom fail him?—he learns more resolutely upon a Divine arm, and depends more certainly upon heavenly wisdom. He takes the guidance of Him whose appointed way must needs be the surest and safest path to heaven.—And our faith is thus proved and deepened by experience—patience has her perfect work, for every new trial renders it more and more perfect. The trial of our faith is found to be precious, when submissively borne, and its good effects may be marked and recognized. These become the earnest of our inheritance—the pledges of our acceptance. Our prayers become more direct and fervent—our love to our fellow-man more tender and enduring—our sympathies with the good and the useful more active and strong—our tempers more meek and gentle—our tastes more refined and spiritual. A hope, based upon such an experience, can never make us ashamed. The hope of heaven will nourish our patience. I do not mean the mere idle notion that there is a heaven, or even the higher belief in the immortal destiny of man. But the appropriation of this faith—the personal consciousness of this hope. The grand distinction between courage and patience may here be seen. He cannot be courageous who cannot be patient.—The trial of his courage is short, and the hope of a speedy end of its trial inspires its exercise. We can submit to a rough road and mean fare if our journey be short. But when the journey is for life; when the trial ends only in the grave, and our hope rests upon what is beyond, we need a more powerful virtue than courage—we need PATIENCE. The question is not concern-
ing physical effects, that can be weighed and measured, as a candidate looks to the success of his canvass; as the soldier to his victory; or the man of business to his gains—but concerning moral influences, which can neither be estimated nor anticipated.—

The conflict is not with palpable agencies, but with opposing feelings, passions, prejudices, pursuits, rivalries, and ten thousand moral obstacles within and without, seen and unseen. The hope of victory is never near, unless we consider the nearness of the bed of death, which may indeed be the first bed of rest, and thus our very uncertainty holds us to patience, in view of the unseen, unknown home, where sickness, pain and sorrow find no entrance.

But the great aid to Christian Patience, is the example of Jesus. He was made perfect through suffering, and consecrated it as the path of perfection to his followers. And hence, one of the clearest evidences of the divinity of his life is found in the fact, that no condition of poverty, desolation, bodily suffering, or external evil of any character, that has not its counterpart in the humiliation, wanderings, rejection and agony of the Son of God. And here, I ask, who can believe trials are sent in anger, when he sees their full weight poured out upon the purest of earth, or best beloved of heaven? And who ever looked to his example, that did not receive strength to bear his lot and do his duty, giving God thanks upon those difficult and learned discussions concerning woman's rights and woman's mission, in which so many pens and tongues have been employed, in modern times. These are subjects, I think, that offer little room for difference of opinion, except when misunderstood or improperly treated. Narrow minded men and visionary women assume extreme positions, and arrogance on one side, and unreasonable demands on the other, are the result. On one side, it is assumed, with a self-sufficiency which would be provoking if it were not amusing, that the sum and substance of humanity is in the male branch of it, and that the female branch is only an after-thought, a needful circumstance.
in the case. On the other, the champion of woman contends that she will never have her full rights, until she is educated in every respect as man is, and shares every department of life with him, from the hall of legislation to the nursery, inclusive. One is as far from right as the other, and both are equally unjust.

We do not wonder at the complaints of sensible women, at the narrow limits assigned to their education. If they express the desire to know something more than school-books can teach, and to enter upon the fair domains of literature, or the severer studies of science, they are greeted with some foolish sneer, or ridiculed as "strong-minded women;" as though there were something monstrous in a woman's cultivating her mind, or finding delight in knowledge. When the sneer comes, as it generally does, from men who are themselves ignorant and superficial, as well as ill-mannered, it is pitiful, not less than ungenerous. But in recent times, woman has sufficiently vindicated both her right and ability to enter into competition, wherever she pleases, in the departments of prose or poetry, of science or philanthropy, with the wisest and best educated men. They who speak the language of Miss Edgeworth and Joanna Bailey, of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Somerville, of Miss Sedgwick and Miss Dix, should never suffer one word of disrespect to pass their lips, towards woman. Our current literature is adorned by her pen, or works of philanthropy are dependent, to a great extent, upon her sympathy and direct cooperation. She needs, therefore, have nothing to fear from the comparison between her intellect and that of man; but it is a comparison between things unlike, and each of them is better than the other, in its own place. Let both be faithfully turned to the performance of those duties which, under the providence of God, devolve upon them, and no room will be left for the question, "which is the greater?"

But leaving such unprofitable discus-
Why may she not have the whole great sphere of the world to act in? Why should her influence be more limited than that of man? We answer, that our real influence is often stronger, for being limited in its immediate action. The wider diffusion of our efforts lessens their strength and sometimes prevents their efficacy. The greatest heat for practical purposes, is produced by an instrument which concentrates the flame upon a single point. The hardest metals then cannot resist its power. But the same heat diffused a very little, is of no avail. And so do we often see that the concentrated influence of affection is strong enough, in the sacred precincts of the family relation, to melt away the dross from the most stubborn heart, and shape the heart itself after the heavenly pattern, when all influences out of doors and all the discipline of common life have had no effect.

Again: it must be remembered that home influence extends beyond home. The best way to purify a stream is to cleanse its fountains, and less effort will accomplish the work if begun there. The great current of society is created by those little streams, which are pure or impure according to the character of our homes. To purify them, or to keep them pure, is chiefly woman's work; and if truly done, the current would roll on, pure as a mountain stream, to the eternal ocean. If it be not well done, all the Howards and Wilberforces can only succeed in filtering, here and there, a little of the corrupted water.

So true is this, that the strongest and most enduring influence which any of us exert, is that which begins at home, and goes out widening and deepening into the world. Whether men or women, the day of judgment will probably show this to be true. A celebrated preacher once said, that the most successful sermon he ever preached, was to an audience of one person, on a very stormy day. That one person was converted and became the instrument of doing good to thousands.

The mother has an audience of five or six, to whom her life preaches, and if she can have the blessing of God to convert them from sin to holiness, from the world to God, she accomplishes a work which God only can measure. I doubt if any woman who devotes herself, both mind and heart, to its accomplishment, would call the sphere ignoble or the work insignificant. It seems so only to those who have not heart enough to appreciate it rightly, or mind enough to understand its greatness; and they will waste themselves in peevish complaint, because they have not a wider sphere of action, when the real difficulty is, that they are incompetent to the work which God has already given them to do. I know many who are unfit for this home duty, none who are degraded by it. The reason why there is so much left for philanthropists to do, is this—that home work is done so badly. The great primal reform is needful there, and will never be accomplished, until women does it. Man may help her or hinder; but however loudly he may call himself the head of the family, she is the heart; and it is the heart which creates the life-blood and diffuses it through the whole system.

There is an unworthy estimate of home and home-life, which values it only for its physical comforts, and under which my language would be extravagant. Some men think of it only as a more convenient and pleasant way of living, than is found in hotels or eating-houses; and according to their view, woman is little more than a cooking and mending animal, a kind of upper servant, sometimes with reduced wages, whose duty is to provide for the wants of her lord and master, and take good care of his children. Perhaps we should say that some men used to think thus; for such opinions are now generally discarded, or acknowledged to be very coarse. Yet they are not quite out of date, and occasionally you will hear the vulgarism of the great Napoleon applauded, "that she is the most eminent
woman who has had the most children," or the equal vulgarism of a less man, that the most important question as to a woman's education is, whether she can prepare a good dinner, or mend an old garment? Questions which, if made the most important, indicate that we put the same estimate upon eating with the glutton, and upon economy with the miser.

But on the other hand, we must not undervalue the humble details of household care, which occupy so much of woman's time, the world over.

A great part of the comfort and happiness, and therefore of the good social influence, of home depend upon the manner in which those trifling details are attended to. A slovenly house, or a badly ordered table, or ill-clothed children, make an uncomfortable home, and a man must be a saint to resist its unhappy influences on his character. Just as it is the man's duty to provide a home for his family, and to supply it with conveniences according to means, it is woman's duty to adorn it with the excellent graces of good taste, and either by her own industry or the well-directed industry of those who serve her, to fill it with the healthful influences of cleanliness, good order and neatness; so that every thing may minister to the comfort and enjoyment of those she loves.

From these duties nothing can excuse her, except the disability of sickness. For their omission, no excellencies in other things can compensate. She may not neglect them, even to find time for study or reading, in the improvement of her mind; not even for works of philanthropy or in relieving the poor; much less for idle gossiping or visits of etiquette, or the perusal of the last novel. We care not how high she may be in her social standing, nor how humble her lot; if she has a home, whether it be a palace or a single room, the ordering of her own household, with all its trifling occupations, is her first duty, and she should be her first care. Without it her home influence, and therefore her chief influence, is lost.

But while we rate such humble duties at their highest value, considered as means to a spiritual end, we say that the man who prizes woman, because she is capable of performing these and similar tasks, does not deserve to have a good wife. He should merely employ a housekeeper and pay her good wages. And the woman whose idea of duty stops here, whose highest ambition is to keep house well, has but very low conceptions of her proper dignity, and is unworthy to be the wife of a sensible man. There are social, moral and spiritual uses, proceeding from the wise regulation of the household, which bestow dignity on what would otherwise be trite, and give value to things, which would serve only to please the taste or gratify the senses. The pleasantness and comfort of home is the machinery with which woman works, if she well understands her office, for the education of the heart, for purifying the character, of each member of her family. It is thus she shuts out the temptations of the world.—It is thus that she teaches her husband and her children to depend on the quiet enjoyments of the fireside, which elevate while they refresh. Her home is her Garden of Eden, or she has none, and she knows that the more the flowers are cultivated and the fruit ripened, not only the more beautiful, but the more healthful both for mind and body, will it be. She thus expresses her gratitude to God from whom her blessings proceed, and her affection to her friends and kindred, for whose happiness her mind is continually watchful, and on whose behalf she makes a hundred sacrifices, so unpretending that they are unobserved,—but not the sweetness of temper from which they proceed, while she seeks her own best delight in the enjoyment of others. With a spirit like this no occupation is trite, no duty insignificant. The educated woman sometimes complains of the petty nature of her cares and the increasing perplexity of trivial things; but let her mind be elevated, let her have a noble, ultimate design
and you change every thing. Give her that spirit in the service of God, by which we live above the world while we live in it, and by which she can look through all the vexations that annoy her, to the hearts of those for whose happiness her care is expanded, and you impart beauty to the most ordinary routine of her life; to the humblest domestic duties which poverty, or the unreasonable exactions of unreasonable men, can lay upon her. Under such circumstances we sometimes regard her, though busied in what seem most ordinary routine of her life, to the thankless, menial labors, with feelings little short of reverence.

Go into the poor man's house, when he is at his hard toil in the world, and witness the patient, uncomplaining industry of his wife, who seems to forget that she has wants of her own, in her busy zeal to supply the wants of others, and in whose eye the unbidden tear rises when, at his return home, she is greeted with no word of praise or kindness; for which she excuses him in her heart, because he is tired in body and anxious in mind. Or look upon the widow upon whom has devolved the labor of supporting and educating her children, as she sits almost unmoving from early morn far into the hours of night, plying that little instrument, her needle, until her eyes ache and her fingers are stiff, and yet her heart is buoyant with gratitude to God, because she can find work to do; and I think we shall be able to understand that the sphere in which their souls work is greater, in proportion as the labor of their hands seems less.

It requires a great heart to turn small things to heavenly uses. The cup of cold water given to the thirsty, in the name of Jesus Christ, becomes a heavenly work and obtains the approval of the Heavenly Father. It is not what we do, outwardly considered, but the spirit in which it is done, that constitutes the greatness or littleness of our work. The details of all our lives are insignificant, and in this respect few have a right to boast over the rest. The merchant, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, spend three-fourths of their time in labors, which are respectable only because of the object in view. Men sometimes speak contemptuously of woman's work, forgetting how much their happiness depends upon its faithful discharge; and women are too apt to admit that their employments are unimportant, compared with those of men. But, for myself, as a careful observer of both, I cannot perceive why woman, who is working with a smile that bestows a charm on the plainest occupation, ingeniously contriving to make a little go a great way, and of small means obtaining a great comfort, is not employed in work quite as dignified, as trading for sugar and coffee, or the selling of cotton and woolen goods, or the chaffering about freights and exchanges. From the way in which men sometimes talk, you would suppose that dollars and cents are the only respectable things in the universe; that successful speculation is the only true heroism, and that the hope of making twenty per cent. profit is enough to bestow dignity upon meanness itself. But careful thought will show us, that our comfort, our happiness, our general well-being, depend more upon what is called woman's work, than upon man's. They depend, not so much on the success of our counting-rooms and workshops, and a good balance-sheet at the end of the year, as upon the judicious management and skillful ordering of domestic life. We may be happy with a very small income, if the home department is so managed that every thing is used to the best advantage, and good taste made to supply the place of luxuries; and there will be something left, out of what would otherwise have been wasted, for the poor. But who can be contented in a house, where style is substituted for neatness, and large expenditure brings little comfort, and the idleness of the inmates gives abundant time for fretfulness? We can educate our children to be useful and happy, however poor we may be; but not in a household which witnesses daily con-
attention and complaining; where frivolous amusement is made to take the place of rational enjoyment; where the influence of the mother fails to commend virtue and religion to her sons and daughters.

We would not imply that everything in the home depends upon the female members of it. Some men are so selfish or depraved, so ill-natured and petulant, so unreasonable in their expectations, and so thankless when they have no room to be dissatisfied, that if they were to find angels at home they would contrive, by their own presence, to prevent them from being angels of home. But we speak in general terms when we say that, in civilized christian communities, the praise of well-directed families and the blame of disorderly ones belong chiefly to the woman. Let man be ever so wise in his own conceit, the credit chiefly belongs to her; let her be ever so ingenious in excuses, and in throwing the fault from herself upon the circumstances by which she is surrounded, to herself principally may the fault be traced. That exceptions exist we know, but what we have now said is, generally speaking, true.

We desire to magnify, although we cannot exaggerate, the importance of the institution of home. The more so, because this is the best means of elevating woman in the scale of social life, to the point which belongs to her of right, but has not yet, in any part of the world, been fully conceded. In this country, everything depends upon it. It is the nursery of republican simplicity and republican virtue. It is the wholesome restraint upon our eagerness, the conservative influence which prevents radicalism from excess; an influence stronger than patriotism, and from which the purest patriotism springs. It binds us to the love of peace. It counters the angry feelings of political contention and the conflicting interests of different parties. Destroy it, or our love for it; make this whole nation an out-of-door people; teach them to find their amusements, their happiness, away from home, in gardens, in cafés, in the streets, as it is in France and Italy, and it would be as difficult to maintain our Republic, as it has been to establish one in Paris or Rome. No one, who has ever visited those cities, or Naples, or Venice, or who has studied the habits and customs of their population, can fail to see the cause of their violent commotions, and uneasy, restless striving. The mass of the people are without homes and home influences. They live out of doors, in perpetual excitement, and the only idea of a home to thousands of them is a place to sleep in. By this means, woman is, for the great part, shut out from her proper influence on society. She is deprived of her rightful working-place, and she cannot work to good advantage. She becomes the drudge, or the toy and plaything, or at best the ornament of society, instead of being the messenger of truth, the guardian of virtue, the angel of mercy.

The foundation of our free institutions is in our love, as a people, for our homes. The strength of our country is founded, not in the declaration that all men are free and equal, but in the quiet influence of the fireside, the bonds which unite together the family circle. The corner-stone of our republic is the hearth-stone. Therefore let men see that it is carefully laid; let woman's hand keep it clean and bright; around it let happy faces gather, and happy hearts beat in gratitude to God. From the corroding cares of business, from the hard toil and frequent disappointments of the day, men retreat to the bosom of their families, and there in the midst of that sweet society of wife and children and friends, receive a rich reward for their industry, and are reminded that their best interests are inseparable from public order and social morality. How different would it be, if, instead of this, he turned to the resorts of public pleasure, to the partisan debates of political clubs, or to any other organization from which woman's influence is excluded, for the refreshment of his mind and body. The merry talking
of children's voices, is a more eloquent persuasive to virtue and patriotism, than
the speeches of orators or demagogues.—

The feeling, that here, in one little spot, his best enjoyments are all concentrated,
made pure through being shared with female purity; the consciousness of de-
pendence, through the strong affections of his heart, upon those who for protec-
tion and support depend upon him; his almost unconscious yielding to the gentle
influence of one who is second to him, only because her good sense yields the
precedence; all this gives a wholesome tendency to his thoughts and is like the
healing oil, poured upon the wounds and bruises of the spirit.

Nor is it a fancy picture we have now
drawn. In ten thousands of homes each
day, at set of sun, in every part of our
happy land, are these strong but quiet in-
fuences at work. In every one, woman is
proving herself a true philanthropist,
a conservator of public order, the promo-
ter of social harmony. While she does
this work faithfully—although Providence
may open a widesphere of action, under
the revolutions of modern society—she
cannot have a nobler sphere, nor one
wherein she can be more useful or more
happy.

We know that different scenes are often
exhibited. Uniformly our best blessings
may be abused to become the worst evils.
It is not every roof-tree under which we
may sit, with none to molest or make us
afraid. It is not every woman who knows
how to make home pleasant. Something
more is requisite than boarding-school ac-
complishments and a milk and water
character. Something more than an edu-
cation in a female college, with the degree
of Mistress of Arts. There are houses
enough, in which woman is content to be
little better than a doll to wear finery, or
a child to be amused; and there are others
in which sufficient proof is given of Sol-
omon's words, that "a continual dropping
in a very rainy day and a contentious wo-
man are alike."

But still, after all exceptions have been
made, in our homes is our chief strength.
There is our best happiness as a people.—
There the strongest influences in favor of
virtue and religion are at work. They
are the school-houses, in comparison with
which all other schools and colleges, both
public and private, are of no importance,
and in them is woman's place and wo-
man's work. The Emperor of the French
said, which is a partial offset to his ab-
surd saying already quoted, that the chief
necessity in reforming the system of na-
tional education was well educated moth-
ers. With equal force may it be said that
the prosperity of our land, the perma-
nence of our institutions, can be secured
only through the influence, which must be
the home-influence, of sensible and vir-
tuous women. Legislators are good in
their place, but for our happiness and vir-
tue as a people, we must depend upon that
legislation, which is spoken in the gentle
voice, so excellent a thing in woman; urged
by the pleadings of woman's love, enforced
by the penalties of woman's dis-
pleasure.

If the views now presented are correct,
we do not degrade woman by teaching that
home is her rightful place, the sphere of
her chief influence. If she has a heart
large enough and a mind sufficiently edu-
cated to perform her duties there, looking
well to the ways of her household and
eating not the bread of idleness, she is the
equal of any man, however great, or good
or wise he may be. She is his equal in
position, his equal in practical usefulness.

But we have reason to fear that the
views now presented are not sufficiently
regarded. Home is not made so sacred a
place as it ought to be. Its influence is
not exclusively given to the cause of tem-
perance and righteousness. Even where
its general influences are good, frequent
and melancholy exceptions are made, by
conforming to wrong usages and the con-
tinuance of foolish customs. When the
festive board is spread, and all the refine-
ments of woman's skill have been ex-
hausted to make it attractive, its crowning glory is found in the wine "which moveth itself aright, but at last stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder." Her hand becomes ingenious to fill the sparkling bowl, and her encouragement is given to those "that tarry long at the wine, who rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them." I would not go beyond the limits of propriety, to interfere with the social arrangements prevalent among us. Every person claims the right of directing the affairs of his own family, and of receiving his friends according to his own ideas of hospitality. I do not dispute the right, but wish that it were exercised more discreetly. I am afraid that the strongest influence on the side of intemperance and the hardest to overcome is that of the social circle, the hospitable board. In our homes which should be the centre of every good influence, that bad influence is at work. In the very citadel of our safety, the most dangerous enemy gains free admission. It is there that the thoughtless habit which ends in dissipation is begun. There it finds encouragement, under all the appliances; of luxury and elegance, until it shows itself in the unsteady step and reeling brain. I have known many young men to be betrayed into confirmed habits of intemperance, by their frequent acceptance of this well-intended kindness. There are probably those who will have been, this week and the next, intoxicated for the first time in their lives, because it is so difficult and awkward to refuse the reiterated invitations of woman's hospitality. Is it not particularly to be regretted, that Christmas day, the commemoration of the Savior's birth, and the close of the year, which should call for reflection and repentance, and the beginning of the new year, which ought to be hallowed by virtuous resolutions, become to many the first step towards ruin? Can we not be hospitable in a less dangerous way? Can we not make our friends welcome without exposing them to danger? Are not the pleasant smile and the grasp of a friendly hand, and the feast which cheers without inebriating, are not these enough? If any require more, let them seek it where they may sell their virtue for a price. Let not woman's hand lead the way to temptation. Let not her pleasant home lend its attractions to the sins which so easily beset us.

Is there a mother who would place temptation in the way of her son? Is there a sister who would make virtue difficult to her brother? Is there a maiden, who would place in the hand of him whom she is already beginning to love, the poison which may find and perhaps has already begun to find its way to his heart? Is there a wife who would surround her husband with snares, so skillfully covered that he may fall into them almost unawares? You may have the utmost confidence in those you love, as we all have; for love casteth out fear; but is it worth while to try experiments, when the stake at issue is so tremendous? We may be very sure that they are in no danger; but is it not well to remember that prayer, "lead us not into temptation," and shall woman be the tempter? If not for the sake of those whom she herself loves, yet for the sake of those whom others love, let her refuse to become the minister of evil.

Those who are tempted may not be her own friends and kindred; she may look upon them with entire indifference, and offer the temptation only because custom requires it; but there are hearts beating sadly for those who yield; there are wives and mothers and sisters who will have reason to mourn over the day, when the temptation was offered, and the custom which permitted it.

Nor is it only upon one day in the year, but frequently, almost as a needful part of hospitable entertainment, the subtle and almost irresistible attack is made upon the virtue of those who only desire an excuse for yielding. Festive assemblies which begin with all the splendor that wealth can purchase, and at which the beauty, the fashion and the elegance of the city are gath-
I say that if she really wishes for the change it will be accomplished! There are undoubtedly some men so arbitrary and self-willed, that they will not be directed, even by the gentlest hand and for their own good. But under the worst of circumstances, she can moderate the evil and greatly diminish its allurements. Generally speaking, in well-regulated families, it is so far under her control, that what she heartily wishes she can easily accomplish.

I have no expectation of changing general customs by my feeble voice. I know how tyrannical fashion is, and that there are many persons who would commit any sin or incur any danger, sooner than be accounted unfashionable. "Custom lies upon us as a weight, heavy as lead," and not one in a hundred has the strength or courage to throw it off, though conscience may command and the safety of those whom he best loves require it. But the improbability of success is no reason for being silent. They who attempt nothing are quite sure to accomplish nothing. Social usages, like those to which I refer, can be more easily changed than we at first suppose. If a comparatively small number of those who are raised, by their wealth and hospitality, above the accusation of meanness, and by their standing above the suspicion, so dreadful to endure, of being unfashionable; if a few of such families were to begin the change, there would be many to follow, and twelve months would show great and general improvement. The young would have reason to bless such a change, for one of their chief dangers would be removed. Still more would they have reason to bless it, who have once yielded to temptation and are now exerting themselves to resist. Too often have I seen those, who have held firmly to their resolution through a whole year, inadvertently betrayed into the ruin from which they had almost escaped, by the multiplied temptations which custom has prescribed.

And am I wrong in thinking that it is woman's influence, to which we must look for the change required? Do I overrate it, when...
be that temptations come;” but to that assertion of the Savior another is added, well calculated to startle us, in view of our own accountability: “Woe unto them through whom the temptation cometh.”

Life and Death.

(Continued from page 102.)

While, therefore, the Christian revelation discloses an immortal state, and makes natural death the portal by which we enter it, at the same time, it teaches, most impressively, that moral death and misery are the fruit of sin, and the just and unavoidable punishment that has ever followed the voluntary violation of law, or obligation to God, it does not deny that pains and afflictions may come upon the best men, but it assures us that they are evidences of love, and are a part of the fraternal discipline necessary to our development and spiritual elevation; and that even then, afflictions may, for the most part, be traced to human sin somewhere, though it may now be outside of the sphere of our accountability. For example: the miseries of poverty flow from ignorance, selfishness, pride, and dissipation; and so, to some extent, with all kinds of suffering: The person who suffers, may not be directly culpable; but he may find relief in the truth, that God reigns over the sin and the suffering, and will, to those who believe, and whenever they believe, bring good out of the evil. If we unavoidably suffer by the sin of others, it is His will that we should suffer, and it will result in good. This is the Christian doctrine, and it embraces every calamity and physical death. It allows no man to consider himself the victim of chance; it sees no earthly misery that is not relivable, and relievable in the view that our Father is God, and His Providence and dominion are alike universal. It reveals the existence of wisdom in events we cannot fathom; invites us to search it out, and rely both while we search and when we find. It gives a divine serenity to the eye that looks upon the most awful confusion, for it confers a faith in a Power in, beyond and above the surrounding darkness, whose presence will yet restore the triumph and secure the calm. The evil seen and felt, may be the fruit of sin, of error; but neither sin nor error are God; neither reign so as to break the domain of Providence nor tear down the pillars of the perfect throne. That Providence, it assures us, has given us our part in connection with weakness and imperfection, so that when we live and when we die, we fulfill a law, or a will, that is higher and better than our own. It recognizes the truth, then, that sin is in the world, and is in it as both the indirect and direct source of its suffering; but it places over against the prevalence and power of sin, the Power of the Highest, whose omnipotent jurisdiction causes every kind of sin to meet somewhere its just punishment, which can neither be avoided nor resisted by merely human power. And this truth is everywhere confirmed by human experience. True, it may be denied, but its denial is one of its impressive confirmations; for he that denies that sin brings its punishment, only reveals one of its most fearful forms of punishment, in the insensibility and degradation that lives so far beneath the recognition of the divine government, as to be emphatically, in a Christian sense, “dead” while living. He does not read, intelligently, the record of a single day’s experience. And can he be said to live, who does not rightfully appreciate a single hour of his groveling life? Can his be called a true life, who has no sense of the presence, much less of the communion, of God, the fountain of all being and life? Dare we speak of him as having the freedom of life, whose soul is dead to its own capacity to drink into its fountain in God, or lives in a state of unrest, fear and dread, which makes every inexplicable event a dark and horrible portent of evil? And yet either the life of insensibility, which is beast-like,
or the life of unrest, which is worse, is the life, or rather living death, of every soul that has not the knowledge of the Fatherhood and universal dominion of God, revealed by the teaching, and illustrated by the life, death and triumph of Christ. Indeed, this thought is the keynote to Christian teaching. It alone makes it harmonious, and, in human hearts, responsive; for this is the true, or "eternal life, that they might know (acknowledge) thee (the Father as Father) the only true God, and Jesus, the appointed, whom thou hast sent"—to manifest thy name and glory. Look at human experience, and you will see that Christ's teaching is everywhere, and by every man, confirmed. Sin causes death to the spirit. It brings a positive punishment, under the divine administration, both in its inward disquietude and its outward suffering. It has private griefs, pains and misgivings, that make it, like Adam of old, hide in the miserable and vain covering that chance may place in its reach, when the voice of the Lord God calls it to his presence, or the presence of its agencies for retribution. If he continue in it, he comes under the tyranny of devouring lusts; the wretched gnawings of shame and remorse; the timorous soul of fear, and environment of strife, and condemnation certainly within, and if necessary, without, until life's life is worn away, and desperation or insensibility swallow up all the noble capacities, generous sympathies, and heavenward purposes of his immortal nature. The universe is so arranged, that a violation of its order must be found out. The sin of man will find him out, even though it be but in thought, if the thought be cherished. The wrong done, the sorrow or misery occasioned, or inflicted, will come to him in a memory overshadowed with terror. He may be hid amongst ten thousand, and no eye be able to recognize him, yet, whenever his sin is named, it finds him out, and is as the voice of God calling him to a strict, individual, personal responsibility, which has no ear so stopped as not to hear; no hiding place, even in his Eden, so secure as not to be penetrated. The deed may be covered by the grave; easy speeches and fair looks may screen it from the eye of sinful mortals like himself; the offender may even forget it, amid the distractions of sense and the vagaries of fancy; long years may have swept by, and brought ten thousand better memories; but the day comes, ever comes, and if not sooner, it will come when the soul shall be merged into piercing, penetrating mind; and mind into conscience, and conscience into accountability, and that accountability, unshared by another, will reveal the unavoidable truth, "that every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." Fools may mock at transgression, but their mockery ends in shame and remorse. Their mockery reveals that they have fallen beneath the purposes of a true life; that their highest nature has been sacrificed, and life's ills, which were a light and an improving burden, become a heavy and crushing weight.

But there is another view of this subject that I am confident we have learned from Christ, that is to me peculiarly instructive and improving. It is, that however they may escape the sad and awful issues of an indulgence in sin, or of a life of hatred and malice, that the restorative process through which they must yet pass, either in this world or the next, involves a concentration of pangs that is proportioned to the nature and influence of the disease. The evil man must awake sometime to his actual condition, and see the vanity and folly and misery of his hateful life. He must awake to a sense of his Father's forbearance and love; "the riches of his forbearance." He will see his kindest invitations spurned; his highest favors trampled upon with base ingratitude; his commandments unto life despised; and then, sorrow's brimful cup must be drained, even though its bitterness mingle with all the streams of happiness and hope. The restorative process is retribution itself. Look at Peter after his denial; Paul, fallen to the earth, and ever after, even amid labors and sufferings that made
him the greatest of God's workmen, sending his note of regret back to the time when he persecuted the humble followers of the Lamb; look to the pierced hearts of the murderers of Jesus on the Pentecost of their recovery, and you will know what I mean. The realities of every man's character will at sometime be made clear and vivid to him; for God reigns over all men, over all states of man, and will awaken the personal consciousness somewhere, and at sometime, however long may be the delay, and however secure in his delusions the offender may live or die. For a time, he may forget and escape from himself.—He buries himself in his business; but the time comes when the weight of business will be thrown off, and he must see himself as he appears to truth, to right, to God.—For a time he may drown himself in dissipation, and sleep, or what seems still worse, hold all the energies of his soul in suspension, malice or vindictiveness towards all his fellows, he cannot, or will not, understand, but a sleepless night is yet before him, in which conscience will not slumber, and those he hated will stand up before him as his brethren, perchance his friends, perchance his inseparable companions. In a word, every man who lives not the true life of love, of service, of faith, will be awakened, and the awakening will be a punishment proportionably fearful, according to the nature of the torpidity of his present condition. And this truth but leads us to another. The inwrought elements of our being; those that we are daily making by the dispositions we cherish and the habits we indulge, are self-retributive; they make, indeed, a part of ourselves, and bring to us, sooner or later, their sufficient evil or good. We cannot escape retribution, nor fail of reward, for the very reason we cannot escape from ourselves. What we think, do, or cherish, we are, to some extent, not always appreciable. Sin is, therefore, its own punishment. It produces a state of soul that revolts at the allegiance it owes to God, and therefore revolts at its own happiness; it causes it to renounce its father, and therefore renounces the sources of infinite love, to feed on the miserable husks that such a renunciation alone can find; it dethrones it to animal lusts, and thus buries its Divine powers; it gives its ever-growing capacities for an undying love to merely private interests, and they often not interests, but mistaken views of interest, and thus dooms itself to a dungeon, where the freedom of the universe is offered; it tamely submits to temptation; retires with baseness from the perils of its duty, and thus gives up its peace and glory for the mere livery of custom or folly. This is ruin itself. This is death. This is Hell. These are Scriptural uses of the words death and hell.—The perfection of the mind and affections is heaven; is heaven on earth, above the earth everywhere; the prostration or perversion of these is death, and hell wherever and whenever they are so prostrated or perverted; and Christ reveals the true life and the true heaven, the life and the heaven that will know no change, save from glory to glory, from perfection to perfection, by revealing the proper exercise and direction of the capacities of the spirit. The mind and heart of a wicked man would make a hell of heaven, a death of life; and that they do it, every man may see and feel, who will penetrate a little below the tangible and palpable punishments and rewards, that often cover up the actual living experience within the soul. This truth springs from the nature of God and the human soul. God pours his beneficences upon us all, to be converted into our food or poison, our good or misery, according as we receive and use it. The irreversible relations of his love and justice must follow holiness and iniquity, to bless the one and to restrain the other, now and forever. Will we be wise and pure, we shall be strong and noble, and glory and blessedness are inexhaustible to the mind endowed with heavenly wisdom, the feelings swayed by unchangeable love. Will we be ignorant and corrupt, we must be mean and degraded, and the horrors of bigotry, variance and strife are also inexhaustible to every such mind. The one abides in life; the other in death. This is the substance of the Christian doctrine of
Life and Death, and its great lesson is reiterated by all the solemn voices of history, by all the revealing conclusions of philosophy, and by the testimony of every experience that has been awakened from the torpidity of sense and sin, to see that the law of God is everywhere, and everywhere binds with inseparable bond the ties of duty and faith with innocence and peace.

While, then, "the wages of sin is death," and only fools make a mock of sin, until it gathers its fearful forces to correct their folly, the "pure in heart see God," and dwell ever beneath the sun-smile of his presence and the shadow of his arm.

J. B. F.

Spontaneous Reflections upon Isaiah, thirteenth Chapter.

"In that day shalt thou say,
'I will praise thee, O Jehovah,
For though thou hast been angry with me
Thine anger is turned away,
And thou comfortest me.
Behold! God is my salvation;
I will trust, and I will not be afraid;
For Jehovah is my glory and my song,
It is he who was my salvation.'"

And he that day ye shall say,
'Give thanks to Jehovah, call upon his name;
Make known his deeds among the people;
Give praises for his name is exalted!
Sin~ to Jehovah, for he hath done glorious things;
Be this known in all the earth!
Cry aloud, shout for joy, O inhabitant of Zion,
For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.'"

The above is one of those ancient songs of the true Zion which are ever new. It celebrates a great national deliverance, but it speaks also to the consciousness of every religious heart, and most impressively, after it has safely passed through a trying experience. Let the reader sit down and recount the events of his life, which are easily remembered: his mental and physical sufferings; the struggles of his soul with evil; his contests with the world, its vanities and its enemies; and his many, many deliverances, and every word of the divine song will be sweet to his taste.

Has he been delivered from long and wasting disease, or from gloomy forebodings of bankruptcy for himself and a helpless family; or from the malice and vindictiveness of misguided foes; or from the strainess of ignorance and the sins which most of all lead the soul, or the crushing despotism of fears that forget that there is a God everywhere and in everything present,—whatever may be the deliverance, if the soul be alive to the source from whence all our deliverances proceed, it will joyfully sing: "I will praise thee, O Jehovah." And he may feel that for the correction of his many follies and the punishment of his sins, the mercy of the Lord seemed turned away; but when by a purified faith, or the disciplinary influence of the evils he has endured, he has brought to a sincere penitence and a determination for the better way, he cries out in the fulness of his soul "for even though thou hast been angry with me thine anger is turned away." And as he numbers the blessings he still enjoys, and the evidences of divine favor that come up before him as he surveys his individual preservation and means of knowledge and enjoyment, his family and friendly alliances with those who are at once a guard and a help, he will say in truth, "thou Lord comfortest me." And then looking in upon himself and seeing so much to correct and improve; and forward only to behold a vast field of duty to be more carefully cultivated, remembering the past deliverances and unexpected blessings, with mingled emotions of hope and fear, he exclaims: "Behold! God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." Looking out, then, upon the fading glories of earth, and feeling our wasting bodily strength and frequent spiritual lethargy and infirmity, he rejoices in the high privilege of saying, I will wean my affections more and more from earth's vanities and follies, and no longer allow them to engross and burden my struggling spirit, "for Jehovah is my glory and my song, and it is He that has given me deliverance." He has sustained me in trial and delivered me; he has given me hope in view of death and earth's sorrowing separations, and the joy of a free pardon and a life restoring reformation; therefore, with the people of God "I will give thanks and call upon the name of Jehovah." And if
he give me favor with the people and the tongue of the true Prophet, “I will make known his deeds among the people.”

Come, then, all ye who love the Lord and desire his favor, and the good of all his sinning, sorrowing, dying creatures, and let us “sing to Jehovah, for he has done glorious things for us all,” and let us “declare them throughout all the earth.” Let Zion be glad in all her assemblies; let her not be dismayed, yea, let her “shout for joy, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of them.”

Discoveries in Nineveh.

Let none of our readers pass over the following article on account of its length.—We would commend it especially to our younger readers. If to gather up solid and interesting information; to establish the leading facts of human history; to see the origin of much of the most interesting imagery of the prophetic records; to see the triumph of mind in its efforts to stamp its ideals upon matter in everlasting sculpture, or to commune with the traces of human character as they are found in the cradle of both Jew and Gentile; be improving and elevating to our thoughts, then the following article will well repay the careful perusal of all our readers. At another time, we may follow it and similar researches, with a few of the impressions and reflections they are calculated to make and direct, upon minds that have received a Religion that boasts a revelation of the God of all nations, and the Saviour of the world.

In surveying the interesting imagery of ancient worship, now dug up from the tomb of twenty-five centuries, we cannot forbear to remark: That while they confirm the truth of an Eternal Providence which in all forms of human development gives Reason something to conceive, Conscience something to demand, Affection something to discern, yet nowhere do we find any representation of the true God that does not carry with it the blindness of idolatry, save in the Author and Finisher of our faith. Separate attributes of God, are presented in mutilated representations of his nature, because idols of the worshipper’s heart.—But the reverential acceptance of Christ, as the highest Image of the Invisible God, the finished representation of his moral perfections, will alone bring us near to our Father, where no duty will be forgotten, no taste corrupted, no aspiration lulled to sleep; but where the soul is ever drawn upward in all its powers. The universe is not more truly the symbol of the mind of God than is the man of Nazareth the personification of his spirit, to possess which, is to fill ourselves “with a love which passes understanding”—with the very “fulness of God.”

J. B. F.

Layard and the Discoveries at Nimroud.

Is it true that the light from some of the more distant fixed stars takes ages multiplied by ages to reach this our earth, and that what we see are not the bodies as they now exist, but as they existed some thousands of years ago? All science is thus carrying us into the past. Geology has made us acquainted with a pre-adamite earth, and various forms of organized being as peculiar to that earlier world. What was considered as nothing more than so much gold-dust scattered on the black ground of the heavens, our modern astronomy has resolved into a field of suns and systems, whose mingled light goes to make up so many splendid constellations, and whose date is to be found far down in the depths of a past eternity. Nor this only. The recent discoveries of the site and ruins of ancient cities, enables us to walk their streets, and leisurely view those palaces in which lived and luxuriated some of the mightiest princes that ever impressed the soil of this our world, the temples in which they worshipped, the tombs in which they were buried, and the monuments which were reared in memory of their deeds and their name.—We find ourselves in the immediate neighborhood of the hanging gardens, and of those marvellous structures which tradition has referred to a very remote antiquity.—Our knowledge is likely to be rectified and enlarged concerning a people who were
supposed to have left behind them no trace of their historical life. These ruins will henceforth testify, not only to the fact of their existence, but to their progress in civilization, in intellectual culture, in physical science, and in artistic skill. France and England divide the glory of having rescued from the underground darkness and oblivion of twenty-five centuries, some of the most magnificent remains of the old world.—Many a traveler’s foot had pressed these mounds which are found on the banks of the Tigris, but it was reserved for M. Botta and Dr. Layard to discover the treasures which they concealed. They prosecuted their researches with exhaustless patience and perseverance; and though the story of the people which once inhabited these cities of renown, is to be read in bricks and stones, and slabs, and bas-reliefs, and monumental inscriptions, yet, as Dr. Layard observes, “there could have been no more durable method of preserving the national records; the inscribed walls of palaces and rock tablets have handed down to us the only authentic history of ancient Assyria;” while by the discoveries of himself and others, the intention of those who founded that great empire “will be amply fulfilled, and the records of their might will be more widely spread, and more effectually preserved by modern art, than the most exalted ambition could have contemplated.”

Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, was situated on the eastern bank of the river Tigris, opposite the present town of Mosul, about two hundred and eighty miles north of Babylon, whose rival it was, but of much larger dimensions. It was about twenty miles in length, twelve in breadth, sixty in compass, and took three days’ journey to perform its circuit. It was surrounded by walls a hundred feet high, and so wide that three chariots could drive abreast of them, and was fortified by fifteen hundred towers of two hundred feet in height, while the population exceeded six hundred thousand. This number is small compared with the inhabitants included in the metropolis of either England or France, and yet neither Paris nor London occupies one-fourth of the space on which Nineveh stood. It is probable, therefore, that a large portion of the ground was occupied with gardens and parks, and vineyards, and fields for pasture. Its grandeur was equal to its size.—Even at that early age, architecture had attained to high perfection, and its productions were on a gigantic and magnificent scale.—Science and art had combined to create a place of commanding elegance, while in wealth and luxury it rose to the highest point.

The whole current of tradition leads us to Nimrod as the founder of this great city. He was an immediate descendant of the patriarch Noah, and a man of rare courage and enterprise. His successful pursuits in the chase marked him out as one peculiarly fitted to sustain the duties and responsibilities of government; and having obtained for himself a name in the earth, he left the land of Shinar, where he first founded his dominion, and went into Assyria, and builded Nineveh, the city Rehoboth and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah.—Such is the simple record of the Book concerning the man whose name is inseparably associated with one of the earliest settlements of the human race. But here Revelation leaves us. Scripture is all but silent on Assyria and the Assyrians, till we come comparatively near to the reign of grace—or, as Layard says, “until the period when their warlike expeditions to the west of the Euphrates brought them into contact with the Jews. Pul, the first king whose name is recorded in Scripture, having reigned between eight and nine hundred years before the Christian era, and about two hundred previous to the fall of the empire, must have been the last of a long succession of kings who had ruled over the greater part of Asia. The latter monarchs are more frequently mentioned in the Bible on account of their wars with the Jews, whom they led captive into Assyria. Very little is related even of their deeds, unless they particularly concern the Jewish people.” Then if we come to profane history,
it has no record of a date so far back as the foundation of the Assyrian Empire.—
The account ascribed to Herodotus is irrecoverably lost; while the testimony of later writers is to be taken with so much reserve and limitation, that it is like the effort to trace the characters on the sand which, the waters of the rolling wave have effaced and washed out forever. With the exception of a few royal names, and some of those of doubtful origin, we have nothing in the form or worthy of the name of authentic history. Ninus, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, are names familiar to every school-boy in the land. Of the expeditions of the first, and the magnificent deeds of their second, and the profligacy of the third, he has read in his common school-history; but what does he know of Assyria and its far-famed capital? What does any one know? Strange, indeed, that “records of an empire so renowned for its power and civilization, should have been entirely lost; and that the site of a city as eminent for its extent as its splendor should have been ages a matter of doubt. It is not perhaps less curious that an accidental discovery should suddenly lead us to hope that these records may be recovered, and this site satisfactorily identified.”

It is to the Sacred Writings that we must turn for all our knowledge of this famous city, from the time of Pul, the first king of Assyria, who invaded Canaan, till the final overthrow of Nineveh. Scripture sets us down in the midst of that city when it had reached the height of its glory and the extreme of its crime. Wealth, luxury, and idolatry, were all so many causes of its overthrow. The sins and crimes of the people pointed to heaven as conductors to attract the lightning of divine vengeance. But judgment slumbered. Mercy triumphed over justice. A divinely-commissioned prophet was sent to warn them of their danger, and lead them to a timely repentance. His representations and pleadings were not without effect; and for one hundred and fifty years the impending stroke was averted. Nineveh would have been spared had her repentance been sincere.—
The lightning which played on the edge of the dark cloud retired, and would never have left that dark bosomed cloud, had not the people fallen back into their former habits and pursuits. They sunk deeper than before in moral pollution, and then another of God’s true speakers was sent to foretell the overthrow of the city and the empire.—
The preparations for the destruction, and the destruction itself, he paints in the most vivid colors. He calls on Nineveh to prepare for the approach of the enemy; while the military array and muster, the very arms and dress of the Medes and Babylonians—their rapid approach to the gates—the process of the seige—the inundation of the river—the taking of the place—the captivity, the lamentation, and the flight of the inhabitants—the sacking of the city—the bearing away of its treasures—together with the consequent desolation and terror; are all set forth under the sublimest and most impressive images, and in the true spirit of Hebrew poetry. There was an old tradition that Nineveh should not be taken till the river Tigris, which defended part of the city, should become its enemy. Now, it so happened that, in the third year of the seige, it became so swollen by continued rains, that it overflowed part of the city, and threw down a considerable portion of the wall. The king, thinking that the oracular was fulfilled by this inundation of the river, and giving up all hope of future safety, lest he should fall into the enemy’s hands built a large funeral pile in the palace; and having collected all his gold and silver, and royal vestments, together with his concubines and his eunuchs, set fire to the pile; and thus involved himself and them, and the whole palace, in one common ruin!—
When the fate of the king was made known by certain deserters the enemy entered by the breach which the waters had made, and took the city. So vivid is the description given by the prophet of their entering the devoted city, that you fancy you hear the whip cracking, the horses prancing, the wheels rumbling, the chariots bounding af-
ter the galloping steeds; or that you see
the reflection from the polished swords and
the glittering spears, like flashes of light-
ing dazzling the eyes; while the slain or
the dying are lying in heaps upon the street,
and the horses and the chariots stumbling
over them. Even her rulers and her tribu-

tary powers came not to help or succor.—
Those who ought to have espoused her
doom, went over to the side of her besieg-
ers. Her numbers, her wealth, her mighty
men availed her not. She became faint-
hearted and feeble, and her strongholds
were taken with ease. She is in the hand
of the enemy; her desolation is complete.
The prophet himself is moved to tears by
her condition, and, in a tender and beau-
tiful allegory, represents her as an illustrious
princess, led away into captivity, attended
by her maids of honor, who bewail her and
their own calamity by beating their breasts
and tearing their hair; to denote their grief,
depth and inconsolable, while the nations
whom she had oppressed are seen and heard
exulting with joy over her fall.

The overthrow of this great city took
place about six hundred years before the
evangelical era; and in the second century
there was not a single monument of it re-
maining; nor could any one exactly deter-
mine the spot on which it stood. Till a very
recent period it was conceived that its site
was never to be known—that this eternal
oblivion of the very place was part of the
sublime prediction. Bishop Newton went
so far as to believe that the ruins on the east-
ern shore of the Tigris—the very ruins on
which Layard has been working with so
much enthusiasm—are the ruins of the Per-
sian Nineveh, and not of the Assyrian; and
that the ruins of the old Nineveh had long
ago been ruined and destroyed. This
pleased the sceptic and the infidel. Taking
advantage of the concession of the learned
prelate, and of others who have assumed
the same ground before him, and well know-
ing that there was no authentic history to
which to appeal, they at once resolved the
sacred narrative into a myth—a creation
of the fancy—a mere fiction—and thus
ought to set aside the whole of Divine Re-
velation. All doctrine rests on facts, and
facts are the very material of history. Re-
duce the histories to mere fiction, and the
book goes for nothing. But facts are im-
mutable, and it is on its facts that the Bible
rests its lofty claim. How wonderfully are
its statements verified and confirmed by the
progress of time, and science, and discov-
ery! Not that the Revelation of God stands
in need of any outward evidence to attest its
truth. A man has only to refer to his own
moral consciousness to be convinced that it
is true. But if men will appeal to external
proofs, then every day is multiplying these
proofs. It is no longer necessary to ask the
same amount of faith, for faith is being
more and more converted into sight. Not
only can it be proved that there was such a
city as Nineveh, but it is rising up again be-
fore our eyes; and by the time that one
traveler has completed his researches, and
another has deciphered the inscriptions
which are so mysteriously written on the
ruins, the history of that city will so harmo-
nise with the sublime predictions of the in-
spired Scriptures, that the infidel will be
struck dumb. The distinguished explorers
of the ruins do not positively affirm that
they have so mastered the characters in
which these inscriptions are written, as to
give a literal and perfect translation of any
one record, or to make it incontrovertible
that they are exploring the palaces and tem-
ples of the old Assyrian capital. This is
the modesty common to all truth-loving and
truth-seeking men. But so far as they have
gone, they are inclined to believe that all
the ruins explored represent the site of the
ancient Nineveh, and that by the time they
have completed their labors, each fragment
and each inscription will go to establish the
identity of those remains with the city which
Nimrod founded, and which Nabopolosar
destroyed.

It appears that rather more than thirty
years ago some attempts were made to ex-

plor these ruins by Mr. Rich, who was for
many years the political resident of the
East India Company at Bagdad. He first
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... examining the remains near Hillah, in the neighborhood of his own residence, in which he found fragments of inscriptions, a few bricks and engraved stones, and a coffin of wood. He then visited Mosul, and was attracted to the opposite side of the river by the report of certain pieces of sculpture having been dug up in one of the mounds there; but he could not obtain even a fragment of it. After visiting the village containing the tomb of Jonah, he next examined the mound known by the name of Kouyunjik, but found only a few fragments of pottery; so that, "with the exception of a small stone chair, and a few remains of inscriptions, he obtained no other Assyrian relics from the site of Nineveh; and he left Mosul, little suspecting that in the mounds were buried the palaces of the Assyrian kings." And it will be believed that these few fragments, which were subsequently deposited in the British Museum, formed almost "the only collection of Assyrian antiquities in Europe? A case scarcely three feet square inclosed all that remained, not only of the great city of Nineveh, but of Babylon itself."

What was wanted to follow up these limited researches was some truly enterprising spirit, with means and men at his command. He already existed. Dr. Layard, who had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, during the autumn of 1839 and the early winter of 1840, "felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates," rightly judging that without treading on the remains of Nineveh and Babylon, his pilgrimage would not have been complete. He left Aleppo on the 18th of March, and entered Mosul on the 10th of April. In the middle of the same month, he left Mosul for Bagdad, and as he descended the Tigris on a raft, he again saw the ruins of Nimroud, and had a better opportunity of examining them. It was evening as he approached the spot. "The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character." His curiosity was powerfully excited, and he was resolved thoroughly to examine these remains. Circumstances interfered with the prosecution of his object, and withdrew him from the scene of his labor. It was not till the summer of 1842, that he again passed through Mosul on his way to Constantinople. He had not forgotten Nimroud; but then he had no time to explore ruins. He found, however, that M. Botta, the French consul at Mosul, had commenced excavations on the opposite side of the river, in the large mound of Kouyunjik. From Constantinople he wrote to M. Botta, encouraging him to proceed in his excavations. He did so, and to him is due the honor of having found the first Assyrian monument. This remarkable discovery, Dr. Layard tell us, "owed its origin to the following circumstances:—

The small party employed by M. Botta were at work on Kouyunjik, when a peasant from a distant village chanced to visit the spot. Seeing that every fragment of brick and alabaster uncovered by the workmen was carefully preserved, he asked the reason of this, to him, strange proceeding. On being informed that they were in search of sculptured stones, he advised them to try the mound on which his village was built, and in which he declared many such things as he wanted had been exposed on digging the foundations of new houses. M. Botta, having been frequently deceived by similar stories, was not at first inclined to follow the peasant's advice, but subsequently sent an agent and one or two workmen to the place.

After a little opposition from the inhabitants, they were permitted to sink a well in...
the mound, and at a small distance from the surface they came to the top of a wall, which, on digging deeper, they found to be lined with sculptured slabs of gypsum. M. Botta, on receiving information of this discovery, went at once to the village, which was called Khorsabad. Directing a wider trench to be formed, and to be carried in the direction of the wall, he soon found that he had entered a chamber connected with others, and surrounded by slabs of gypsum, covered with sculptured representations of kings, warriors, battles, sieges, and similar events. His wonder may be easily imagined. A new history had been suddenly opened to him—the records of an unknown people were before him. He was equally at a loss to account for the age and the nature of the monument. The style of art of the sculptures, the dresses of the figures, the mythic forms in the walls, were all new to him, and afforded no clue to the epoch of the erection of the edifice, or to the people who were its founders. Numerous inscriptions, accompanying the bas-reliefs, evidently contained the explanation of the events there recorded in sculpture, and being in the cuneiform, or arrow-headed character, proved that the building belonged to an age preceding the conquests of Alexander. It was evident that the monument appertained to a very ancient and civilized people, and it was natural from its position to refer it to the inhabitants of Nineveh—a city which, although it could not have occupied a site so distant from the Tigris, must have been in the vicinity of these ruins. M. Botta had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably that had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire.

The discovery of Botta was made known to the French Academy of Fine Arts, whose members lost no time in applying to the Minister of Public Instruction for pecuniary means to carry on the excavations. Ample funds were guaranteed to the happy discoverer, and an artist of acknowledged skill was sent to take sketches of such objects as could not be removed. The Frenchman heightened Dr. Layard's desire to turn his attention to the ruins and antiquities of Assyria. His thoughts were fixed on Nimroud. In the autumn of 1848, through the liberality of Sir Stratford Canning, he was in circumstances to enter on his grand enterprise. He left Constantinople without acquainting any one with the object of his journey, and in twelve days he found himself in the town of Mosul. He presented his letters to the Governor of the province, but concealed from him the object which he had in view. Nimroud was seven hours' journey from Mosul; but he hastened thither, took up his abode in the hovel of an Arab, to whom he revealed the object of his visit, and to whom he held out the prospect of regular employment, and assigned him fixed wages as superintendent of the workmen. This pleased the Arab; and the shadows of night having fallen upon the world, our traveler retired to rest. He could not sleep. "Hopes, long cherished, were now to be realized, or were to end in disappointment. Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions floated before him." Morning dawned and his host, who had walked to a village three miles distant in the middle of the night, stood without with six Arabs whom he had brought with him to be employed in the works. The ruins were no longer covered with verdure, and the absence of all vegetation enabled him the more successfully to examine the remains. Broken pottery and bricks, inscribed with cuneiform character, lay scattered all around. The Arabs watched his every movement, and brought him handfuls of rubbish for examination. To his inexpressible joy he found the fragments of a bas-relief, and concluding that sculptured remains must exist in some part of the mound, he sought and selected a place where he might commence his operations in earnest and with the hope of success. His first days efforts were rewarded with the discovery of slab after slab—then of a chamber, and then of a wall, all enhanced by the inscriptions which they bore. [To be continued.]
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(Continued from page 160.)

This was enough. Next day, having increased the number of his men, he renewed his labors with increased interest. Before evening he found himself in a room panelled with slabs, about eight feet in height, and varying from six to four in breadth. The bottom of the chamber was paved with smaller slabs than those which lined the walls. At his feet he found several objects in ivory, with traces of gilding.

Amid manifold difficulties, discouragements, interruptions, self-denials, and more than common sacrifices, he prosecuted his labors, but much of his time was spent in merely clearing away the rubbish which surrounded or concealed the ruins. His grand ambition was to bring the tools of his workmen into contact with some sculptured figures. He succeeded. By perseverance his Arabs completely exposed to view two slabs, on each of which were two bas-reliefs divided by an inscription. In describing these he says:—"In the upper compartment of the largest was a battle-scene, in which were represented two chariots, each drawn by richly-caparisoned horses at full speed, and containing a group of three warriors. The principle figures was clothed in a complete suit of mail of metal scales, embossed in the centre, and apparently attached to a skirt of felt or linen. This skirt was confined at the waist by a girdle. On his head was a pointed helmet, from which fell lampets, covered with scales, protecting the ears, lower part of the face, and neck, the whole head-dress resembling that of the early Normans. His left hand grasped a bow at full stretch, whilst his right drew the string, with the arrow ready to be discharged. The left arm was encircled by a guard, probably of leather, to protect it from the arrow. His sword was in a sheath, the end of which was elegantly adorned with the figures of two lions. In the same chariot were a charioteer urging on the horses with reins and whip, and a shield-bearer who warded off the shafts of the enemy with a circular shield, which, like those of Solomon, and of the servants or shield-bearers of Hadad-azer, king of Zobah, may have been of beaten gold. The chariots were low, rounded at the top, and edged by a rich moulding or border, probably inlaid with precious metals or painted. To the sides were suspended two highly-ornamented quivers, each containing, beside the arrows, a hatchet and an axe.

The chariot was drawn by three horses, whose trappings, decorated with a profusion of tassels and rosettes, must have been of the most costly description. The archer, who evidently belonged to the conquering nation, was pursuing a flying enemy. Beneath the chariot-wheels were scattered the conquered and the dying, and an archer, about to be trodden down, was represented as endeavoring to check the speed of the advancing horses." The lower portion of this relief represented the siege of a castle or walled city. On the other slab were sculptured two warriors—the foremost in a pointed helmet, riding on one horse, and leading a second; the other, without helmet, standing in a chariot, and holding the reins loosely in his hands. On the lower part of the same slab were depicted the battlements and towers of a castle, while a woman stood on the walls, tearing her hair, in token of deeper grief. Future excavations led to the discovery of the principal palace, with its walls, and sculptured slabs, and colos-
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Sal figures. The most perfect of the bas-reliefs represented a king raising his extended right hand, and resting his left upon a bow, with a captive enemy or rebel crouching at his feet. Having removed the workmen from the south-west corner of the ruins in which these remains were found, he resumed his excavations in the northwest division; opened a trench more in the centre of the edifice, and in two days he reached the top of entire slab, standing in its original position, and on which were two human figures considerably above the natural size, and in admirable preservation.

Judging from their attitude, and dress, and other circumstances, they appeared to represent divinities presiding over the seasons, or over particular ceremonies; for near to the slab with these figures was found the holy tree, or tree of life, so universally adored at the remotest periods in the East. The figures were back to back, and from the shoulders of each sprang two wings.

Clothed in robes similar to those winged forms, a human body, surmounted by the head of an eagle or a vulture, next came into view, and was probably designed, by its mythic form, to typify the union of certain divine attributes. Such figures seem to have abounded in Assyria. A human body with the head of a lion, and the wings of an eagle—the same body with an eagle's head, and wings attached—a lion with a human head, and outspread wing—a bull of the same description—these have all been found, and must all be regarded as parts of one great complex system of symbolism. To these unnatural objects of worship more than one allusion is made in Scripture. There was no error against which the ancient prophets protested with more loud and solemn voice than that of idolatry, and yet there was no sin of which the Jew was more frequently and fearfully guilty. The Israelites, in addition to their former gross idolatries, received the impure idolatrous worship of the Assyrians, who became their neighbors by the conquest of Syria; and, like them, the inhabitants of Judah connected themselves with the Assyrians, and became enamored with their idols; and then with the Chaldeans, whose idols they adopted, at the same time retaining their attachment to the Egyptians and their idolatrous rites. It is to these facts the prophet Ezekiel refers when, in the discharge of his sacred office, as an exile on the banks of the Chebar, and in the neighborhood of Nineveh itself, he thus reproves the idolatry of the old Theocratic church:—"She doted upon the Assyrians, her neighbors; captains and rulers, clothed most gorgiously—horsemen riding upon horses—all of them desirable young men. . . . When she saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with Vermillion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to—deified men—after the manner of the Babylonians in Chaldea, the land of their nativity; and as soon as she saw them with her eyes, she doted upon them, and sent messengers unto them into Chaldea;" and hence she is told that the Babylonians, and all the Chaldeans, Peked, and Shea, and Koa, and all the Assyrians with them—all of them desirable young men, captains and rulers, great lords and renowned, all of them riding upon horses—should come against her with chariots, wagons, and wheels, and with an assembly of people which should set against her buckler, and shield, and helmet round about, while an offended God would leave her in their hand to waste and devour her. Who can doubt that the prophet had seen the objects which he so graphically describes? His description of the figures sculptured upon the walls and painted, perfectly corresponds with the interior of the Assyrian palaces, as is now proved by the monuments rescued from the ruins of Nimroud and Khorsabad. His chambers of imagery were the counterpart of things which really did exist. The dark and polluting idolatry of the Jew was but the reflection of the moral impurity of the surrounding nations.
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The winged human-headed lions, of which several have been found, and of which the representation of a winged bull will give the reader some idea, seemed to have formed so many entrances into the principal chambers or apartments of the palace. They differ in form—the human shape being continued so far as the waist, and including human arms. These figures are about twelve feet in height, and about the same number in length. The symmetry and development of every part are perfect. Expanded wings spring from the shoulder and spread over the back. A knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircles the loins. In musing on these mysterious emblems, and in endeavoring to resolve their intent and history, Dr. Layard emphatically asks—"What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their Gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody the conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being?—They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of ubiquity, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy—their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols recognized of old by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they have been hid from the eye of man, and they now shine forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed, and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst those of Nineveh have but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadow-owing shroud of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs—his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters where he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwell all great nations; for now is Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nation, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'

Having once found an entrance into the grand palace, chamber led into chamber, each with its sculptured walls and more than fabled figures. What the ring on the back of the lion is meant to symbolize we know not. The noble animal is in bronze, and of one piece, and the cast displays great faithfulness to nature. One slab represented the king holding a bow in one hand, and the arrows in the other, followed by his attendant eunuch bearing a second bow and a quiver for his use, and a mace with a head in the form of a rosette, while his ministers and his servants are portrayed in the humblest posture of submission. These figures, which were exquisitely finished, were about eight feet high, and the ornaments rich and elaborate, one of them...
carrying an antelope, such as still abound on the hills in the neighborhood, and having a branch of the holy tree in his hand. Of winged giants, viziers, and their attendants, captives and tribute-bearers, eagle-headed figures, castles built on an island in a river, battles, seiges, and other historical subjects; warriors escaping from the enemy; a combat with a lion, in which the latter is being strangled; hunting scenes in which the monarch is the principal actor, and in which his courage, wisdom, and dexterity were as much shown as in martial exploits, we can take no notice. We choose rather to reserve a space for the discovery of what the Arabs believed to be the very head of Nimrod himself, the founder of the Assyrian empire. When this interesting object came into view, Dr. Layard was not present.—On his way to the ruins where his men were at work, he met two Arabs riding at full speed, who, on seeing him, suddenly stopped, and looking, half-serious and half-frightened, in his face, exclaimed—"Hasten, O Bey, hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah! it is wonderful, but it is true. We have seen with our eyes. There is no God but God!" And so saying they gallopped off to their tents. On reaching the ruins, and examining the head, he was convinced that it belonged to a winged lion or bull. It was in admirable preservation, and the outlines of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in works of so remote a period. His account of the scene connected with this discovery is worthy of insertion. He says:—"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket, and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him." Very soon the sheik, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench; but "it was some time before he could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image which he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," he exclaimed, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—has said, that they were taller than the highest date trees; this is one of the idols which Nosh—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood!" In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred."

Of these magnificent and colossal figures some idea may be formed from the illustration. The slab from which the design is taken belongs to the splendid collection of M. Botta, and is included in the Assyrian Museum lately founded in the Louvre at Paris. It was taken from the palace Khorsabad in the year 1844, and therefore before Layard had commenced his excavations at Nimroud. These splendid bulls, with a human head like the human-headed lions, were used in the construction of imposing entrances into the palace, and may be regarded as one of the characteristic traits of Assyrian and Persian architecture. It was with inconceivable difficulty that the illustrious Frenchman got such specimens preserved and removed. The most difficult to remove were the most interesting and most valuable. Happily, they reached Paris in the month of February, 1847, without accident, and are now accessible to the whole civilized world. Nor these only. Dr. Layard, having made some ineffectual attempts to find the exact site of the ancient Nineveh by an examination of the great mound of Kouyunjik, resumed his excavations in the north-west palace of Nimroud, and entered a hall one hundred and fifty-four feet in length by thirty-three in breadth, in which he found a slab fourteen
feet long, cut into a recess, representing two kings standing face to face, with their right hands raised in prayer or adoration. Between them was the sacred tree, above which hovered the emblem of the supreme deity—a human figure with the wings and tail of a bird, enclosed in a circle. The kings appeared to be attired for the performance of some religious service. In another chamber he found eagle-headed deities facing one another, and separated by the sacred tree. In one instance a king stood between those mythic figures, and around whose neck were suspended the five sacred emblems—the sun, a star, a half-moon, a trident, and a horned cap similar to those worn by the human-headed bulls. Another chamber was remarkable for the elaborate and careful finish of its sculptures. The principal figure was that of a king seated on a throne, holding in his right hand a cup, and resting his left upon his knee, and surrounded by his attendants. The whole group designed probably to represent the celebration of some signal victory by the observance of a religious ceremony, in which the presiding divinities of Assyria, or consecrated priests assuming their form, ministered to the monarch. The robes of the king and those of his attendants were covered with the most elaborate designs. In the centre of his breast were represented two princes in acts of adoration before the image of the supreme God. Around were engraved figures of winged deities, and the king performing different religious ceremonies. The throne was tastefully carved and adorned with the heads of rams; the legs of the footstool, which may have been of wood or copper inlaid with ivory, and other precious materials, or of solid gold, terminated in lions' paws.

The work of discovery and having so far been crowned with success, our countryman began to think of sending home some of his accumulated and precious treasure. If M. Botta found the work of exportation the most difficult of his difficulties, Layard painfully learned the same thing. With impaired health, and limited means, and inexperienced workmen, and few facilities, he had no common task to perform. Still he shrunk not from the undertaking. He sawed the slabs containing double bas-reliefs into two pieces, reduced them as much as possible in weight and size, packed and conveyed them from the mound on buffalocarts to the river, where they were placed upon a raft constructed of inflated skins and beams of poplar wood, when they were floated down the Tigris as far as Baghdad, and were then transferred to the boats of the country, and reached Bushra for transport to Bombay, and thence to England. The sculptures thus sent home formed the first collection exhibited to the public in the British Museum; and their removal awakened among the Arabs of all classes no little surprise and astonishment. Before being sent off, the Pacha, with all the dignitaries of his household, came to inspect them. Neither he nor his followers knew how to give expression to their feelings. The colossal figures were deemed the idols of the infidels; but some of them protested that they could not be the handiwork of unbelievers, that the infidels could not make anything like them, that they were the production of the magi, and that they were being sent to England to form a gateway to the palace of her queen!

The state of his health compelling him to give up for a time his labors at Nimroud, we find that Dr. Layard took a journey to the Tiyara mountains. On his way he visited Khorsabad, the scene of the successful labors of his friend and fellow-worker M. Botta, whose fame had spread over Europe. He found that the excavations had been carried on as at Nimroud; that the general plan of the building corresponded, only the passages were more narrow, and the chambers inferior in size; that the sculptured slabs exceeded in height, and that the relief of the larger figures had a bolder and more impressive character. It appears that, since the time
M. Botta had left the interesting spot, the sides of the trenches had fallen in, and filled up the greater part of the chambers; that the influence of external agencies had become visible in the perishing sculptures; and that shortly nothing could be left of this remarkable monument. At the foot of the mound lay the ruins of a sacred shrine—a tripod or altar—corresponding to that now in the Louvre. In fact, the religious idea seems to have been embodied by the Assyrians in all their works of art. It comes out in the representations of their seiges, battles, conquests, festivals, sports and social customs. We may therefore suppose that they were eminently religious people, though their religion took on the character of superstition and idolatry. Sacred rites were connected with all which they did or achieved, as the lower tablet, taken from M. Botta's collection, will strikingly show.

The upper part of the representation shows you four soldiers, perhaps tributaries or prisoners, leading some beautiful and spirited horses. The one at the head of the procession has a long beard, and his dress consists of a short tunic, fastened by a girdle, from which hangs a sort of little pocket or satchel; his shoulders are covered with a lion's skin; his legs are enveloped in spatter-dashes, laced in front, and his feet in a kind of curved clog. He holds in his left hand a model of a town, with its walls intented. Rather, is it not a mural crown, or some symbol corresponding with the modern usage of carrying the keys of a place to the besieger?—With his right hand he makes a motion or gesture in token of his submission. The other three are attired in the same manner, only the last has a leopard's skin falling from his shoulders. He assumes the same attitude as the first, and also carries in his hand the model of a town, or symbol of surrender. The plume which surmounts the heads of the horses, the four rows of tassels with which their chest is ornamented, the bridles, and the handle of the lances, are all of a rouge or red color.

Beneath the relief is an inscription in the cuneiform character, which is believed to be nothing more than the name of Medea, with the royal legend:—"Sargus, the great king—the king all-powerful—the king of kings of the country of Asshur."

The lower division of the design represents a priest in basilat. In addition to his long beard, his hair is curled, and flows in ringlets. The short tunic with which he is invested is ornamented with lace and tassels, and concealed in part under a stola, or sort of trailing or sweeping robe, which passes under the left shoulder, crosses the chest in a diagonal form, leaving the right shoulder uncovered, and opens in the front. The feet are fitted with sandals. His right hand is uplifted in token of invocation, and from his left hand hangs a branch of poppy with three capsules. Before him is a plant which resembles a kind of agave. From the stalk there come out several branches in flower, and the root is adorned with large leaves, which turn over and present the appearance of a fleur-de-lis. It is a beautiful specimen of art, and shows how impressively the idea of the mind can be conveyed to inanimate matter, and that matter become a testimony to the latest ages of the truth of history.

"Subsequent to the arrival of Dr. Layard's collection in England, the British Museum obtained a grant of money to carry on the researches which had been commenced at Nimroud and elsewhere.——The grant was wholly inadequate to the magnitude of the undertaking. But that the nation might possess as extensive and complete a collection of Assyrian antiquities as it was possible to collect, he accepted the charge of superintending the excavations. Having made all necessary preparations, he resumed his labors at Nimroud. Sculptures of the highest interest came into view. One represented the king, with his warriors, engaged in battle under the walls of a hostile castle, with the emblem of a supreme divinity hovering over the head of the monarch. An-
other exhibited the triumphal procession, with the castle and pavilion of the victorious king. In a third, the eagles hovered above the victims, and were feeding on the slain. The horses, for which Assyria was celebrated, were of the noblest breed, while their harness and trappings were remarkable for their richness and their elegance, their graceful plumes and fanciful crests, ornamented with long ribbons or streamers, as may be inferred from the bas-relief, in which a man is seen leading four of these noble animals. In a fourth slab, the king was in the act of receiving prisoners, and then crossing the river with his army. Battle-scenes and human figures abounded in every department.

A monument in black marble was uncovered, which proved to be an obelisk, about six feet six inches in height, lying on its side, ten feet below the surface; on each side of it were five bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them, was carved a long inscription of two hundred and ten lines. The king was twice represented followed by his attendants; a prisoner was at his feet, and his ministers and eunuchs were introducing captives and tributaries carrying vases, shawls, bundles of rare wood, elephants’ tusks, and other offerings. From the animals portrayed—the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian camel, the wild bull, and several kinds of monkeys, all led by the prisoners—it is conjectured, that the obelisk was sculptured to commemorate the conquests of nations far to the east of Assyria, on the confines of the Indian peninsula. The whole column was in the best preservation.

A dragon with an eagle’s head and the claws of a bird—a monster with the head of a lion, the body of a man, and the feet of a bird, in the act of raising a sword—crouching sphinxes, which were probably used as altars, and other objects of interest, were found in the south-west corner of the mound. Tombs with skeletons, either in part or entire, were discovered in the south-east corner. In the north-west palace, which is considered the most ancient building, the bas-reliefs excelled all those that had yet been discovered, in the elegance and finish of the ornaments, and in the spirited delineations of the figures. The colossal image of a female with four wings, carrying a garland, was discovered, as also a fine bas-relief of the king leaning on a wand or staff.

There were also numerous winged forms, and tablets of ivory, and vessels of various shapes.

In the central palace the subjects were principally battle-pieces and sieges—cities represented as standing in a river, in the midst of groves of date-trees—and amongst the conquered people were warriors mounted on camels; battering-rams, rolled up against the walls of the town besieged; shields, helmets, and other portions of mail; conquerors carrying away the spoil; the king receiving prisoners, with their arms bound behind them, eunuchs registering the heads of the enemy, laid at their feet by the conquerors; and captive women, in a cart drawn by oxen. In the south-west palace the following interesting bas-relief was discovered:—"A king seated on his throne, receiving his vizier or minister, and surrounded by his attendants, within the walls of a castle; a warrior wearing a crested helmet on a rearing horse, asking quarter of Assyrian horsemen; a spearman on horseback, hunting the wild bull; the king of the north-west palace in his chariot, fighting with the enemy; the seizure of a castle;" a prince placing his foot on the neck of a captive, and raising his spear in his right hand, with a procession of warriors carrying away the idols of a conquered nation, and a tablet recording the conquest of some monarch whose name occurs in no other ruins yet discovered, and to whom no place can yet be assigned in the Assyrian royal lists.

The engravings are taken from some of the sculptures which have last arrived from Nimroud, and are deposited in the British Museum. The two last appear to repre-
sent a royal hunting-party; the lion pierced with arrows, is bounding up furiously into the chariot, while warriors with shields and short swords attack him in the rear. Below, they appear to be returning home, and the king receiving a fresh draught, in a bowl, or vase. The lion in the first engraving displays great accuracy and close observation of nature. The only thing peculiar in it is that it has five legs, a circumstance, in connection with the Nineveh sculptures, which we have already noticed. It is rather singular that greater art should be displayed in the representations of beasts than in those of the human figure. There is an amount of life and energy in the lions in these sculptures that would do credit to many a modern artist.

Dr. Layard is of opinion that the existing ruins show that Nineveh acquired its greatest extent and prosperity in the times of the kings mentioned in Scripture, and at which period it was visited by the divinely-commissioned prophet; that the edifices, of which the remains are found at Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorsabad, formed at one time part of the same great city; that each of these palace-temples was probably the centre of a separate quarter, built at a different time, and having a different name; that an interval of several centuries must have intervened between the erection of the different palaces; that this is proved by the fact that the south-west palace was built of materials taken from the north-west palace; that the remarkable differences in the costume of the kings, the forms of the chariots, the trappings of the horses, and the arms and armor of the warriors, seem to indicate that a new dynasty had ejected the older family; that the greater antiquity of the Nimroud ruins is evident from the fact, that the name of the king who built the palace of Khorsabad was found cut above the original inscription; that in a genealogical series of three kings, the name of the first nearly resembled that of the builder of the north-west palace, that of his father was identical with the name engraved on the bricks found in the ruins opposite to Mosul, and that of his grandfather with the name of the founder of Khorsabad; that this discovery connects the latest palace at Nimroud with the two other Assyrian edifices— that the discovery of tombs over some of the ruins proves that the Assyrian edifices were overthrown and buried at a very remote period; and yet it is impossible to determine what antiquity belongs to the buildings beneath these tombs, or to say at what period these tombs were erected, or what race then occupied the country; that the great mound of Nimroud had never been opened, nor its contents carried away since the destruction of the latest palace;—that there are no remains either at Kouyunjik or Khorsabad of the same early period as those of Nimroud, and that Nimroud represents the original site of Nineveh. "The son of the builder of the oldest palace founded a new edifice at Baushiekhar.—At a much later period, subsequent monarchs erected their temple-palaces at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. Their descendants returned to Nimroud, the principal buildings of which had been allowed to fall to decay, and were probably already concealed by a mass of ruins and rubbish. The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the Greek geographers and by the Sacred Writings. The numerous royal residences, surrounded by gardens and parks, and enclosed by fortified walls, each being a distinct quarter known by a different name, formed together the great city of Nineveh."

We wonder not that, on emerging from these underground ruins, and looking around in vain from the naked platform for any traces of the wonderful remains which he had seen beneath, Dr. Layard was half inclined to believe that he had dreamed a dream, or had been listening to some tale of Eastern romance; nor can it surprise us if some one who may hereafter visit these ruins, when the grass has again grown upon them, may fancy that the whole was nothing more than a vision.
Dr. Layard is of French descent. His ancestor was the head of a noble protestant family, and was driven from his native country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He proceeded to Holland, where he received a commission as major in the army which the Prince of Orange was then preparing for the invasion of England, and after the revolution he settled in that country.

Dr. Layard's grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Layard, Dean of Bristol, and his father filled a high civil office in Ceylon between the years 1800 and 1813, and his uncle was celebrated for his efforts to circulate the Scriptures amongst the heathens in Ceylon.

Austen Henry Layard was born at Paris on the 5th of March, 1817, and received the greater part of his education abroad, having only been for a short time at school in England.

During his youth he resided with his father at Florence, a circumstance which had a marked influence upon his after career. He had constant access to the splendid collections of works of art contained in the Pitt Palace and in the Tribune, as well as to the rich libraries for which Tuscany is famous. Not only did he thus become familiar with the Italian language and literature, but his taste was formed upon the finest models of sculpture and painting in the world, and the ardor which these glorious works kindled within him led him to pursue his studies with such diligence that he soon obtained a competent knowledge of the ancient classics, and rendered himself master of several of the modern languages of continental Europe. There was one accomplishment which he here acquired, however, which outweighed all others in importance, and however trifling it might at that period have seemed in his own eyes, it has since been the means of conferring inestimable advantages upon science. The constant practice of sketching the works of art in the Florence galleries, as well as the glories of the Italian scenery, soon rendered him a skilful draughtsman. For some time after his departure from Italy he appears to have neglected drawing altogether; but when he began the excavations at Nimroud, his old acquirement came opportune to his aid, and enabled him to take rapid and accurate sketches, without which many of his severest labors would have proved utterly vain. He was not provided with a competent artist when he commenced the undertaking, and as many of the finest of the Nineveh sculptures were composed of gypsum, and appear to have been subjected to the action of fire at the destruction of the city, the sudden exposure to the air after being buried for so many thousand years, caused them to crumble to pieces, often within a few minutes of their discovery.

We may guess what would have been Dr. Layard's chagrin, if he had been obliged to stand helplessly by, while so many splendid works of art were passing irretrievably to destruction, without the power of fixing upon paper any accurate and lasting memorial of their form. All this, and more, however, he was enabled to accomplish, and the pencil which had contributed to the amusement of early youth, thus became, when pressed into the service of scientific research, a sort of magic wand to save the finest remains of a lost civilization from complete annihilation.

On his return from Italy to England it became necessary for him to choose a profession, and his attention was directed to the law by a relative who was enabled to hold out considerable inducements to follow his advice. Dr. Layard committed himself without hesitation to the course which was thus pointed out to him, and pursued the studies necessary to qualify him for his new calling with all the ardor and perseverance which characterizes his temperament. But a fact soon became evident, which, one would think, his friends should have perceived at the very beginning—that a man whose early life had been devoted to the study of the beautiful in nature and in art, and whose imagination, splendidly disciplined as it was, delighted to carry him in dreams to scenes which the perished greatness of the ancient
world had glorified, or to which the semi-barbarous but picturesque manners of modern races still lent attraction, could never settle calmly down in a profession in which industry is in truth but the end of bitterness, and in which rewards are never reaped till the strength has been abated by painful and forbidding drudgery. Habits acquired by travel and residence in foreign countries, tastes formed by the daily contemplation of the highest forms of beauty, whether in literature or art, strong love of adventure, and a disposition to rove in whatever field of knowledge pleased him, could but ill consort with that patient grappling with dry and repulsive details which is necessary to achieve either fame or fortune in Westminster-hall.

The result may be readily imagined.—After a short struggle Dr. Layard gave way to his inclination, and left England in company with a friend, and set out to travel.

He visited Russia in 1838, and the greater part of Europe in the previous years.—He left England in 1839, with the intention of making his way through Central Asia to India. Unfortunately, Dr. Forbes had recently been murdered in the Seistan, and he found that at that time it would have been useless to attempt the journey through that province. Not wishing, however, to give up the attempt altogether, he determined to reside amongst Baktyari tribes, and gain a better knowledge of Eastern life and languages, until the opportunity of carrying out his original plan presented itself. The news from Afghanistan and the defeat of the British troops compelled him to relinquish it altogether. His object in going to India was to study the political state of the country, and its inhabitants, with reference to the government of the East India Company.

On his way he passed from Dalmatia into Montenegro, where he lent his assistance to an enlightened and enterprising chieftain in civilizing his semi-barbarous subjects.—He then traveled through Albania and Rumelia, en route to Constantinople, where he arrived towards the close of 1839. He soon after set out on a tour through Asia Minor and other eastern countries, and for the next few years his life was in truth a nomade one. He adopted the costume, and led the life of an Arab of the desert, and made himself thoroughly familiar with the language and manners of the various Turkish and Arab tribes. In 1840 or '41, he transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society an account of a journey from Constantinople to Aleppo, and in the same year he left Ispahan, in Persia, in company with Schiffer Khan, a Baktyari chief, for the purpose of exploring Saland other places in the Baktyari mountains. He crossed the highest part of the great chain of Mungasht, and visited the ruins of Manjanik, which are of considerable extent. He also examined the curious ruins in the plain of Mel Amir, where he copied some of the cuneiform inscriptions, and states that some of the sculptures, two colossal figures on which represent two priests of the Magi, appear to be of very ancient date. During this journey he was on one occasion attacked by a wild tribe of Dinaruni, and robbed of his watch, compass, and other articles; but on complaining to the chief they were all restored to him. He was in the habit of traversing the wildest districts quite alone, and was never molested, except in this instance, and at the period when this occurred the country was in a state of war.

In 1842 and '43, he spent a considerable length of time in exploring the provinces of Khuzistan, in Persia, an account of which he transmitted to the Geographical Society. In this he relates a curious incident illustrative of the barbarity of the chiefs of this district. A eunuch, named Motamid-ed-Dowleh, getting the followers of Wali Khan, the legitimate chief of the Mameseni, into his power, he treated them thus: "He built a lofty tower of living men; they were placed horizontally one above the other, and closely united together with mortar and cement, their heads being left exposed. Some of these unfortunate beings lived several days; and I have been in-
formed that a negro did not die until the tenth day. Those who could eat were supplied with bread and water by the inhabitants of Shuraz, at the gate of which this tower was built. It still exists, an evidence of the utter callousness to cruelty of a Persian invested with power.

All this traveling, and the intimate knowledge with the language and manners of the various Persian and Arab tribes, eminently fitted Dr. Layard for the great task he was now about to undertake; and we may safely doubt whether a less extended acquaintance with oriental traditions and antiquities would have supplied that spirit of scientific enthusiasm, and judicious and well-directed energy, which presided over his labors at Nimroud, or that picturesque beauty of description and accuracy of detail, which lend to his writings so much of their value and interest. We cannot describe the truly Arabian love of a roving life, unshackled by the ties or forms of civilization, combined with the student’s longing to explore the haunts of the mighty men of yore, and test the truth of twenty hundred years of tradition, better than in his own words. The opening paragraph of the first volume of his great work paints beautifully these delights and aspirations. As we read it we fancy we hear the deep breath of the sleepers around the lonely cabin-fire, or the Arab dog, like a faithful sentinel, barking his challenge through the clear air of an eastern night, as he keeps watch and ward over the flocks of the tribe.

“During the autumn of 1839 and the winter of 1840,” says Dr. Layard, “I had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by tradition, or unvisited one ruin consecrated by history. I was accompanied by one no less curious and enthusiastic than myself. We were both equally careless of comfort and unmindful of danger. We rode alone; our arms were our only protection; a valise behind our saddles was our wardrobe; and we tended our own horses, except when relieved from the duty by the hospitable inhabitants of a Turcoman village or an Arab tent. Thus unembarrassed by needless luxuries, and uninfluenced by the opinions or prejudices of others, we mixed amongst the people, acquired without effort their manners, and enjoyed without alloy those emotions which scenes so novel and spots so rich in varied association cannot fail to produce.

“I look back with feelings of grateful delight to those happy days, when, free and unheeded, we left at dawn the humble cottage or cheerful tent, and lingering as we listed, unconscious of distance and of the hour, found ourselves as the sun went down under some hoary ruin tenanted by the wandering Arab, or in some crumbling village still bearing a well-known name. No experienced dragoman measured our distances, and appointed our stations. We were honored with no conversations by pachas, nor did we seek any civilities from governors. We neither drew tears nor curses from the villagers by seizing their horses, or searching their houses for provisions; their welcome was sincere; their scanty fare was placed before us; we ate, and came, and went in peace.

“I had traversed Asia Minor and Syria, visiting their ancient seats of civilization, and the spots which religion has made holy. I now felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates, to which history and tradition point as the birth-place of the wisdom of the west.—Most travelers, after a journey through the usually frequented parts of the East, have the same longing to cross the great river, and to explore those lands which are separated on the map from the confines of Syria by a vast blank, stretching from Aleppo to the banks of the Tigris. A deep mystery hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea. With these names are linked great nations, and great cities dimly shadowed forth in history; mighty ruins in the midst of deserts, defying by their very desolation and lack of definite form the description of the traveler; the remnants of mighty races still raining over the land; the fulfilling and fulfillment of prophecies; the plains to which...
the Jew and Gentile alike look as the cradle of their race. After a journey in Syria the thoughts naturally turn eastward; and without treading on the remains of Nineveh and Babylon, our pilgrimage is incomplete."

Dr. Layard, therefore, immediately made preparations for paying a preliminary visit to Mosul; and after a hazardous journey through Kurdistan, succeeded in reaching it in safety on the 10th of April, in 1840. After a short stay in the town, he and his companion rode to inspect the mighty ruins on the east bank of the river. They made an excursion to an Arab village called Hammum Ali, around which are still the vestiges of an ancient city. Their object was to explore the mound of Kalah Sherghat, a vast ruin on the Tigris, about fifty miles below its junction with the Zab. As they stood upon an eminence outside the village, the whole plain around appeared studded with mounds, one of a pyramidal form rising high above the rest, and beyond it the waters of the Zab. These mounds were just the same when Xenophon led back the ten thousand Greeks across the plains of Mesopotamia, twenty-two centuries ago, and even then they were only supposed to be the remains of an ancient city. What a stupendous interval must have elapsed since it was flourishing in its prime! Lucian, the Greek writer, lived in the first century after Christ, but he states that even in his day the very site of Nineveh was forgotten, and from that time to the present no traveler had ever attempted in right earnest to discover it, and on the desolate plain of Kalah Sherghat there were no visible remains of civilization beyond a few pieces of broken pottery and inscribed bricks.—Here was a field of labor and research that might well tempt the loftiest ambition; to make these mounds deliver up the treasures of ancient art and glory which they had concealed for three thousand years and more, and tell the world of battles, sieges, strange and eventful fortunes of which history had taken no note. But besides stimulating his zeal and curiosity, the contemplation of these remains produced in Dr. Layard's mind a deeper and more lasting impression than had ever been made by the mightiest ruins of Greece or Rome. "The scene around," says he, "is worthy of the ruin the traveler is contemplating; desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression on me, gavere to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia."

He again examined the ruins of Nimroud when descending the Tigris on a raft, in the middle of April. He met with a great dam, also, consisting of huge square stones fastened together by cramps of iron, over which the river flows in a formidable cataract. The dams were intended to cause the river to rise into the numerous canals which intersect the country. They greatly impeded the fleets of Alexander, but even in his time their origin was unknown, and they were supposed to be the work of an ancient and extinct nation. After inspecting these remains, Dr. Layard's mind was made up, and he determined some day or other thoroughly to examine into this great mystery.

He paid another visit to Mosul in the summer of 1842, and then found that M. Botta, the French consul, had already commenced excavations in the great mound of Koyunjik, and had discovered various sculptured slabs of gypsum, and other remains of a deeply interesting character; and as his drawings and specimens were all forwarded to Europe, his scientific friends in Paris easily induced the French minister of the interior to make him a grant of the public money, to enable him to carry on his labors. Dr. Layard had been introduced to Sir Stratford Canning, (now Viscount Stratford) the British ambassador at Constantinople, who instantly perceived how useful his varied attainments, and intimate knowledge of the eastern languages and manners, might be to the embassy.—He was accordingly employed by him in
several missions of an important and delicate nature in Albania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Asia Minor, which he executed to his entire satisfaction. In the meantime M. Botta continued his explorations, and as he allowed Dr. Layard to inspect his drawings as they passed through Constantinople, on the way to France, the latter brought the subject under the notice of Sir Stratford, who manifested the liveliest interest in the success of the enterprise, and signified his intention of affording Dr. Layard every possible aid in case he commenced to make any researches himself. He accordingly returned to Mosul in November, accompanied by Mr. Ross, an English merchant, and one or two servants; and taking up his abode in an Arab hut, and having hired six of the peasantry to assist him, he set to work in earnest.

He had great difficulties to contend with in the superstitions of his Arab laborers, and the avarice, caprice, and tyranny of the pacha, Keriti Oglu, a ferocious ruffian, who was the scourge of those whom he was sent to govern. He frequently interrupted the progress of Dr. Layard's work upon one pretence or another, and it was not until he obtained a firman, or vizirial letter from the sultan, through the instrumentality of Sir Stratford Canning, that he was enabled to pursue his course unmolested. This document not only authorized the excavations, but the removal of the sculptures. He was out gazelle-hunting when he received it, and he "read by the light of a small camel-dung fire the document which secured to the British nation the records of Nineveh, and a collection of the earliest monuments of Assyrian art."

Steamers being unable to ascend the Tigris, Dr. Layard was obliged to float the best of the sculptured slabs which he had succeeded in excavating on rafts formed of inflated skins down to Baghdad, where they were placed on board the vessels for transportation to England.

His health having suffered greatly from overwork and anxiety under so warm a climate, he now made an excursion to the Tyari mountains, inhabited by the Chaldean or Nestorian Christians. He gives in his work some very interesting details relative to the history and mode of life of this primitive and simple people. His account of the massacre of ten thousand of their number, men, women, and children, in 1843, by the ferocious Musselman, Beder Khan Bey, is horribly graphic.—

His description of a visit to the high ledge of rocks where great numbers had fled for refuge, and where, having surrendered upon promise of quarter, they were slaughtered without mercy, where the earth was covered with skulls of all ages, from the child unborn to the toothless old man, heaps of blanched bones, mingled with the long plaited tresses of women, skeletons hanging entire to the dwarfed shrubs, shreds of discolored linen and well-worn shoes,—is written with great power, and we regret that our space does not permit us to transcribe it.

Upon his return to Mosul, he found letters from England, informing him that Sir Stratford Canning had presented the sculptures which had been already sent over to the British nation, and that the government had at last granted funds to the British Museum, for carrying on the excavations at Khorsabad and elsewhere. Although the grant was miserably small and inferior to that given to M. Botta by the French, Dr. Layard resolved to turn it to the best account, and by uniting in his own person the various offices of draughtsman, sculpture-packer, and overseer of the workmen, he was enabled to bring his labors to a prosperous issue, and bestow unheard of benefits on science.

Upon his return to England, though suffering from aguish fever, caught in the damp rooms which he was obliged to occupy at Nimroud, he prepared his work for the press, and for the trustees of the British Museum a volume of inscriptions in the cuneiform character. His MONUMENTS OF NINEVEH, a splendid folio, containing
one hundred magnificent engravings of the Nineveh sculptures and remains, from drawings taken by himself on the spot, affords another proof, if another were wanting, of what his many-sided talent is capable of achieving. It is one of the most remarkable works of art of the present day.

The University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L., at the Grand Commemoration in 1848.—At the end of that year he returned to Constantinople as attaché to the embassy there; and in the following year resumed the excavations at Nineveh, where he remained until the summer of last year. He is now engaged in preparing for the press an account of the results of the excavations, and particularly of the discovery of the important annals of the Assyrian kings contained in the Bible.

When the Earl of Granville succeeded, under the whig administration, to the office of secretary for foreign affairs, vacated by the resignation of Lord Palmerston, one of his first acts was the appointment of Dr. Layard to the under-secretaryship. His lordship, during his short tenure of office, gave many proofs of high diplomatic talent, and by a judicious mixture of dignified firmness and conciliation, he succeeded, without sacrificing the honor of the country, in restoring amicable relations with many of those powers whom previous events had estranged from England. But in Dr. Layard's appointment he performed an act which did more to raise him in public estimation than any well planned stroke of his foreign policy. He showed that, nobleman as he was, he was not bound by the stupid aristocratic prejudices which have been so long the bane of his country, and have committed so many of England's dearest interests to the keeping of imbeciles whose only recommendation was the accident of their birth. He proved that he was willing to recognize other claims to share in the administration of public affairs, apart from that of connexion with the "great houses" and that he thought a life of patriotic devotion to science a weightier testimonial than the most thorough-going political partisanship. His lordship doubtless was about to commence a new era, and had adopted for his motto Palmam qui meruit, ferat. We have only to regret that Dr. Layard should have had so little time to reap the fruits of so enlightened a policy. He was returned last summer as the representative for Aylesbury, and all who are anxious to see the House of Commons contain a larger measure of intellect, learning, energy, and business habits than heretofore, will heartily rejoice at his success. Him who has shed so much honor on England, England should delight to reward.

From the Christian Examiner.

Unbelief in the Last Century.

Nothing is more distinctive of the critical thought of our immediate times than its recovering hold on Christianity as a spirit and as an institution. Until within the present age, the criticism of the Church and of Christianity itself had been almost entirely conducted by outsiders—avowed enemies and open destructives. The social and personal peril hanging over freethinkers, exasperated their doubts into fierce denials, and their suspicion into hatred. Skepticism was compelled to call to its aid the most belligerent passions, and to take up the most ultra positions, in order to make its feebleness feared, or to gain any attention but that of persecution and loathing. The outcast avenged himself on the Christian Church which excommunicated, and the Christian society which disfranchised him, by round abuse of the gospel on which they rested, as a superstition, a falsehood, a fraud, and an nuisance. If the amenities of elegant literature, or the dignity of the historic Muse, forbade in them the rabidlary passion which marked the vulgar infidelity of their time, yet the great Defits of the last century show, in the poisonous sarcasms and malignant sneers and laborious underminings which they practice towards
Christianity, that they are only tender to themselves, not to her, in any decorum or equivocation that belongs to their modes of attack. All they dared they did to destroy the foundations of faith in revealed religion, and in the institutions that represented it. They almost universally manifest neither doubt nor misgiving in their infidelity. That Christianity is a fable and a hindrance, is their settled conviction. If they do not say so, it is only that they may more successfully insinuate their skepticism, and the sooner accomplish for the gospel the fate that belongs to frauds and follies.

Could we summon Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Boyle, Voltaire, Paine, to the witness-stand of our own jurisdiction, they would be forced to confess that they had anticipated as the result of their own Anti-Christian speculations, or as the ultimate destination of the tendencies of thought of which they were so vigorous a manifestation, an entirely different attitude towards Christianity in the learning, criticism, and original thought of this generation. They unquestionably thought themselves in the main current of the world's civilization, if not in the widened and improved channel of its progress. In their judgment, the abandonment of the gospel was only a matter of time. After them, no history could again be written from a Christian point of view! They foresaw no Arnold, no Bunsen, no Niebuhr, no Guizot! No philosophy could again dare to treat revealed religion with deference; no science venture to lay its discoveries upon the Christian altar; no literature compromise its prospects; by association with decaying superstitions; and no statesmanship invite failure by overlooking the new religious conditions under which the advancement of society was to proceed.

How different the influence of the French Encyclopedists and the English Deists from what they hoped or Christians feared! Attack is always strong, and defence always weak; and certainly the onset of the mighty skepticism of the eighteenth century was terribly effective, and the resistance of the sentinels and police of the gospel miserably feeble. The best mind, the sharpest wit, the profoundest learning, the most practiced eloquence of that era were in the ranks of infidelity. Despite their unpropitiousness towards the gospel, we might as well blot the last century out of memory as extinguish the lights which skepticism hung in its horizon.

They were the principal luminaries, and that era would present a blank chasm in the sky of history, were those stars quenched to whose splendors the baleful rays of doubt contributed a lurid aspect. Their foes owe their reputation mainly to the names of the giants they attacked, or the goodness of the cause they defended, while they were largely indebted for their immediate safety to the contempt of their adversaries.

Most of the "Apologies" for Christianity, drawn forth by the alarm of that period, are apologies indeed, and had the gospel owed its prospects of life to the nursing of its friends or the mercy of its enemies, it would have gone the way of all flesh, in spite of Watson and Horace, of Leslie's Short Method, and Lardner's Credibility, and Paley's Evidences.

It would be interesting here, did our limits permit, to show who were the real champions of faith at this era, and how little they owed their usefulness to historical criticism or direct opposition. First came the reverential students of natural science, such as Newton, Euler, Haller, and Swedenborg. Next, the mental philosophers, like Butler, and Reid, and Kant, who, in their various modes, undertook to find a foundation for religion and duty in the intellectual and moral nature of man. Finally, and most potent of all, the Pietists of various schools, headed by Spener, who lived just to begin the century, and who was followed by Sinzendorf, Wesley, Benzal, Stilling, &c., who kindled the new spiritualism, so characteristic of the philosophy of the nineteenth century—the heart's protest against mere intellectualism—which attained its utmost volume in Jacobi and Schleiermacher, who had been brought up by the
Moravians. Even Rousseau, so tainted by sentimentalism and its kindred vices, became an apostle of the heart, and turned in horror from the Voltaire school of doubt, to construct a Christianity of his own out of the gospel, and, even in his failure, succeeded in kindling a spirit capable of putting down Voltaireism at last.

The infidelity of the last century was a necessity of the human mind, and its worst features were among its most useful traits. Up to that time, the Christian faith of the world had been compulsory. Religion was deemed out of the domain of legitimate thought, and a thousand political, social, and scientific errors had taken shelter within its sacred inclosure, as murderers found refuge in the ancient temples of the gods. The aroused intellect of the world, having exhausted its capabilities in the directions least conflicting with the Church, having won its greatest triumphs in poetry and architecture, painting and sculpture, in metaphysics and in classical lore—and all the more successfully, because the current of genius was dammed up to a narrow channel—now began to chafe against forbidden themes, and to break with impatience upon the shores that resisted its rising tide, forced by the winds of Providence up new inlets. The faith of the world had, from very custom, become a superstition. Christianity had entrenched itself in the indolence and the seceses of mankind. The bad doubted it no more than the good, and the good believed it no more than the bad. There was no living connection between the spiritual senses and the objects of their report. The witnesses were false witnesses, even when they testified to the truth; and their evidence was bribed by custom, and fear, and sloth, though it sustained the right and the holy. The gospel, from a living spirit, hovering over human hearts, as the Pentecostal flames burnt on the apostles' foreheads, had become a huge brand on the hearth of modern civilization; a light, indeed, at one extremity, and giving warmth to the house, but thrusting its shapeless end into the midst of the floor, embarrassing every movement in the household. Science stumbled at every vigorous step she made, politics tore her generous robe, ethics was cramped, history confused, economy baffled, and thought itself blackened and bruised.—Yet here had this sacred fuel been smouldering for ages, chief source of the light and warmth of the family! What inconveniences, what sacrifices, would not be borne, before one splinter of its bulk were pared away! Nay, would not the disadvantages it made necessary, the evils it perpetuated, come, through association, to be as sacred as the benefits it conferred, and indistinguishable from them?—So, indeed, it was; and Christianity, the mother of infinite blessings, was, in its identification with the visible Church and the iron creed, becoming a mighty oppressor of the human intellect, when the great rebellion of the last century broke out.

None but giants could have forced the gates of a prison made out of a temple; its walls built by God, to form the everlasting shelter of the race, whose doors once moving on golden hinges, and affording free access and departure—had long since been closed from within, and barricaded by the broken furniture of ages, or buried beyond discovery in heaps of priestly rubbish or ecclesiastical ashes. No hand too much afraid of defacing the sacred wall, could have even found the door, much less have dared to break it down. No spirit as anxious to preserve what was true as to destroy what was false—to save the innocent and costly roof that had nevertheless been its jail as to escape from confinement—could ever have achieved this emancipation. It was necessary that infidelity should be in earnest, hearty, and uncompromising, to break the oppressive yoke of faith; that the pretensions of Christianity itself should be challenged, so inseparably had a usurping Church identified itself with the gospel; and that the human intellect, treated
like a serpent by the great representative of religion, should at length use a serpent's wiles, and turn and sting the oppressor's foot, that it might show its power, if it could not vindicate its benignity, and achieve that freedom through fear, which it could not win by long service.

So long as Christianity, as administered by its representatives, challenged belief under penalties, and commanded assent without any alternative but ruin, it was impossible that the intellect of the world could come to any honest terms with it. The truer it was, the better it could afford to submit its claims to examination, and the more inexcusable its dogmatism and arbitrariness. But so rooted had become the habit of confounding religious faith with a prostration of the understanding before verbal propositions of the Church, that there was no hope of any emancipation of the intellect, except through a desperation to which faith itself had become indifferent.

We are now reaping the fruits of this revolt. The belligerent infidelity of the last century, in which philosophers, historians, and poets were united, achieved its end. The human intellect vindicated its right, unchallenged by faith, to explore every corner of the universe and every avenue of thought, and to apply its severest logic, its sharpest criticism, to religion, and every thing over which religion had extended its smothering protection. Politics, science, economy—parts of which had always been so involved with ecclesiastical claims, as to share their immunity from examination—were now subjected to the right of search, which reason had wrested from superstition. There is now no subject of interest to men, the perfectly philosophical or scientific discussion of which is not possible, somewhere within the domain of thought. The moral Index Expurgatorius is in force, to a certain extent, in the most highly civilized communities; but the most of disregarding it is reduced so low, that it imposes no restraint upon any intellect rich enough to be entitled to independent explorations. The Church has essentially abandoned its hostility to free inquiry; for it has discovered that its hold upon the world is not by the precarious tenure of the understanding; that reason has no proper quarrel with faith, the gospel nothing to fear from science or philosophy.

And this is the greatest triumph which Christianity has had since it ascended the throne of the Caesars—its victory over the unchained intellect of the nineteenth century. He that closed the mouths of lions upon his prophets, could alone have anticipated so quick and thorough an escape of the gospel from the angry jaws of a skepticism, whose hunger eighteen centuries of fasting had sharpened.

**Patience.**

A DISCOURSE, DELIVERED AFTER A RESTORATION FROM SEVERE ILLNESS TO HEALTH, AND THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

(Concluded from page 142.)

But this life is a school for heaven, and we are accustomed to believe that we learn lessons here to practice there,—that the virtues which we are here to acquire most sedulously, are those of which we shall have the greatest need in the time to come. Is not Patience an exception? We can have no occasion for its exercise in heaven; why, then, assign it so prominent a place in the Christian character? But this question will be best answered by considering the uses of Patience. Our subject is one of experience, more than of ratiocination. Allow us, therefore, to appropriate the language of an eminent servant of God, who speaks as one who had verified all he says:

"Under this head, I remark, first, that there is one work which we must all accomplish, would we enter heaven—namely: the formation of spiritual characters, the establishment of the supremacy of the inward over the outward, of the soul over sense, of things unseen and eternal.
over things seen and temporal. The world in one way and another must be overcome, —the preference for external and perish-
ing goods subdued,—the overmastering love of what is inward and spiritual planted firmly in the soul. It is to accomplish this warfare, that we are placed here, that by means of it the soul may grow and get strength, and all its higher powers be drawn out in hardy and self-sustaining vigor. This, however, is an arduous process; but perhaps not more so for those whose discipline is that of frequent and protracted suffering, than for the prosperous and happy. Nay, I doubt not, that in the sight of heaven, seemingly opposite lots may occupy the sure level as to actual enjoyment, if connected with similar moral development; and for one who would win heaven, it may be the trials of health, prosperity, or riches are no less severe than those of sickness, adversity and pen-
ury. They are all, indeed, of a different class; and because they are not so frequently regarded as occasions of moral discipline, they appear less. But for those who are rich, and full, and strong, if they would reach favored places in the heav-
ely kingdom, there must be a course of self-restraint, self-denial, and self-renun-
ciation. There are numberless allure-
ments to be resisted,—innocent desires to be kept innocent by their moderate indul-
gence; an engrossing world, with its count-
less attractions, to be pushed back by constant effort, from the inmost citadel of the affections to that second place which it rightfully occupies. Most of this work Providence performs for the suffering Christian—appointing him, indeed, a dis-
cipline of a different kind, no less ardu-
ous, but I believe not more so, than those who are prosperous and happy, would evidently feel, if they performed their work faithfully, as we love to see the afflicted do theirs. And herein lies one essential of-
office of Patience, in the spiritualizing of the character, and how beautifully and effectu-
ally it does this, many of us can testify from our having felt nearer heaven in the

abode of poverty, or by the bed of chronic illness, than in the gayest and brightest scenes that have fallen within our experi-

ence.

"Then, again, in no form does a Christian seem more attractive and win more honor to the Christian name and character, than in patience under severe trial and suf-
ferring. Piety, indeed, is in the sight of God the same, under whatever form; but by man it cannot be equally appreciated under all conditions of life. In prosperity and joy, there will always be the sneering and skeptical, who will repeat Satan's ques-
tion—"Does Job serve God for naught?" But touch him in his dearest earthly inter-
ests, bow him down under severe affliction; and leave a dependent family, and if he then holds fast his faith and trust; if he is serene and happy, if he talks of the goodness of God, and manifestly dwells in inward peace and quiet, there is no room left for caviling. We can see and calculate the burden under which the spirit rests, and the obstacles against which it struggles; and we may estimate the strength of its faith and trust by the weight which it can lift with ease and joy. No examples are like these, in commending the religion of the cross. Multitudes have been reclaimed by them from indifference and skepticism. Multitudes have been led by them to meditate as they never had before, on the suffi-
ciency of the gospel, and to believe and confess it the power of God unto salvation—to every salvation.

"God means that we should all be exam-

pies to one another; that while we save our own souls, we should shine for the salva-
tion of others; and that thus the world should, from generation to generation, be-
come more and more filled with lights on the heavenward way. We read of the in-

tegrity of Joseph; of the patience of Job; of the early piety of Samuel; of the firm-
ness of Daniel; of the zeal of Peter; of the love of John; of the labors of Paul. God means that the life of each one of us should be, for those around us, and for those to
come after us, such a Scripture as is the life of these holy men. We may not at first be understood. They were not understood by the envious or by the scorners. In Jesus, however, his whole will and law were written out in living characters. What he was, God means that each disciple should be in his own sphere and measure,—each the special embodiment of some part of his communicable attributes, mingled as they must appear, in different proportions and with different degrees of lustre, according to the theatre on which they are to be displayed. Each living gospel, by its own peculiar blending of divine traits and manifestations, may have a peculiar charm and power for some soul, which others will not reach, and may thus do its part towards leading our fellow-men to righteousness and heaven. This office, as I have said, seems to be performed with superior facility and power by those whose mission it is to suffer as well as to do. In their humility and self-distrust, their only regret often is, that they can do nothing for the glory of God, and the honor of their religion; while from the retired scene of their calm and trustful endurance, as from a tribunal of world-sounding eloquence, there may be constantly going forth the most deep-revealing and effectual lessons of truth, duty, and piety.

"I remark, in closing, that Patience is not a virtue to which even Death sets limits. It belongs to heaven and to eternity. What, you ask, Patience in heaven? Will there be suffering there? By no means. But what is patience? It is implicit faith and trust now exercised most in the darker scenes and vicissitudes of this life. These scenes will brighten into the perfect day; these vicissitudes will be merged into the great change, when the corruptible puts on incorruption; but the faith and trust of which they are the theatre and the cause, will live forever. There will be mysteries in heaven as well as here, things to be taken on faith before they can be fully known; portions of the vast administration of God, in which, in our ignorance, we must cast our selves in humble reliance on his wisdom and goodness. Our faith, our trust must go before us, in our career of growing knowledge, power and holiness, always hovering on the limit of what we already know, and harmonizing and equalizing to our apprehensions what we cannot fathom or understand.

"We have spoken of the nature, necessity, aids and uses of Patience. It makes life beautiful. It sheds a calm and heavenly glory upon the hut of poverty, the bed of sickness, and the hour of death. And as we watch the passage home of one who has been baptized into the likeness of our Savior’s sufferings—in the hushed stillness of entire submission; in the peace of God and the atmosphere of prayer and praise, we seem in a heavenly presence, and almost listen for the angel wings that bear a kindred spirit to the throne of God and the communion of the unsuffering and the ransomed, while every regretful thought is checked by the voice which says, "these are they who have come up of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.""

Beloved Brethren, whether hereafter we meet, or are prevented in our meeting, let us be followers of them "who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

Letters on Immortality.

My dear AMICA:—Your letter reveals a feeling of doubt and distrust in view of human immortality that must often be oppressive and saddening. It calls up, also, a recollection of frequent conversations, in the by-gone days, when together the varied scenes of nature, in the instructive and impressive changes of the seasons, called forth our mutual wonder, and would have awakened a mutual pleasure but for your doubts of that truth which alone can give strength, peace and beauty to the mind. You have often expressed a desire that you could have my faith. That desire ever awakened in me more surprise than gratulation. I felt that I had none to boast of,

*Mr. Peabody.
and none that was not open to every free
and earnest mind. We are afraid of our
strongest and nearest convictions; we bow
too readily before the authority of creed,
dogma, and dictates of men who think, if they
think at all, by rote and speak as parrots.—
We forget that God created us, and that
we may rise to a sense of his authority and
goodness, that will so extend the horizon
of the mind and deepen the power of the
affections, as to make all human judgment
and estimate, based on custom and policy,
narrow and trifling. Be free, my Amica,
and you will believe. By which, I mean,
encourage your most charitable and hopeful
thought, no matter who frowns or reproach-
es, and your faith will grow as the grain of
mustard seed expands to a tree. It may
help you to this freedom and the dispersion
of your doubts, to remember the true func-
tion of Christianity upon this great subject.
Christianity did not reveal man's immor-
tality, for the belief of it was in the world
from the beginning. It gave it fresh evi-
dence, invested it with new beauty, and
published it with new power and in forms
which adapted it to the reception, not only
of those capable of wise and noble specu-
lations upon man's future being, but to all
of all ranks and conditions. A very great
mistake is made in our estimate of Chris-
tianity. We think and speak of it as though
it produced the nature of man and the ca-
pacities and desires which are inherent to it.
Whereas it only gave us a key to unlock that
nature, and which, when truly opened,
opens as a mighty temple to the praise and
glory of the author of both. Christianity
has given the most efficacious evidence of
a future life in the ascension of Jesus; but
that evidence is historical, and was always
intended to unite with evidence which
though nearer and feebler, may be more
readily grasped. There are natural indi-
cations of human immortality, and he that
neglects them pays a dubious honor to reve-
lation. The promises of our futurity are
found in life, its sins and its sorrows, its
peace and its hope. The constitution of
our minds, the distribution of good and
evil, will make any man, who allows himself
to feel their power, realize that there must
be another life to complete the history of
this. But they will not relieve the subject
from doubt, and I will point out to you the
nature and answer of many of these doubts
as they arise before my mind. Where the
inferior parts of man's nature are developed
at the expense of the superior, he will ever
doubt his immortality. At this we should
not be surprised, seeing that if we look
very intently at any object, and engross the
mind in it, we cannot see, or we see but
dimly another, however near by and promi-
nent it may be. The doubt may arise,
therefore, from defective development and
attention. If it be true that we have an
animal as well as a spiritual nature, it is
quite natural to suppose that an over de-
development of one would bound the vision of
the other. Now what is hypothetically true
is found to be really true in experience.—
Is it strange that if our whole attention be
occupied by, and with our perishable na-
ture, we should appear as perishable beings?
We look not to the future through the ani-
mal nature, why, therefore, should we ex-
pect to see it, through a medium in which
it cannot be reflected? If it be by the
mind that we recognize the heritage of the
mind, how can we expect to appreciate that
heritage but as we develop and strengthen
the powers which alone can appreciate it?
It is true that our bodies are fearfully and
wonderfully made, and exhibit many indica-
tions of divine benevolence. This is true al-
so of the brute natures beneath us, and they
cannot, in all their uses, direct us to the
hope of a higher nature. We may study
throughout the anatomy and physiology of
the human body; we may compare all its
functions and uses with those of inferior
animals, and yet arise from the study uneasy
as to the hope of another life. Impress-
sions of materialism may cloud all the holier
relations and loftier prospects of the human
being. Do we not see this result every day?
And then, the frequent aspect of death adds
nothing to the assurance of our hope.—
There is often a shrinking back, a clinging,
To the last thread of mortality, a convulsive struggle, that gives sad questionings to the survivor, and he asks can this be a passage to the skies? It looks more like going into the darkest night than into the beauty and glory of an eternal day. But we forget. Our whole attention has been occupied with the animal nature. We are deceived again by appearances, as we ever are when we cease to reason and reflect. We have seen but half the nature of man, and are making its struggles the type of that which it never could fully represent. When we have retired from the dread impression of the death struggle, we remember the mind that we had just seen under eclipse; and the history of that mind in its holy toil for truth, and its noble efforts of duty and unfathomable depths of affection, and the shock of nature pass away to give place to the sunshine of faith.

To a man who mistakes body for spirit—the instrument of the mind for the mind itself—who does not distinguish between his limbs and his life, his senses and his soul, there can be no faith. He may have a wise conception of health and ease; but the idea of a full mind, of a pure and resolute conscience, of earnest affections towards the divine and the human, he grasps it not, and how can he believe? "The light in him is darkness; how can he see? He can have no conception of a future life but a physical one, and hence, if he believe at all, he must take the traditional notions of his country or sect and suffer all its straitness and fear. Tell such an one that his ideal is a fallacy and a deception; that his heaven cannot exist; that flesh and blood cannot enter a spiritual state; that his body will be wholly dissolved, and that he will exist as spirit, and your words are empty words, and he feels that you have taken away his gods. Happy if his animal nature does not turn against you, and he crucify you, for revealing a true heaven in the development and enlargement of his moral nature. Suppose all our being were an eye. It would be the same to us if the eye were put out, or we placed in rayless darkness. So also our view of futurity, if it be confined to the tastes and habits of the body, will be circumscribed by the vision of the body, and when the body ceases to be, the futurity will appear, also, to cease. Here our doubts are well founded. For the animal nature of man there is no future life. No wonder, then, if he feel himself animal—if the intellectual, social and moral powers of his nature are in eclipse, that the death that destroys forever the animal should appear as a total destruction. But suppose, in divine providence, he had enjoyed a nobler culture. The discipline of a sometimes bitter experience had opened his soul to the breath of a higher duty than mere bodily gratification, a new life would have opened in his soul, and the instincts of immortality gaining the mastery over the instincts of the body, would have brought the higher and eternal life near. The caged bird may be quiet and dull when far away from his native forest and the songs of his companions; but bring him near to them, and at once he starts up from his dullness, feels the prison of his cage and gives every evidence of desire to be free. So bring the soul near the eternal nature of duty and love, and that amid the infirmities of the body and the separations that it must suffer, and it feels its heavenward origin and destiny and may even long for the flight. Here you may learn how the most suffering ones of earth have ever had the brightest faith in immortality. When that suffering was in the cause of duty or not wilfully incurred, or even when the result of transgressions repented of, it ever spake to souls alive of the certain and lasting future.

The view brought to a single point then, is, our faith in immortality depends upon the moral development of our souls and the brightness of that faith upon their purity. Do we, then, ask for faith, let us accept our lot, and become alive to its duties and its sufferings, and God will give us faith in the only way it can come. To ask for faith, sincerely, may sometimes be to ask for suffering, either mental or physical, for by suffering it is oftenest made perfect. May I not then say, that no one ever yet properly
accepted his lot in life who did not, as a consequence, believe in God and immortality. But there are other causes of doubt which I will notice in my next. Let me conclude by saying, the more we do the will of God the more we develop the spiritual parts of our nature, and the more they are developed the more we feel their affinities for the higher life, and “know of the doctrine that it is of God.”

Ever yours, TIDUS.

God in the Spring.

Come, dearest, yet sorrowing, servant of God, and look with me upon the manifestations of thy Father, that have come upon us with the season. We have often told thee that God could be trusted, and that he cannot despise the soul that he hath made. We often laid before thee the evidences of his goodness, that we might assure thee of the nearest and most trustworthy of all truths, that **God is Love.** It is a fundamental conviction of the soul of man. It is his first and his last thought. Without it, the world, life, death, all things are dark, chaotic. The foundations of all true religion are laid in it, and without it, there can be no strength in our convictions, no joy in our love. With it, the world has to us an author, a guide, and a benefactor, and we have Him as our Father. What I mean to say, and would desire to say, with a power irresistible is, that without and within man there is clear testimony born to God; and though it does not tell us all we wish to know, it tells us enough to make it trustworthy, and give promise of more and more, as our capacities enlarge. The lamb does not more certainly know the bleat of its mother, than the holy soul runs to its Father, amid the traces of his presence in his works, in our lives, and in his word.

Let us look abroad then, and see his hand leading on the smiling season, over hill and valley, down the murmuring streams, and along the dusty highway. We are in the midst of most lovely forms, sweetest odors and softest verdure, where but yesterday were frost, snow, and sterile soil. The fine gold is not so bright as the million daisies of that rough-clad field. The regal purple is not so glorious as that flowering hill-top, studded as with sparkling eyes, that look gratefully up to heaven. The finest silk is not so beautiful as that hedge-row, with its varied forms clad in white, pink and blue vestures. And then the sky, how bright, and the air how quickening! The birds are caroling or twittering in the branches over our heads; the cattle are browsing peacefully in the plain not far off, and the children of men may feel their bosoms penetrated with a joy which lightens the load of care, and lifts the heart upward to bless our God.

“**These are thy works!**” but they give but traces of thy presence; and though they tell us of thy love, they do not tell that thou art Love! The Spring brings us joy, but ere its impulses are fully aroused within us, they are chilled by the thought that one is no more who looked out with us, or would have looked out with us, with glad eyes, on the return of the season of light, warmth and beauty. She or he is gone, and we live here without them, we know not why, and their absence will bring solicitude and sorrow. And there, too, leaning upon his staff, and bending beneath the load of years and infirmities, toters the aged father, who also welcomes the return of Spring; but note how he does it with dim eyes, and deaf ears, and often sighing heart. His child moulders beneath the sod, now beautiful again to his tearful vision. “The young is taken,” says he, “who delighted in the songs and flowers of the season; but the aged is left. Why is it?” And who can answer his question? God is in the season, but he is a God that hideth himself, and whose ways are only seen in part. We see the soil transmuting a shapeless clod into a graceful flower or nutritious plant; but when, we ask how, we have not even a rudimental conception. We know, but our ignorance is greater than our knowledge, and we are compelled to walk and enjoy by
GOD AS INFINITE LOVE.

It is the highest exercise of my religious nature, to contemplate God as a Father. The deep wants and aspirations of every soul cry out for a God infinite in power, wisdom, and love; and by some agency or manifestation, He is ever present to fill that want. The goings forth of his love, seeking to bless us by all things, are to be seen in every direction, and would be seen, but for the fears that arbitrary assumptions on our convictions have the power to produce, because of our grossness and sins. The heavens overarching our irreligious heads; the glorious beams of day, and the gowned veil of night, that ever invite upward the gaze of our poor eyes; the everlasting hills and ever-moving ocean; the living tribes of earth, bird, beast and man; the rolling torrents and gilding rivers, all, all touch his goodness to those who open their minds to think and their hearts to feel. Our conceptions of God, however, are ever measured by our own spiritual culture. It is impossible for a revengeful man to believe in God as a father; hence the joy of such a faith is hid from him, and will ever be, till the dark cloud of his hate is removed. Love must be made active and predominant, before we can see God as any thing else but a power to be feared, or at most, a wisdom to be reverenced—as goodness inexhaustible to bless, and bless even by restraint and disappointment, requires the spirit of Christ in us to see, and forever rejoice in it. We should feel a spirit of goodness in the cause of all things. God is—-he made all things—he made all things to bless them, and there can be no ultimate evil, no finality of triumphant wrong, are all self-evident propositions to such a spirit, and it waits with patience even on a cross, for their corroboration. Love shines everywhere and surrounds all things. It is infinite, and therefore must desire and secure the best thing. All evil is finite—must end, or be reversed for good at last. Suffering is man's daily teacher, and affliction is his good, masked, through which he passes to knowledge, purity and heaven. The earthquake has its voice of love, and the tread of the Pestilence is not altogether the tread of a demon. There is life, a true life in disease, poverty and crime. The thought of God's goodness reveals it. This thought tells us we were made for holy duty, producing goodness here and heaven hereafter. To this thought in all our troubles, follies and sins, we fly for succor. Under its power we go to our tasks with serenity of soul, we bow down under our cross, fainting sometimes in body, but never despairing; and under the darkest aspects of nature and providence, we fear no evil, save that of sin; and we fear it because it makes the darkness and peoples it with devils, and not men nor angels. In the past it may see an end of perfection, but in the future its faith will complete her perfect work, and we shall then run and not be weary, and walk and not be faint. This thought will make the woes of sin its antedote, and the medicine of the sickly soul. We love
God, all love God, so soon as they see him; and those who love Him not here, do not yet see him, nor know him. Love is of God, and whosoever loveth, is born of him, and his title, to his birth-right is obedience to the commandment of Love. Love is the end of every commandment, and love is the fulfilling of the law, whether it thunder from the barren and frowning mount of the desert, or breathe as the balmy zephyrs from that of the Beatitudes. Let those who deny, remember that the denial only reveals the darkness and doubt of their own selfishness, which now as ever, trembles whenever it hears of "too much love."

J. B. F.

For the Christian Magazine.

The Angel Visitor.

Young Hadern had wandered far, and the way was weary, and his limbs were tired and sore. At last he came to the banks of a murmuring brook, and he laid him down upon the green grass, beneath the shade of a large oak, which spread its thick foliage above him. The streamlet flowed by his feet, and wandered on its meandering way among the meadows and the fields; all the tall weeds dipped their heads in its crystal waters, and the lilies and the wild roses bent over it, and blushed at their own loveliness reflected from its placid surface. Hadern beheld all this, and looking down into the rippling waters, he saw the tiny little fishes sporting in the limpid waves, and reveling among the white pebble-stones which lay scattered along the rivulet's bottom. With a sad sigh he turned from beholding their happiness, and looked with a sorrowful countenance toward the fields and green meadows. The cattle were grazing lazily along the hill-sides, and the lambkins spotted and gambled on the waving grass. The little birds sang from the midst of the grand old oaks, and the oxen lowed mournfully far down in the deep shadow of the valleys. The deep baying of a dog was heard in the distance, and the shrill voice of chanticlear crowing in the yard of a neighboring farm-house—The atmosphere was balmy. Soft zephyrs went wooing among the flowers, whispering the dulcet strains of love; and the very leaves upon the trees seemed to speak of the universal happiness which now reigned on all things around. But still young Hadern did nothing but sigh, and a tear-drop stood upon his cheek; for his heart was heavy, and his soul was full of anguish. The singing birds, and the murmuring streamlet, and the lowing kine, and the innocent flowers—all had no power to remove the sadness which, like a mountain load, was pressing him to the earth. His pilgrimage through the world had just begun, and already was his soul sick almost to death of the folly and wickedness of his fellow men. He had from infancy been upright of heart, nor was there ever guile found in his mouth. His chief aim, his sole ambition, had ever been to be a benefactor of his kind, and yet there was no one that ever smiled on his endeavors, or even seemed to appreciate the nobleness of his nature. He turned out of his way to do a kindness for his enemies; his enemies turned out of theirs to do him hurt. He had ever made it his motto to speak all the good he was able of everyone, and to leave their evil untold; others had busied themselves in circulating calumnies against himself, nor of all his friends was one found to vindicate his character. Hence his life came to be embittered; and now faint and weary, he thus gave voice to the repinings of his spirit. Alas! said he, that ever I came from my mother's womb—that ever the light of the sun shone upon my countenance! Surely there is no pleasure in living; neither is there any joy in abiding in a world where the wicked only prosper, and the worthy and the good ever meet with reproach and defamation. When I was a little child, and toyed with the laughing fawns, I knew not what it was to sorrow; but now I can but weep always at the evils which surround me, and from which there is no
escape. Have I acted more wickedly than other men, or are my transgressions more numerous than theirs', that I should thus be encompassed with enemies? My conscience hath no tongue to whisper in my ears, during the quiet hours of night, unbdden dreams; but my slumber is as gentle as that of the infant, and my visions are of pleasantness and peace. No, no; it is not that I have done wickedly, that I am thus afflicted and made to mourn. There breathes not a man whom I have ever injured. There lives not the soul of man, that can rise up and say I have wronged him. The poor I have befriended, when there was none to cheer them in their affliction. The widowed and the orphaned have heaped blessings on my head. And the sick; have I not stood by them and ministered to them in their sickness? How often have I smoothed the weary pillow of disease,—how often have I cooled the fevered brow of the poor sufferer, and have seen the sunken eye look upon me, beaming with gratitude and love! And the erring footsteps of the thoughtless, I have guided into the straight and narrow path. The sorrowful and stricken of God I have comforted.

I have made the flowers of affection bloom sweetly in hearts, which the coldness of the world had rendered barren and unfruitful of good works. I have opened living wells of sweet waters in the bosoms of those who had suffered their hearts to become arid and desert, unmoistened by the dews of heavenly love. And, yet, what has been my reward for all this? I am buffeted on the right hand and the left. Lying lips have taken hold of my good name, and have loaded it with calumnies. Envious men and detractors have prejudiced the multitude of the people against me, and they have all united to drive me from the abodes of mankind. Weary and worn, I wander through the land, and there is no shelter wherein I may rest my head. But my enemies, where are they? Even in the high places of the earth are they found. Their cattle feed upon a thousand hills. Their eyes swell out with fatness, and their coffers are filled with gold. Their tables groan beneath the weight of luxuries. Obsequious slaves are ready at their bidding, and fawning parasites minister to their vanity. Their riches increase with the increasing years, and their pride lags not behind. They are attired daily in silks and broadcloths, and fine linen and rich array. And, are they merciful—are they just? They profess a form of godliness, but the power thereof they deny. They pretend to worship God, but the poor go ever from their doors unalmed. They delight in forms and ceremonies. They desire to appear well in the eyes of their fellow men. The outside of the platter they cleanse, but the inside thereof they leave full of filthiness and abominations. They arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of Jehovah. They anathematize all who differ with them in religious belief, claiming that to them only have the keys of knowledge been delivered, and that they open, and no man may shut,—they shut, and no man may open. These are the enemies who beset me round about, and from whom I receive evil continually. They have bound down the consciences of the people with bands of steel, and whatsoever endeavors to unloose them, they denounce as agitators of evil and lovers of wickedness. They are vampires, sucking away the life-blood of the human soul, and shedding the dark dews of their deadly wings on the sleeping energies of human nature. An Eidolon they are, looking down from the mists and superstitions of the ages that have passed, and holding the human sense wrapt in wonder, as it looks upon its gigantic form, frowning shadowy and indistinct from the darkness with which it is enveloped. O, my God! that wickedness should thus exalt itself! That pride, and pomp, and deceitfulness, and sin should trample upon virtue and justice!

Hadon had proceeded thus far, but his feelings forbade that he should go any fur-
The Angel Visitor.

He burst into tears. Long, long! heart of poor Hadem, and caused him to fall at her feet, his heart softened to womanly weakness, and his grief entirely forgotten. She gently raised him up, and sat down by his side on the green mossy bank. She opened her lips and spake to him. Her voice sounded far sweeter than the murmuring of rivulets, or the sighing of zephyrs, or the pleasant lullaby of the waterfalls. Her words flowed from her lips as honey flows from the honey-comb.

"Young Mortal!" said she, "I have watched your footsteps long. I am one of those whom the great God has appointed to minister to His saints on earth. You have acted very unwisely in making the plaints which you have. 'Tis true your enemies are powerful, and are bitterly enraged against you. But you had better rejoice, than complain, that things are thus. Every evil which you overcome, every persecution which you bear patiently, only brings you the nearer that home to which you are hastening. This world is not your dwelling-place for eternity—Soon you shall have to follow the footsteps of your fathers. Soon your body will become food for worms, and the dust will return whence it came. The body is now the earthly temple in which dwells your immortal spirit. It is of the earth, earthly. If you spend a lifetime in decorating it, and seeking to make it honorable in the land, it will avail you nothing when the worms clamor for their prey. Your spirit will then be deprived of its earthly tabernacle, nor will it have a heavenly one to which it can fly for safety, but will have eternally to wander through the Nameless Void, exposed to the attacks of wicked spirits, and the mockery of fiends and devils. If your enemies are exalted, and you are sunken low, why need you complain? Do you not know that the rose heart of poor Hadem, and caused him to fall at her feet, his heart softened to womanly weakness, and his grief entirely forgotten. She gently raised him up, and sat down by his side on the green mossy bank. She opened her lips and spake to him. Her voice sounded far sweeter than the murmuring of rivulets, or the sighing of zephyrs, or the pleasant lullaby of the waterfalls. Her words flowed from her lips as honey flows from the honey-comb.

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cannot blossom and smell sweet when it is encompassed by thorns? The thistle tree and the bramble may flourish there, and may raise their heads high above the rest, but the rose tree cannot even grow there, much less bud and put forth blossoms. Nor need you expect an honest man to thrive in a company of knaves, nor an upright man to be esteemed where Honesty never shows her face. Men admire what they are capable of admiring—what is on a level with themselves. What is above them, they shut out from their society. What is purer than themselves, they vilify. It is natural that they should. They are but following the bent of their inclinations, and are obeying the dictates of that Master whom they have chosen to serve. They will have their reward.—That Master is the Evil One. His dominion extends over the earth, and is of a temporal character altogether. Therefore, when he rewards his servants, he can only give such rewards as are in his power—temporal gifts. These he oftentimes bestows with a lavish hand. The more faithfully he is served, the more lavishly he bestows. But the gifts which he bestows are those which satisfy not. They are grateful to the carnal sense, but they never reach the spiritual wants of man.—But the Master whom you serve, is the Great Spirit. His gifts are spiritual, and they satisfy the cravings of the soul. His servants he rewards according as they are faithful. So long as you are dwelling below, you can only expect that the enemies of your Master will use their venom against yourself. They used it against Him whilst he journeyed here, that he might redeem his fellow creatures. Therefore be not disheartened. For awhile only must you walk in the shadow. After awhile the light of His countenance will shine upon you, and you will no more walk in darkness. Think not that you are forgotten because for a short while, peradventure, you are buffeted by the myrmidons of the Prince of Darkness.—These are but the fires which shall consume your dross, and shall bring forth your gold, pure and refined, and moulded into the likeness of your divine Master. Again, I say, be not disheartened. The world is but a waste—a wilderness, where rank weeds and prickly briars grow abundantly, choking out the growth of all nobler trees. Place not your affections upon it, nor let your abiding city be therein. For the time will come when the whole of it shall be consumed as the stubble of the field. Then shall the habitations of the wicked be destroyed, and the wicked themselves shall utterly pass away. But let your affections be placed on things above; and constantly look forward to those dwellings in the heavens, which God has in readiness for all those whose lives will justify their making them their everlasting homes. Far beyond sun, or moon, or stars, are they situated, in the regions of never-ending beatitude.—There you will never know grief or sorrow. There you will have no false friends to embitter your happiness. No enemies will be there to trouble. No tears will be there to dry. But the fountains of knowledge will be opened, and you may drink of their waters eternally, and yet your thirst be not quenched. As the endless ages progress, so will you progress, and so will all the good and the just, in love, and knowledge, and excellence. There will you meet the loved ones and the last who have been taken from you by the icy hand of Death. You will meet to part no more. Be then no more repining at your lot. But arise and go forth, determined to fight the good fight, and to come off victorious through Him who loved you and gave himself for you. Be not bitter against your enemies, but rather think in what an awful condition they are placed, and do your utmost to bring them to a just sense thereof. Fear not for the reward to be given you for your toil. He who created the everlasting hills, and whose word is firmer than are their foundations, has promised that you shall receive an hundred fold. His promise is
sure and steadfast, and you will be forever blessed if you rely thereon—discharging all your duties to your fellow men, and not forgetting the duties you owe your Creator."

Thus spake the Angel to Hadern; and when she had finished, she parted from him, and was seen no more. But Hadern arose up immediately, and taking up his staff, with a light heart and an unwearied step, he pursued his way. Men buffeted him as before, but he met their buffets with a smile. Men spake evil of him as before, but he belied their words by the purity of his conduct and the integrity of his life. Thus he lived and thus he died, doing much good in his day and generation, and leaving behind him a memory unstained, and fadeless as the effulgence of the everlasting stars.

D. K. HUNDLEY.
Cambridge, Mass., 1853.

From the Christian Inquirer.

Religion a Law.

BODILY AND SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION COMPARED.

Those who are best acquainted with our bodily organization feel most deeply the necessity of scrupulously observing the conditions of health. There are a few excellent maxims, universally received, which would secure to most men good health, were they as commonly practised as they are acknowledged, but the general neglect of which brings voluntary disease within almost every family; yet nothing can be better established than the laws upon which physical well-being depend. That they are so constantly violated does nothing to render them uncertain or unimportant. Nay, they always vindicate their authority in the end.

It has been lately thought by philanthropists that no way so effective of arousing the public to their physical self-preservation is to be found, as that of exhibiting to them, either by careful description, or, better still, by plates and exact figures, their own bodily structure. When one comes to follow the food which he has taken through all the organs in which it undergoes successive changes before entering directly into the nourishment of the frame, he is able distinctly to perceive how excess may impose labors of which his organs are, for any length of time, incapable, and upon which disease must inevitably follow. Each function then discloses its own particular exposures, and exercise, temperance, and attention to clothing appear of the most radical importance. An understanding of the animal constitution is thus of more practical influence upon the bodily habits than the authority and advice of a whole Faculty. Doubtless, the great result of the efforts in behalf of temperance is much more to be ascribed to the information which has been disseminated upon the use and influence of alcoholic drinks, than to any moral influence which has been exerted, though that has done something. There are two facts here to be noticed: first, that opinions or principles may be generally acknowledged without much practical influence—nay, may be very true and very important without engaging attention or respect, which, as you know, has always been the case with the laws of health; and secondly, that the best way of obtaining respect for them is, leaving exhortation, advice, and warning alone, to show men the actual necessity of obedience to true principles by a direct exhibition of their own nature. This has been eminently successful in physical science. Why should it not be so in moral science? It is to this point that we call our readers' attention.

The world is positively clamorous in its professions of faith in moral and religious principles. Nothing more could be asked than a practice conforming to its professions. Christianity is the state-religion of the world. We call the civilized world Christendom. We punish blasphemy in our criminal courts: we brand infidelity with public reproach. The Bible is the most honored and sacred object on which
the hand can rest. We solemnize the rights of marriage, not by civil, but by Christian forms, and bury our dead by the hands of those who think them immortal. We claim among our dearest rights the title of "Christian." We assemble one day out of seven to acknowledge our faith in the gospel, and to receive its instructions. There is but one circumstance that throws any suspicion upon the almost universal faith of men in the great principles of religion, and that is, their neglect to practice them. To what can this be ascribed? Is it to the strength of human passions and the weakness of the better nature? Is it that these principles are too elevated, and that the conditions of duty are too onerous? Is religion forgetful of our circumstances and uncomplying in her temper? Do men first believe the gospel, and then neglect it; do they comprehend it, and voluntarily encounter the perils of disobedience; or are they not fully persuaded in their own minds of its truth, unable to realize its importance, and not clearly intelligent of its principles? Either one or the other of these suppositions is correct.—Perhaps both in part.

Of one thing we are satisfied, and the history of physical science and its practical reception illustrates it: that men will not act without clear conceptions, and will and must act, as a general rule, according to their sincerest and complete convictions.—Thus, we can hardly conceive it possible that one should be thoroughly acquainted with his material structure without an habitual regard to its laws. There will be exceptions to this rule. But every one must have observed that the body of men who are best acquainted with the conditions of health are also the most temperate, and therefore the most capable of endurance of any class in the community; while, on the other hand, the profession which insists most strongly upon observing all the laws of God and nature, is, through ignorance of physical laws, annually contributing an immense number of victims to violated principles of health.

Now, it must be confessed that the views of most men on the subject of duty and religion are very indistinct. There are certain dim instincts and cloudy conceptions in all men's minds on the side of virtue. But, so far from possessing any definite and satisfactory convictions, the mass of men doubt very much whether any minds have such, or whether it be possible or in accordance with religion to have them. There has always been a prevailing sentiment that the religious character could not be distinctly set forth; that it possessed certain indescribable experiences. So, too, who expects from the pulpit any common-sense directions pertaining to the conduct of life? Who would think it fair to test by the logic of the bar or the exchanges, the statements and appeals of the gospel? So radical is this prejudice, that when the pulpit attempts to reason, it gets a loose hold upon the reason of its hearers, as if this part of their nature were laid aside for the Sabbath. We are told that men's hearts must be addressed; that the plague is there; that they believe enough; what is wanted is that they should feel. But we deny that men believe enough. We are persuaded that men's real faith shines out in their conduct, and that what the world requires above everything is clear convictions of truth and duty, that is, a real faith. The religious sensibilities may be excited for the moment very readily, but no permanent effects are produced until the whole nature has been moved. Goodness must be the aim of the whole soul before it can be successfully pursued. The conviction of the understanding must be the foundation of all true and devoted love of truth and goodness.

Now, are men convinced that their present and future happiness depends upon their scrupulous devotion to duty? Do they feel that the love of their neighbor involves their own everlasting peace? Do they expect a heavy retribution for all disobedience? We know that crowds are ready to assert that they do, but can we
trust their assertions? They may fear to question received opinions, but in the bottom of their hearts, down deep below their own observation, where their resolves are forged, there is, we fear, a radical skepticism concerning the whole matter. Nay! would the fearless and frank men, in any religious assembly, who are without claims to piety or a scrupulous morality, rise up and speak out their confessions, they would tell you that they consider the whole subject of religion wrapped up in doubt: that the Christian teacher asserts much more than he knows, and that they have no convictions on the subject sufficiently practical to govern their conduct or restrain their lives.—They are without clear convictions of duty; and so are all who, with them, neglect their own highest moral and spiritual culture.

Now, in correction of this state of vacillation, we affirm that Christianity is a science, having all the certainty of any other science. We maintain that it should be studied as a science, and that its truths should be received with the same confidence, because upon the same evidence, with all other truths. Nay, it seems to us that when its fundamental principles are demonstrated to the mind, they must produce effects with as much regularity as a thorough acquaintance with the laws of health upon those who understand them; that is, not without exceptions, both of persons and occasions, but yet, generally and habitually. There is nothing, therefore, so important as the anatomy of one’s own nature. Did men look into their own souls as they do into the structure of their bodies, they would discover the laws of spiritual health with as much clearness, and be affected with convictions of duty as strongly, as in the case of their physical constitution. Examine the constitution of the human soul, and men will discover that the laws of the gospel are as clearly proclaimed, in its formation, to be absolutely indispensable to its health and happiness, to its perfect development, and the fulfillment of its destiny, as the laws laid down in the most approved physiological treaties, are found written, with the authority of God, in the organization of the human frame.

Thoughts from Channing.

“The surest device for making the mind a coward and a slave, is a wide-spread closely-cemented Church, the powers of which are concentrated in the hands of a “sacred order,” and which has succeeded in arrogating to its rites or ministers a sway over the future world, over the soul’s everlasting weal or woe. The inevitably degrading influence of such a church is demonstrative proof against its divine original.

“The abolition of war is no longer to be set down as a creation of fancy, a dream of enthusiastic philanthropy. War rests on opinion; and opinion is more and more withdrawing its support. War rests on contempt of human nature; on the long mournful habit of regarding the mass of human beings as machines, or as animals; having no higher use than to be shot at and murdered for the glory of a chief, for the seating of, this or that family on a throne, for the petty interests and selfish rivalries which have inflamed states to conflict. Let the worth of a human being be felt, and a main pillar of war will fall.

“A poor man, living on bread and water, because he will not ask for more than bare sustenance requires, and leading a quiet, cheerful life through his benevolent sympathies, his joy in duty, his trust in God, is one of the true heroes of the race, and understands better the meaning of happiness than we, who cannot be at ease unless we clothe ourselves “in purple, and fare sumptuously every day,” unless we surround, defend, and adorn ourselves with all the products of nature and art. His scantiness of outward means is a sign of inward fullness; whilst the slavery, in which most of us live, to luxuries and accommodations, shows the poverty within.”
Channing's Idea of Preaching.

Preach the nobleness and beauty of human virtue. Believe in man as destined to make progress without end. Help him to understand his high calling as a Christian, and to see God working within and around him for his perfection.

Study laboriously, for much is to be learned. Do not destroy your intellectual life, by imagining that all truth is discovered, and that you have nothing to do but to repeat what others have taught. I know not a more fatal mistake to a preacher.

I have said you must preach plainly. I now add, preach with zeal, fervor earnestly. To rouse, to quicken, is the end of all preaching, and plainness which does not minister to this is of little worth. I have said, preach plainly, and preach earnestly. I now say, preach with moral courage. Fear no man, high or low, rich or poor, taught or untaught. Honor all men, love all men; but fear none. Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly. Do not spoil them of life to avoid offence. Do not seek to propitiate passion and prejudice by compromise and concession. Beware of the sophistry which reconciles the conscience to the suppression or vague, lifeless utterance of unpopular truth. Do not wink at wrong deeds or unholy prejudices, because sheltered by custom or respected names. Wait not to be backed by numbers. Wait not till you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.

Feel that truth is not a local temporary influence, but immutable, everlasting, the same in all worlds, one with God, and armed with his omnipotence. Courage, even on the side of errour, is power. How must it prove on the side of truth? The Protestant minister, mixing freely with society, sustaining all its relations, and depending on opinion for bread, has strong inducements to make a compromise with the world.

Is there not reason to fear that, under these influences, religion and the world often shake hands? Is there not a secret understanding that the ministry, while it condemns sin in the mass, must touch gently the prejudices, wrongs, and abuses which the community has taken under its wings? It is natural that you should desire to win the affection of your people; but beware lest this interfere with moral courage.

There is always danger to dignity and force of character in aiming to win the hearts of others. Dear as affection is, we must be able to renounce it, to live without sympathy, to forfeit this man's confidence and that man's friendship by speaking the truth. I expect you to prize respect more than affection. I am aware that what has been said to encourage a spirit of fearlessness and independence is liable to abuse. I trust to your humility and soundness of mind for a sober construction of my counsels. The authority of usage is a wholesome restraint on the freaks, follies, and rash experiments of youth and inexperience. But usage must not restrain the intellect and the heart. You must stand out as an individual, and not be melted in the common mass. Whilst you honor antiquity, you must remember that the past has not done and could not do the work of the present; that in religion, as in all things, progress is the law and happiness of the race; that our own time has its task, and has wants which the provisions of earlier times cannot satisfy.

What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the stations assigned us: to be proof against poverty, pain and death itself, so far as not to do anything that is scandalous or sinful to avoid them: to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution? To do this is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.
THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—This is the title of a work published in New York city, by Alexander Montgomery. It seems to us to be well deserving the patronage of the literary world. The first number contains articles on many of the most important subjects of science and knowledge. It is issued monthly, at $1.50, and we hope Mr. Montgomery’s arduous undertaking will be properly appreciated and sustained.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—This is another of the publications of Alexander Montgomery. This work is well published, and most of the illustrations are very good. It is one of the cheapest works of the kind in the United States. We publish from it this month an article on Nineveh; which is well written and full of interest. In the Magazine of Art all the remains described were beautifully illustrated. We would request all of our readers to examine for themselves both of these works. This Magazine is published also monthly, at No. 17, Spruce st., New York, at $3.00 per annum, and twenty-five cents per number.

MR. McEwen’s ADDRESS.—We have upon our table an address, delivered at the laying of the Corner-stone of the University of Nashville, on the 7th of April, 1853, by J. A. McEwen, Esq. We hope our young friend, Mr. McEwen, may always be as happy in his efforts. It was an occasion well calculated to stir the soul of an Alumnus, and he partook largely of the inspiration. Mr. McEwen is a fine speaker, a chaste and beautiful writer. He is a young man of great promise, and we sincerely hope he may continue to gather laurels, as he passes down the stream of life, made happy by having done his part to benefit and advance his race. As an Editor, Mr. McEwen always showed himself possessed of a mind full of noble sentiments and of liberal ideas. As a lawyer we have heard good accounts of him, and in his political and social relations, he is esteemed a perfect gentleman. He has our very best wishes for his success in every department of life.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes of the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness and ill-humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to thy blessed word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever.

HUMAN HELPLESSNESS.—Animals go rightly when left to themselves; they follow their instinct and are safe. But it is otherwise with man. His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother’s care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and where these are left to stand for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts who perish!


DIED, at his residence in Methsville, Tenn., JOHN THOMAS, on the 15th of April, of Typhoid Fever.
Spiritual Weakness.

WHAT IS IT, AND WHAT IS ITS REMEDY?

The elements of character make the real distinctions of men. As agents of moral power, they present the most astonishing contrasts. Strong and weak, self-possessed and disconcerted, resolute and timid, undaunted and vacillating, laborious and efficient, are the characteristics that constantly come under our observation, when we note the characters of men. Can we discern the causes of these differences? If so, there is no knowledge to be compared with it, for there is none that can lead to such wise and useful results. By if we are to be carried wisely or foolishly through life; are to be made triumphant over the evils of our lot or to be swallowed up in them; and at last are to gain or lose the complete result. The causes of spiritual weakness are both natural and acquired, and in each case admit of remedy. We start with this important truth and enquire what are those causes?

1. The nature and constitution of man is imperfect, or immature. In this it is not singular, for all minerals, plants and animals seem placed under the law of growth, which law must ever recognize imperfect conditions of their being. To say that man is imperfect is to say that he is not a God. His constitutional infirmities are everywhere seen, and by every one acknowledged, who has become sufficiently perfect to be honest with himself. The follies, failures and inconsistencies, connected with the direct misdoings, and the both direct and indirect misfortunes and evils of the human lot, are the constant marks upon the history of the race. There is the weakness that appears in the love of ease and self-indulgence, leading to effemi

nacy and fear of hardships. There is the weakness that fears pain and shrinks from suffering, preventing the power of calm patience and fortitude. It falls before temptation; quails before trial, and takes the downward tendency whenever left to itself, or relying alone upon its own individual resources. Human history is but the detail of a struggle against a proneness to sink down into inaction, self-indulgence, barbarism and crime. And every man experiences a daily contest with inclinations to ease and self-indulgence that, but for the better principles of duty, would long since have borne him down. In a word, man is so weak, that his weakness overcomes him, except under the influence of constant effort. It may manifest itself differently in different individuals, and under differing circumstances of culture and life; it may manifest its impotence in its malice, its envy, its lust, or the selfish securities it vainly throws around the fabled citadel of its happiness; but it will manifest itself, and when most truthful in its avowal, will explain in some form—"What would I do not, and what I would not that I do."

Are we asked why is this so? We have learned but one answer, though we have studied many. It is the will of God that it should be so. He has purposes for his human creature to be accomplished by his immature condition that could not so well be accomplished in another—and hence it is. He made us men, with the weaknesses and capabilities of men, and the former reveal the latter. We must know the feeble and erring side of our nature in order to avoid its evils and sins, or gain that power of ascendency that makes the moral purpose of our being. Man is liable to

CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

EVERY SCRIBE INSTRUCTED UNTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, IS LIKE UNTO A HOUSEHOLDER, WHO BRINGETH OUT OF HIS TREASURE THINGS NEW AND OLD.—MATT. XIII. 52.

VOL. VI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1853.

NO. VII.
Spiritual Weakness.

Gross error and beastly degradation; but he is capable also of wise principle and holy elevation. He must know his constitutional weakness, however, in order to overcome its tendencies and develop the counteracting strength, by which he may go forward to perfection. We take it, then, as the settled dictate of experience and observation, that man is weak by nature, and weak because he is immature—morally, as well as physically, immature.

II. But we are also weak from the influences of early training, or the absence of training. The power of early habits, the most superficial may see, and the most unobservant will feel. The weakness of our spiritual nature is fostered by the indulgence of the selfish temper and the failure to correct the reluctance to effort. We shrink from self-denial, because never taught its almost irresistible power. We covet affluence for the sake of securing softness or sloth for ourselves and our children. We contract effemacities in early life that prevent the development of the sturdy manliness, which makes the vigor and glory of man. To know the nature and extent of that effeminacy or selfish tendency, may reveal to us the sources of our weakness and assist us in their correction.

III. Both our constitutional tendencies, and the effect of misdirected training, lead to certain habits that confirm moral weakness. We establish for ourselves habits of temper, of action, and of thought. To correct and perfect these is the business of life, and by our power in their perfection we overcome the infelicities of our constitution and the evil effects of improper training. We will notice them in detail.

1. We have the habit of indecision. This necessarily weakens our spiritual character. Where to will and to act can be made simultaneous, we have the highest form of spiritual perfection. To be able to do at once and without hesitancy what we ought to do, is character itself. As we approach this state of effective energy we feel ourselves to have power. Now the purpose and the will are weakened by every delay of a right action.

The ardor of the heart cools; we lose our interest in the act; our attention is diverted to other objects, and when at last we come to act, the spirit of the action is lost. Allow the disposition of delay to grow upon us, and our power for good will become so feeble and sluggish, that no one can calculate that we will carry out any purpose, and what is yet worse, we may be conscious when indulging our best purposes that not one of them will ever be realized. Miserable character indeed! Ever considering, never making up the mind; forever turning the matter over without knowing what we will do; and deciding, at last, when it is too late to effect any good. Better err by hasty decision, than never to decide. Very disagreeable persons are those who decide without knowledge, or with the knowledge only of one side; who are always right because always ignorant, and unwilling to be otherwise; who from the smallest premises draw the strongest conclusions, and then decide with the infallibility of omniscience—but even they are to be preferred to the indecisive, for if they do start in a right cause they will be of some service, whilst the others, never starting can never serve, and are, at best, but clogs in the way of improvement.

2. A disposition to reverie is often a morally debilitating habit of soul. By it, we substitute a play of the fancy, for a vigorous exercise of the thought and the affections. We look at the habit to-day, however, in its Christian aspect. I address many whose hearts will bear witness to the truth, that they have often been quickened to attain a high Christian virtue and elevation of thought and action, and who have been satisfied with feasting the imagination on the objects that religious discourse has presented before them, and have never addressed themselves to the duties so clearly presented to them. Admirable feelings they
have had; noble resolves; high spiritual aspirations and large plans for serving the race of man, but the service where is it? Were men created to dream or to act? To live upon purifying fancies and die weary, sentimental and worthless? Answer, O my beloved, and God help you to act while the day of opportunity still holds its sun in the heavens.

3. We neglect the monitions of conscience. These admonitions are felt sometimes as powerfully in the neglect of small duties or the indulgence of petty feelings, as in those of great emotion and enterprise. Many, who feel that they could act promptly and effectually in matters of great moment, almost disregard the whisperings of conscience on occasions of smaller moment. This is a fatal error. The heart becomes insensible by frequent inattention or resistance.

"He that despiseth small things perisheth by little and little." The humbler duties of life have more to do in making the character than the momentous ones. What are first or chief with men are often last or least with God. The divine estimate often reverses the human. We require more energy of mind to discharge honorably, successfully and cheerfully, the everyday duties of our humble lot, than is required to perform the more conspicuous and world-observed achievements. If we allow ourselves to despise the reproves of conscience for the excessive restlessness of temper with which we meet the hourly occasions of our trial, we will come to feel as if we had no conscience, and our delights will be found to depend upon reckless and headless excitement, leading to the most deplorable spiritual weakness. Let us realize, if we can, what we have been urging. Man, possessed of an imperfect moral constitution, and that constitution injured by unpropitious training, enters upon the great theatre of life with habits of wilful self-indulgence which lead him to postpone and delay his duties, till indecision and irresolution mark his career—falls into a dreamy state of mind that wastes its energy in plans never executed—is it strange then that he is weak and sinful? Why such an one has a nervous horror of emergency; he cannot hold the ark amid the swellings of Jordan, and the first great wave of vice that sweeps over his undefended habitation carries him away from manliness, worth and religion. See we not, then, the sources of our weakness? Sent upon the earth to form a character for eternity, see we not the enemies to that character? We love right, but we loose the love of it by failing to acknowledge and do it. We see the beauty of goodness, but by inattention we cease to love it. We relish the things that are lovely and of good report, but our fleshly desires, by self-indulgence, carry us away from the opportunities to follow them. What is left to us but to be swallowed up in the miserable littleness of our own discontented selfishness, having lost the desire even of being a man, much less a Christian man? If we live thus we must be despised, and what is worse, despise ourselves. The soul is at war with itself—its love turns to renown, and its renown to bitterness, and it begins to know what meaneth that scripture, which speaks of the consuming worm and the unquenched fire.

Such are the perils to which we are exposed, every one of which, properly estimated, will cause us at once to fly to the pardon, help and hope of the religion of Christ; and to all the aids that religion has developed or consecrated in the civilization we are permitted to enjoy. If we see the sources of weakness, let us at once apply ourselves to them, that their force may be stayed, and the soul seek unto that source of relief and amendment which flows on forever. The longer we delay the more difficult will be our resources, and the more painful, for the powers of evil are not inactive. We can shun no evil but by combats against it. It is Divine Providence indeed that delivers us, but that Providence works through us, and by us, and never without our own
efforts so far as our good is concerned.—An aversion to an evil will not correct it—it will help, but we must enter actively into a contest against it. We must shun evils as sins, for if we do not, we will not correct them in the heart, but only cover them up, and cause them not to appear. The Lord is ready to purify any man from evil, but the soul must be open to his purification by an effort to remove the evil both from the heart and life. Our hearts, like the doors of a citadel, are closed from within by evil desires and wicked purposes, and until they are removed, although the Father stand at the door and continually urge and press for admittance, he cannot come in and take the joyous and transforming possession. Many of us think that to believe what the church teaches, and especially, if believed according to the dogmatical and hectoring teaching of its favorite expounders; some that to engage in benevolent enterprises; some that a mechanical reading of the Bible and attention to the accepted forms of piety; some to hear sermons, keep the Sabbath, or receive the Lord’s Supper at regular intervals; and some to confess ourselves guilty of all sins and destitute of all virtue—all of which may have good in them according to the degree of culture we possess—will purify us; but none of these things can purify us from the evils of our constitution and habits unless we examine ourselves, perceive our own sins and weaknesses, acknowledge them, condemn ourselves on account of them, and repent by deserting from them. This we do by acknowledging in our hearts the authority and help of the Lord, and by putting forth all our efforts to bow to that authority and accept that help. “I am weak because of mine infirmity,” “but I can do all things through him who strengthens me.”

A Sermon from a Distinguished Layman.

We found the following more than two years since in a very popular work of modern English Literature. We were struck with it at the time, and still find it good upon repertus. There is a satisfying vein of life’s trials in it, and high-toned Christian feeling. Let no one pass it by unread:"

“For every man shall bear his own burden.”

Gal. vi, 5.

Brethren, every man has his burden.—If God designed our lives to end at the grave, may we not believe that he would have freed an existence so brief from the cares and sorrows to which, since the beginning of the world, mankind has been subjected? Suppose that I am a kind father, and have a child whom I dearly love, but I know, by a Divine revelation, that he will die at the age of eighty years, surely I should not vex his infancy by needless preparations for the duties of life.—If I am a rich man, I should not send him from the caresses of his mother, to the stern discipline of school. If I am a poor man, I should not take him with me to hedge and dig, to search in the sun, to freeze in the winter’s cold; why inflict hardships on his childhood, for the purpose of fitting him for manhood, when I know that he is doomed not to grow into man? But if, on the other hand, I believe my child is reserved for a more durable existence, then should I not, out of the very love I bear to him, prepare his childhood for the struggle of life, according to the station in which he is born, giving many a toil and many a pain to the infant, in order to rear and strengthen him for his duties as man? So is it with our Father that is in heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spiritual maturity, where, “in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace,” it is in his tenderness as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for the earnest of our inheritance, the “redemption of the purchased possession.” Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will
know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear; the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. For, so far from wealth freeing us from trouble, all the wise men who have written in all ages, have repeated with one voice the words of the wisest, "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the holding of them with their eyes?" And this is literally true, my brethren; for let a man be as rich as was the great King Solomon himself, unless he lock up all his gold in a chest, it must go abroad to be divided amongst others; yea, though, like Solomon, he make him great works—though he build houses and make vineyards, and make him gardens and orchards—still the gold that he spends feeds but the mouths he employs; and Solomon himself could not eat with a better relish than the poorest mason who built the house, or the humblest laborer who planted the vineyard. Therefore "when goods increase, they are increased that eat them." And this, my brethren, may teach us toleration and compassion for the rich. We share their riches, whether they will or not; we do not share their cares. The profane history tells us of a princess destined to be the greatest queen that ever sat upon a throne, envied the milkmaid singing; and a profane poet, whose wisdom was only less than that of the inspired writers, represents the man who, by force and wit, had risen to be a king, sighing for the sleep vouchsafed to the meanest of his subjects—all bearing out the words of the son of David: "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." Amongst my brethren now present, there is doubtless some one who has been poor, and, by honest industry, has made himself comparatively rich. Let his heart answer me while I speak, Are not the chief cares that now disturb him, to be found in the goods he hath acquired? Has he not both vexations to his spirit, and trials to his virtue, which he knew not when he went forth to his labor, and took no heed for the morrow? But it is right, my brethren, that to every station there should be his care—to every man his burden; for if the poor did not sometimes so far feel poverty to be a burden as to desire to better their condition, and (to use the language of the world) "seek to rise in life, their most valuable energies would never be aroused;" and we should not witness that spectacle, which is so common in the land we live in, namely, the successful struggle of manly labor against adverse fortune, a struggle in which the triumph of one gives hopes to thousands. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention; and social blessings which are now as common as the air and sunshine, have come from that law of our nature which makes us aspire towards indefinite improvement, enriches each successive generation by the labors of the last; and in free countries often lifts the child of the laborer to a place amongst the rulers of the land. Nay, if necessity is the mother of invention, poverty is the creator of the arts. If there had been no poverty, where would have been that which we call the wealth of a country? Subtract from civilization all that has been produced by the poor, and what remains?—The state of the savage. Where you now see laborer and prince, you would see equality indeed. The equality of wise men? No: not even equality there! for there brute force becomes lordship, and wo to the weak! Where you now see some in frieze, some in purple, you would see wretchedness in all. Where stand the palace and the cot; you would behold but mud huts and caves. As far as the peasant excels the king among savages, so far does society, exalted and enriched by the struggles of labor, excel the state in which poverty feels no disparity, and toil sighs for no ease. On the other hand, if the
A SERMON FROM A DISTINGUISHED LAYMAN.

rich were perfectly contented with their
wealth, their hearts would become hard-
ened in the sensual enjoyment it procures.
It is that feeling implanted by Divine Wis-
dom in the soul, that there is vanity and
 vexation of spirit in the things of mam-
omon, which still leaves the rich man sen-
sitive to the instincts of Heaven, and
teaches him to seek for happiness in those
 elevated virtues to which wealth invites
him, namely, protection to the lowly, and
beneficence to the distressed.

And this, my brethren, leads me to an-
other view of the vast subject opened to us
by the words of the Apostle, "Every man
shall bear his own burden!" The worldly
conditions of life are unequal. Why are
they unequal? O, my brethren, do you
not perceive? Think you that if it had
been better for our spiritual probation,
that there should be neither great nor
lowly, rich nor poor, Providence would
not so have ordered the dispensations of
the world, and so by its mysterious but
merciful agencies, have influenced the
 frame-work and foundations of society?
But, if from the remotest periods of hu-
man annals, and in all the numberless ex-
periments of government which the wit of
man has devised, still this inequality is ever
found to exist. May we not suspect that
there is something in the very principles
of our nature, to which that inequality is nec-
essary and essential? Ask why this ine-
quality! Why? as well ask why life is the
sphere of duty the nursery of virtues.—

For if all men were equal, if there were
no suffering and no ease, no poverty and no
wealth, would you not sweep with one
blow the half at least of human virtues
from the world? If there were no penury
and no pain, what would become of forti-
tude?—what of patience?—what of resig-
nation? If there were no greatness and
no wealth, what would become of benevo-
ience?—of charity?—of the blessed human
piety?—of temperance in the midst of lux-
ury?—of justice in the exercise of power?

Carry the question further. Grant all
conditions the same—no reverse, no rise,
and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing
to fear—that a moral death you would at
once inflict upon all the energies of the
soul, and what a link between the heart of
man and the Providence of God would be
snapped asunder! If we could annihilate
evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope,
my brethren, is the avenue of faith. If
there be "a time to weep, and a time to
laugh," it is that he who mourns may turn
to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices
may bless God for the happy hour. Ah!
my brethren, were it possible to annihilate
the inequalities of human life, it would be
the banishment of our worthiest virtues,
the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy
of our mental faculties. The moral world,
like the world without us, derives its health
and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

"Every man shall bear his own burden,"
True: but now turn to an earlier verse in
the same chapter: "Bear ye one another's
burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."
Yes, while Heaven ordains to each his pe-
culiar suffering, it connects the family of
man into one household, by that feeling
which, more perhaps than any other, distin-
guishes us from the brute creation—"I mean
the feeling to which we give the name of
sympathy—the feeling for each other! The
herd of deer shun the stag that is marked
by the gunner; the flock heeddeth not the
sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but
man has sorrow and joy, not in himself
alone, but in the joy and the sorrow of those
around him. He who feels only for him-
self, abjures his very nature as man, for do
we not say of one who has 'no tenderness
and no humanity? & And do we not call him who sorrows with the sor-
rowful humane?

Now, brethren, that which especially
marked the divine mission of our Lord,
is the direct appeal to the sympathy which dis-
tinguishes us from the brute. He seized
not on some faculty of genius given but
few, but upon that ready impulse of the
heart which is given to us all; and in say-
ing, "Love one another," "Bear ye one an-
other's burdens," he elevates the most de-
lightful of our emotions into the most sacred of his laws. "The lawyer asks our Lord, "Who is my neighbor?" Our Lord replies by the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite saw the wounded man that fell among the thieves, and passed by, on the other side. That priest might have been austere in his doctrine, that Levite might have been learned in the law; but neither to the learning of the Levite, nor to the doctrine of the priest, does our Savior even deign to allude. He cites but the action of the Samaritan, and saith to the lawyer, "Which now of these three, thoukest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. "Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise." O shallowness of human judgments! It was enough to be born a Samaritan, in order to be rejected by the priest, and despised by the Levite. Yet now, what to us the priest and Levite, of God's chosen race though they were? They passed from the hearts of men, when they passed the sufferer by the wayside; while this loathed Samaritan, half thrust from the pale of the Hebrew, becomes of our family, of our kindred, a brother amongst the brotherhood of love, so long as Mercy and Affliction shall meet in the common thoroughfare of life.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ!" Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving, to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss to the wants of others. No; I appeal to the poorest amongst ye, if the worst burdens are those of the body; if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you with a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all; yea, of the panther as of a king; and sympathy is Christ's wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood. The rich are told to have charity for the poor, and the poor are enjoined to respect their superiors. Good; I say not to the contrary. But I say also to the poor, "In your turn have charity for the rich;" and I say to the rich, "In your turn respect the poor."

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Thou, O! poor man, envy not, nor grudge thy brother, his larger portion of worldly goods. Believe that he hath his sorrows and crosses like thyself, and, perhaps, as more delicately nurtured—he feels them more; nay, hath he not temptations so great that our Lord hath exclaimed: "How hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?" And what are temptations but trials? What are trials but perils and sorrows?—Think not that you cannot bestow your charity on the rich man, even while you take your sustenance from his hands. A heathen writer, often cited by the earliest preachers of the Gospel, hath truly said, "Wherever there is room for a man, there is place for a benefit." And I ask any rich brother amongst you, when he hath gone forth to survey his barns and his granaries, his gardens and his orchards, if suddenly, in the pride of his heart, he sees the scowl on the brow of the laborer, if he deems himself hated in the midst of his wealth, if he feels that his least faults are treasured up against him with the hardness of malice, and his plainest benefits received with the ingratitude of envy, I ask, I say, any rich man, whether straightway all pleasure in his worldly possessions does not fade from his heart, and whether he do not feel what a wealth of gladness it is in the power of the poor man to bestow! For, all these things of mammon pass away; but there is in the smile of him whom we have served, a something that we may take with us to heaven. If then ye bear one another's burdens, they who are poor will have mercy on the errors, and compassion for the griefs of the rich. To all men it is said—yes, to the Lazarus as to the Dives—"Judge not that ye be not judged." But think not, O rich man, that we preach on-
ly to the poor. If it be their duty not to grudge thee thy substance, it is thine to do all that may sweeten their labor. Remember that when our Lord said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?" he replied also to them who asked, "Who then shall be saved?" "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God;" that is, man left to his own temptations would fail; but strengthened by God, he shall be saved. If thy riches are the tests of trials, so may they also be the instruments of thy virtues. Prove by thy riches, that thou art compassionate and tender, temperate and benign; and thy riches themselves may become the evidence at once of thy faith and of thy works. We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, "Do unto others as ye would be done by." Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that sympathy which nature implants as an instinct, and the Savior exalts as a command. If thou wouldest do unto thy neighbor as thou wouldest be done by, ponder well how thy neighbor will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength, and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes; let thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess, that what had seemed just to thy power, will seem harsh to his weakness. For, "as a zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calleth his brother drunkard and beast," even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object, if he writes on the great column of society, only warnings that irritates the bold, and terrify the timid; and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue, "if he be forced to it with rudeness and iniquities." If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly; O ye great, feel not only for them, but with them! Watch that your pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gall. Your worldly inferior is of the class from which the apostles were chosen, amidst which the Lord of creation descended from a throne above the seraphs. But he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor!—By this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each; and thus, if in the body, each man bears his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul, all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other. This is the law of Christ; fulfill it, O my brethren. 

Union with God and Man.

The last prayer of our Savior for his followers was,—"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." —"To be made perfect in one"—one with God and one with each other—is the perfection and happiness of mankind. An ultimate aim of Christianity, accordingly, is union, harmony, love. Instead of the present ceaseless war of man upon man, the selfish strife of sects and parties, the worrying competition of business, the hostility of castes and classes, the grinding of city against city, the crushing of city against city, and country against country, it proposes peace,—peace in the family, in the church, in the neighborhood, in the nation, and between the nations. So towards the Eternal Majesty of heaven, instead of the distance and coldness of strangers or the stubbornness of enemies, it would give the confidence and delightful ease of children in a father's house, so that we may feel God's world is man's home, and live before the
Highest in a holy and affectionate spirit of friendship. And the Gospel will not accomplish its blessed mission to man until it shall have established this brotherhood of the species, this childhood of man to God, and this fatherhood of God to man, not as splendid theories, but as living, practical realities.

“That they may be made perfect in one,” are words written all over the works of God. They contain a profound philosophy, as well as indicate a perfect religion. Union is the law of universal nature, and disunion the exception; and disunion takes place only that there may be a more perfect union. It is the composition of seven different colors that makes the absolute light. It is the mixture of three diverse gases that produces the vital air; and of two, that gives us the vital water. It is the congeries of the discordant materials which science analyzes and classifies that constitutes the round and revolving earth. And what is true of the so-called elements, also holds good of all the various objects of matter; not one but is a union, a composition, an agreement. And when this union is broken, it is only a temporary transition to a new and better union; even matter itself forever rising on an ascending scale of progress, until, instead of the original chaos, we now behold a beautiful and inhabited globe.

This magnificent law of God is in force and manifestation beyond our little globe. It is inscribed on the stars of the firmament, and chanted in the music of the spheres. Orbit circling within orbit and system within system, above, below, and on either hand, the mystic dance of worlds, ten thousand times ten thousand mighty globes in swiftest motion, but in perfect method, crossing and recrossing one another's path without collision, testify to the sublime union of the material and visible universe. Even the seemingly lawless meteors and the erratic comets are but more dazzling demonstrations of the same eternal truth.

It is said by some one, that all nature is at war; but it is a superficial remark. More truly may we say, all nature is at peace, and her seeming conflict is but the condition of a more absolute harmony, and her very variety makes the real universe. It is differing notes in music that constitute the perfect melody; and the endless changes, revolutions, and, to our dull ears, discords of the creation are in truth a mere concordant anthem of praise to the Creator.

“All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.”

And could we read the moral as clearly as we can the physical creation, we should no doubt see the same law, if not the same fact, in every part of its complicated web. We should know that evil and good, light and darkness, misery and happiness, were as essential and unavoidable in a world of free moral, accountable, and improvable agents, as the changes of matter and the compensations of growth and decay, combination and dissolution, from a glow-worm to a planet. At least, we cannot get away from one fact. It is the world of God. He made it, and not we ourselves. He created its beings, established its laws, and foresaw, if he did not predestinate, its evil and its good.

But we must not judge the architect’s work half done. We must “the great issue wait,” and not suppose, that, because we see trouble to-day, we see the character and meaning of the whole unbounded plan of our Heavenly Father. For it is but a minute arc of the circle of eternity, crooked, indeed, and unsightly to the mole-eye of man, but harmony and beauty itself to the all-comprehending Mind.

In fact, the theory of Christianity agrees perfectly with this view, and the specific teachings of our Lord corroborate it. What we know not now, we are to know hereafter. The tares cannot be pulled out from among the wheat until the harvest. The very Prince of Peace came to send forth on the earth a temporary
sword, a transition-fire, to make way for a
more entire union of soul with soul, and
of the finite with the Infinite. The old
stubble must be burnt up, to prepare the
soil for a new and more abundant in-
crease. The Church itself would prove
a cause of contention for the time being,
and Christianity a question of dispute,
but only that in the end they might fulfi l
the conditions of a more lasting peace.—
The probe and the knife must precede the
perfect cure. The religion that was con-
dled amid crucifixions and martyrdoms,
could not grow to its complete maturity
in the earth without its Inquisitions and
Smithfields. Thus unity of faith, and
even of opinions, has a meaning, if we
would reverently heed it. Men struggle
to be at one, not only in feeling but in
document. They break the peace; for
peace's sake. He must have read the his-
tory of the Christian Church to little
good purpose, who does not see that its
strifes have a deeper meaning than mere
strife; and that, with clangor of hammer
and saw,—with the splitting, cutting, and
fashioning of this celestial, as of our fa-
miliar earthly architecture,—the world
has been seeking, almost unconsciously
to itself, to frame and build the harmoni-
ous temple of Christ.

The final issue, whatever may come be-
tween, is revealed by the Master,—"that
they may be made perfect in one." This
union and perfection of religion, so illus-
trated by the works and so confirmed by
the word of God, has two natural
branches.

The final end of the Gospel is, to make
man one with God. The great work of
Christ was to bring about this union. He
was the medium of communication be-
tween heaven and earth, the Mediator be-
tween God and man, standing midway,
like the angel in the beautiful design of
the sculptor, who is pointing, with upward
finger, the wondering infant, released from
earth, to a brighter world on high. The
religious acts our Savior inculcated all
subserved this main purpose. Did he

teach repentance, faith, love, obedience,
gratitude, prayer? They were the means
and instrumentalities of removing the bar-
riers to the perfect union; they were the
filaments to weave a stronger and more
incorruptible bond of harmony.

This state of perfect reconciliation with
the Father of our spirits and Dispenser of
our lot has been the aspiration and effort
of the good and wise in the past; "the
sacramental host of God." Indeed, more
attention has been given to this side of
religion, piety, than to the other side, mor-
ality. The exertion has been to be just
with God more than to be just to man.

But a profound want of our nature is
met by union with God. We find noth-
ing mystical or absurd in the sympathy of
heart with heart; why should we in the con-
cord of the humblest mind on earth with
the Great Spirit? And if new light and
power flow from the interchange of tho t
with thought, and intercourse among men,
then how much greater must be the bene-
fit to the ignorant and erring child of the
earth to be brought into a living union
with the Supreme Mind! The very term
religion, as some derive it, signifies this
binding again of the soul, that has drifted
away from God, to its eternal strength.—
For life away from him is, in reality, not
life, but a species of death. Not to know
and love him, is not to know and love tru-
ly any thing he has made, not even our-
selves. Our very self-love will be actual
self-hatred and self-ruin, unless the bles-
sing of this higher relationship be recog-
nized and sought.

Observe, this must be a living union;
not a traditional and legendary conver-
sion, effected many years ago,—our Chris-
tian character justifying itself by that sin-
gle transaction,—but an ever-renewed al-
liance and good understanding; the most
lively sorrow following every fall from the
high estate of this divine intimacy. To-
day, if we will, we may hear God in the
rushing rain, and see him in the bountiful
harvest. This present moment in which we
dwell is full of Him. Earth, and air, and
UNION WITH GOD AND MAN.

When we separate ourselves from the central Mind and Heart of the creation, we put ourselves into false relations with all things and beings; but when we maintain an unbroken communion of worship, love, and obedience, we place ourselves in such a conjunction that all things work together for our good, and none for our ill; the least swell into generous bounties, and the hardest soften into parental benedictions;—yea, pain and grief have sweet uses to the child of God.

And when something worse comes, when the foul blot of sin threatens to eclipse the light of the soul for ever, how does this forgiving Parent meet us a great way off, even in our earliest compunctions and penitence, and give us no reluctant welcome home, but say, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found"? O the mercy and long-suffering of God! Eternity will be too short to understand the insinuations of his care, and to sum up the multitude of his kindnesses.

Let us set about making this filial union a most practical and daily business of our lives. It is one of the greatest ends for which we have our lives given and preserved. God is a spirit; but so are our friends spirits. That characteristic is no bar to our sympathy with them; indeed, it is its very foundation. We can talk to them. But we can hold the higher conversation of prayer with the Heavenly Friend. They can answer us. True; and poor and imperfect enough their answers often are,—smiles on false cheeks,—perhaps tears from fond, but foolish eyes,—half-stammered meanings of the soul, at the best. But the answers of God are great words of providence and grace, that we never can wholly forget or mistake, because they are always perfectly true and sincere. They are cherubim, standing in the sun; crosses, inscribed with encouraging mottoes, on the sky; bushes, burning with a divine, but unconsuming flame; now the birth-angel and now the death-angel crossing the threshold of our home; now influxes of light and new visitings of love. God speaks to us with such

ocean cover our board with royal generosity, and the mighty sun has spent the summer in ripening our desert. If the lowest things of life have tongues thus to speak to us of the All-surrounding Love, what shall we say of the highest,—of thought and fancy and feeling,—of art and science and literature,—of government, laws, and morals,—of the Holy Scriptures and the Gospel of Jesus Christ? The whole creation, physical, mental, and spiritual, has in truth been constructed to bring us into contact with God at every point, to impart to the mind the light, and to pour into the heart the life, of this blessed union.

Consider its honor. This co-working with God, as dear children, is the chief privilege of man. What folly, what insanity, that we should so often and willingly forfeit it by our sins! There is no pride nor haughtiness with the Most High. He condescends to an infant as to a Socrates, and abides with all his glory equally in the cottage or the palace which is opened to him. He has made man, as it were, a humble image of himself, a miniature of the Infinite. He calls upon his child to resemble him by choice, as he is formed to resemble him by creation; and to grow, as he has been made, in the divine life and similitude. He has thus imparted to man even a portion of his own creative power, and the satisfaction of being in part self-made.

By a true and close union with our Father in heaven, we are not lost in him, absorbed, and deprived of the consciousness and identity of our being; but it is in this manner we truly find our life, and come to ourselves; it is thus that the meek, the spiritually-minded, own and enjoy all things, enter into possession of the whole universe, inherit earth, and inherit heaven; while he who is out of God and this filial oneness, however rich he may seem to be, has nothing, is disheveled of all, because he is not rich towards God. Everything refuses its use to him, because he does not use and enjoy all in God. "His riches are corrupted, his garments moth-eaten, his gold and silver cankered."
words as these. Have we failed to study even the alphabet of that language which makes them as articulate to us as our vernacular tongue?

Union with God! He in us, and we in him, through his Son and his spirit! He in us by his fullness of temporal good and spiritual blessing; we in him by our contented dependence and unquestioning love!— We will see him in all things, and all things in him. We will hear him in the bird of spring and the fall of the autumn leaf. He condescends from his infinite heavens to dwell in the souls of his children. We will arise from our low and worldly life, from the dark places where we shut out from us the pure light and joy of the spirit-world, and enter into union with God, even with our God.

But thus far only the half has been said; the other privilege and duty of our being is union with man. "Perfect in one," applies to men with men, as to all men with God.

The ancient St. Simon Styliotes dwelt thirty-seven years on the tops of pillars in the open air, exposed to all the rain and cold and heat, that he might crucify the body by this lingering martyrdom, and be perfectly joined to the Divine Being. He had his reward. He was called holy, saint, and many down to this day think he was a very good man, though in a great error.— But his name is never mentioned in the habitations of sin and poverty as a benefactor, as a son of consolation, who clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and comforted the sick. However faithful his struggle and his self-sacrifice to be one with God, he lost the other blessedness of being one with mankind.

But it is not sufficient to have a filial piety; our Lord also teaches us a fraternal morality. When he said, "Love thy God," he did not forget to add, "Love thy neighbor." He showed what the world did not believe, and what his own followers to this day find it a great stretch of faith to credit, that there is never any real opposition of men's interests one with another. That the good of one is the good of all, and the injury of one the injury of all. That no man liveth and no man dieth to himself. That so far as, by envy, anger, or pride, we cut ourselves off from the sympathies of the great whole of humanity, we lose a part of the substantial good of our being. We voluntarily withdraw ourselves, by so doing, from the ample range and spacious mansion assigned for our abode, and consent to take up our quarters in narrow and mean apartments. When we give to party, or sect, or clan what was meant for all mankind, we so far dwarf and dethrone our whole nature. We cannot afford to lose the good-will of a single member of the human family. We are bound to do all we can, without giving up our convictions of truth and duty, to preserve a kindly understanding with all men as men, as our brethren, as dear to the Heavenly Parent.

No theory of government, no plan of social organization, no mode of education, and no administration of religion, can hope to succeed in benefiting men, that is not based on the Christian view of their nature, and does not uphold the Christian morality. Too long has the state been esteemed as all in all, and the individual as little or nothing. Too long has the Church joined with the tyrant in pouring contempt on human nature. "Honor all men," stands against all these usurpations, as the bulwark of man's rights. The human soul is the greatest thing on earth. It transcends all cultures, or races, or colors. Mankind are one.— They are of one origin, one nature, one interest, and one destiny. And whatever harms one, with the certainty of gravitation harms all. The life of humanity is one. And every drop of blood unjustly shed, every wrong, and oppression, and cruelty, is treason against the majesty of the race, against the life, and peace, and virtue of unnumbered and innumerable millions.— And not one individual can live so remote or sequestered a life, as not to feel for better or for worse the influence of the mighty whole. No people, however lifted up to heaven in point of power or privilege, can
long flourish in hostility to the liberties and peace of the rest of the world. Proud Babylon may exalt herself; but Babylon must one day lie as low as the humblest village she ever laid waste with fire and sword. Imperial Rome may flaunt her glories before high heaven; but against the queen of the earth, too, is written decline and downfall.

Through the medium of bread and tea and politics, we are interested in Ireland, and China, and Circassia; much more, thro' the all-diffusive sentiment of human brotherhood, we are concerned for every land, however remote, for every tribe, however barbarous. In this unity of the race and of man, in this fraternity of the nations alone, can any one people attain to its highest prosperity and happiness. One air enwraps the whole globe, and one sun shines every day upon all. Nature teaches us the identity of human interests; and the Gospel, with a sublime generalization, pronounces the multifarious races—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and sinks in one impartial love the inequalities of Jew and Gentile, bond and free.

Peace would be but one of the fruits of the union of man with man. For peace, as generally understood and practiced, has been but a species of armed neutrality.—If men have forborne to work one another ill, they have neglected, in this false doctrine of selfishness, this short-sighted and temporary policy and so-called expediency, to work one another good. Civilized and Christian society, too, has often been only a milder type of civil war; class against class, church against church, and town against town. The day when men shall be made perfect in their social union and cooperation has not yet arrived. But the commandments of Christ have not spent their vital force. They are the word of the day, and of all days. They contain the germs of a new civilization, as much superior to life in England or America, as that exceeds the brutality of New Zealand.—The heavenly laws, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," embody the lofty ideal of a new morality; as the command, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," inculcates a perfect piety.

The true disciple of Christ, therefore, or he who wishes for the true perfection and happiness of his being, will study to be at one with his Heavenly Father, and to be at one with his earthly brethren. This is the true at-one-ment and reconciliation, not in the dead letter of an antiquated theology, but in the living and life-giving spirit of divine truth. Jesus came to unite man with man, and man with God, and all real progress of his religion will exhibit this result. He lived and died for this cause.—The song at his birth was peace; and his farewell blessing was peace.

And when we strive after the earnest communion of the finite with the Infinite in an humble and confiding piety, and after perfect love in every human relation, all other difficulties are in the way of being quickly solved. When these two pillars stand, the whole social and spiritual fabric is safe. No lasting grief can root itself in a nature that is daily passing into the life of these magnanimous sentiments. The solid gloom of a skeptic misanthropy, a stoical contempt, or an atheistic indifference whether God rule above or man sin and suffer below, fly like the morning mist before the rising sun. This human and divine union is the solvent for all sins and all sorrows.—It has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.

What a blessing would descend upon families, if this union were cherished!—What a glory would invest the nations, if they would regard themselves but as greater families of God! What a sublime blessedness would rest on the whole moral earth, if, like the materials, it were bound in everlasting gravitation to its great centre, and resolved in unconflicting harmony with its own system! There has been a Greek church of
Christ; but it has partaken largely of the
old mysteries and mythologies that went
before it on the same soil. There has
been a Roman church of Christ, but it
has had in it a great deal more of Cesar
than of God. There has been an English
church of Christ, but its hierarchy of
principalities and powers has savored
strongly of the dark and feudal ages.
There have been Lutheran and Calvinis-
tic churches of Christ, but they have em-
odied and preserved with fossil perma-
nency the errors and whims of individual
and erring men. Let there arise, then, a
universal church of Christ; a new and
holier fabric, partaking of the spirit of
"Liberty, Holiness, Love"; the creation
of a new world; large, and equal, and
practical; adequate to the age in which we
live, and all ages; combining love to God
and love to man, piety and morality, faith
and works, religion and philanthropy, in
bonds never to be broken. For such a
church, to come out of the present dismem-
bered and fragmentary condition of Pro-
estant Christendom, let us pray with faith,
and labor with zeal, and God may yet
grant to our prayers and labors a glorious
fulfilment. It may be ages in com-
ing; and we may go to the spirit-world
before even Christians shall look for its
appearance; but it will come, and if we
are united to God and man, as Christ pray-
ed, we shall in any state be safer, because
made "perfect in one."

Communings with God in Nature.

"Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
As passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalmed—but remembered the power,
As the bellow, the force of the gale that is sped."

My Dear:— Yesterday I was up
on the Gulf shore, and spent most of the
day alone. I passed over the Lake Poncho
ertrain in company with Mr. MCT., a Meth-
odist minister and Editor. I found him a
companionable gentleman and a devout
Christian. We arrived at the village of
Boloxi in the night, where we chartered a
skiff to carry us over the Bay of the same
name to our destination, Lynchburg. The
Lake was lulled, and as placid as the
clear sky above us, and we passed over in
almost uninterrupted silence. Occasion-
ally a remark was made, as the oars of
our boatmen seemed to emit flashes of
light as they struck the water in their reg-
ular motion, or as the fish sportively rip-
pled the smooth face of the deep around
us. My own mind was given up to medi-
tation, and unconsciously my thoughts
were perusing some of the deep lessons
which Nature alone can suggest. You
have noticed, doubtless, that we cannot
always meditate when we wish. Nor
when we most wish to be impressed by the
fair, grand and glorious scenes of the Un-
iverse, can we find the impression. My
own experience is, that when pursuing
my journey for the sake of the journey,
or some object proposed in it, when not
expecting, and scarcely conscious of a
desire, the sublimity of Nature sinks into
my heart. It was so that night. The
stars were bright above me, and still
brighter in the mirroring waters; and look-
ing either up or down, seemed to separate
me from the power of the objects that
touched me. The atmosphere was trans-
parent, and the heavenly worlds shone
through it as the city of God. The stars
are present, thought I, but I cannot reach
them. I see them, and feel their admon-
ishing smile; but their secret, what sage or
prophet can disclose? They impress me,
and I feel as if I had property in them;
but the title, where is it recorded? I see
them; but by my outward eye the seeing is
very superficial—would that they would
shine into my heart as they once shone in-
to the heart of my childhood, "when the
secret of God rested upon my tabernac-
cle!!" Thus I gazed and thought till my
griefs seemed an impertinence, and my
soul became glad, despite its real sor-
rows. Yes, glad we can be, and often
are, even to the brink of fear. In com-
munings with Nature, we regain our ra-
sonality and deepen our faith. It is then
I feel there is no calamity which God can-
not repair. Unconsciously, I bared my
COMMUNINGS WITH GOD IN NATURE.

head to the blithe air of a February night, as pleasant as your nights in May, and with the lifting up of the head, all selfish pride was made to vanish. I am nothing, was the thought; and yet the currents of God's life are circulating through me, and in him I inherit all things. I am alone, but yet I am acknowledged; for the lake, and my companion, and the sturdy oarsmen, and myself, are mutual servants, and stars shine over us all. The distant beech nods to me with its bending evergreens, and warm hearts are there to house and welcome the stranger. "More servants wait on man than he can notice."

But we are there—the oarsmen receive the coin for their service gratefully, and we enter the house of strangers at midnight, and soon lie down to pleasant dreams.—The hours glide away, and the morning streaks go up the "dappled East," and over the swelling sea, and I must go forth to see. What have we here? My lips almost spoke it, as I stood on the white beach and looked around on sky, and lake, and landscape. The Live Oak, orchard-like, spreading its capacious shade; the Orange, holding up the tempting fruit of Eden, not altogether lost; and the moaning Pine, stretching his emerald coronet far as eye could reach in the distance behind;—the beautiful Lake before me, opening out into the wide gulf, and dotted here and there with an evergreen island; the morning beams falling athwart it—it was a scene to look at in the freshness of the early day, and I gazed till my eyes were weary and my heart was full. But here is a narrower pier that reaches far out into the sea, and the echo of cane and feet upon the sounding planks might tell my stranger friends, at the distance of many yards, whither I was bending my way. But the tide has retreated, and I must wait till towards mid-day for the returning waves. Mid-day has come, and after a refreshing plunge in the briny flood, I am seated alone far out in the sea. The surf dashes violently against the slender props of the planks that uphold me, and I sit down to listen to the music of its waves.

The reflective mood is again upon me, and now it goes forth in a prayer; and as no human ear is near, and the moon of the winds and the waves will drown its distinctness, that prayer may go forth in words: "O God of this bounteous universe—Creator of Heaven and Earth, the sea, and all that is in them is, now hear thy poor, yet suppliant, creature, who, as a child, would cry aloud to his Father. Forgive my sins; help me to correct my errors, and lead me safely through all the dangers of this life. O, take the direction of my thoughts, words, and acts, and whatever is witheld from me, withhold not thy favor." I cease to pray, but I feel that my state of mind is reproved, and amid the roar of old Ocean, I am invited to be calm. Nature wears the colors of our hearts. Even the ocean is not grand when our desires are mean and contemptible. The fire on our hearthstone is sad when the loved one dead lies near to it—The heavens are less glorious when they look on deeds of malice, cruelty and human wrath. But God is, and immortality is to come; and when the soul is made alive to the power of these thoughts, by the aid of Nature or Providence, there arises within us, despite our fears, despite our sins,

"A springing joy,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An ecstasy that every heart may feel,
Plays round the soul, and brightens its sorrow
Like glooms of sunshine on the whelming sea."

But enough of this desultory strain—full, full enough, I fear you'll say. The dinner invited me away, and observations upon the "Ocean Springs," the sale of Lots in the new town near by, and some thoughts upon a sea-shore home for my invalid days, occupied the remnant of the day, and the day closed upon our scheming as closes this strange letter. Perhaps both may be resumed again.

Truly, &c.,

FIDUS.
Letters on Immortality.

My Dear — — In my last, I endeavored to show that our doubts originate in giving too much attention to the perishable part of our nature. If we identify ourselves with it, when it perishes, it is natural to fear that all perishes. — Immortality was not intended to be a revelation to our perceptions. By these we take in the forms and properties of outward nature; and as these forms are constantly changing and dying, if our attention be wholly occupied with our perceptions, we cannot, nay, we ought not, to believe in Immortality. Immortality must be a revelation to the spirit, as it is predicated of the spirit, and not of the form. Its truth must come through the power of reflection; for by this, we see that though the forms and power of our bodies have been changing and alternately perishing and renewing from our birth, the one has not been lost, but has been developed in more distinct consciousness. Our doubts belong, then, to the inferior states of our character — come oftener when we seek than when we avoid them, and vanish when we are occupied with other things. Our doubts are from within. — Our doubts are obtruded upon us by our animal nature. But you will allow me to go farther. — If you will be kind enough to remember the statements of my last letter, I will proceed to another view of the difficulties that lie in the way of a strong and joyous faith. We doubt, because of the predominance of our selfish nature. To appreciate this observation, we need only ask, What part of our happiness is wounded by our mortal lot? It is not the personal so much as the sympathetic. If we only love ourselves, and have no deep sympathy for relatives and friends, it is easy to preserve a sober and decent sort of life. Respectably defended against personal ruin, we seldom feel that we have hearts, and never look up and cry aloud for, God! But once let the heart feel the need of a profounder bliss; let it possess a stake in another existence; let it yield to the strongest love, and feel that that bliss is as frail as it is profound, that it loves nothing it may not lose; let its capacities be mocked by life's brevity, and its inexhaustible thirsts and aspirations be thwarted by its hard and mortally enclosed lot, and then nothing but an intent look to the future will meet its urgent needs. This thought may, in some measure, account for the fact that our mortal lot is a suffering one. It is suffering that chiefly reveals the capacities and affections of our nature, and these affections are ever felt to be disproportionate to our condition. A heart, delivered from its selfishness, cannot be satisfied with this world. To such a heart, it is terrible to think that we have been launched upon a stormy sea, where any wave may carry all of hope, and joy, and gladness to the dumb, unfathomed deep. Not the heart of unselfish love says, "the wave shall not wreck us, but bear us on to serener waters and beneath gentler skies." Our doubts are from within. — The state of our affections gives color to the existence without, and clothes it with hope or fear. An eternal life, to a selfish soul, would be an enormous over-provision—a waste—an extravagance; while the same life, to the unselfish, is the only thing that can satisfy; and it sees a providence everywhere lavish, and with which there can be no waste. If able to shrink into a shell of personal ease and sleep, if our sympathies go not beyond the securities of our present state, then, verily, we "are dead while we live," and immortality cannot shine into a closed heart. The cold and self-regarding heart cannot grasp the wide benevolence and divine philanthropy that looks upon man ground down by toil, his mind starved, his capability wasted, as heir to a better lot; and hence it believes not in the future vindication of the Creator's purposes. It thinks meanly of its kind, and, of course, must think
ever-flowing fountain, without feeling all baseness, passion and complaining rebuked. It refines the spirit, and the more it is refined, the more direct and elevating is the influence. There is a sanctifying spirit everywhere, and the heart of genuine piety always feels its power. In the waste places of the earth, high up among the lonely mountains, and far out upon the expansive deserts, even there, it may be felt, and is felt, unless some vain and crabbed theory of spiritual power confines the thought of the heart and profanes the works of God. There is peace in the deepest solitude and even blessed companionship, provided, always, we are willing to believe that God is everywhere, in every place, and doth all things. Why flies the pale and fainting invalid to the bleak hills, the mild forest, and the far-off seashore? There God gives health when he will not give it through the drugs of the apothecary and hot-rooms of the mansion; and the weary heart will often find sweet rest even upon the tossing billows, and drink in fragrant freshness beneath the rude bower of the wilderness, and hear subduing music where the torrent tumbles down the precipice and wears away the rent rocks, green-moulded by the trickling moisture. Even the mean of the winds is not melancholy, when we are most with Him, who is ever with us. We may feel our imperfection, but God ordained or permitted it, and we know it is a part. and, if we have any veritable experience, not a doubtful part, of the Divine goodwill. Then we see the imperfections of our lot fraught with hope and not despair. Man, and not God, brings to us despair. The creed, and not nature, talks of unrelied evil and ruin. Even pain, disease, toil, decay and death, are wise and worthy parts of a scheme of infinite development and glory. They, as laws of God, are right and good. Death, considered the greatest evil by the unopened heart, when regarded as a law of God, is merciful. To a traditional faith the

man can take in a large draught of its

me~m.ky. It hall not suffi·iI:~~untaiIi, without feeling all

cient sympathy with the well-being of! baseness, passion and complaining re-

others to see that their habitual privations buked. It refines the spirit, and the more

make a moral claim upon the benevolence it is refined, the more direct and elevating

of God. It has not faith in immortality, is the influence. There is a sanctifying

nor has it any in human improvement.—

Alike ignorant of the immeasurable con-
tents of our nature, and the resources of

human affection, and the energies of he-

roic duty, and the sublime peace of God,

that ever smiles over the grateful and du-
tiful heart, it looks upon heaven as an

anomaly, because it would be an anoma-

ly in it. Now, these remarks will do you

no good if you apply them to your neigh-

bar. Perhaps no one will exactly answer

to the description. But we all may feel

the ignobility of selfishness; and in pro-

portion as we do, we will see that it stifles

the immortal hope.

Let proud Pharisees, arrogating to

themselves the key of knowledge, say my

neighbor is selfish, and therefore does not

believe; but let us often smite upon our

breasts in the agony of our repentance,

and cry out, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner,

and bless thou my unbelief. If the

hope of Immortality be of God, its affini-
	y must be with the higher and holier de-

velopments of our nature, and, therefore,

our faith will grow in it, as we mortify our

members which are upon the earth and set

our affections on things above. May I

add, that as we cherish the remembrance

of sufferings past, of worship formerly or

enjoyed, and labors performed, we will

strive for more energy in duty and more

spirit in prayer, by which we will feel our

kindred with all the choice spirits that

gone up to reap their great hopes in the

mansions prepared.

Excerpts of Things New and Old.

BY THE EDITOR.

The knowledge of God in his works, is always pure, peaceable, invigorating and consoling to the heart and soul. No man can take in a large draught of its
saken, or shadowy, or doomed existence beyond, it is an evil, horrible to behold. But to a faith in God the Father, it is a deliverance of innocence, a reward of virtue, or an end of wrong-doing. It enlarges mortal homes and kindred. It transfigures human affections and cuts off their selfish bent. It opens the vision of the beatitudes to the darkened soul. It takes off the body that it may reveal the soul; and to many so necessary is the bodily riddance, that before it is taken away, they scarcely feel that they have souls. It brings hope to the discouraged, rest to the heavy of heart, and kindly warning to the reckless and passionate. I know not what death is, but I know that it promises to be an end to pain, temptation and sin. It promises a new beginning to faith and virtue. It promises the gift of immortality. Am I asked how makes it the promise? Here, far-away from the ceaseless war of man upon man, the selfish strife of sects and parties, the hostility of castes and classes,—all of the fleshly fleshly—I will answer, and if the answer speak not to thy heart, why, by all means reject it, and do not hate me because it wells up in mine. How does death promise mercy? It is a law of nature, irrevocable, that we die, that all die. Nature is imperfect. Some will deny, but she is imperfect even after the denial. Some will say Nature is corrupt, and they may believe it if they must. There is no corruption, though there is general immaturity and universal imperfection in Nature, everywhere presents us with experiments. There is neither flower, rock or tree that cannot be improved. The rose can be educated, the forest tree trained, the granite polished. Her finest fruits may be improved, and her fairest beauties made more fair. There is hope, then, in Nature, and God reveals it in her imperfections and immaturities. Her veriest deformities are full of beneficence, and where a rude culture, itself one of Nature’s immaturities, and a stubborn priestcraft, one of Nature’s imperfections, see nothing but malevolent demons and hopeless ruin, our poor eyes are permitted to see laws of beneficence, order and help. The flame, flood, and earthquake have mercy in them. The poisonous gases under the earth, that were supposed to come up from mouths of belching devils, are now known to clothe that flinty rock with verdure, that the deer and buffalo may eat and grow. The decayed vegetation of former ages are the full treasures of our coal-beds. The terrific convulsions have made the dry land appear where it was needed. Without them, there would have been no hills, no rivers, no rains, no vegetation; and chaos would have been perpetual. The volcanic eruptions bring the copper, platina, silver and gold within the reach of man, and they make the porphyry and marble, and all the precious stones. Every thing in nature that we thoroughly know is found to be merciful. No discovery has yet revealed an unrelieved evil. No hostile and persecuting and malignant power is found, save in ignorant and self-debased man. Every research only shows a new feature of the benignity of God. What our ignorance loathes and our superstition dreads, proves, upon investigation, to be endowed with kindliest intent—but it is searched out by those only who have pleasure therein.” Every development that was supposed to portend a curse, when rightly interpreted, promises or prophecies a blessing, and we have only to wait to see. Everything from the hand of God thus prophecies, and though generation after generation may rise and fall before the full accomplishment, yet, when it does come, it is a blessing. Then why not Death? Brought to a point our answer is: Everything from God is beneficent—even the most revolting and ghostly phenomena of Nature are found to be so; Death is for God; therefore Death is beneficent.

**NATURE IMPERFECT.**

Man, in his original formation, is supposed to have been physically perfect.
This may be fully admitted. But morally and spiritually he was evidently not much elevated above a child. He only revealed the germ and possibility of what he has since become. The physical man is not, however, the true man. He is but a means to a higher aim; but a beginning, not an end. The law of development is surely the law of the race. Here he is everywhere imperfect. Not, necessarily corrupted, nor totally depraved; but immature, imperfect; like every other department of Nature around him. The word we translate sin (amare) means failure, defeat, lack of success. There is a road to safety, honor and happiness; man misses the way, stumbles, and needs to be turned into it again. He fails of his purpose, and goes astray. Being untaught, only the crude elements of a spiritual being are seen in him, and there are ever ceasing time and space for enlargement. His nature is chaotic, not corrupt. It is confused not wrecked. It needs moulding, directing, harmonizing. His passions are turbulent, his desires fantastic, his love selfish, his spite and animosity stinging, his rage blasting, his jealousy withering, his lust crawling, and under their misguided power his heart hardens, and his soul becomes barren of good. They may be, and often are, proofs of actual sin; but they are also indications of attainable righteousness. They point to a prospective victory. They belong to primitive epochs of the soul; for though the man may be old his soul may be young, just budding with pure affection and trustful faith. The common sense of every man may see what we wish to present here.—It is the law of advance, by which the convulsions of the soul prepare its atmosphere for a serener and holier life. The tempestuous will of the boy may become the calm and effectual power of the man. The passions subdued and directed make the gales that bear the heavily freighted vessel of intellect round the great sphere of knowledge and over the wide domain of human service. Even the greedy acquisitiveness, that craves all it sees, may be turned from the corruptible pelf and pittance to the incorruptible knowledge and the immortal hunger after righteousness. The fearful "destructiveness" of the child reveals an impatient curiosity to see the new forms of its dismembered play-things; and it may ultimately explore and construct so that fear may give way to wonder and love. Had we no love for pleasure, we could have no prayer for blessedness. Had we no rage of ambition, we would have poor zeal for immortal glory. Had we no imperfections we could have no growth, certainly no outgrowth; we could feel no responsibility. The bonds of earth are around us, and we feel them only to break them. Ignorance is the imperfection of mind; perversity the imperfection of reason; indifference, malice and cruelty are the imperfections of the heart; injustice, the "imperfection of the conscience; idolatry and superstition the imperfections of the religious sentiment.—These imperfections cause man to grope and blunder, where he may learn to stand erect and walk beneath the light of Heaven. His infirmities lay him liable to temptation; by them he transgresses, and by transgression falls; not once, but always. "Vice is his cruelty. War, cannibalism, oppression, are the nonsense of a gigantic baby. The monsters of the species, the Genghis Khans, the Summarians, the tyrants, the murderers, profligates and man-stealers, and the whole brood of self-seekers, correspond to the unsightly saurians and the vast, ungainly ruminants of the older geological epochs. In the development of mankind, the crustacean miser, the cold-blooded, blear-eyed sceptic, the golden-winged dandy, the treacherous conservative or "old fogy," and the man of animal might and rage, hold a place in soul-development, precisely analogous to that of the lemmings, the insects, fishes, mollusks, reptiles and herds, in the order of nature. Man is crude, not corrupt. He suffers from no fracture. He exhibits no sign of lapse or depravity that is final."
But this view does not release, as some suppose, either the hideousness or heinousness of his sin. It attributes it to crudity, but that crudity is evil, and will be evil continually. It makes the sense of guilt heavier rather than lighter, for it reveals the possibility of immediate remedy, and makes known an appreciable responsibility. It offers the Father in Heaven, the only perfect, as the model of its imitation, and makes the most venial sin abhorrent in the sight of that perfection. Ignorance, folly, passion, nonsense, and all wrong-doing have their disgusting proportions, and the moral sentiment of man, which the facts of religion were intended to address, must ever recognize them as detestable, and so detestable as to make us shudder at their horrible issues. All and each reveal an unfaithfulness to the laws of well-being, and lead, in the individual and in society, to results as black and cursed as the gloomiest mental and moral chaos. Once animate a human heart with a desire for the good and the perfect, and it will labor hard to give wisdom to the foolish and godliness to the evil heart of unbelief. Stupidity, error and cruelty, will make it feel guilt whenever conscious of the light of God and the obligation that flows from that light; and all imperfection in itself or in others, will reveal what is to be, and what can be reformed. It looks to the present and future, however, and not to the past. It suggests a coming beauty, and not a beauty covered by the darkness that enshrined soul and body in forbidding gloom and dread. The state of spiritual light and grace is a state above rude nature, above hereditary castes, above priestly despoticisms, and looks to rights and privileges that are ours only, as we use them worthily. As the once barren rock may be clothed with verdure, and the sterile plain with the waving harvest and the flowering clover, the soul of man may be cultivated so as to deliver it from the bondage of sense and fit it for the glorious life and liberty of the children of God; though the conquest may never be perfect till the corruption shall put on incorruption, and death be swallowed up in victory.

But why is evil in the world?

No one may be able to tell fully; though every one who notes his truest experience may see how, from it, under the wise and eternal Providence of God, it may be made the groundwork of good. Life and happiness co-exist with suffering and death. Do they flow from the same source? When suffering was supposed to be evil and only evil, and the mind of man was not sufficiently developed to see its disciplinary good, the world said and still says, the one is from an evil being and the other from a good. In the rudest times of human philosophy there existed sects of men who believed that an evil and hostile power had a share with the Benevolent one, in the creation and government of the world. All the evil was thus referred to the Caco-demon or persecuting agent, all the good to the Agatho-demon, or Good Being. The Indian, Egyptian, Persian, and Alexandrian schools are full of this doctrine. But the greatest men, even of these nations, wholly rejected it. They referred the evil and good to one source, accounting the former as the result of the imperfections of the world-system, or as a mystery inexplicable. What our views would have been had we not received the benefits of the revelation of Christ, no one can tell. Of one thing, however, we are certain: Science lends no aid to the Manichean doctrine. It shows us the good and evil intertwined, and assures us that they cannot be disentangled without loss. What is evil in one aspect, is good in another. They must be taken together and looked at as a whole, or we blunder and fall. There are no divided counsels in the universe. The happiness of the lower animals expresses God's will not more certainly, than do their sufferings.—"The earth is the Lord's and its fullness is his." Different parts of it answer different purposes, and the better part is ever opening to all. Evil exists, and science
must frankly admit it. It is a dark reality, but that is no reason why, in a universe where God reigns, we should look upon it with grievous doubt. It does not impeach his goodness, no more than the shade impeaches the sunshine, the night the day. We cannot solve the problem of its existence—it never has been solved; but we have this thought to console us, that other problems we once could not solve are now solved, and show us almighty footsteps in the path of development and glory. The old philosophers could not solve it. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Hypocrates failed, and so have Newton, Herschel, La Place and Dewy. But we have learned that when we look the evil in the face, it takes off its malignant scowl—it does not swallow up the good, but, simply perplexes it. All our natural theologies, our Bridgewater Treatises and prize essays, leave the enigma where they found it, with this exception: they extend our knowledge of facts, and that extension shows good where stupidity could not see it. The mystery of pain still haunts our lives, but its tendency has been found to be good, and the soul may feel its balm as well as its bitterness, and when its bitterness is most bitter, the better appreciate the death by which we may exchange the pangs of this life for the unknown conditions of the life to come. We are forced to faith in God—the true element of our souls. His benevolence is infinite, and therefore some great purpose is served by the sufferings of men and animals. We may yet know more of that purpose, and adjourn the full explanation to the “perfect day.”—Evil veils the God we love; but it cannot destroy—else evil were God. It makes the curtain thick and dark, and it darker grows the farther we wander from real knowledge and virtue; but the light shines through to all who have eyes to see; and he whose eyes are partly opened may point his more blinded brother to the light, that will shine brighter and brighter as our own ignorance fades away. We only see a few leaves out of the great volume of Divine Perfection.—But these leaves heal, for they meet our wants, correct our scepticism, and break down our self-sufficiency; to make us believe more trustingly, and love more devotedly the Father of Lights, whose good and perfect gifts are ever descending, and ever leading us upward. Every disclosure of science and every event of human experience, shows a supreme superintendence, and a supreme superintendence must be directing all events to some wise and benevolent end. No evil exists for its own sake. In our moral nature, it brings misery; and misery brings aversion, and may help us to embrace avoidance, and the correction of the moral disorder. Every deviation from rectitude is attended with suffering, and all suffering has a tendency to patience and amendment, and sometimes results in perfect reformation. The result of that tendency is with us. If we make it good it will bring good, and if evil we must still suffer from the evil; while there will ever be occasion to say to our souls “Be still and know that I am God.” “I form the light and create darkness. I make peace; and the evil in the city—have I not done it.” “I have created the waster to destroy,” and “I will swallow up death in victory.” “I am God and beside me there is none other.”

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

The Night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring; And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses die.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through shower the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works, Has left his hope with all.

The crazy habitation of the body will decay; you may repair and paint the damaged structure; oil the rusty hinges, and rub up the dim window lights, until the renovated appearance of the tenement is the wonder of the passer by, but for all this the old house must come down at last.
The longer I live the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates; these are different affairs. But I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness, to find out all I can which is amiable and loveable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very short of what I once wanted to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing; it seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and till we shall be all spiritual, this is like our duty and our interest.—Bernard Barton.

"Many are called but few chosen."—God calls all men with a divine vocation by the faculties, privileges, and providential opportunities he bestows; he chooses those who use their faculties right, enjoy their privileges and hearken to the invitations to duty. Thus he has ever called and thus he ever chooses. We all hear the call, how many of us accept the choice? We hear it along the public ways of life, and again, and more constantly, in the privacy of our humbler walks, and everywhere and every thing it asks is will you be faithful? And if faithful, I will give you the crown of virtue, the crown of faith, hope and love, the crown of the true, the eternal life.

No man need call himself a Christian who is unwilling to be hospitable to the sick and the stranger. He may give his money to build churches and support missions, but this is but half the work of Christianity where another spent his life in the relief of the miserable. It is in vain that a man may tell us that his compensations are for the spiritual miseries of men who take no account of their bodily ones. It is in vain that he sends his gospel to the Heathen while Lazarus lies at his door, or the door of his neighborhood and city, full of sores, uninvited and unhealed. It will be said to us, this ought you to have done and not left the other undone. And it may be said to us "I know ye not," though you have even been striving to do for me some great work."

We should condemn no man, for Christ has said "judge not lest you be judged." But we should estimate every man by the benefits he confers; for the who, same said "judge not," said also, "by their fruits ye shall know them."
Coercion and Motive.

There are two ways of bringing results to pass that refer to human conduct. The one is coercion by the power; the other, persuasion by the use of reason. They are very unlike in their principles, and as much so in their modes; the one being compulsive, and the other persuasive; the one depending on force, and the other on thinking and appeal.

Which of these principles is the appropriate one, in respect to the mission and purposes of Christianity in our world? If we take the Savior and his Apostles for our model, we can be at no loss as to the answer. They never sought the aid of the civil arm: they asked for no persecuting disabilities or penalties against heretics or infidels. When standing before Pilate on the charge of sedition, Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world"—adding the remark, that if his kingdom were worldly, then his friends would undertake his defense by force of arms. The great apostle to the Gentiles tells us that the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, but spiritual; and the entire labors of his life were based on this principle. He was content to preach the kingdom of Christ, to persuade men concerning Jesus, and then leave his hearers to judge and act for themselves upon their responsibility to God. Nor was any other principle ever recognized among the early Christians; though themselves the victims of persecution, they never acknowledged the compulsive theory, in any form, or to any extent, as properly belonging to the gospel. Lactantius, one of the primitive fathers, remarks:—"Coercion and injury are unnecessary, for religion cannot be forced. Barbarity and piety are far different, nor can truth be conjoined with violence, or justice with cruelty. Religion is to be defended, not by killing, but by dying; not by inhumanity, but by patience."—Bernard, another of the early Christians, observes:—"Faith is to be conveyed by persuasion, not by constraint. The patrons of heresy are to be assailed, not by arms, but by arguments. Attack them, but with the word, not with the sword."

This, then, was the creed of the Savior, his apostles, and all his followers: nor was any other known or thought of, until the spiritual kingdom of Christ was emasculated, by a most unnatural alliance, with the functions of the temporal ruler. This melancholy departure from gospel principles opened the sad era of compulsive and persecuting measures; first venting themselves upon Pagans in the hands of Christian princes; then upon contending sects, settling questions of doctrine by the power of the sword; and finally by gradual accretions and corruptions, resulting in the establishment of the Romish hierarchy with the Pope at its head—making a system of cruelty and crime that for ages covered the earth with blackness, dishonoring God and cursing mankind. The contrast between the measures of the Papacy, wherever and whenever it has held the power of the sword, and those which are appropriate to the Gospel of Christ, is but little short of the difference between hell and heaven.—The victims of the former have often been the most wretched sufferers that ever drained the cup of human misery; while it is perhaps not too much to say that the agents thereof, at least many of them, were the most hateful monsters that ever defiled or disgraced the creation of God, being too inhuman and corrupt to be owned by any but the devil. How unlike an apostle is a Romish inquisitor! the one preaching Christ, the other persecuting against the authority of Christ, and that too by methods the atrocity of which hardly finds its likeness in the annals of human wrong.—And yet such an incarnation of evil is but the natural exponent of the compulsive theory applied to the propagation of religion; it is the terrible fruit of a false principle.

Away, then, with the agency of force, the terrors of the civil arm! The kingdom of Christ has no place for them. They have never done anything but to corrupt and curse its administration. This is their his-
tory in all ages; and it always must be.— Their tendency is to make monsters and demons in saintly robes. The true Christian as such asks no favor of the State for himself or his religion. All that he asks is, that the state would let him alone, and mind its own business, protecting him as a man, but leaving him to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Motive and not force, is the Protestant and Bible theory of doing Christ's work on the earth. Bayonets and bullets are not the divinely appointed means of grace. Prayer and preaching, and earnest thinking, and holy living—these are the instrumentalties of God's approval; these are the only ones which man can lawfully employ. * * *

Evangelist.

Short Prayers
For the Morning and Evening of every day in the week. With occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

FOR TUESDAY MORNING.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God! Thy loving-kindness is new every morning and fresh every evening; great is thy faithfulness. Thou hast mercifully preserved us through the night, and hast brought us to the beginning of another day; thanks be to thy name! O, grant that as the sun is risen in the firmament, so the sun of righteousness may arise in our hearts with healing under his wings, to illuminate our dark minds, to cheer our benighted souls, and to inspire us with fresh vigor and holy zeal to run the heavenly race which thou hast set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross despising the shame, and is now set down at thy right hand in majesty on high. May we always consider him who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be faint and weary in our minds, and may we be ever eagerly pressing forward towards our immortal crown. May we go from strength to strength, daily growing in grace, and advancing in the divine life, that our path, like that of the just, may be as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And do thou, O Lord, be graciously pleased to keep us at all times beneath the influence of thy holy spirit, that being spiritually minded, we may possess that life and peace which the world can neither give nor take away. We bless thee for the exceedingly great and precious promises thou hast given us; particularly for the assurances of pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ, in the possession of which we rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. May we, the creatures of thy power, become indeed the children of thy grace; and to this end do thou forgive us our transgressions and conform us to the image of thy dear Son, that as he was holy, so we may be holy in all our conduct and conversation. Mercifully save us in every hour of temptation; comfort us in every moment of sorrow; support us in every season of affliction; and whatever may be our circumstances, let us abound in the graces of the spirit and in the fruits of righteousness, to thy glory and to thy praise. Help us to live a life of communion with thee; trusting in thee at all times; guided by thy wisdom, and protected by thy power, until at last thou shalt receive us to the joys of the future state. Be with us especially through this day; go forth with us to our labors, and give us strength to perform them, that our hands may minister to our necessities without being burdensome to others. And while we are in the world, may we use it without abusing it, knowing that the fashion thereof passeth away. "Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever." AMEN.

FOR TUESDAY EVENING.

Infinite and incomprehensible Jehovah! Thou inhabitest eternity, and art clothed with light as a garment; in wisdom, goodness, and righteousness hast thou created
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all things, and for thy good pleasure they are and were created. At the close of the toils and the difficulties of another day, we would come into thy presence in the name of Jesus, and with deep humility, earnestly beseeching thee to accept our evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, and to receive us under thy protection during the night that is before us. We know that we are unworthy to appear at thy footstool, for too frequently have we sinned against thee with a high hand and an outstretched arm, and if thou wert strict to mark and severe to require our transgressions at our hands, thou wouldst justly cut us off in thy displeasure, and pour out upon us that indig- nation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, which thy word has denounced against them that do evil. Our only hope is in thy forgiveness and mercy revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, who rose again for our justification, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

O, enter not into judgment with us, nor reward us according to our iniquities, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified; but do thou mercifully blot out our sins as a cloud, and our transgressions as a thick cloud, and remember them against us no more. O that for the time to come we may be delivered from all pride, self-righteousness, and hardness of heart, and that, ceasing to do evil, we may learn to do well, and live to the glory of thy holy name! Give us grace, we beseech thee, to serve thee acceptably with reverence and godly fear all the days of our lives; and whenever we are called out of time into eternity, may we sleep in Jesus, and in the blessed prospect of a joyful resurrection. Of thy abundant mercy do thou be pleased to bless all mankind; let the kingdom of the Redeemer extend itself from sea to sea, and from the rivers to all the ends of the earth, that all may know thee from the least unto the greatest. Regard with thy favor the land in which we dwell, visit us with prosperity and peace, order and overrule our national affairs, and let wisdom and knowledge be the stability of our times. Con-
goodness to us through the past night, and in the exercise of faith and hope would we ask thy presence and blessing to be with us through this and every succeeding day.—May we go forth to our labor rejoicing in thy mercy, and while engaged in our duties may we abide in thee, that whatever we do may be done to thy glory. Thou alone knowest whatever is before us, in thee alone therefore would we put our trust; and if through any snare we should be led into temptation, do thou deliver us from evil.—May we daily become more sensible of our own nothingness, and be led to rely on thee alone for strength and support. Help us to turn away from every sin, and to obey thy holy laws; that, as the willing subjects of thy grace below, we may become the heirs of thy glory above. Enable us to correct every unholy desire, and to put away every evil thought; to “deny ungodliness and all worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearance of the great God, and of our Savior Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” Grant us strength in every time of weakness, fortiﬁed under every trial, support in every afﬂiction, comfort under every sorrow, and faith and hope in the hour of death. And when, at length, thou shalt gather together thy faithful people,—when Christ shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired by all them that believe,—may we be found among the number of those who shall hear from the lips of their Judge that blissful sentence, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” Grant these our requests, O merciful God! and to thy name will we ascribe all honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

FOR WEDNESDAY EVENING.

O God, our Heavenly Father! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Thou drawest around us the shades of night, but nothing is concealed from thee. “Thou searchest us and knowest us; thou comnest our path and our lying down, and art acquainted with all our ways; for there is not a word in our tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. If we say, surely the darkness shall cover us, even the night shall be light about us; yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.” We desire to approach thy footstool this evening with sacred awe, yet with grateful praise, to confess our sins, to acknowledge thy mercies, and to seek thy grace.—Too often have we erred and strayed from thy ways, and followed the sinful devices of our own hearts; too seldom have we remembered thee, our Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, and Friend; and if thou, O Lord, shouldst mark our iniquity, who amongst us could stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. Thou desirest not a sinner’s death. Thou art full of compassion and long-suffering; and art ever waiting to show thyself gracious. We would therefore cast ourselves into the arms of thy mercy, beseeching thee to extend to us thy forgiving love. O that thou wouldst create within us clean and contrite hearts, and make us partakers of thy heavenly nature by Christ Jesus!—Let thy blessed spirit assist us, that we may overcome every sin, and love thee with all our hearts and souls and strength. Give us to see the nothingness and vanity of the world, and the importance of preparing ourselves for thy heavenly kingdom; instruct us in the right performance of our various duties, prosper us in all our righteous undertakings, sanctify us as vessels of honor to thy use and service, and let us ﬁnally, by thy mercy, be received to dwell with thee forever. Look down, O God, upon the sons and daughters of afﬂiction; may their beds be made in their sicknesses, and the sufferings of their bodies be overruled for the good of their souls. Regard also in thy mercy the poor and the needy; provide for their necessities, supply their wants, and enrich them with the treasures
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of Jesus Christ. Raise up those who are cast down; plead the cause of the oppressed; comfort the comfortless; relieve the fatherless and the widow; and be a friend to those who have none to help them. May all who know thee not be brought to know thee; may the Gospel win its way, and stop not until truth and righteousness fill the earth. Let the land of our nativity be the land of peace, and let all who are in authority remember their responsibility, and act as in thy sight. Let our families be united to the family in heaven; and let our houses be houses of prayer, that the rising generation may be a seed to serve thee, and that we all, by being made holy, may be made happy. And now, O Lord, do thou be with us through the silent watches of the night, and cause us to enjoy sweet repose, that we may awake in the morning with powers refreshed to perform the duties of the day. Hear us in these our prayers, O God most holy, for thy mercy's sake in Jesus Christ; while to thee we ascribe all praise and majesty and dominion, both now and for ever. Amen.

FOR THURSDAY MORNING.

Almighty and everlasting God! Maker of heaven and earth, and Preserver of all things! Thou art the Author and Giver of life, and to thee alone is all our worship and homage due. With the return of the morning we would come into thy presence to acknowledge our continual dependence upon thee for every spiritual and temporal good, and to ask thy favor and blessing through this day. We rejoice that like as a father pitieth his children, so thou, O Lord, dost pity them who have a desire to fear thee: for thou knowest our frame, thou rememberest we are dust. Satisfy us, we entreat thee, with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad in this and every other day of our lives; lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us, for thy loving-kindness is better than life, and therefore our lips shall praise thee. We thank thee for the blessed hope of salvation which thou hast given us by the Lord Jesus Christ, who died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to thee our God. Too long have we been tied and bound by the chains and fetters of sin, and too often have we become the willing captives of the adversary by following the evil inclinations and desires of our minds. But as prisoners of hope we would turn to the stronghold to which thou hast directed us by faith in Christ Jesus. Enable us to do this with full purpose of heart, and with a lively dependence upon the aid of thy spirit, that our souls may find favor with thee and live; and that for the future we may walk before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. Prepare us, we pray thee, for every thing that is before us; sanctify every feeling; give us grace to resist every unholy desire, and keep our hearts in perfect peace. Enlighten our understandings, that we may behold wondrous things out of thy holy law; bless thy word to us at all times; let it make us wise unto salvation, and thus bring happiness to our souls. Thou knowest the temptations to which we are exposed, and our liability to go astray; help us, we beseech thee, to watch unto prayer, to remember that we are beneath thine all-seeing eye, and to act as in thy sight. May we ever place the example of our Savior before us, and where we perceive the print of his footsteps may we endeavor to set our feet too. Guide us, O God, in every perplexity, support us under every trial, preserve us in every temptation, comfort us under every adverse circumstance, make us useful in our generation, and in doing good crown our efforts with great success. Instruct us in the way of truth more perfectly; transform us into thy heavenly likeness, increase us in every Christian grace, and make us all that thou wouldst have us to be. Be with us in all our duties and labors this day; go with us where we go, dwell with us where we dwell, and never leave us nor forsake us. Keep us in the hollow of thine hand, watch over us for good, and do more and better for us than we can either ask or think, or by any means conceive. And commanding ourselves, both in body and soul, to thy fatherly protection, we will
ascribe to thee, our Heavenly Father, everlasting praise. Amen.

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FOR THURSDAY EVENING.

Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah!—Thou art infinite in thy goodness, fearful in thy attributes, and glorious in all thy perfections. Thy tender mercies are over all thy works, and thy bounties extend to every living thing. Encouraged by thy declarations, as the followers of thy dear Son, we would approach thy footstool, beseeching thee to teach us to pray, and to pour out upon us the spirit of prayer and supplication. May the words of our lips and the desires of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, and may the answer of peace be returned to our souls. We are utterly unworthy to appear in thy presence, but we trust in thy mercy, and hope for thy salvation. We thank thee, O Lord, for the many blessings with which thou hast crowned our days; thou hast not only created, but hast mercifully preserved and provided for us, from the moment of our birth until the present hour. Thou hast also bestowed upon us every spiritual blessing through Christ Jesus. O, that thy goodness may have such power and influence over us, that we may be constrained henceforth to live to the glory of thy name! May we be as trees planted by rivers of water, bringing forth their fruit in due season; and may others, from our example, may be led to serve thee in the beauty of holiness. Sanctify us, O Lord, continually; increase our faith, and hope; illuminate our understandings; heal our infirmities, write thy law in our hearts, deliver us from evil, and bring us safe to thy heavenly kingdom. As those who profess to be risen with Christ, may our affections never be set on the things of earth, but on things above; looking for that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Weam our thoughts from the world, we beseech thee; purify our hearts from the dross of sin; lead us on from strength to strength in the heavenly way; establish us in a firm and lively faith, and bring us off more than conquerors, through thy dear Son.—Grant, O thou most merciful Father, that we may ever adorn our Christian profession, in all things setting thee before us, and living to thy praise; and when our earthly race is run, and our mortal course is finished, and thy faithful ones shall be gathered together at the resurrection of the just, may we be found among them, and share their bright reward in the realms of eternal glory. These mercies, with all others needful for us, we humbly beg through faith in Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Savior. For him we continually praise thee, and through him we will truly ascribe to thee the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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FOR FRIDAY MORNING.

O thou glorious Lord God! the merciful Father of the human race, who desirèst not the death of sinners, but rather that they should turn from their evil ways and live. Encouraged by thy merciful declarations, we would kneel before thee in the name of Jesus Christ, thy dear Son, our Savior, beseeching thee to regard us with an eye of favor and compassion, to blot out our manifold and aggravated transgressions, and to give us grace that henceforth we may avoid that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity but with abhorrence, and thou requirest purity of heart in all those who would acceptably approach thy throne. We pray thee therefore to make us holy in all our thoughts, our words, and actions, that the words of our mouth ay-d the meditations of our heart may ever be well-pleasing in thy sight, and that we may adorn our Christian profession by entire devotedness to thy service. Deeply impress upon our hearts, we entreat thee, a proper sense of the shortness of time, and the great importance of preparation for eternity; and so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to divine wisdom.—Enable us to work out with fear and trem-
bling our soul's salvation, and do thou be pleased to work in us both to will and to do thy good pleasure. Help us steadfastly to confide in thy redeeming mercy through Jesus Christ, and to forsake every way, that instead of remaining the servants of sin, we may become the subjects of Divine grace. Grant to us, we beseech thee, thine aid under every trial, and strength in every hour of temptation, and bring us off victorious over every spiritual adversary, through Him who hath loved us. May the word of Christ richly dwell in us in all wisdom; may the spirit of Christ influence our feelings and dispositions, and may the consolations of Christ abound in us more and more. And thus we may be prepared for a sick bed and a dying hour; that when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, an entrance may be ministered to us abundantly into thy glorious kingdom.

And while we thus pray for ourselves, we would implore thee graciously to look down upon all our brethren of mankind. Let the sick and the afflicted be divinely supported under their various sufferings; let the tempted and the tried be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; let the troubled and the distressed receive consolation from above; let the poor and the needy have their wants supplied; let all, from the highest to the lowest, give themselves to thee, and thus let the earth be filled with thy praise. Mercifully hear us, O God, in these our imperfect supplications, and answer them for thy name's sake, according to thy revelation through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is as his disciples that we ask every blessing, ascribing to thee, the true and living God, the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

FOR FRIDAY EVENING.

O thou infinitely great and glorious Being, who makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice! We would kneel in thy presence with adoring gratitude and sacred awe, humbly imploring thee to look with mercy upon thy unworthy creatures, and to accept our evening offering of thanksgiving and praise. It is in thee that we live and move and have our being; thy goodness created us, thy power preserves us, thy bounty supplies our wants, and thy glory ought therefore to be our constant aim and end. But, alas! with shame and confusion of face we have to confess that hitherto we have lived too much to ourselves, and too little to thee, that we have followed the devices and desires of our own hearts, and have strayed into the paths of sin.—Pardon, we beseech thee, O God, the ungrateful returns we have hitherto made for all thy goodness, and incline our hearts henceforth to serve thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. Enable us, we pray thee, to avoid all pride and self-will, to seek after wisdom, meekness, and humility; and to watch unto prayer. May thy word be a light to our feet and a lamp to our paths; may thy Holy Spirit be our comfort and our guide, and be thou thyself our all in all. Grant that we may ever show by our godly walk and conversation that we have imbibed the temper and disposition that were in Jesus Christ, and may others be led by our example to glorify thee, our Father in heaven. Impress upon our minds, we entreat thee, a proper consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of this life, and the importance of being prepared for the life that is to come, and may these considerations lead us earnestly to labor, so that we may hereafter enter into the rest that remaineth for thy people. Never suffer us, O God, to fall from thee; uphold our fainting steps in virtue's ways; make us to be thine in life, in death, and for ever; and finally bring us, through Jesus Christ, to join the company of the blessed before thy throne. And now, merciful Father, be pleased to take charge of us this night; keep us safe beneath the shadow of thy wings; and whether we sleep or wake, may we be still with thee. We rejoice that there is a world before us in which there shall be no night nor darkness, but perfect, everlasting day; and our desire is that we may be
brought, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to dwell for ever in that happy state. May we by a life of holiness be fitted for it, and by Divine grace be brought to it; in the hope of this may we live, and in the prospect of it may we die. And now, Lord, what wait we for? Our trust is in thee. O, let us take possession of our hearts, and by thy spirit's influence make us more and more like thy blessed self. These mercies, with all others needful for us, we humbly and earnestly implore through faith in the Gospel of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Saviour. Amen.

FOR SATURDAY MORNING.

Eternal and ever blessed God! In the name of Jesus Christ we come before thee, to return our heartfelt thanks for the mercies of the past night, to acknowledge our dependence, to renew our vows and purposes of obedience, and to seek thy protection and guidance through the day that is before us. Blessed, for ever blessed be thy glorious name, for the revelation which thou hast been pleased to make of thyself in the world of nature, in the dispensations of thy providence, and in the words of thy grace; so that we can rejoice in thee as our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, and our never-failing Friend. Incline our hearts, we beseech thee, to trust in thee at all times, and in all our actions to keep thy glory in view, knowing that we must one day stand at thy judgment-bar, and that these alone who have been faithful unto death shall then receive the crown of life which thou hast promised. May we ever have grace to avoid the broad way which leadeth to destruction, and to walk in that strait and narrow path which leadeth unto life eternal; and do thou mercifully keep our feet from falling, and our eyes from tears, that we may dwell with thee in the land of the living. Pardon, O God, our many transgressions; make us holy, that we may be happy; and at length receive us to thyself in heaven, according to thy mercy in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. We desire to praise thee, O Lord, for the many mercies and privileges we enjoy; for the powers of our bodies and the faculties of our souls; for the means of Divine grace which we so abundantly possess, and, above all, for that holy Gospel which is able to make us wise unto salvation. Graciously be pleased to continue these mercies to us, O Heavenly Father, and help us diligently to improve them, so that our souls may advance in the divine life, and we may be enabled to go on from strength to strength, until we appear in Zion before thee, our God. Let this and every succeeding day be devoted to thy fear, remembering that thy watchful eyes are upon us in every place, and thou art acquainted with every secret feeling of the heart. O, let us keep a guard upon ourselves in our thoughts, and words, and actions; purify us, we beseech thee, from the dress of earth and sin; wean our affections from worldly things, and conform us to the image of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ. Exposed as we are to the trials and affections of this mortal state, may we consider that thou art the Sovereign of the universe, directing all affairs, and making every thing to work together for thy people's good; and when we are tried, may patience have its perfect work in our hearts; and by trust and submission, may we glorify thy name. Hear us, Father of mercies, in these the desires of our souls, and answer our petitions for thy loving-kindness' sake, revealed and sealed to us by Jesus Christ, in whose name we ask every blessing. Amen.

FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

Most merciful and gracious Lord God!—How great is thy goodness! how vast is thy love! Another day, yea, another week, has been brought to its close, and we are so much nearer the eternal world. We would hasten to thy footstool with our evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for thy many mercies, beseeching thee to teach us how to pray, and what to pray for, that we may approach thee with the spirit and with the understanding, and worship thee in sincerity and in truth. Help us, O Lord, by
thy quickening power, to approach thy throne aright, and mercifully grant to us a sense of thy forgiving love, that we may find thee to be the rock of our salvation, and the foundation of our hopes in time and eternity. We desire to bless thee, O God, that, unworthy as we are of thy regard, thou still hast not cast us off, but hast watched over and preserved us until this hour. In looking back on the week that is now brought to its close, we are humbled by the remembrance that so much of it has been dishonored by sin, and so little of it been given to thee. Too frequently have we forgotten the Friend who has loaded us with benefits, the Source whence all our wants have been supplied. Ungrateful has been our conduct, and thou mightest in just judgment forsake us, and cast us away from thy presence. But thou desirest not that we should perish, and takest no pleasure in our death, for unto thee, the Lord God, belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against thee, and have not obeyed thy voice to walk in the laws which thou hast set before us. It is to thee, O thou most merciful and gracious Being, that we desire now to dedicate ourselves, with all that we are and have. O, let us live a life of fellowship and communion with thee, and thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, increasing in every thing that is excellent, and advancing daily in meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. As days and weeks pass away, may we be found growing in grace, and becoming stronger and stronger in the good ways of the Lord.—

To this end, may we diligently use the means thou hast appointed in thy rich grace, and be led to seek after holiness, meekness, patience, temperance, humility, and charity; and may these and all other Christian excellences and virtues abound in us more and more, until an entrance is given to us into thy glorious kingdom. —

Save us, O God, from all self-dependence and self-delusion, and enable us to set thee always before us, that the fear of thee may direct and sanctify all our actions, to thy glory and our souls' good. — Bless, we entreat thee, all thy creatures; let thy kingdom come, and let the spirit of piety fill every heart. O, send out thy light and thy truth; comfort the afflicted, restore the wandering, forgive the penitent, and let the knowledge of thee and thy Son fill the earth. Mercifully regard our relatives and friends; be thou the guide of all our lives; make us fruitful in every good work to thy glory, and evermore bless and keep us through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Christ the Master.

The human heart, in its highest and best emotions, feels the want of a Master. It is never happier than when it has a Master.—

These were the happiest hours of our childhood when we had a teacher who best filled the office of a gentle, faithful, and loving guide. Much of the joy of the filial relation springs from the consciousness of being in the arms of a watchful and blessing care. The dictate to choose a friend among those who are wiser and better than ourselves, and to look up to him and be moulded and governed by him, springs from the same deep want of the heart; and why is it that for so many ages millions of souls have looked up to Jesus, to listen to the gentle whisper of his voice, and to lean with loving trust on his gracious arm? Let us not doubt what the explanation of all this is.—

The human heart feels its need of a guide. There is an internal want placed in the soul by the same divine hand which has supplied the external aid: The very readiness with which men in all ages have listened to the words of those falsely claiming to be inspired and sent from heaven, bears witness how universal and how deep is this want of a guide. And when, in Jesus, we find a Master who fills our conception of what is perfect in wisdom, of what is spotless in virtue, of what is divine in pitting condescension, and infinite in goodness and love, if the heart will but speak out its own true and deep feeling it will say, "that is the Master I need. Let me touch the hem of his garment." Let him take me into the circle of his pupils. I am in doubt and darkness and danger; I feel that he can give me light and peace."
And then, when the soul feels that it has a Master, what a new meaning does this fact give to life? We are under a training. We are in a school. Gifts, temptations, trials, have a significance to us which they cannot have to others. They are all parts of a discipline. In them we are to remember the Master's words and to show the Master's spirit. Life is no longer an unmeaning routine, a selfish scramble, a sunny or cloudy day, to be followed by an eternal night. Life is lifted up and ennobled. A mighty plan runs through it. The little island of to-day is joined to the mighty continent of eternity. Our thoughts, our hopes, our afflictions, stretch out to a boundless expanse; for the Master, here present with his pupils in this first scene of their instruction, will soon take them to mansions of higher improvement and joy. And the condition of this is named in one word — obedience. Who does not see that to a Master belongs obedience, and to such a Master as Christ, willing, confiding, and affectionate obedience?

But what is obedience? To do only what we like to do, that is not obedience. To do only what the world around us does, that is not obedience to Christ. But to do something because he enjoins it, and to do it although it may not be convenient and agreeable to us, this is obedience; and there are few subjects which is more important we should understand than this of Christian obedience. We live in an age when this point is too often overlooked or misapprehended. To judge from the conduct of many disciples one might suppose that they were the Masters, and that the requirements of Jesus must in all things be accommodated to them. Doctrines which they cannot explain by their own reason they reject; miracles, because they transcend the standard of their observation, they set aside; duties which put upon them any disagreeable service they avoid; requirements which would make a difference between them and an easy, careless, self-indulgent world, they soften down; and what sheer absurdity is it to dignify all this with the name of Christian obedience?

Substitutes for Religion.

“Another thing upon which Christians have fallen as a substitute for the laborious doing of righteousness is, the holding of correct speculative opinions in regard to the doctrines of religion. The investigation of truth is, indeed, among the noblest and most honorable employments of the human mind. It is a delightful, although it is often a laborious, employment. And Truth, when pursued and seized by her ardent lover, is unquestionably fair, and is to be cherished and venerated by all who hope to mingle with the great and good. But she is to be thus cherished and venerated, not, principally, upon her own account, but because of her high and holy ministrations. She is excellent and valuable chiefly as the handmaid of goodness. She holds out her torch to guide the doubtful and timid steps of virtue, in the darkness of her earthly way. She encourages her sinking heart by directing her eye to the glories of her heavenly home. She is the fair, the lovely attendant of virtue, but she must not be mistaken for virtue herself; for, 'Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.'

The most correct apprehension of the doctrines of the gospel may be found in the head, when, at the same time, there is literally nothing of the spirit of the gospel in the heart, and when the hands are equally strangers to the works of righteousness which the gospel requires as the condition of eternal life. Those doctrines have, indeed, their importance. Their value and influence, where anything can exert an influence, are incalculable. They are highly propitious to the production of pure desires, and of chastened and enduring affection. They are propitious to the formation of good resolutions and good habits. 'So is the sun, and so is the rain propitious and even indispensable to the growth of fruits, for the nourishment and refreshment of the body. But as the sun may shine, and the rains may fall upon lands that lie barren forever, so all the holy and blessed influences of truth may be exerted upon a heart so little alive to the loveliness of truth and goodness, as to be awakened by them to none of the glorious efforts of righteousness.'
Christian Salvation

Both Pardon and Amendment.

Why is it that the Apostles of Christ address Christians as already “saved,” and again exhort them to “work out their salvation”? Why do they tell their converts that they are saved by grace, and again exhort “save yourselves”? Is there contradiction in their teaching? By no means. The salvation of the gospel, like everything else, has two aspects. It has the God and the man aspect; the divine and the human, or the divine in the human. As it respects God, it is of grace or favor; as it respects man it is of effort and endeavor. It is both pardon and reform. God pardons, but man reforms. God pardons on account of his mercy, for his nature is love. But man reforms in the use of the powers and opportunities with which God favors him.

The scriptures inform us that God pardons the sinner, and has given everlasting assurance of his love towards him in the gift of his son; but the sinner at the same time that he receives this assurance, and rejoices in its strength and joy, knows or may know, and by his after experience will know, that pardon does not deliver him from sin; that his sinful habits of soul and life are to be overcome only by constant endeavor and daily reformation. He that thinks otherwise does not observe the nature of his mind, and is ignorant of the nature of gospel salvation. “If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.” We not only deceive ourselves by a neglect of our own experience, but we know not the truth as it is revealed “in Jesus.” That truth assures us that God pardons; that he loves us; that he gave his son for us; to live and die for us; but it also assures us that he pardons that we may amend; that he gives the assurances of his love in Christ, that we may be like Christ, and that the knowledge of his love should lead us to remove sin and its service as we would remove the dominion of a foreign enemy, and amid the inevitable and destructive evils of a continuance under its dominion. Man must be assured of pardon or he will continue in sin. He must, also, be assured of the necessity, beauty and power of an amended life, a life of reformation towards God, or he will still continue in sin. And if he suppose, as he is apt to do in his immature religious awakening, and especially under a merely dogmatical and controversial teaching, that his pardon is the arbitrary and unconditional act of divine sovereignty, he will yet continue in sin and wait for an arbitrary deliverance, which he will expect at death, if not sooner. But let him know that the assurance of God’s pardon, flowing from his love to him, despite his sins, was intended to correct his ignorance of God’s essential nature, and so correct it as to show him the evils and miseries of sin, and thus help him to lay hold on a holy and dutiful, because a purifying and reformatory life, and, then, every better view of the benign benignity and mercy will lead him to nearer and nearer approaches to the divine life. He is assured of pardon, then, by being assured of the true nature of his Creator, which assurance is given by Christ. He is assured of the power of the true life, by reforming his evil habits and cultivating and strengthening the good; and he learns what is evil and what is good from the teaching
and example of Christ and the observance of his own experience, where he also learns that all things are so arranged in divine providence as to help him to good and thwart him in evil, for the everlasting reason "that all things are of God," who alone reconciles us, helps us, prevents us, and gives us to partake of his own divine nature. We are pardoned, then, that we may reform; we reform from evil that we may embrace good; and we embrace good that we may live the true life, the eternal life, whether in the flesh or out of it—even the life of Christ, which was manifested in the flesh to enlighten every man.

The teaching and the life of Christ, alike assure us that God loves us, and that the stern methods of his government are evidences of his love, and may reveal to us the evil of sin. They reveal the sovereignty of God in all things, but it is a sovereignty not of brute force or course fleshly power, nor of arbitrary allotment, but of truth, holiness, and love, and must, therefore, work all its good designs and effects upon us according to the nature of such spiritual forces as visit and besiege the heart of man as of a constantly developing being, and as of a free being, free in proportion as he is spiritually developed. Life becomes, therefore, a scene of discipline and education for his spiritual nature, where a divine value may be placed on the character wrought out, and all things help it onward in the strengthening of its power, and in additions to its worth. To this idea, Paul said he "had not attained," but he pressed forward; and Christ declared, "there is none good, no not so much as one," and ever exhorted us to "be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect."

The divine love and sovereignty, and human ability and responsibility coalesce, if I may so speak. Both are taught in the scriptures, and both are recognized by the higher developments of human reason.—But neither the scriptures nor reason have pointed out the exact points at which they meet and mingle. Our experience is here the best guide. We know that when we make effort God helps us; we know that when we make no effort, every aspect of his universe and every serious feeling of our nature reproves us; and we may also know that they will punish us, the longer we remain idle or perverse.

The nature of salvation, seeing that it is both a knowledge of pardon and the result of reformatory effort, does not contradict the nature of man. His nature asks for assurances of divine power, for its limited knowledge requires that he walk by faith. He needs assurances of divine help, for he is conscious of inherent weakness. And he needs the constant discipline of Providence in all things, that may urge and stimulate him to the use of all his powers for his growth in spiritual power and happiness.

We have one other thought before we dismiss this interesting subject. It is that Christ reveals an accountable immortality. Whatever may be said, and truly said, of the use of figurative expressions portraying the nature of spiritual happiness or misery, spiritual life or death, this truth cannot be denied. And no rational philosophy of human nature would desire to deny it. Man is accountable to the extent of his ability, both in this life and that to come. His experience will prove it to him in this life if he will but be true to it. He cannot answer the question: "what fruit had I in those things whereof I am now ashamed," without seeing that the judgment of God holds him to a strict accountability. His sin has never really prospered him, has always thwarted the highest purposes of his being, and has often involved him in misery and positive degradation. Now Christ recognizes the spiritual state as very near the fleshly one, and this a grand peculiarity of him and of his teaching. The sin that appears to prosper in this life will be exposed in the next, and there is no escape—there ought to be none, and there can be none, except in renunciation, pardon; and amendment.—

An accountable immortality, therefore,
properly appreciated, will lead to immediate and constant reformation, and the office of religious teaching is to expose the delusions of the world that hide this truth and pervert its power. The idea, therefore, that any establishment of a temporal kingdom of the Messiah, such as the Jews expected, or that death, as many of the evil, malignant, and vindictive among us still expect, will metamorphose the sinner into a spirit of a justified man, is as gross as flesh itself. No merely physical, political or outward transformation can change the elements of our inward being. It may hinder or help them, but it cannot change them. To presume, therefore, that a man who never indulged a thought above a mere fleshly gratification—whose nature is darkened by every indulgence, can, by death, be developed into the symmetrical proportions of a saint of God, into the wisdom, and harmony, and beauty of holiness, is an unmitated absurdity, alike repugnant to all sound philosophy of mind and every clear dictate of the spirit of God. We must remember that Christianity is a spiritual religion. As such it aims to correct ignorance, to reform vice, and to give a spiritual momentum to every soul that is opened to its disclosures, that may lead it onward and upward forever, making death only the gateway to new conditions of its usefulness and power. The soul of man is not washed as a soiled garment. Physical appliances do not cleanse its stains. Nor can it be soaked and whitened by the waters of bigotry and strife. It must have the direction of its powers changed, their perversions corrected, and their abuses reformed. We have no hope that being buried over the narrow stream of death our nature will be necessarily transformed. Its conditions and relations will be changed, doubtless, but it will remain essentially the same. We live now, and live under most powerful influences for good. If we neglect them, and as long as we neglect them, we must suffer for the strictness and misery of that neglect, and our efforts at a better life will become weaker and weaker, until it will require some sudden and startling judgment of God to awaken us, and perhaps nothing but death itself can bring us to see the consuming worm and the gnawing flame that eats away our soul's life, and gives us companionship with the unholy and profane.

Of the things we have written this is the sum. The gospel offers us the knowledge of pardon by revealing the nature of God. It offers us the strength and joy of a spiritual life even in the flesh, by opening to us the way of reformation and the means of growth in knowledge, virtue and holiness. And by assuring us of an accountable immortality, it offers every conceivable warning and motive to seek daily that repentance which is unto life and which needs not to be repented of.

May I not add, then; that if God, from the height of his glory, has revealed himself as an ever-present and ever-pardoning, ever-helping Father; if Christ has laid aside that glory to live the true life in the flesh and show us the way; and if the spirit of all truth and love has conveyed to us a knowledge of both the pardon and the life, can we ever cease to believe in the one and seek to reform after the model of the other, so that we may in the joy of forgiveness and the life of holiness be changed into the divine image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of our God?

J. B. F.

The Immortal Life,

ITS BASIS IN THE NATURE OF MAN, PROVEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AN APPEAL TO EXPERIENCE AND THE RECORDS OF THE WORLD.

There have been a variety of speculations as to our views of the spiritual or the future life, and it seems necessary that we should at least disabuse the public mind of false impressions and injurious inferences. Never having indulged a desire to make a party to any view of a subject so unavoidably indefinite and so
dependent upon the nature and extent of our personal spiritual culture and experience, we have not deemed it necessary to reply to every representation that sensitive egotism or ambitious fear has seen proper to make. To add another to the many petty and conflicting parties of the great family of christendom, or to become the leader of any peculiar philosophy of the future life, is as much repugnant to all our views of religious duty as it would be beyond the grasp of our feeble capacity or small store of knowledge. What we have written upon the subject, was written in the freedom of a faith that had been established by years of investigation, and we have no desire to change a single sentence. Our principal positions remain unscathed, and the kind of opposition they have occasioned is the best of evidence that they have their foundation in unalterable truth. As far as we have gone we feel well assured that our opinion or faith stands upon the rock of truth, and will yet become the strength and joy of many enquiring souls.

Men not accustomed to systematizing their thoughts often fail to discriminate between the responses of their own nature and the dogmas of their creed—Hence, if you deny the dogma, you are understood to deny the response. For example, if you deny the arbitrary division of the human family into two classes, and of the future world into two localities, many who have all their thirst for the immortal life directed to these muddy waters, understand you to deny the future life altogether. And it is to this failure that much of the uncharitableness of Christian leaders is to be traced. They will not, or they cannot discriminate; and, understanding you as they do, they may, in some instances, honestly regard you an infidel, when you have only advanced beyond their standpoint of faith and might be able to give them new, clear, and consistent views of the same great objects by merely changing their position. We should remember that every reformer from Jesus of Nazareth to the present day, has been called an infidel by those who would not or did not understand him. The very foundation of faith is often denied by men who pronounce you infidel, and the consequence is, that when they see that they have mistaken superstition for faith, and dogma for fact, they are apt to become what they suppose you to be; for they have stoned the prophets that might have cleared their vision and helped them to a higher range of thought and emotion.—What, therefore, would make infidels of such, gives strength and beauty to the faith of others.

It may be immodest boasting, but we affirm it as the result of the most honest and strongest convictions of our mind, that we never meet a man whose faith in the spiritual nature or accountable immortality of man is more unavailing than our own. We proceed again to state it, and clear the subjects, from some of the mists in which superstition has involved them.

We have taken our stand upon the broad, and we think, impregnable basis,

THAT FUTURE LIFE IS THE DEMAND OF MAN'S SPIRITUAL NATURE, AND ITS PROMISE IS THE PROMISE OF PROGRESSION TO ALL SOULS; and that all interpretation of ancient scriptures are subordinate to this truth, and that any interpretation that forgoes it is destined to be numbered with the things that were. Our position may be plainly stated thus:

I. There is a future spiritual life to all human beings, that death cannot destroy.

II. THAT FUTURE LIFE IS PROGRESSIVE IN KNOWLEDGE, HAPPINESS AND POWER.—From which we infer, and our experience corroborates the inference—

III. THAT A BELIEF OF THIS TRUTH WILL ENABLE ALL, WHO APPRECIATE IT, TO LABOR FOR THEIR OWN ENLIGHTENMENT AND ELEVATION AND FOR THAT OF OTHERS.

With this statement of the result of our humble investigations and imperfect experience, we proceed to a brief review of the ancient idea of a future life.
There is no nation so sunk in sensuality and barbarism, that has not entertained some ideas of a life beyond, or despite the physical appearances of death. These ideas have been rude or refined, according to the degree of intellectual and religious culture of those who gave expression to them. All ancient and modern research may be appealed to as corroborative of these declarations, with a confidence that no one will deny them who has given an unprejudiced attention to the facts of human history.

There have been two methods of accounting for their origin and prevalence. First, that they are the debris of an original revelation, made to the Father of fathers of the race of man, and preserved by recorded or verbal tradition: or, secondly, that they are the imperfect expression of the desires and aspirations of the human spirit by which God has provided for the faith and hope of man. We take the latter, as most accordant with facts, and as being fully sustained by the witness of every opened soul. God has provided for faith in immortality by giving to man a religious nature, capable of indefinite religious culture.

It is the general belief of mankind that we shall live forever. The fact is as universal as the race; the doubt is the exception, and only proves here, as in everything else, that we may silence or pervert the clear witness of our nature. People who have no houses, who live in the tombs of the dead, or the corners of the mountains, and who know not even the use of fire or of garments, believe in the immortal life. The dirt eaters of the Rocky Mountains and the bird voiced and monkey-shaped Ajetas of the Philippine Islands, in common with the astute Philosophers of Greece and Rome, and acute Theologians of all christendom, have expected to live beyond the dissolution of death. The form of their idea is silly or wise, grotesque or consistent, according to their amount of intellectual development—but the idea is there, underlying the jabbering cries of the Ajetas, who places the betel nut, the bow and the arrow upon the grave of the dead, believing that as the night darkens he will quit the grave for the sport of hunting—and the artistic oration, sybiline prophecy, or poetic description of the most classic or spiritual, Asiatic or European. It has been taught in all ages, by all people, whether believing in miraculous revelations, or making no pretence even to letters or organized government.

It is not the result of reasoning; though reasoning may clear the conviction from the mists and fears of superstition and dogmatism. People not capable of the art of thinking, are as well confirmed in its belief as those who apply logic to inspiration and measure poetic feeling by the miserable square of cent-per-cent.—This truth was never thought-out—it was never proved by logic—it never needed a miraculous disclosure, except to deliver it from the darkness of human tradition. It belongs to man's nature as much as does his capacity for mathematics or music, and comes as the belief in God, the love of man and the sense of justice. It is a spontaneous act of the spirit of man, and may, like his need of God and his sense of justice, be grossly perverted and misdirected, but it is there and cannot be wholly removed. As men see without glasses and before they can establish a theory of practice, so they believe before they establish a theory of a future life.—The theory only gives form and distinctness to what originally existed. No words can make it more true. Immortality is a part of the nature of man.

We know that we speak dogmatically on these declarations, but we cannot speak otherwise. It is dogmatism that has denied or slandered the nature of man; and dogmatism never reasons. It starts with an assumption, and that assumption, in this case, we utterly deny. Our dogmatism appeals to the nature of man and to universal experience. So far as it represents that nature and experience truth-
The Immortal Life.

fully, its statements will be confirmed.—

We assert, that man instinctively believes in his immortality as he believes in his present existence. He asks proof of the one no more than he does of the other, and he attains to clear knowledge of both, as he awakens to the consciousness of his mental powers and thirsts. As the eye belongs to the body of man and may be clowned or clear, so immortality belongs to his spirit and may be dimmed by ignorance or sensuality, or cleared by knowledge and spiritual purity. It is a truth that comes to our consciousness, as much so, as light comes to the eye. It is written of God in our nature—in all human nature—it is written as a desire, and it is written as a fact. It asks no argument, and asks only of death for infallible certainty. It is a truth that cannot be proved except by the on-going experience of every one, and in this respect is not singular. Many things are true that no man can prove to another. My personality is impenetrable, and so is my immortality. It is, therefore, one of those truths that may be safely taken for granted, and we proceed to clear it of its mists and fears according to the measure of our knowledge in the reality of things. It is an interesting investigation to go over the ancient ideas of immortality, and, if attentive, we may see in them the basis of most modern superstitions and absurdities; and, also, a confirmation of our repeated declarations.

For the sake of perspicuity, we give the general idea of an invisible spiritual state that was prevalent in the times of the writers of the New Testament. It was essentially the idea of locality. It gave a local habitation to God, angels, devils, and departed spirits. God and sinless angels dwell above the stars; Satan and his rebellious company had their habitation in an atmosphere, where they brought on storms and pestilence, and all the ills that afflict mankind by atmospheric agency; man, as an embodied spirit, dwelt upon the surface of the earth, and as a departed spirit, down, below or under the earth—from which subterranean abode no one of woman born had ever been freed, save Enoch and Elijah, and perhaps Moses, until the Messiah passed through and led captivity captive. It will be easy for the most superficial scholar of our day to see that the whole foundation of these localized ideas is baseless and absurd.—Modern Astronomy has swept the whole away, and left not even a wreck behind in the mind that accredits its indisputable truths. No one can point upward and say God or spirits are there—nor can he even point downward and say they are there. We may be loath to give up the long-cherished idea that heaven must needs be above, and the place of the dead beneath, but it must go to the dusty tomb of many a favorite ideal of human ignorance and superstition, such as we all inherit. The spiritual idea is left to us or none; and we will ever hold on to the fleshly and traditional, till we labor and suffer enough to see that the flesh profits nothing, and it is the spirit alone that giveth life by giving knowledge and joy.

In the Scriptures, Heaven is described as the abode of God, as a city, as a garden, as a Paradise, as the region of the sun, moon and stars, and of the atmosphere; Hell as an under-world, dark and prison-like, below the grave, and either in the centre or “clean through” the earth.—The reason is obvious. The Teachers of God spoke in the language of their age, then as now, and from the very necessity of the case. The unknown is learned by the use and through the aid of the known. The clearest spiritual idea of Heaven found in the scriptures is that of society; the society of the pure, the blessed and the glorified. The presence of God and that of congenial spirits makes the true, the Christ-like ideal of Heaven. He, Christ, therefore, abode in Heaven though he dwelt upon earth—spiritually his constant abode was heaven, He was always with the Father, and he conversed with dead as with the living. This idea em-
braces knowledge, purity and power. — The spiritual idea of Hell is darkness, ignorance, sensual slavery, and misery. — Further than this, my investigation has not gone.

This localizing idea of the invisible was not confined to the Hebrews. It belonged to all the ancient nations, and belongs to us, for it grows out of the fact that in the incipient stages of all individual and national culture, we personify and localize everything. Even the great God himself, appears before the fleshly, eye, in the image of a man, a beast, a bird, or a reptile. The human mind, ever intent on realizing its ideals, seeks to give them habituation and name, and all this is well and unavoidable, but its abuse is terrific, when it leaves the ideal for the form, makes the spiritual I am, like to a man or a four-footed beast, its Heaven an Eastern city and its Hell a heated furnace, into which the creatures of God are arbitrarily moved as in locomotion. This is idolatry, whether it appear in the worship of a leak on the banks of the Nile, or the fear of eternal torture on the throne of the Hulson or Mississippi. Having premised this much, we proceed to collect, briefly, the ancient ideal of a future life, or life of the departed.

The dead were supposed to dwell deep down in the earth, as far removed from the surface, as the surface is from the firmament above; entirely shut out from the light of day. It was the realm of darkness penetrated only by the faint lights of night, and they clouded and gloomy. — Upon the borders of this realm of the departed were all the calamities that befell mankind, clothed in immaterial bodies, terrible to behold. Wan Sorrow, wasting Disease, revengeful Malice, heart-piercing Remorse, pale Fear, squalid Poverty, morose Age, frantic Discord, terrific War, and voracious Famine, had each their place and mission, and moved forward as with the heels of iron, the vehemence of Furies and the coils of vipers. Even delusive dreams and midnight spectres had their trees, upon which, evil-like, to perch in that dolorous realm. There, too, was the half-man and half-horse, the hundred handed giant, the double formed Scylla, the fifty-headed snake and the filthy Harpy. A river separates the departments of this realm, and old Charon conveys over all who had been buried, and sternly repels all unburied, till they have completed the wandering of a hundred years. — The three-headed dog, Cerberus, with mouths wide open, guards the entrance in the interior borders of Hades, where we find three departments, entering three classes of dead: first, infants whose waitings never cease; second, all who have died by the injustice of others and suicides; and then all other dead variously divided and ranked, according to the absurd distinctions of life. Here are haunts and walks for deceased lovers; and beyond are the ghosts of warriors — whilst far, far beyond, are the adamant walls of Tartarus, which neither gods nor men can demolish, and upon the right the flowery plains of Elysium where sunny skies are spread, and beauteous streams flow on forever, upon whose banks the trees of immortality perennially bloom and cast their golden fruit. As we get nearer to the traditions of particular nations this description may be extended; but the information is within the reach of all, and we have not room for farther particularity.

The Israelites had similar ideas. They too believed that the place of the dead was below or under the earth. Both the Old Testament and New are full of this idea. The oldest book — in the former, the book of Job, speaks as follows:—

"Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as Heaven, what canst thou do? "Deep as hell, (as Sheol, Hades, the under-world) what canst thou know?"

Moses, also, speaks of a fire kindled in the anger of the Almighty that burned to the "lowest hell." David contrasting heaven and hell says, if he make his bed in hell God is there; and speaks, also, of the "lowest hell." Isaiah describes "Hell
as moved” to receive the King of Babylon. All the prophets speak of the sides of hell, of the pit, of woe into it as though it were in the earth. It was an awful and somewhat grand idea these Hebrews had. A vast subterranean kingdom involved in thick darkness, where the light was as darkness; and the valleys were deep and gloomy; the valleys “of the shadow of death.” “The dead are there; her guests are in the depths of hell.” “In the cutting off” of my days I shall go down to the gates of hell.” “He that goeth down to the grave (Sheol, Hell, Hades—the world of darkness) shall come up no more.” The hosts of Korah, when the earth opened her mouth, went down “quick to hell.” The kings, the nations that forget God, and all the people are there, according to the Hebrew writings.

The same idea is found in Peter, John and Paul, and particularly the latter, with whom it gives a meaning to his use of the words “saved,” “justified,” and the purpose of the resurrection of Christ, which we think is appreciated by but few of the orthodox critics of modern controversies as he used them. But of this in another place. Paul asks: “Who shall ascend into heaven, that is to bring Christ down from above, or who shall descend into the deep (abyss or under-world) to bring him up again from the dead?” And again: “Who is he that ascended, but he that first descended into the lower parts of earth.” He speaks, also, of names or persons “under the earth.” Peter speaks of “spirits in prison” and of angels in “darkness,” or Tartarus, a part of this under-world. So Jude and John speak of creatures “under the earth” who shall acknowledge Christ. Indeed the idea is found in every writer of the New Testament, and is not questioned by any one who has given unprejudiced attention to the subject. We may sum up in distinct propositions what every impartial reading will confirm, and leave the reader to extend them as inclination or desire for knowledge may suggest. The Israelites believed

I. There was a world of immortal light and bliss over the sky, the abode of God, a few of earth and all sinless angels.

II. There was a region between this abode and the earth, to which Satan and rebellious angels had fallen, who were hostile to man and delighted in his affliction and torment.

III. That upon earth man had a temporary abode.

IV. That there was a dreary world of darkness under the earth, the abode of all departed spirits; which was divided and subdivided, according to the prevalent views of rank and character with God.

There was a gradual development and increase of distinctness in these ideas, according to the nature of mental culture that prevailed in each. In the days of Isaiah the good and the bad dwelt together in that dreary abode; in the days of Christ, they were separated as in the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. In the days of Homer, all are in the same shades and are pointed and rounded there. But in the days of Virgil, the reign is divided— a few are in perfect bliss—the mass in a sort of purgatory, and the daringly impious in excruciating torments that were endless. The Catholics got their idea of Purgatory from this old notion, and Protestants notions of an “intermediate state” —a modern phase has the same origin. A world of bliss for the saintly, and one of hopeless misery for the wicked, and an intermediate state for all who can be purified—was the orthodox doctrine of the church for many hundred years.

But we are interested in this idea of an under-world, seeing that both profound and sacred history and philosophy is full of it, and it yet has much to do in forming our modern ideas of a future life. We would be glad to trace its origin. It seems to have originated in the custom of burying in cases or deep pits of the earth. It was easy for the superstitious mind, recognizing, as it ever does, the truth intuited in
man's nature, that death does not destroy
the life—to connect the descent of the
spirit with that of the body, and especially
as it is common with all minds in their
immature state to associate all its hopes
and fears, its love and hate with the body.
We need only recur to the experience of
our own childhood for confirmation of
this truth. When we buried the dead—
dead father, mother, brother, sister, or
their enemies,—for children seldom have
enemies, and know an enemy only as rep-
resented in opposition to those they love,—
we ever thought of them as in the grave,
and, often, still alive there, suffering from
the chilling cold and the gloomy dark-
ness, and we almost cried aloud for their
release, and to have them again brought to
the warm fire and the hearth-stone meet-
ing. Men and nations are often only
children of a larger growth; children in
philosophy and religion, and men in pas-
sion and brute-force. In the immaturity
of their physical development, it was
easy to associate the idea of the burial
with the soul's descent; and poetry com-
ing to their aid could describe that under-
realm according to such allotment and
division, happiness and misery, employ-
ment and quiet, as the prevalent ideas on
earth would suggest or allow. The tombs
of the Jews were extensive caverns and
vaults, the work of immense labor.—
They were roofed and arched and often
supported by colonnades. On their sides
there were cells, in which were placed
sarcophagi, according to rank and age in
life. Each had his proper cell according
to their notions of superiority and charac-
ter. Into these sepulchral caverns no
light was admitted. There were deposited
the great and the small. The kings of
the nations with their royal robes, their
sceptre and their armor, and their wives,
their ministers and their ancestors around
them. Isaiah, gives the full idea when he
describes the descent of the mighty mon-
arch of great Babylon, Queen of the na-
tions:

Hades beneath is in commotion on account of thee,
To meet thee at thy coming;
He stirreth up the shades—all the mighty of the earth;
He ariseth from their throns all the kings of the na-
tions;
They all nect thee and say,
Art thou too become as weak as we?
Art thou become like us?
—Then art brought down to Sheol,
To the depths of the pit.
—All the kings of the nations, yea all of them
Lie down in glory—each in his own sepulchre.

ISAIAH XIV.

Other nations possessed the idea from
similar customs. The Greeks and Romans
are supposed to have obtained it from the
Cimmerii, a people of Campania, who
lived in caverns, deep in the ground, and
were called the people of darkness. But
however devised, this is clear and unques-
tionable. The prevalent idea of the an-
cients was, that the dead inhabited an
under-world where their employments
were similar to what they were upon earth,
their affections for their friends and their
interests were still retained. As to their
happiness or misery, their notions were
vague and indistinct. Neither the Israel-
etes or other Oriental nations, nor the
Greeks and Romans, believed in a state
altogether miserable or desirable, except
for a few giants. The Tartarus of the
Greeks was the abode of the giants, and
in the days of Homer, only the perjured
were cast there. With the advance of in-
tellectual cultivation their usual ideas
arose to more distinctness and consistency,
until the best cultivated taught that every
virtue would meet its due reward, and ev-
ery vice its proper punishment. Their
descriptions of those rewards or punish-
ments were borrowed from the imagery of
nature and the customs of nations with
which they were most familiar. Thus Vir-
gil's Elysium is the counterpart of Italy—
a sensual Paradise. The wandering tribes
of Israel make their heaven a city, a mar-
rriage festival, a garden; their hell a fur-
nace, a valley of slith and fire, a Lake of
Brimstone. The Platonists seem to have
systematized their ideas with a theory at
once beautiful and impressive. "They
supposed that every passion, contracted by
the soul during its residence in the body,
remains with it in a separate state, and that the soul, in the body or out of the body, differs no more than man does from himself, when he is in his house or in the open air. When, therefore, the obscene passions in particular have once taken root and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever after the body is cast off and thrown aside. Thus the punishment of a voluptuous man after death consists in this: he is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a passion that has no objects adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns, and always desires to possess.” Virgil dresses the same idea in poetry:

“\[\text{They lie below on golden beds displayed,} \\
\text{And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.} \\
\text{The queen of furies by their side is set,} \\
\text{And sans her from their mouths the untasted meat,} \\
\text{Which if they teach her to distinguish,} \\
\text{Her heart, and thuddering in their ears."} \]

The rude savages of our own virgin fields of the earth, made their heaven an immense hunting-ground,

“\[\text{Where the deer doth bound in her gladness free,} \\
\text{And the buffalo roams on the wide prairie,"} \]

and no Christians disturb them in their thirst for gold. It is said that they supposed the greedy and gold-loving Spaniard after death, would be placed in a molten sea of this metal. The sense of justice, natural to the human heart, has ever revolted at crime, and sought relief in its hope of the future, which future it has ever clothed with the imagery of nature or social custom.

It would be proper here to call attention to the idea of transmigration, which prevailed in India and China, and was entertained by Pythagoras and many of the wisest of the ancient Greeks and Romans. But our space forbids. We find a trace of it also among the Jews in the days of our Saviour. Hence John is asked, “Art thou Elias?” and Christ was supposed to be Jeremiah and John, after John was beheaded. So also, the disciples asked respecting the man born blind—“Who did sin, this man, or his parents?”

All these notions only reveal an immature state of the moral powers of man, and a consequent imperfect culture. The nature of man demands a future life; his ignorance clothes the idea with an erroneous and absurd imagery, and he gives form to his ridiculous fancies and foolish conjectures, till the assurances of his hope become so burdened with superstition, that they fall of their own weight. Happy for us, if we are willing to fall back upon the original and simple truth, to which our nature more and more responds as it becomes more developed and elevated: the truths which Christ taught and illustrated, in the language of his people and times. They are few and they are simple, and they alone meet our wants. He taught the Fatherhood and constant providence of God—the brotherhood of man, and an accountable immortality. The most lowly soul longs for these truths as the hungry longs for food; and the most elevated cannot dispense with them. There is one God—one family—one destiny—but every man in his own order, and Christ is head over all that family—the harmony of its heavenly and earthly destinies and the brightness of the Father’s glory as it shines in humanity on earth, and of our immortality as it will appear when we shall be like him; which may the Eternal Father grant in his own time. Amen. J. B. F.

**Future Life.**

Of a future life I am as well satisfied as I am that to-morrow shall succeed to-day. Both depend upon God, and my satisfaction in both depend upon the strength of my faith in God. The assurance of the future of every condition and of everything is vested in faith in God.—

The present alone gives us demonstration and knowledge. The future, when it comes, will, therefore, be the present, and will cease to be the future, and, therefore, cease to be a matter of faith.—

To-morrow exists not until it is born. So
The Experience of the Spirit

Christianity is the religion of the spirit: the spirit that garnished the Heavens and established the elements of the earth — the universal spirit, the spirit of God. Its address, therefore, is to the spirit in man which attracts to God, as the load-stone points to the star in the far-off heavens. It is true, the spirit still is manifest in the flesh as it was once manifested in the man of Nazareth. It is manifest in facts recorded, and organizations called churches, and governments social and political made for men, and in books and speeches, natural sacraments, and secret and public worship, but most of all in individual men, whose hearts it has purified from the love of sin, and made alive to the aspirations and affections of holiness, who are found every where over the whole earth and everywhere struggling for the good of the race. Its perfect light shines in darkness — the darkness of our ignorance and immaturity of spiritual awakening; but it shines when the darkness comprehendeth it not. Its light is dim in many, obscure in most, but struggling to be free in all, except in nations abandoned to superstition and cruelty, and even there its voice is heard as one crying in the wilderness, saying, the vengeance impends and the kingdom of the heavens is near; repent, lest the fury of your sins desolate the land, and give it up to its enemies.

It says to us in our sins, Repent. It says repent, in the punishments we suffer; in the griefs we groan under; in the limitations we feel; in the hindrances we meet, and the struggles that make our warfare. It saves us from despair under the burden of oppression from the misguided course of our enemies; and despair under the burden of our sins, which it helps us to reform, whilst with reference to both it says, as we “go mourning on account of our enemies,” “why art thou cast down O soul” of man, for God shall yet be the trust and hope and joy of thy countenance. It says to us in our desires for good and to do good — Be not too con-
Idleness is the pillow upon which the Devil finds our minds empty to fill them with mischief and melancholy.

When about to speak to the disparagement or injury of thy fellow-man, pause and ask thyself, what injury has he done to thee, and what good will thy words of evil do either thee or him, and thou wilt find a reward in the feeling of thy heart that no outward momentary triumph can ever bring.
true, that by comparing this account with
that of Matthew xxii and Mark xii, we
might, at first view, be led to attribute an
evil intention to the lawyer. He is there
said to have put the question "tempting
him." But we have given a meaning to
the word tempt which originally and prop-
erly it did not possess. It means to prove,
to make trial of. Thus God tempted or
proved Abraham, and now by his Provi-
dence proves or tries all men, not that he
may lead them to evil, but expose the evil
by which they may be ensnared and in-
jured, to them, and show them their weak-
ness and the sources of their strength.—
Every man's life is put to trial: for "Jeho-
vah visits him every morning and tries him
every moment." (Job v.) The trial of
God exposes the evil that would otherwise
have been concealed; reveals the good
ever within our reach; humbles us for the
time, and sometimes for all time, that in
the end we may have a true exaltation—
The temptations of evil men and wicked
spirits is the opposite of this; they aim to
irritate, to vex, to bring out evil, and to
increase it. We may all, as in a glass,
see our true character and disposition, by
examining the various motives and ends
that prompted the many questions pro-
ounced to our Savior. From inoffens-
ive curiosity and commendable desire for
truth, to the lowest malignity and cruel
vindictiveness, we have every grade of dis-
position and purpose. In the case before
us, we think there was neither malignity
nor a very anxious desire for knowledge.
Perhaps the chief object was to put the
Lord upon trial, more than either a desire
for instruction or anxiety to censure him
in his words. You will notice, however,
that the Lord said of him, that "he was
not far from the kingdom of the heavens."
He was an amiable man, and one ob-
servant of the requisitions of the law, and
who understood its spiritual import at
least to an extent sufficient to know that
it was embodied in the principle of love
to God and man; and having heard of the
wonderful teacher of Galilee, he would
learn the depth of his knowledge, and
hence he propounds the greatest, because
most comprehensive, of all questions:
"Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal
life?"

The reply of the Lord is calculated to
reveal all the knowledge of the enquirer.
He demands: how readest thou? or what
is taught thee out of the law? The lawyer
at once reverts to the great commandment
of the law, and so quotes it as to show a
spiritual insight into its essence above the
common stand-point of his ritualistic and
materialistic countrymen. He quotes his
answer from Deut. v. 6, and Lev. xix. 18,
as inclusive of every requisition of the law.
The Lord admits the correctness of his an-
swer, but turns it to a direct personal appli-
cation by saying, "this do and thou shalt
live." Let what you know be reduced to
practice; let the dead influential knowledge
flow out in living and active duty; and
"thou shalt live." This answer touches
his conscience, as it would arouse the con-
science of every sincere man. The con-
science aroused, he seeks to "justify him-
self." He felt that he had not "done" the
commandment of life; but he would apolo-
gize by interposing a difficulty. He asks,
therefore, "who is my neighbor?" or who
is the man I am to love with this large and
free affection that makes the true life? His
question reveals a state of knowledge and
temper to be connected. He knew no
neighbor but the Jew, and consequently no
God but the God of the Jew; as many now
know none but the members of their sect,
and no God but the God of their masters.
Like Peter, when told to forgive the tres-
passes of his brother, he asks "how often,"
only to receive an answer that lays bare the
narrowness of his heart. Who must I
love? Both questions—that of Peter and
that of the lawyer, show that neither, at
the time, understood the nature of love:—a
principle that has no limit save inability of
application—that recognizes a debt forever
paying and never paid—that makes a law
to itself by which the divinity of its nature
and the eternity of its power are manifest-
ed—"for love is of God, and whoever lov-
oth is born of him.” Every other debt may be discharged, but this obligation to love forever lasts, for it is of the life eternal—the life of the spirit. (Rom. 13: 8.) Let us look narrowly into the reply of the Lord, and we will learn the nature of that love which abides always, and makes the true birth-right and true heaven of every child of God.

A certain man went down from Jerusa-
lem to Jericho.” In Joshua xvi: 1, we read of the “wilderness that goeth up from Jericho.” And the city is called the “city of palms,” Judges 16. It was the second city of Judæa, and had its location in a plain of extraordinary fertility and beauty, well watered and abounding in the choicest productions of Palestine. The road between the cities lay through a rugged and desolate region, which in the days of Jerome was called the “bloody way,” and where afterwards a garrison was erected by the Romans for the protection of travellers. It was noted as a place of robbers. The parable, therefore, seems drawn from life. “The certain man” fell among robbers, was stripped and wounded, and left half dead.”

Lying in his blood by the road-side, it chance that a certain priest came down that way. There is no chance in an eternal providence, and what we call chance or “remarkable coincidence” is but the weaving of the threads of different lives into a common woof, that is ever known to us, more by the results than by the process.—Every observing man has noted remarkable coincidences in his own life; and he might note more were he careful to arise superstition on the one hand and stupidity on the other. God reigns everywhere in everything. The necessity of one creature is constantly brought in contact with the power, and help of another, and the finger of God is in both the need and the fulness that supplies it; but we are too fleshly, too priestlike, or too sectional to see; or if we see, like the bigoted Jews of old, we see only Beelzebub the prince of all evils; the case, we say, cannot be remedied; it is too low, too degraded, too far gone; and “he has a devil anyway and deserves no pity.”

My God! See we not this hypocrisy every day, and are not the miserable pretensions to Christ-like charity ever passing by on the other side of helpless and fallen humanity, sometimes in derision, sometimes in malice, and even in neglect. Let us look at this saintly priest. The priests lived at Jericho and this one is on his way to execute his holy office in the temple at Jerusalem, before that God who says both to him and us, “I will have mercy and not sacrifice.” He looks upon the poor unfortunate, wretched in his gore, but he passes, in a holy hurry, lest his conscience get the better of his sense of official duty, and he be made to serve God really as well as in the form.—The Levite also passes and beholds the life ebbing away, but offers no assistance.—Consistent interpreters of the law and officers of the temple of God! A law that had said, “that if thou see thy brother’s ass or his ox fall down by the way thou shalt surely help him to lift him up again.” But a brother, in his blood, or in his sin, is even yet of less value in ritualistic estimation than oxen; and so hurry we by on the other side, lest we be defiled, and the world fancy us weak enough to be consistent in our professions of love to God and man. Well spake the true prophet of God when he said: “ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness; but it is not the part which the Lord has chosen, but to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens; to let the oppressed go free; to bring the poor that are cast out into thy house; when thou seest the naked to cover him, and hide not thyself from thine own flesh!”

Ah! it is in answer to such a course and such a fact that the Lord has promised, “our light shall go forth as the morning; we shall call and he shall answer.” “He will guide us continually and satisfy our souls in drought,” and at last make us “a spring of water whose waters fail not.” Isaiah 58. There is no good from passing by on the other side.”
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"A certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was." He did not hurry by; he seems to have forgotten the dangers of stopping in that rude and desolate place; he makes no excuse from a desire to be present at some feast or festival of the Lord; he takes no counsel with his selfish fears, or the opinions of the "decent world" which may suspect him for being an accomplice of robbers. No; he has "compassion in his soul," though his name is a by-word of contempt and scorn; is synonymous with heretic if not with devil, (John 8: 48,) and the wounded man belongs to a hostile people: a people that will not deal with his people; a people that cursed them as another man and to whom belonged no salvation. Doubtless the spirit of his religion had taught him to repay hate with hate, insult with insult, malice with cruelty; you will remember that the ancient Jew called the Samaritan a Cuthite, an idolater that worshipped the image of a dove—that he pronounced a curse upon him in the synagogue, and prayed that he might have no part in the resurrection of life,—just as many Catholics and Protestants still do each other, to the flames of an endless hell, and at times seem anxious to hurry them thither as if their God were not able to doom his enemies—that they forbid the reception of a Samaritan within their houses, and declared that he that did so laid up judgments for his children, and that to eat of his bread was like eating swine's flesh. It is almost impossible to conceive the deep enmity of an orthodox Jew towards a Heretical Samaritan. The evidences of it are to be found in the Gospels as in John 4: 9, 8: 48; Luke 9: 53, but none in detail in other authentic sources. It might do us good to remember a few of their methods of showing spite to the Samaritans; and that the spite, as is often the case, became mutual. But the above must suffice.

The Samaritan of the Parable has a heart—the greatest of all possessions, and the most easily lost under the power of an external religion. He pours wine into the wounds to cleanse them, and oil to ease the smart; he binds them up, sets the fallen man upon his own beast, and brings him to an inn where he makes provision of his further comfort; he tarries with him through the night; and he leaves not on the morrow, till he had opened his purse to the host and made promise to meet any further expense connected with the recovery. Such are the beautiful details of this Parable. With triumphant effect the Saviour closed the narrative by asking "which of these three was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?" And the lawyer well answers, "he who showed mercy."—So it was then, so it is now, and so it ever will be.

The old fathers of the church found deep allegorical and mystical meaning in this parable; but the practical, I fear, is enough for us, and more than we are willing to carry out, especially to the despised Samaritans amongst us, and till this is gained it were more than folly to seek deeper meaning. The plain and inexhaustible lesson of the Parable is: He loves who shows love, whether he be high or low, Samaritan or Jew, Heretic or Orthodox, preacher or layman; and all else is miserable pretension, and will not deliver in the day of calamity when the judgments of God "shall try every man's soul of what sort it is."

The parable disarmed prejudice; fixed the attention; and prevented all occasion for cavil or mistake. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, and "go and do likewise." Let us regard every man as our neighbor and ourselves as a neighbor only to those to whom we do good. Let other Jews and Samaritans quarrel if they will about their opinions and their creeds; but as for us we will do good to all, even to those who persecute us and speak disparagingly or despitefully of us." There is no feeling of joy equal to that of good will towards all God's family, and it is itself ample compensation for its active exercise, and for all the
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abuse that misguided men can heap upon us. Would that we all were less heedful of what men may say of us, and more anxious to help and bless us have opportunity; so that at last, we may be acknowledged as "children of Him who causes his sun to arise upon the evil and the good, and sends his rain both upon the just and unjust."

A reflection or two more and I am done. God is good and giveth good, for no other end but that it is good to give. He ever giveth—never receiveth. We should imitate him. Our love will find in the act of love its own reward, and when it seeks other reward, it is not love that seeks.

Our good acts will grow the more we engage in them. The good we do is all the possession we can claim upon earth; and it will stay forever with us. The only wealth we keep is that which we bestow. The desire to do good begins every other virtue, and crowns all virtue. It is the first and best born of religion, and its deeds shall never be forgotten, but they will ever cry to Heaven for a blessing upon thee. To mix our pitying tears with those who weep; to hush the wail of the crying orphan, crying in the night of its desolation and sorrow, when no kindred ear can hear; to cover the naked limbs of the outcast and abandoned, ah, 'tis this, at last, that gives true greatness to the mind, for it is the secret pleasure of a soul in harmony with God's eternal purposes of good. We may differ in faith and even in hope; for we both believe and hope according to the greatness or littleness of our souls; but, we may all agree in the great concern of mankind, which is charity. All are of God who bless their race, and mend their faults and fortunes. By this we make ourselves a blessing to our neighbor, and him a blessing to us; and even extend the blessing to our enemies, and grasp the world of enmity and strife in one grand system of benevolence, and find the height of bliss and life eternal in CHARITY. We wait not the returns of our good; we expect none; for true love stops not for a reward. We have an inward, personal rapture in hearing the hopeless heart that we have made sing for joy; and to boast of our good would take away its ecstasy. We know that we live unblest only as we fail to love others, and our life is death. To chide the wanderings of our fellows from virtue and happiness; to relieve their pain, and especially their mental pain; which is greatest of all, because of the greatness of the mind over brute matter; to claim kindred with beggar and spendthrift and criminal; to forget the vices of men in the woe that their vices have brought upon them; to remember them as creatures of the same parentage, trial and destiny; to excuse where others harshly and hypocritically condemn; to pray for those who long for the cruel renown of suspicion and hate; to believe the best where the worst is suggested; to have our right to what we are, and what we have really done, and make forgiveness of injuries our delight; to make our charity thrive against hope and show its heavenly origin and destiny; to show our hearts ever vessels of virtue, truth and love, instead of envy, pretension and hate; to bestow benefits the world never knew and shall never profane by knowing; to feel that drying a single tear and relieving a single burden from an overpressed and laboring heart is more, far more, in the eyes of God, than shedding rivers of blood; to keep a sincere and welcome smile for the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the stranger, captive and slave; to give instruction, food and succor, like Providence, to the evil and the good; to feel that real wealth consists in doing good; to whiten our soft hands with gifts and deeds of genuine charity; to remove the shame from poverty when you meet it; to make man who has nothing feel that he has much in having a kindred nature with thine own; to believe that God will restore a hundred fold all that you give; to look gently upon your brother man and sister woman, though both, like you, have turned aside and erred, as all human
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ful than that attempted upon the "man who fell among thieves." This spirit, like the sun coming forth from his chambers, was intended to send its blessings everywhere. Its light and its heat are never ready to penetrate every gloomy valley of want and sin, and there is no want or sin that is hid from the light and heat thereof, save as we hide ourselves in the narrow and chilling cares of our own selfishness and sectarianism. It is this worship of the letter and neglect of the spirit that has given us Jewish views of God, making him the God of a class and not the God of the race; that has made his ordinances, charms and talismans, to take the place of purity of motive and earnest endeavor after the true obedience to his law of divine love; that makes the Shibboleths of a sect the rallying words of pretension, bigotry, and persecution; that makes us pass on the other side all who do not worship at our altar, or confess to our priests, or help propagate our creed.

Let us look well to it that we are not seeking to be made perfect in the letter, which like the fleshly body is confined and limited in its tastes, appetites, and enjoyments, and not cultivating the spirit that may enlarge itself to bless all, and love all, even our enemies, seeing that this love is of God, and whosoever possesses it is born of Him, whether he be Samaritan or Jew, American or Asiatic, Catholic or Protestant, Orthodox or Heretic. In our homes, our neighborhoods, our churches, and our nations, we forest-like still pass by the outcast, the oppressed, the ignorant, and the erring; or like the Levite look on their sufferings and wounds, but offer no relief. It is Christ, the good Samaritan, that binds up the flowing wounds—that places the sufferer on his own beast, and servant-like walks along to minister; that builds inns for their relief, and when he cannot be present, makes provision for their comfort. Shall we not "go and do likewise."

But I cannot close without calling your attention to the common error of professed Christians in our day—an error to which we are all exposed, and which, more than any other, tends to sap the very foundation and drain off the streams of vitality from religion. I refer to the blind reverence, not to say idolatry, of the letter of the Bible. This parable may be used so as to show you what I mean. Were we to refuse charity to all, save those whom we find surrounded by robbers on the way to Jericho from Jerusalem; were we to confine ourselves to the medicaments and service here ascribed to the Samaritan; were we to excuse ourselves in our selfishness because we have never travelled that way, or if we have, have never met a man half-dead; or if we confine our charity to men wounded or robbed—this would be a stupid idolatry of the letter of the parable, and a total neglect of its all-comprehensive spirit. The letter kills—that only the letter of the Mosaic law, but all mere letter, and in this case it would commit a murder upon the spirit of love which Christ so forcibly illustrates, more dread.

APPENDIX.

†Our Lord calls the Samaritan a stranger (Luke, ch xvii. 18,) one of a different stock. It is very co-
DUTIES.

The object of my last lecture was to show that the best interests of society are, to a great extent, in woman's keeping.—in the departments of morality and religion, of refinement, of good taste, of philanthropy, of education, and of all the other great agencies of civilization, she has at least an equal share, both in the work to be done, and the end to be accomplished. If men would frankly acknowledge this, it would elevate her more highly in their estimation. They would
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respect her more, and pay more deference to her opinions; they would take more pains to give her the advantages of education, so as to secure the proper use of that influence, which, either for good or evil, she is sure to possess. We fear that they are now more willing to pay the tribute of admiration than of respect. They regard her only as a being to be cherished and protected, and whose loveliness is never so great as when she leans upon them for support. They take pains to please her, very much as we try to please children; and she very often consents to be pleased with toys and playthings and flattering words, and unmeaning phrases, with dress, and equipage, and jewelry, and other trifles, lavished upon her quite as much through worldly pride as from sincere affection. It may be all right in its way, nor do I speak now with a view to its condemnation; but when this kind of adulation, this money-bought worship, is the only or the best evidence of our respect, we are, in fact, contributing to degrade her whom, for our own amusement, we seem to exalt, and are treating her as a child whom we ought to treat as an equal. It would be better if the adulation were less and the respect greater.

She can dispense with the empty compliments, which men are skilful to use in proportion to the shallowness of their own brains, in consideration of receiving a more silent homage, the language of real esteem. We seldom compliment directly those whom we respect, and whenever we do so, it is with delicacy and hesitation, showing that we feel ourselves to be upon dangerous ground. The language of compliment is generally the language of superiority. We flatter those whom we think beneath us, and who will therefore be pleased by our notice and approval. Towards those who are above us, more differential language and fewer words are used. Only when with our equals, whom we acknowledge to be such, do we offer and receive those expressions of cordial friendship and sympathy, which are more pleasant than any other form, in which praise can come.

In the compliments which men pay so freely to the gentler sex, I am afraid that they give greater evidence of their own self-conceit and assumed superiority than of anything else. I think, therefore, that if men would learn the real truth as to woman's influence—that they themselves are moulded, in mind, in affections, in character, by woman's hand—it would do them good, both by teaching a lesson of modesty, and by reminding them to be just before they talk so much of being generous.

On the other hand, it is equally important to woman herself to understand her true position. In civilized communities she is actually exerting an influence to which no limit can be placed. As I said in a former lecture, she is the law-giver of social morality; she fixes the standard of right and wrong in social intercourse, according to which men shape their ideas, and to which they conform their practice. Individually she may seem very weak, but as a sex, in the different relations of life, she is all but omnipotent. No effort to advance society can succeed which does not begin with her and receive her cooperation. Whether it be temperance or charity, religion or education, the most essential thing is to excite her interest and give to her correct ideas, arousing her to a sense of duty and responsibility. When that is done, the battle is half gained, and what is more it is the first half and almost sure to be followed by complete triumph. If woman felt this, it would inspire her with greater self-respect; it would enable her to place its proper value on the flippant praise, of which she is now sometimes so fond; to smile at the words of flattery, but not on him who uses them. She would feel herself entitled to higher respect than such words imply. She would feel the responsibility which so great influence imposes, and prepare herself, by self-education and religious self-discipline, for the duties which properly devolve upon her.
Let us look, then, more particularly at the different relations in real life which the woman actually holds, and the important position in which she is placed. When we have done this, we shall be prepared to ask whether her education, as now generally conducted, is what it ought to be; and I think that the answer to this question will be more evident than satisfactory.

First, we speak of that sacred relation in which our love towards her is mingled with veneration; in which, while she is living, if we are wise, and certainly after she is dead, she becomes to our hearts almost as the saints in Heaven, through our remembrance of her patient suffering, her unwearied love, her gentle, sad, yet hopeful rebukes; her pleading voice, when we were wrong; her sympathy when we were tempted; her readiness to forgive when we committed sin; her encouragements when we tried to do right; her tenderness when she wiped away our tears; her gladness when she shared in our joys—and all the nameless but unforgotten tokens of a Mother's love.

That is the gentlest, the sweetest word which falls from human lips. It speaks of a human relation, but mingles with religion itself. The great reason why the worship of the mother of Christ has obtained so strong possession of a large part of the Christian world, is this: that the word itself excites a yearning in the human heart, calling up its dearest associations, exciting its tenderest affections, and giving to men an opportunity of expressing, in religious homage, the feelings of gratitude, penitence, and filial love, which the name of mother never fails to excite. How much we owe to her none can tell. The treasures of love which she has expended upon us, God only knows; for she herself is scarcely conscious how rich and inexhaustible they are. As she holds her infant smiling in her lap, her first born, a new existence has begun to her. She watches the half-formed smile, and her own smile answers it. She catches the first ray of intelligence, from eyes which look wondering upon this strange world into which the heavenly visitant has entered, and gaze around uncertainly, without expression, until the beaming light of the mother's face is caught, and that first ray of conscious intelligence is but the reflection of the mother's love. From day to day, how carefully she guards him, and at night his gentlest movement arouses her to renewed watchfulness. His playfulness in health is her chief delight, and the distant approach of sickness fills her with dread. To say that she would die for him would be but little; she would die for him a thousand times; for the dearest charm in her own life is in the life of her child.

The image of God's providence is found in the mother's love. As he is good to the unthankful and the evil, so is her love never estranged by our utmost waywardness, by our worst desert. The love of an earthly father may sometimes be withdrawn, and the sternness of his nature may drive the sinful child from his presence, with words of anger almost like imprecation. He may pronounce a curse which drives the offender to despair. But the mother cannot curse; her love cannot be withdrawn. The sorrow of her child's guilt has pierced her heart, only to make it more tender; her hand seeks to draw him back even when unwilling to return; her prayers are for him when he will not pray for himself; and upon her bosom he finds a resting place, where he may again lay his weary head, as confidently as when he reposed it there, in the unquestioning trust of infancy.

But if, escaping from the snares of sin and strengthened under the temptations of the world, her child grows up in the strength of virtue, in the purity of religion; if she sees her sons and daughters respectful and useful and happy; by their affection endeavoring to return their mother's love and shield her from the harms so frequent to declining age; then, who can tell the mother's joy, or the earnestness of
her thanksgiving, except the God before whom she kneels in silent gratitude—
That is indeed a blessing with which her
brow, the ornaments more becoming to her age than any other; and her face, although it may show the lines of advancing years, retains its youthfulness of expression and a smile more lovely than that of youth itself, when the names of her children are spoken with praise, and the record of their usefulness brought to her ears.

Oh! if we could but understand the depths of a mother's love, the complete disinterestedness of her strong affection, the days of early life would be stained with fewer sins, and our memory in after days less heavily burdened. If we could but understand how heartless it is, for the sake of some transient pleasure, some worthless dissipation, for the indulgence of a whim, or the gratification of ungoverned temper, to send the pang of grief to that loving heart, to bring the shade of mortification over that hopeful face, we should be more careful in our pleasures, more reluctant to do wrong. There is no method by which we can pay the debt of gratitude to her, except by lives which are an answer to her prayers for our sake. If she hears of our disappointments she is sad; our sorrows and bereavements are hers, not less than our own; but these, as we are not able to escape from them, she is ready to receive as the discipline of God's providence, for her good and for ours.—But our sins lie like a weight upon her soul. To our departure from God she cannot reconcile herself. That is a grief she scarcely knows how to bear and under which her grey hairs are brought in sorrow to the grave. Let me appeal to you, to you who are young; for her sake. Let your thoughtlessness be checked, let your folly be stayed. If not for God's sake, nor for Christ's sake, yet for your mother's sake, hold back your hand from sin! Lay not up for yourselves that store of repentance, which comes from the remembrance of a mother's grief, of a mother's unanswered prayers!

While I speak, we feel how great must be the influence of a mother's character upon us; that if she is a faithful woman, God-fearing and God-trusting, we become almost as wax in her hands; softened by the warmth of her love, moulded by her gentle touch, until we grow to the years of mature life and find ourselves, in a great degree, what she has made us. We would not say absolutely that it depends upon her what her children shall be, in time and in eternity, for that would be attributing to human strength more than it can properly claim. Our best skill and wisdom, even the influence of a good example, sometimes fail. Children who are educated under the most judicious system and for whom no pains are spared, sometimes disappoint all our hopes; while those who are most neglected and under the worst influences of bad example in their parents and of depravity in the world, are snatched like brands from the burning and grow up in piety and usefulness. We must not therefore feel that it depends upon us alone. We are not sufficient to ourselves in anything, least of all in the performance of our duty as parents, and if there is any one to whom the command to pray without ceasing is especially enjoined, it is the Christian mother, when her children are around her. She cannot feel too strongly, in her family, the necessity of God's grace, guiding and protecting those she loves.

Moreover, in speaking of the mother's influence over her children, we must remember that, her wisest efforts are sometimes defeated by influences which she cannot control. I have known instances in which the father has taken pains, even in their childhood, to lead them in the paths of wickedness; to teach them contempt for religion, to repeat for their learning words of blasphemy, to carry them into bad company, and to place them at six years old upon the counter of a bar-room to learn the first lesson of drunkenness. In such a case shall the mother be blamed for the fruitless-
ness of her efforts, or should we expect any-
thing but the ruin of her child? and even
in cases less flagrant than this, a bad temper
and tyrannical disposition, will bring almost
as bad results. The labor of directing her
children and governing them, is sometimes
left exclusively to the mother, without any
assistance from her husband, and is some-
times made almost hopeless by his angry
interference. Under such circumstances
human strength shrinks from the task, and
nothing but a mother’s love would under-
take it. But, notwithstanding all this, we
sometimes see the success of the christian
mother, in the midst of the greatest diffi-
culties, training up her sons and daughters in
the love of truth, in the practice of good-
ness and religion; when the father has
thrown the whole weight of his precept and
example on the side of wickedness; and I
have felt, at such times, that a mother’s in-
fluence, if wisely and prayerfully exerted,
is second only to that of God himself. Let
her not despair. Still let her be hopeful
against hope, and her love, through the bles-
sing of God, will ultimately prevail.

Seldom, however, is her work so discour-
aging. Generally she has a better field of
working, in which a moderate degree of
exertion, together with a true christian char-
acter in herself, will secure an answer to
her prayers. In the majority of families,
other influences are not very decided, either
for good or evil, and becomes one or the
other according to that of the mother’s
character. The atmosphere which her chil-
dren breathe is that of religion or irreligion,
of worldliness or of piety; at her bidding.
They may advance in goodness almost by a
natural growth, and from their early lisping
of the Lord’s Prayer till their characters are
confirmed in goodness, her hand leads them
so gently that they do not know how much
they owe to her, until they themselves have
children to guide. I heard it said of one
who was eminent in goodness, that it was
impossible to understand how he could be so
pure, so excellent, until you had seen and
known his mother; but that in her face and
manners, you would at once read the whole
history. Perhaps it was not saying too
much. It is difficult to estimate how large
a part of the excellence of the best men is
due to a mother’s counsel, and is the reflec-
tion of a mother’s character. We do not
need to be taught that the mother of How-
vard was a good woman; and the mother of
Washington is reverenced in history almost
as much as Washington himself.

On the other hand, there must be another
side to the picture. The frivolous and
heartless woman, who makes religion sec-
ondary to fashion, who pursues pleasure so
eagerly as to forget her duty, who neglects
her children and entrusts their moral gui-
dance to servants, or leaves it to chance, is
unworthy of the place she holds, and if her
children grow up well, it is a blessing she
does not deserve. Nor is such a result at
all probable. Their lives begin wrong and
under wrong influence, and they grow up in
that worldliness and irreligion, which scarcely
seems to them wrong, because commend-
ed by their mother’s example. It is a rare
thing for the son of an irreligious woman to
become religious. It is a rare thing for the
daughter of one whose chief glory is in the
ball-room, and to whom the pleasures of
home seem tame unless its quiet is changed
to revelry, to become anything else than an
indifferent copy of a bad original.

I know very well how commonplace are
these remarks. If they were not common-
place, they would not be worth making. It
is their universally acknowledged truth that
gives them importance. It is a demonstra-
tion of what we wish to prove, that the
mother is the chief instrument, in God’s
hands, for the moral and religious training
of the young. You will scarcely accuse
me of exaggeration in saying, that if this
influence can be made right, all other influ-
ences will come right. If this influence is
wrong, no other can counteract it. It is
strictly true, that all our efforts in philan-
thropy aim to accomplish, imperfectly, what
the mother alone can accomplish well.

But we pass to another relation, in which
woman is early placed, and the importance
of which is not sufficiently regarded by
those who hold it. No relationship is more pure than that between the sister and her brother. It confers no authority and implies no dependence, and is therefore free from the waywardness and constraint that might otherwise exist. The brother regards his sister with a feeling closely akin to the chivalric protection of woman in olden times, and she looks to him with correspondent affection and pride. Her influence on him is silent, seldom acknowledged, but very great. He forms his estimate of the whole sex by her character, and woman is to him an object of respect or of contempt, according to what he sees of his sister's mind and heart.

She cannot, therefore, be too careful in teaching him to respect as well as love her. She cannot confer upon him a greater kindness, than by giving him an exalted ideal of womanhood. She cannot inflict a greater injury, than by leading him to think that all women are trifling and heartless, indolent except in the pursuit of pleasure, and greedy of admiration, because he sees that such is the character of his own sister. I suspect that a good deal of the frivolous and contemptuous treatment which men show toward the other sex, would find its explanation in their want of respect towards those whom they have known in the home of their childhood. But on the other hand, the young man who has, in his mother and his sister, a correct ideal of what woman ought to be, learns to respect woman for some higher qualities than dress or ornament, and knows how to place a correct estimate on those whom he meets in society. He will make a wise selection of female friends, and be effectually guarded against those deceptions, those false appearances in public, under which many an unfortunate man has made engagements for life, which has proved a life-long disappointment.

We next speak of woman in the relation of friend and betrothed. There is no period in her life, when her influence for good or evil is more marked than in her first strong friendship, and especially when she first engages the affections of a lover; and there is no other, in which her influence is more frequently disregarded or heartlessly abused. The man who loves and thinks himself loved in return, is easily led to a fullness of devotion, that puts him almost at the mercy of her to whom it is paid. She becomes his idol for the time; his happiness is in her power. He can see no faults which are not, by the magic of love, changed to beauties. His whole nature is exalted by the hope, the certainty, that the heart of one so pure and good is given to him. He hesitates to believe it, but at last rests happy in the conviction.

It is said that woman loves more strongly than man, but loves more blindly. She loves him notwithstanding his faults; but his love prevents him from seeing that she has any. If, therefore, after he has thus bestowed his confidence and his best affections, he finds himself deceived, and that she, whom he thought so lovely, deserves neither respect nor love; or if through her coquetry and fickleness, he is suddenly repulsed, by averted looks and the cold answer, that she is sorry her feelings have been so much misunderstood, how great will be the revulsion in his feelings and how serious the injury done to his whole character. His friends may truly tell him that he has had a lucky escape, and he may believe them; but his affections are not the less blighted and his confidence in woman gone. That disappointment in his first misplaced confidence will, perhaps, make him a worse man than he would otherwise have been, and serve as an excuse for many wrongs against the sex, by which he has been injured. Such is the influence on him—while perhaps she, who has wrought so great a fraud upon his credulity, plumes herself upon the conquest and goes deliberately to work to make another.

The world is very one-sided in its judgments. If a man acts thus towards a woman, it is a crying sin and shame; but if the shadow falls on the other side, it is only a thing of daily occurrence, and some stale jest is made about "men's not dying for love." Perhaps not; and pride will make
them ever over the mortification by mirth and festivity, but by so much the harder is the inward struggle. Men are not devoid of strong feeling, and although they may not prate about betrayal and a broken heart, they feel no insult so deeply, as that of which I now speak. Women should be more careful than they are. The love of a manly heart is not to be lightly regarded; it should never be trifled with. She who takes pains to fix it on herself, when she is unable to return it, and then makes it her amusement or scorn, deserves to be called by some worse name than coquette, if a worse name can be found. Her own sex should rebuke her, and from men she should receive that which is to her the only severe punishment — neglect.

We next speak of the stronger and holier relation, in which woman becomes the wife. When that word is first spoken, her position in the world is completely changed. She has placed her happiness in the keeping of another, and the whole complexion of her life for good or evil is fixed, according to the character of him to whom she has surrendered her liberty. By human law his power is made so great, that she cannot easily escape from it, even when harshly exercised, without bringing reproach upon herself, and perhaps undeserved shame. — Still more her affections hold her so closely to him, that long after he has deserved her contempt or hate, she continues to follow him with love. She may see his unworthiness, but she does not the less love him. — He may be cold, severe, tyrannical, but a few words of tenderness make her forget it all, and his slightest assurances of love are readily believed. She may wait upon him in the sickness which guilt has brought and witness his brutal sleep and look with sorrow upon his bloated face, and yet, under all, she sees the form of him whom she first loved; the words of his first endearment still are ringing in her ears.

It is very wonderful that this should be so, but such is the fact. I have heard many women express the utmost astonishment at such devotion in others, and say that nothing would induce them to submit to such hardships, and that they could not love a man under such circumstances; but wherever the trial comes, the same experience is apt to be repeated. There is scarcely any limit to woman's devotedness, where she has once devotedly loved. You cannot judge her by any rule of reason, of expediency, of worldly advantage, or of commonplace affection. Men cannot understand it, and perhaps woman herself cannot; but it is as though she had given herself away, and had no power to recall the gift.

Such is the practical law of married life, to her who has once loved. It should teach her to be very careful in bestowing her love, and still more careful in giving her hand, as the crowning proof of love in marriage. The risk which she runs is great enough, even at the best. If her husband is a man of good principle and worthy of being loved, he may still have faults of temper and peculiarities of taste, of which she can know nothing until the intimate relations of home make them known to her, and by which the trials of married life become sufficiently great. But let there be good moral and religious principle to begin with, and there is hope for the future. — Without them, her influence will be comparatively slight and will become less every day; but with them as the basis of her influence, she becomes his best teacher and surest guide.

Of this, which is her proper influence, we would say a few words. It is very great or very little, according to her manner of using it. If exerted chiefly in direct advice, fault-finding and complaining, it will not accomplish much. If it is the influence of gentleness, of a well governed temper, of cheerfulness and industry, she will find few men able to resist it, unless they are placed by confirmed bad habits quite beyond her reach.

Whoever wishes to put himself in such circumstances, that virtue will every day seem more lovely and vice more hateful, let him choose for his wife a virtuous, sensible and religious woman, and having provided
for her a home which she can call her own, not a boarding-house, but a home, let him supply it with the needful comforts and conveniences, and he may safely commit the guidance of his life to her. She will fill his house with an atmosphere of love and peace, in which the roughness of his temper will be smoothed, his happiness secured, and his whole character elevated. But unless she is amiable, sensible and virtuous, he will find a different result. He must choose her, therefore, not for her stylish excellencies, but for the substantial qualities of a good mind, good manners and a good temper, exemplified in neatness, industry and piety.

The wife's influence so far as good, is measured by such qualities. Her precept may be very wise, her advice very sound, her complaints very just, and a wise man will never turn a deaf ear to them; but her example is far more efficacious. I am sometimes asked by the wife, "how shall I make my husband more religious?" but there is only one answer. Be truly religious yourself; let him see that your religion is making you sweet-tempered under the vexations of life, and faithful under its trials, and if you have any influence over him, that is the surest way to exert it. If he is capable of being saved you will by this means accomplish it. We believe that few women who pursue a course of this kind will fail, and all other methods of management and directing may be laid aside.

The very name of management, on the part of a wife towards her husband, excites derision or disgust, and the least indication of it completely destroys her influence. Finally, we speak of the daughter—Her influence is that of gentleness, obedience and love. Before she is ten years old, her presence in the family, if she is well-mannered and well-taught, is like a gleam of sunshine. As she trips with a light step from room to room, a smile on each face follows her. She grows up in innocence and truth. She divides her mother's cares, although herself free from care. She is busied with household duties, and makes a pleasant recreation by the cheerfulness and good taste with which they are performed. She makes industrious use of her advantages, and thus repays those who provide them for her. She is wise enough to defer her own wishes to those of her parents, and to return their affection by that artless obedience which seems to be the natural expression of love. Such is the daughter as she ought to be. It is impossible to tell the pride which her parents feel in her. Her father's eye rests upon her with a quiet satisfaction that no worldly success can impart. She is the joy of his heart, the sweetest pleasure of his life. He may love his sons equally well, but there is a shade of tenderness towards his daughter, by which she seems nearer to him.

Such is the daughter as she ought to be, and such the relation which should exist between her and her parents. Her influence then is very marked in the family circle. He presence modifies the tone of conversation; her hands give the finishing touch to every thing in the household, so that an indefinable grace and tastefulness pervade all. Her absence is felt as an evil, and no one is aware how useful she has always been, and how much of their social happiness depended upon her, until they learn it by this means.

But if I were to speak with equal truthfulness of the daughter as she sometimes is, and of the relations which she holds in some families to the different members of the household, you would think that I was dealing in satire, or endeavoring to become as absolutely useless as it is possible for a living person to be; a hindrance to all work, a preventive of all thought, a source of anxiety to her father, and of unceasing trouble to her mother. She has hands and fingers, which the keys of the piano will testify, and the glitter of rings, but they seem to be made for nothing useful, and shrink like a sensitive plant from any thing that can be called work. She has feet and strength to use them, as the dance will testify, where from nine o'clock until daylight she undergoes an amount of
physical exertion quite wonderful to behold; but there her energy is exhausted, and it is a weary task to walk a mile, or to wait on herself, or to do anything else worth doing. She has undoubtedly the faculty of thought, but nothing in her conversation proves it. The introduction of a serious subject is a hint for her to retire, and to ask her opinion upon any question of literature, or politics, or social morality, is to her only a proof of your dullness. But introduce the subject of dress, or ornament, or the latest fashion, and the volubility of tongue will amaze, if it does not delight you. An excellent preparation, this, for the serious duties of life, and a happy prospect has he, who takes such an one, to share with him the real trials of the world! Still worse, it is sometimes quite shocking to see with what levity these young ladies, who would themselves be shocked if you call them young women, will incur expenses which their fathers are reluctant to pay, and spend their time in the most frivolous idleness, while their mothers work like servants in the kitchen and the nursery. To meet them on the street, in their elegant array of silks, and finery, for the display of which I cannot but think the street a most unsuitable place, or in the assembly-room where full dress is measured by its costliness, not its quantity, you would not suspect that their fathers are vexed in mind how to pay for the extravagance. Sometimes their mothers, not to be thrown in the shade, share with them to the utmost of their folly, and mother and daughter are rivals for the same flippant, unmeaning attentions; and sometimes, which is worse for the one but better for the other, the daughter’s extravagance is attoned for by the mother’s self-denial.

I do not mean to speak lightly or harshly, but I think there is need of speaking plainly. Good taste not less than good morals and religion require of the young lady, to become useful as well as ornamental. It is surely to be much regretted that fashion and dress and the admiration of silly men engross so much of her thoughts. Let her learn a greater degree of self-respect. Let the refinements and elegancies of life continue; let her presence diffuse brightness and dispel gloomy thought; but there is no need of her being a butterfly. If she strives to be as beautiful and attractive as an angel, she ought to remember that an angel’s best prerogative is to serve God faithfully, to be ready for every mission of kindness, to engage in every good work.

Hume says that all experience is against miracles, and therefore it is more probable that a miracle is false than that the evidence offered for it is true. He assumes that miracles have never taken place in order to prove that they have never taken place. Still it must be admitted that his succinct antithesis presents in a striking light the difficulty of proving miracles, in consequence of the failure of our ordinary standards of probability when we attempt to judge of the truth or falsehood of events professedly supernatural. But that this difficulty amounts to an impossibility is simply his assumption. An appeal to men’s experience to show that miracles have never been wrought, makes ignorance the standard of truth. This argument would prove to most men that Newton never lived, for most men have had no experience of such a man. The Indian prince alluded to by Mr. Hume, who had always seen water fluid and therefore would not believe in the existence of ice, proved from experience that ice does not exist, just as Mr. Hume proves from experience that miracles have not occurred.

All experience is in favor of the truth of such evidence as we have never known to prove false. When accumulated to a certain amount, we trust it as much as we do our senses. Suppose a supernatural appearance were to fill the sky of New York for a week, would there be no possibility of proving to the citizens of Boston that such an appearance had occurred? And if a cross, like the legendary cross of Constantine, were to appear in the sky of Asia, blazing with words of solemn warning,
MIRACLES.

which should be read at the moment by all
the inhabitants of that continent, each in
his own tongue, would it be impossible to
prove to the people of America that such a
miracle had occurred?

What is the meaning of proving an oc-
currence? Nothing but mathematical truths
can be demonstrated. Matters of fact can
only be made probable, and what we call
proving them is establishing their proba-
bility to such a degree, that it becomes wise
men to reason and act upon the assumption
that they are true rather than that they are
false. Is it possible for any man to remain
entirely unaffected by any imaginable
amount of evidence for a miracle? But if
we admit that a certain amount can excite
attention, we must admit that an additional
amount will establish a probability, and a
still greater amount produce a conviction.
In the case supposed just now, of the ap-
pearance of a miraculous cross in the sky
of Asia, would not the story of such an
appearance excite unbounded interest in the
rest of the world? Would not inquiries
into its truth be universal, and prosecuted
with intense eagerness? Would not men
take for granted, that such a miracle could
be proved by evidence, and thus practically
disown the argument of Hume? It is a
plain matter of fact, established by expe-
rience, as clearly as are the laws of nature,
that evidence, direct and indirect, may be
accumulated to such a degree, as to pro-
duce as strong a conviction as we receive
from impressions made on our senses. To
reason, as Hume does, that testimony has
been known to deceive, and therefore any
amount of it may prove false, is much like
saying that water has been known to evap-
orate, and therefore the ocean may dry up.

Hume appeals to general experience to
disprove general belief. But whence does
the general belief in miracles come? If
miracles have occurred, we can see why
they are believed, and why spurious ones
have gained credit. But if no miracles
have occurred, why are they so generally
believed by men who have in their breasts
an infallible test of their incredibility?

That Locke and Newton, and Butler and
Pascal, should have believed what expe-
rience demonstrates to be incapable of proof
is passing strange.

In arguing from experience, as a sure
ground of belief, and contrasting it with
testimony, Mr. Hume puts out of sight the
fact, that testimony enters to a vast extent
into what he calls the experience of the
laws of nature. No man knows that there
are universal laws of nature by his own ex-
perience. How do I know that water ran
down hill in Palestine two thousand years
ago? Certainly not by my own experience.
It is by testimony. If a man's own ob-
ervation of the laws of nature had never
been confirmed by testimony, he would be-
lieve, on a very moderate degree of testimo-
y, that the laws of nature vary in different
places. The universality of the laws of
nature is established mainly by testimony,
and testimony may show that they have
been interrupted.

The science of geology furnishes indis-
putable proofs of many miraculous changes
in the order of nature. It demonstrates,
from the animal remains imbedded in the
earth, that the inhabitants of the earth have
been often changed by the extinction of the
races existing at certain periods, and the
creation of new ones. So that experience
instead of being against miracles, is now in
favor of miracles.

The spirit of Hume's argument against
testimony applies to the evidence of our
senses, for they have often deceived us.—
So it seems a fair inference from his prop-
osition to say, that we ought not to believe
a miracle to have happened, even if we had
in its favor the evidence of all men, con-
firmed by our own senses. In other words,
we ought not to believe it, if we had the
same evidence of it that we have of the
laws of nature. In reading Hume's Es-
say, the fact which most strikes us is, that
the author, after elaborating his argument
through a long treatise, expressly repudi-
ates it at the conclusion, where he says,
that there may be an amount of evidence
sufficient to prove a miracle, if the miracle
be not of a religious character, but that men are so credulous in regard to religious miracles, that a philosopher will reject them all with contempt. But this is equivalent to saying, that a fact which has been proved beyond question is disproved as soon as it is seen to have a religious character. In fact, Hume's celebrated Essay is shown, by its conclusion, to be a mere effusion of spite against revealed religion. No man who was convinced by his argument could fall into such inconsistency.

Hume argues the question of miracles as if we knew nothing of God or of Christ.---He shuts his eyes to the fact, that nature shows God to be benevolent, and that his benevolence might have induced him to make a revelation for the good of men.---He who established the laws of nature to give confidence to men's calculations, may have interrupted them to give confidence to men's religious belief. Hume is also blind to the confirmation which the Christian miracles derive from the great standing miracle of Christianity, the character of Christ. He who spake as never man spake, and lived as never man lived, may reasonably be supposed to have done what never man did. If Christ's wisdom was supernatural, is it strange that his works should have been so too? And, on the other hand, if his teachings indicate no supernatural wisdom, what but supernatural works could have given them their hold on the minds of men?

Hume overlooks, also, the argument in favor of the Christian miracles, which is furnished by the lives of those who attest them. It is as certain as any law of nature, that no body of men will live and die as the Christian witnesses did, except from a strong conviction of the truth of what they attested. They spake the truth or they were deluded. If they were deluded, Christ was an imposter. But all his miracles are more credible than that.

Hume, in speaking of Berkeley (Essays Vol. II., page 180), says,—"That all his arguments, though otherwise intended, are in reality merely skeptical, appears from this, that they admit of no answer and produce no conviction. Their only effect is to cause that momentary amazement and irresolution and confusion which is the result of skepticism." On most minds this is the only effect of Hume's own argument respecting miracles. The argument has little effect on the great majority of those who fairly examine the Christian evidences, because it is practically refuted by the conviction which follows the investigation.—The mischief which it does is by preventing investigation, and promoting infidelity among the indolent, the careless, and the superficial.

E. W.

Layard and the Bible.

[Many of our readers know what singular confirmation to the truth of our Old Testament records Mr. Layard is presenting to the world. We select the following paragraphs from an interesting article on this subject in the last North British Review.---Ch. Examiner.

In the month of December, discoveries of great interest and importance were made both at Kouyunjik and Nimroud.—At Kouyunjik the facade of the south-east side of the palace, apparently the grand entrance had been discovered. The colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions, were here grouped together, and the length of the whole was 180 feet. Mr. Layard ascribes to some convulsions of nature the overthrow and injury of the bulls, and the scattering their fragments among the ruins. Notwithstanding, however, this misfortune, the lower parts of the statues, and consequently the inscriptions, have been more or less preserved; and to this fact, says Mr. Layard, "we owe the recovery of some of the most precious records with which the monuments of the ancient world have rewarded the labors of the antiquary."—These records contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib; besides many particulars respecting the religion, the temples, and the gods of the Assyrians. Mr. Layard had identified the builder of
this palace with Sennacherib; but Dr. Hincks, in June, 1849, was the first to detect the name of the king in the arrow-head character of the inscriptions. This identification was subsequently confirmed; but it was not till August, 1851, "that the mention of any actual event, recorded in the Bible, and in ancient profane history, was detected on the monuments." Colonel Rawlinson, who had seen Mr. Layard's copies of these inscriptions, announced* "that he had found in them notices of the reign of Sennacherib, which placed beyond the reach of dispute his historic identity;" and he gave a recapitulation of the principal events, of which we know the greater part either from sacred or profane history. Dr. Hincks has more recently examined these inscriptions, which he has translated independently of Col. Rawlinson; and it was by his assistance that Mr. Layard had been able to give an abridgment of their contents. We, of course, cannot find room for even an epitome of this most interesting abridgment; but we cannot resist giving a single specimen of it, referring to Hezekiah, king of Judah; and we shall add Col. Rawlinson's version of the same portion of the inscription, in order to show the confidence which may be placed in the two processes of interpretation.

Dr. Hinck's Version.

"Hezekiah, king of Judah," says the Assyrian king, "who had submitted to my authority forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I shut up (?) himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of the towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their country I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed." The next passage is somewhat defaced, but the substance of it seems to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, '30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver,' the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants, and slaves, and brought them to Nineveh."

"Colonel Rawlinson's Version."

"Because Hezekiah, King of Judah, did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong-fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns which depended upon them, I took and plundered; but I left to him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it. And because Hezekiah still continued to refuse to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomade, which dwelled around Jerusalem, with 30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's Court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men slaves and women slaves. I returned to Nineveh and I accounted their spoil for the tribute which he refused to pay me."

"Scripture Statement."

"Now in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib, King of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them. And Hezekiah, King of Judah, sent to the King of Assyria to Lachish, saying, I have offended; return from me: that which thou puttest on me will I bear. And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, King of Judah, 300 talents of silver and 30 talents of gold." 2 Kings xvii. 13, 14.

The difference of 500 talents in the amount of silver, between the statements in the inscription and in Scripture, is satisfactorily explained by Mr. Layard. The silver was taken in fragments from "the house of the Lord," and it is probable that the 300 talents was the amount paid in money to Sennacherib, while the whole
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amount, as estimated by the Assyrian king, was 800. Although it can scarcely admit of a doubt that the palace of Kouyunjik was built by the Sennacherib of Scripture, yet Mr. Layard has thought it right to adduce, in the conclusion of his Sixth Chapter, all the corroborative evidence in his possession, evidence derived chiefly from a fine series of bas-reliefs representing the siege and capture of a city of great extent and importance. That the besieged were Jews is evident from their physiognomy, and that the city was Lachish is proved by the following inscription over the head of the king, seated on his throne:

"Sennacherib the mighty King, King of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) Lachish, (Lakhisha.) I give permission for its slaughter."

Unseen Purposes.

"For our light afflictions are but for a moment, and work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

This world is full of suffering—along the mournful air
The notes of sad complaining are ringing everywhere;
Love shieldeth not our idols from death's unsparing darts,
And the whole wide world is teeming with crushed and broken hearts;
Yet, were no clouds of sorrow around our pathway driven,
This world would be a paradise, we would not dream of heaven;
The erring heart to purify, is sent the chastening rod,
To discipline the spirit and draw it nigh to God.

We are bid to bow in meekness to the loss of those we love,
And are pointed to the mercy of a Providence above;
To raise the heart to heaven with a meek and holy trust,
And silence its repinings that have bowed it to the dust.
Yet, with a faith undoubting, let us still look up to heaven!
This life is full of trial; yet we know that One above
Looketh down upon us with a sympathizing love,
And piloth our infirmities, though others may deride;
For the heart hath not a sorrow by which He was not tried;
Oh, let us, then, be patient, be meek, and morn our lot,
Though clouds and gloom, and shadow surround our earthly lot;
And when the heart repineth, think of that Holy One,
Who meekly bore and suffered, to win for us a crown!
We know that life hath mysteries; for God hath not designed
To shed His great omniscience on the lowly, finite minds; And, when the soul is ransomed, and the fount of life unsealed,
The mind will grasp infinity, and all will be revealed.
Then let us place the anchor of our confidence and trust
On the might of the Creator, the omnipotent and just.
Whose will we may not question, nor the hidden motive tell,
Yet rest in the assurance that "He doeth all things well."

My Philosophy.

Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade;
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made;
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away;
Dost not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?
Bright words can never die,
Saith my philosophy;
Phoebus, though he passes by,
Leaves us the light.
Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blessed;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said over a thousand times,
Aye, in all years and climes
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.
Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float on the memory
Even to the last;
Many a happy thing—
Many a defaced spring
Flow on time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.
Sweet fancies never die,
They leave behind
Some fair legacy
Stored in the mind;
Some happy thought or dream
Pure as day's earliest beam,
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade;
Yet, though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade.

[We republish, by request, this beautiful and ingenious composition, which, though it had a great run in the papers some years ago, will probably be new to most of our readers.]

The Lord's Prayer—An Acrostic.

Our Lord and King who reigns enthroned on high,
Fader of Light! Mysterious Deity!
Literary Notices.

An Oration pronounced upon the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Nashville High School, on the 19th of May, 1853. By W. K. Bowling, M. D.

It was with feelings of the greatest pleasure, that we witnessed the interesting display on the 19th of May. We always rejoice to see a deep interest taken in our schools and in education every where, but how much more is our heart moved at the idea that our own beautiful city is taking her stand among the first, in point of educational advantages. Dr. Bowling's Ad dress is conceived in the right spirit, and is full of liberal and noble sentiments. All who read this Oration will see that the Dr.'s heart is large and in the right place. We have not an opportunity to review this work fully. We give a quotation from its concluding pages, and request all to read it for themselves:

"I love flowers and I love those who cultivate them. They are costly luxuries, and the man of true taste yields them his highest appreciation. But I would that our fair countrywomen would remember that God also has his flower garden, and his daffodils and geraniums are the widows and orphans. The expense of a single flower garden of roses and their adjuncts, would set half a hundred of God's flowers to clapping their hands with joy.

"City fathers, those whom you represent may well be proud of the lofty public spirit which you have this day manifested. It is worthy of you and of them. You have not only this day laid the corner stone here of the great High School of the American system of free education but you have emphatically laid the corner stone of the future prosperity of the city. This day's proceedings will go forth on the journeying winds throughout our broad republic. With the climate of Italy and the soil of the Nile, you are the center of the railroad world— the punctum salicis from whence its great lines diverge to the Northern and Southern periphery of the continent. You needed but a single element of greatness to ensure triumph, and that is now supplied. Eyes in the mud cabins of Ireland, the deep, dark cellars of England, the morasses of Holland, and the sterile regions of our own North will perceive every word of every line of this day's proceedings, and busy hearts will find new happiness in preparatory plans of emigration to the promised land.
Putnam's Monthly.—The July number of this most valuable Magazine is now before us. Its periodical visits are always looked forward to with pleasure. It is truly an American work, which has been so far remarkably successful and well sustained. The July number is the commencement of the 2nd volume. Its contents are, 1. Educational Institutions of New York; (with many very fine illustrations.) 2. Life in Hawaii, (illustrated.) 3. Ode to Southern Italy. 4. Dinner-Time. 5. Jack Lantern's Rail-road Speculations. 6. Fish-Hawks and Falcons. 7. Miss Peck's Friend; a novel in ten chapters, (concluded.) 8. A few days in Vienna. 9. Doctors. 10. Letters of Parepidimus. 11. Sketches in a Parisian Cafe. 12. The Hunchback. 13. A Story without a Moral. 14. The Poems of Alexander Smith. 15. Gold under Gold. 16. The Grave of Keats. 17. Editorial Notes—1. Literature—American, English, French, German. 2. Music. 3. Fine Arts. 18. Letter from V. Le Roy de Chaumot. It will clearly be seen by this table of contents that this publication is not devoid of variety. It contains in the present number 120 pages. The articles are well written and full of interest, some of which are finely illustrated. The first edition of the June number consisted of 35,000 copies. The terms are $3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. The postage to any distance does not exceed 9 cents per quarter. Clubs of 6, and Clergymen, will be supplied at $2 per annum. The publisher will send the work, postage free, for $3 promptly in advance. Address G. B. Putnam & Co., Publishers, 10 Park Place, New York City.

The Popular Educator.—This is a monthly periodical, lately started by Alexander Montgomery, and, so far as we have been able to examine it, it is a work of merit, which deserves a liberal patronage. We know of no way of giving a better idea of such a publication than by giving the table of contents. Contents of June No.: 1. The department of Language.—1. English Language, study 2; 2. Latin Language, study 2; 3. the French Language; 4. the German Language.

II. The department of Natural History. 1. Geography, study 2; 2. Geology, study 2 (engravings); 3. Botany, study 3 (engravings).


IV. The department of Fine Arts.—1. Drawing, study 2, (engravings); 2. Poetry; 3. Music, study 2; 4. Architecture, study 2, (engravings.)

V. The department of Anthropology.—Physiology, study 2, Man; the Human Hand, (engravings.)


VII. The department of Philosophy.—Metaphysics.

VIII. The department of Political Science.—Political Economy.

IX. The department of Civilization.—1. Writing Materials; 2. Civilization of Asia.


This work contains forty-three pages, is well printed, and its engravings are fine, well worth $2 per year. Mr. Montgomery's office is 17 Spruce St. New York city.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Full asleep in Jesus, on the evening of the 8th inst., at her residence near Henegah, Todd County, Ky., Sister Sarah Eliza Grady, consort of Dr. J. R. Grady, aged 29 years, 3 months and 16 days. Sister G. embraced Christianity some 8 years since, under your ministration, at Brother Hollins', shortly after united with the Church at Philadelphia, since which time she has lived an exemplary and devoted member. As a wife, she was affectionate and companionable; as a mother, devoted and self-sacrificing as a neighbor obliging and sociable; as a friend, sincere and constant; as a Christian, zealous. Long will she be remembered in these relations. She left a devoted husband and two interesting daughters, together with an aged mother and other relatives to mourn her loss. Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of all his saints. N. E. K.

Harbinger please copy.

May 17th, 1837.
ERRATA.

In 1st column of page 257, 2d line from the bottom, for "church" read "churches."

In 1st column of page 258, 10th line from the bottom supply after the word "circumstances" "were."

In 2d column page 268, 11th line from the top for "set" read "sat."

In note on page 279, read "churches" instead of "church."
Autumn.

A Discourse by the Editor.

"There shall be left in the parable of the "shakings of the olive-tree; two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough; four or five in the outmost fruitful branch; saith Jehovah, God of Israel. In that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. xix., 6-8.

A season of national desolation is predicted by the prophet under the imagery of an autumnal scene. A desolated prospect lies before his vision, in which "there were but two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, and four or five in the outmost fruitful branches thereof."—This was the effect of the wrath of man, and differed from the severity of Nature, in that it had no benevolent purpose.—We would look at the desolations of the season to-day for religious uses. In a recent tour through what are called the most barren districts of our fertile State, the imagery of the prophet was made vivid to my mind, as the few grapes or nuts of the forest were seen doubtfully hanging on the leafless vines and boughs. The Prophet's description became in my musings, as we were carried through eddies of falling leaves, and beside vines and fruit-trees almost bare, a crowning allegory. I thought of the tree of business, often so rudely shaken, that scarcely a berry remained upon the uppermost branch; of the tree of health, that had already withered under the autumn wind, whose comforts are scarcely as many as two or three on the once most fruitful branch; of the tree of the church, that in some communities has scarcely a cluster of ripened fruit, so rudely have they been torn by dissension or neglected by the husbandmen; of the tree of age, whose youthful foliage of desire, ardor and zest, have all fallen; and of the tree of friendship, from which our companions have dropped off like the foliage of Summer. But, said the Prophet, "In that day shall a man think of his Maker." In the day of his poverty, of his sickness, of his loneliness, of his age, and his bereavement, let him look to his Maker, and there will still be found a few berries upon the extreme branches of the wind-shaken trees of his faith and hope. If we look to God, we lose nothing by Autumn, whether nature's or man's; we only surrender one for another of his inexhaustible gifts. Our discourse, therefore, proceedeth to realize this and other truths. Our first observation is upon the propriety of such a discourse. We have long felt that our religious enquiries are, in general, too narrow and circumscribed. When we think of religion, we are apt to associate it with Bibles, and churches, and graveyards, which may be well, so far as they go, but they do not go far enough; they by no means exhaust the subjects or objects of religious investigation. Indeed, Bibles and churches are but helps by which we are enabled, in some measure, to understand and appreciate an older Scripture, where the perfections, character and will of God are of old written and emblazoned, full of instruction to all who will lift up their eyes and their hearts.—This Scripture is ever old and ever new, opening its pages of knowledge at every advance of the individual and of the world. It excites the imagination, develops and enlarges the affections, and dig-
signifies the humble virtues of life, as no literal letter of Scripture or preaching can ever secure; and the most illiterate and rude of mankind may find their lessons there with every opening day and every darkening night. Need I say that I mean the Scripture of God’s works—the grand panorama of this wonderful and fair creation? It does not assume the place, nor countervail the intention of the words of the prophets and the Son of God; but it throws its equally divine light on all their holy utterings, and is at last the best commentary upon their deep and measureless meanings. All who sincerely love the one, will love the other; for they are children of the same parentage, differing only in age and bulk. And no man can claim to be a devout believer in the word of God, who cannot habitually see the hand of his Father in all his works—who cannot behold him in the opening day or closing night—in the revolution of the planets and the seasons—in the bursting buds of Spring, and the ripened harvests of Autumn,—aye, in every passing cloud and every beam of light. Nay, I carry the test of genuine piety and religious attainments still further. We must not only contemplate God in the shining heavens, and mark his path in the rolling deep—in all the scenes of nature, fair, glorious and grand, but we must learn to behold Him also in the world of events; that world in which we are participants and recipients. He intended that, to a considerate mind, every thing in life should possess a solemn meaning and a high instruction. No circumstances to be accidental; there were to be no good and evil chances; all was to be good, though for different ends and by different means.—The lake, covered with the daffodils glancing in the wind and sunshine, was intended to flash not only upon the outward, but also upon the inward eye; the forests bending beneath the breeze, and the harvests waving like the undulations of the sea; and the evergreens relieving the grimness of winter, and the little daisy that starts up along every path—were each and all to have alike a kind ministration to the various aptitudes and moods of our minds, and to the anxieties and aspirations of our souls. All was to be reviewed, studied and remembered as pictures of the divine goodness, by which we gain

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unmeaning world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and this deep power of joy
We see into the life of all things.

Aye! a blessed mood, sent forth to bring peace with the very spirit of holiness,

And teach us how to find
A shelter under every wind
And hope, for times that are unkind
And every season.

No, it never was intended that we should walk over God’s fair earth and beneath his spreading skies with our faces prone to earth beast-like, and, like merely animate machines, breathe his air and partake of his unbounded and countless gifts, and never recognize the hand that sustains them and us by them. This is indeed to live without God in the world. This is a practical Atheism, whether existing out of the church or in it. And it is also to live without hope: doomed to bear the burdens, perform the tasks, and share the miseries of life, without the cheering sense of a paternal presence ever over us and a glorious reward ever before us. Every thing, therefore, calculated to quicken and nourish the sentiment of God in his works, should be expected from every pulpit seeking in any measure to meet the spiritual necessities of the people who sustain it.

This, too, is the very spirit of the written revelation. The Psalmist, in sweetest and sublimest strains, addressing Jehovah, says:
cannot spend this lovely, bracing morning more profitably than by a discourse upon that season, which has been permitted to return in its appointed time. I know that such a discourse will be objected to, and I know the nature of the objections that will be urged. Men of narrow observation are apt to conclude that every thing that does not come within the reach of their daily thoughts and tasks, must needs be fanciful—any thing, at least, but useful. But I am not in the habit of measuring my ministry by my own taste, or that of others. They tell us that such reflections can be appreciated only by a few, and that Our divine Jesus also would have us the great mass are cut off from any profit. Our heavenly Father s notice. I do not believe this. The mass of mind around us is ignorant and gross enough, that not a harrow falls to the ground in reason s name; but this ignorance and grossness is not confined to the masses. It belongs to the avaricious, the sensual, the frivolous, in all classes of society. - But I do not believe that the changes of this fair and grand world can take place without affecting, to a greater or less degree, all minds; at least all who allow themselves to possess any religious emotions. The rudest intellects I have ever met—I mean those that had fewest advantages from literary cultivation and association with the enlightened portions of society—have shown themselves capable of a strength of impression from the works of God, and of a pious recognition of their beauty and sublimity, which would put to shame many of those who boast of their knowledge and social advantages. And the reason of this must be obvious. Between the changes of the world we live in and the human mind, there is inherently a connection established in their very nature. Our feelings are ever associated with these changes. - It is so with all mankind. In all languages the strongest emotions and sentiments of the human bosom are expressed by figures drawn from the succession of day and night, the character of the changing sea.
sons, and the varied aspects of earth and heaven. The language of our feelings is universally applied to the changes of the year; and that language is universally understood. Eloquence and poetry would have no response in the human bosom, were not this the case. But eloquence and poetry, when they clothe their lurid moods and poetry, when they clothe their vivid emotions and stirred the deepest recesses of all human feeling. They impress the dullest and rudest of mankind. Such may not have words to convey their impressions; and they would excite the ridicule of the conceitedly educated, were they to attempt an expression; but the impression is, nevertheless, enstamped upon their hearts, not easily to be effaced. Particular modes of expression may depend upon particular modes of cultivation; but the impression upon which the modes depend, is universal. Let us see if we can practically realize this truth today.

What is the external change we call Autumn? What do we mean by the "Fall of the year?" Every one present has some vague and indistinct idea; but can we make that idea more clear by making it more distinct and vivid?

Look abroad in your imagination over the scenes familiar to your gaze. A mighty revolution has passed over them all, and change is everywhere at work upon the whole aspect of external nature. The sun has left the equal line, and is narrowing his circle in our Southern sky, and seems to lean upon his burning pillars, that he may gaze at us askance, and not pour upon us the full power of his burning vials. His beams are as bright as they were in midsummer, but not so warm; they shed upon us a softened and sublime influence; and their declining power will be more and more realized as the season waxes to its wane. The sky, overarch ing us, ever in token of everlasting love, seems higher above our heads, and has changed its burning brightness for a deep and serener blue. The morning opens with a chill and frosty breath, which will soon spread its bare and healthy coat over our decaying vegetation, and the evening gathers us to the heath-stone that must supply the place of sun-heat. The queen of night may be called the lurid moon again, as it struggles upward through the fleecy clouds, through which it sheds its tints of brightness upon the fields and mountains brown. The stars, as eyes of night, shine from their distant copes as though misted that nightly double in their density. The summer flowers have faded and gone. The treasures of wheat and corn-field are being gathered to the garner. The brilliant green of the deep forest and scattered shade-tree has given way to a mingling of a thousand beautiful hues. Houses, concealed by their leafy foliage, now appear to our view, and the landscape lengthens to our gaze.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Companion with him how to load and bear With fruit the vines that round the thatched eaves run, To bend with apples the moon'd cottage doors, And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; To swell the ground, and gulp the hazel shells With a sweet kernel, to set budding more, And still more, later flowers for the bee, Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells."

The great variety of our forest trees, and the tardy approach of the frost, give to the autumnal changes of our immediate vicinity a peculiarly gorgeous and sublime aspect. True, to a melancholy mind, it may be a somewhat saddened aspect, as their fading colors bring up the imagery of the vale funereal and the cypress gloom over the newly formed grave! But this is by no means necessarily so. We have emblems and mementoes enough of Death, and enough of Religion is covered with its sombre and repulsive features—enough to sometimes fear to make large classes mistake: the proper design of religion, causing it to be a ministration to the gloom and sadness, rather than to the light and joy of the heart. The dress of our forests may wear to us other meaning than that of disease or decay. It betokens to
me the idea of completion. The vegetable life is complete, and in its very finish it takes on a variegated and beautiful burnish, illustrating that God loves beauty and clothes his meanest works with ornament, such as no earthly prince in all his glory can ever secure. As the season advances, the leaves begin to fall, sometimes scarcely stirred by a breath of air, and again carried in wild eddies by the gusty wind. The summer birds, like summer friends, will leave us in our altered condition, to seek a milder climate and a kindlier home. Only the hardier ones with the more rugged animals remain; and these may be seen in busy engagement and with instructive foresight, gathering their stores of worms and nuts, and carefully depositing them for a long and dreary seclusion in the approaching winter. The time for lowering, gloomy clouds, and successive rains, and dreary sounding winds, and sweeping storms, comes on. Night steals steadily upon the day; and the frost becomes more and more hoary as it spreads itself over the landscape, beautiful even in its work of decay. But amid these striking and sometimes mournful changes, I have intimated that our thoughts need not be always turned on the dark side of human experience and the sad and gloomy aspects of death. There are many—a majority—of mild, serene and glorious days, hazy indeed, but the more serene in their hazziness, peculiar to the Autumn, making our Indian Summer "A very bridal for the earth and sky."

They fill our atmosphere with a golden light and beautiful freshness; a Sabbath-like repose prevails all around, and sweet and balmy breezes from the South steal—as our Indians supposed—from the spirit land, whither the departed have gone. These are not altogether melancholy days. They were not to the rude son of the forest, who possessed these virgin woods before us—why should they be to us? They are, however, thoughtful and suggestive days—days in which you may and will think of the departed—but yet you may think serenely, and make the season not the saddest, as the Poet has done, but the holiest, divinest, because completest season of the year. It is the season to chasten and subdue the passions of the soul, and offers to us the joy of elevated thoughts; to bring a sense of sublime realities interwoven in all the aspects of the world, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit, that upbears; Of thinking things, all objects of all thoughts, And rules through all things."

But you ask me for the religious uses of these great changes in the works of God around us. What do they utter to the enlightened Christian ear? and what holy uses may we make of them?

1. First, as already intimated, they dispose to serious reflection. The Spring has gone, with all its promise and beauty; the Summer is ended, with all its heat, and glow, and splendor; seeming decay is written on every thing around us. We stand in the evening twilight of the year, our feet upon the dead forms of beauty, that but yesterday cheered the shade of the summer-bowers; and can we thus stand without feeling the transition of human prospects and enjoyments, and the shortening span of human life? Here is rapid vicissitude; have we not experienced the same? Here are decisive changes; have there not been turns in our individual history? The whole aspect of God's world is changed; how is it with man's—the aspect of public affairs—our politics, our national and state officers—the government of the world? Ah! methinks, in almost every thing that concerns us; in all with which we have been conversant; in the number and character of the members of our families, in our persons, views, feelings and prospects, there have been changes. We feel the truth, and ask, Where are the departed, who stand before us in vivid remembrance? Our parents? our child, or children? our associates? our friends? and the friends of our early years? Is our own strength firm?
God! it is withering—rapidly withering by the way. And can we reflect upon the changes before us and the changes in us, and not recur to the afflicting discipline through which each of us has passed since our Spring faded away—for every soul knows its own bitterness, and "a stranger intermeddeth not therewith"—and in the withering influences of the departing year, see we not the expressive emblems of our disappointed expectations and blighted hopes?

Such are the impressions of the season: but what of their religious uses? If they terminate only in these impressions, they are of little worth. They may inspire us with a thoughtful and even a prophetic sadness; but if they do not further effect the mind, heart and life, they are as the seed by the wayside. They were intended for more salutary uses, for more productive results, than the mere excitation of the serious and reflective feelings. For the mere excitement of romantic sensibility, may have nothing to do in promoting the worth of our character, the goodness of our hearts, or the rectitude of our principles. The tendency may be, may, doubtless always is, good; but if we would have good results, that tendency must be followed out to its legitimate end and intended purposes. And that our attention to-day to the passing season may be productive of something more than barren melancholy in the contemplation of its sombre emblems, let us consider some of its salutary influences. The solemn closing of the promise of Spring and maturity of Summer, and its appearances of desolation that everywhere strew our walks, while they warn us of the completion of the tale of our lives, and of the transitory nature of all sublunary things, may also serve to cool the ardor of our blinded passions, and check the zeal with which we seek after earthly and perishing objects. Under the influence of passion and desire for earthly objects, we are restless and dissatisfied. Our hearts are ill at ease, and the thought of God comes as a burden, and not as a blessing to them. Our rush in the conduct of business, or after the phantoms of pleasure, though they may lose us in their engrossing pursuits for a time, will only lead us at last into very weariness and disgust. We feel that we were made for higher, nobler purposes than those embraced in the secondary objects of gain-getting, self-seeking, and pleasure-cloying life. Then whilst the leaves are round us falling and silently sinking into decay, and the beauteous robes of autumn are exchanging for the chill, skeleton aspects of winter, and the voice of the dying year is sighing upon every wind in sad and solemn requiem, and its faded beauties are strewn all around, and its shortening day brings to mind the long night of death that lies darkling before us, O can we still cling to this vain life as to our all? Shall earthly plans alone engage our attention? Shall fleshly longings still engross our hearts? Shall not our passions for gain and worldly estimation lose some of their force? Shall not the bight upon the forest, upon the flowery garden, upon orchard, and meadow, remind us of a bight of Death that will suddenly steal over all earthly hopes and triumphs?

Soon approaches life's December, freezing up our love and hate?

Can we hold on to our petty rivalries, our low jealousies, our ignoble strife, and unnatural hatred, whilst this truthful voice tells us that high and low, learned and ignorant, fashionable and rude, like the leaves of the forest, will find a common burial in a common grave?

If our Autumn reflections simply had this effect, they would not be altogether worthless. If they would but restrain us in the constant engrossment of our affections in earthly objects, and solemnize our hearts to a sense of their vanity and vexation, they would be truly valuable. But there are yet more important suggestions than
these. Autumn, like all the works of God, leads the reflective mind to God himself. It speaks of the divine hand that appointed it, as he did every planet in its place. Its mute eloquence seems to seek a voice to speak of God. Decay is all around us, and we feel its sombre impression. The desolation assures us that there is nothing on earth in which we can securely trust. The death-blight is everywhere, and the mementoes of dissolution cannot be set aside. Who can look upon, and feel the power of, this scene of change and death, and not feel his mind instinctively borne upward for relief and confidence in the thought that God is eternal. There is a God without variation or shadow of turning. There is a Redeemer, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He that watches Israel never slumbers or sleeps—never is weary. And that God is our Almighty Creator—our watchful Father—our everlasting Friend. Then to the desolation of Autumn, I say, Go forward and accomplish thy mission.—It originated in wisdom that cannot err. It is carried on by benevolence that cannot fail. It leads to issues beautiful, glorious, and eternal. Here, and here only, my soul finds its repose. I feel the inspiration of God in the breathings of the season, and my spirit cannot be satisfied with any meaner object. Like a balanced magnet, it vibrates and trembles amid conflicting emotions, until it finds its true centre of attraction in the far-off heavens. I was made for union and oneness with God; and hence his seasons lead me to Him, and will not allow me longer to bow down before the miserable idols that have chained and corroded my worshiping spirit. I was intended to be a child of Heaven, and feel my parentage; to dwell above, and know my transition; and thence let my affections be elevated from death and desolation to life and victory,—above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. With unshaken confidence, therefore, and elevated joy, I will await that beautiful succession that shall also bring my change,—that shall send the dawn of Spring upon the night of the grave, in which there shall be no more desolating changes, and whose mutations shall be only from glory to glory. Thus my sadness is turned to salvation—my melancholy to hope—the sense of the transitoriness of life to aspirations after the immortal.

Pause often, then, and thoughtfully contemplate the solemn scenery of the season. Let the young reflect that their Spring is passing, and will soon be passed forever; that the Autumn of life is near before them, should they even reach it. Let them strive to make it like the rich harvests around us, full of ripened virtues and religious faith. Let those in the Summer of life, in the ardent pursuit after worldly gain and honor, see in the Summer just ended the emblem of the end of all their anxious hopes and hard-earned gains. And ye hoary-headed fathers and mothers before me, whom the providence of God has favored with an Autumn whose frosts reach nearly to the winter—honored products of departed Summer—mark ye also the voice of this season! The Spring is over; the Summer has ended; the harvest is passing; but to most of you a blessed season of Autumn, serene and peaceful, is granted, in which to prepare, and by your example, to prepare us, for the Winter that is fast approaching. You have lived until the strongest holds of life are broken off, and you hope earthly days in only labor and sorrow. Are any of you now in the evening of your lives without hope in God?—Have you no interest in things above?—no prospect beyond the Winter of Death?—And does the future only disclose to your wearied minds the days of evil drawing nigh, and the pleasureless years at hand? What a prospect! What a result for a long-preserved life of so many experiences!—The past, worn out and fading from the memory—the present, infirm and hourly tottering—the future, dark and impenetrable! A heritage of years squandered, and no reversion—an eternity blank and void. Is there such an one before me who feels life's sands rapidly sinking away, and who has no hold on the higher and the better
life? Whilst the full consciousness of declining years is before you in all the insignia of the season, let me ask, in the name of my Master, that you give the remnant of your brief heritage to God. It is a lame offering—an impaired sacrifice; but 'tis all you have. Give it, then, and in deep and sincere contrition ask the mercy of Christ to spread its robe of oblivion over the follies and sins of a misspent life.

But there are those before me who have lived for a worthy purpose—who have accomplished for their families, for the church of God, and for society, some satisfying and permanent results, who have thus laid up treasure that cannot be taken away. I honor and would reverence your hoary heads, and would give a word of comfort to your lonely and solemn hours. You have possessions in Christ, which retreating health and strength cannot carry with them—which the failure of your powers of intellect cannot destroy, and the treachery of your memory cannot hide. Your children and friends may see your infirmities; but they also see and are admonished by your virtues. They regret the decay of your minds, and the weakness of your bodies; but they must emulate your chastened affections, your pure tastes, your heavenly temper, and your hearts familiar in communion with God and at peace with man.—Your converse with the outward world is imperfect; but that with the inward is made more perfect. The thick walls of sense are being closed to your ears and eyes; but the soul at peace with God is neither blind nor deaf. It may have its Sabbath of peace and gladness, the more holy, because the less disturbed by the tumult of the world. Its solitude may be cheered by celestial visitors, by the breathings of God, by the spirit of Jesus, by spirits of the departed and the justified, and the lone and bare mountain of your age may be alive with the hosts of God as you draw nearer to Heaven. Continue your walk with God, though you may no longer walk with men; and when the Autumn of your earthly years has passed, and its last sheaf of ripened excellence gathered in, you may go home to the full, the rich, and the unfading harvest—home beyond the reach of age, disease and death; whilst we that remain will cherish the fruits of your obedience and charity until our change shall also come, and we meet to rejoice together.

"Where one unbounded spring encircles all."

In conclusion, let us all, under the spirit of the discourse and the season, make provision for our latter days: provision in the cherished faith of Jesus, which purifies the heart and conquers the world—in the rich virtues of a Christian character, which do not merit, but which prepare for, heaven—and the life of daily obedience, prayer and praise which unites us with God and all the holy in Heaven and on earth. Without these, hoarded wealth will be a weary burden; and with them, poverty will be no curse; for they will bring to our age a retrospect of a life of piety, integrity, gratitude and kindness. Give your early lives to worldliness and profligacy, and your age may be looked upon with a shudder. Selfishness and licentiousness withers the heart prematurely, and makes a young man old, whilst a life of kindness and beneficence makes old age green, fresh, and flourishing, like the ever-flowering palm. A beautiful, reverent and holy crown awaits a pure and virtuous youth and prime. And as upon this evening, or on any future evening of the season, you gaze upon that most beautiful, of all autumnal sights, an evening sun-set, glowing like the gates of a celestial Paradise, regard and remember it as the emblem of the sunset of a well-spent life, to which the testimony of a good conscience and the remembrance of duties faithfully performed and conflicts well sustained, will come like the many-colored hues of the autumnal West, to light your pathway to the unseen, yet glorious, world beyond.—Such a life will never leave you desolate. Over the darkest sky of adversity it ever spreads its calmest, happiest heaven. Its rest is the rest of Jesus, to which the weary and the heavy laden are invited. Its peace is the peace of God, which passes human
A Discourse By The Editor.

In the Autumn of the year, and in the midst of that Autumn. But what is the fruit which this November branch of the Tree of Life bears to the opened mind today? Its fruit is contained in the symbol of the falling leaf. The leaf falls, but the tree endures; the tree falls, but the productive power survives. Every leaf falls from every tree, whether of garden, orchard, or forest. Much of our being is leaf: much of it exists but for a season, is a transient manifestation, destined to be stripped off and disappear, and make room for new growths and development. Our habits, our tastes, our modes of thought, our opinions, are leaf—the mere foliage of the soul, and not the soul itself. We may be obstinately and foolishly attached to them now, but unconsciously we will shed them one by one, until all shall be surrendered. Where are the views and feelings of our childhood? Gone with our childish dress and toys, never more to return. And where are the once green leaves of our youthful affections, that were bright and waving over the idolized objects of our hearts? They are dropped, for they, too, were leaf. But the heart remains, and the soul lives. We will not sorrow, therefore, as without hope. We may regret the falling leaf of our youth, and the passing away of faculties peculiar to that season; for look now at the forests, and learn that it is the fate of all being and the law of all life. And beneath the bark of every tree now shedding its beautiful foliage, beautiful even in its decay, there are leaves for new seasons, that in their appointed time will come forth to shade and ornament their dark covering. So, beneath the bark of this body, is the ever-growing, the ever-prolific soul, whose roots are in God, and whose future looks out to the Spring-time of the Resurrection. Here, covered ever indeed by sense and care, we recognize a consciousness of immortality which will give back the years that age is consuming, and the life which age has killed. Beneath its frosty snows and wrinkled drifts, the sprightly soul, with all its faculties, even those wrought in sorrow,

"Despise of care, despise of grief,
Shall gambol with the falling leaf."'

Truly, truly, man is but a leaf—a transient, perishing leaf—upon the parent tree of the race. Like leaves of the forest, his generations appear, flourish and fade. One generation goeth, but another cometh. Individuals die, but the race survives, and will survive till its destiny on earth in Christ shall be fulfilled. Let the leaf fall; let the individual die; let the generations pass away; while universal man remains, moves forward in the path of his calling, and grows in all the dimensions of the spirit of Christ to a perfect man—to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

But not only is man a leaf, but all the vast productions of his humanity are leaves, Kingdoms, institutions, customs, and arts, and, even our religious forms, are leaves—the foliage of humanity, which passes away, that new leaves, new times, and new governments may succeed in endless succession. And what is more, the earth itself, and all earths, and suns, and systems, are leaves of the one stupendous tree of Being, whose life is the breath of God; the inspiration of the Almighty from everlasting to everlasting. These dateless leaves, for aught we know, may also wither—all their power, beauty and glory pass and be no more. All that exists in time by the fullness of time, may be consumed. All material things may perish; all finite creations end; but the word of the Lord endures forever. “For thou, Lord, in the beginning didst lay the foundations of the earth, and the heavens, are the work of thy hands.
They shall perish, but thou shalt remain; they shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall never fail." O Lord God! unchangeable, let me live in Thee!

J. B. F.

The Parables of Matthew xxv.

A Chapter on Complainers, &c.

The 25th of Matthew presents us with three Parables, each one of which has its distinct lesson, while their united purpose is co-ordinate and harmonious. That of the virgins represents what is meant by waiting for the Lord in his mercies and in his judgments, and inculcates watchfulness and patience. Its spirit is exemplified in closely observing all the indications of the constant Providence of God, and yet not vainly attempting to hurry their issues. We watch for the hand of Jehovah; and if it appear not, we clear our vision and wait, and watching, wait.

The parable of the Talents gives us the lesson of working for the Lord. Not only must we wait and watch, but we must work. To watch will correct the decay in our life of the spirit or spiritual life; to work will arouse us from sluggishness in the outward duties of that life. We must serve as well as worship. We must be active as well as contemplative, for a good man is one alive to his gifts and applicant to his necessities.

The third parable— that of the crisis or judgment, applies the lessons of the two former, with gracious assurance and solemn warning. Each had an application to the calamities and privileges of the Gospel times of the Apostles; but being lessons from the spirit of all truth, addressed to the spirit in man, that application does not exhaust their meaning nor divert their force from us. Indeed it but illustrates, as in a picture, how we may apply it and be benefited. They were spoken to the Apostles and had a peculiar application to the use of the wonderful gifts they were about to receive, and the dreadful national and individual calamities then impending over a degenerate and perverse people. But God is not the God of the Apostles only, and his reign of mercy and judgment was never confined to Judea; and, therefore, his truths cannot be in their spiritual force and application. All men are called to help and instruct each other; all are entrusted with gifts more or fewer; and however different and in different proportions the capacity and opportunity are afforded, all are responsible now, as then, and must be so forever. We are still exposed to danger, and to no danger greater than that represented in the talent hid. We mistake now, as then, the hoarding of folly for the hiding of wisdom, and that the selfishness that would bum another's oil, and envy, which does not imitate the use of another's talents, may be seen in America as well as in Judea. While the great lesson of Heaven, ever teaching and never exhausted is, "they that do shall have; and there is a doing of the spirit as well as of the flesh."

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do: Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are Not finely touched but for fine issues, Nature never lends the small coppers of her excellence, But like a thrifty mother, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor—" Both thanks and use.""
indeed, from the history of all time and all institutions. Complaint brings its own punishment. It sows not—how can it reap? It degenerates from a nameless unrest into a blind struggle of a soul in bondage, which all at times have felt but some, among which the gifted who abuse their gifts have a high rank, a thousand times more keenly than others. A dim-rooted pain, reveals a languishing misery and heart, voice and manners must share its gloom, until moody melancholy becomes life-weariness, or breaks forth in mad and stormful indignation, to commit depredations that require the opening of the gates of "outer-darkness" and their confinement therein. Lamenting is an unproductive labor, but waiting in God's faith and working in man-love are not as many a Job and Jeremiah have found, and as the true Christ ever teaches. The world has funereal choristers enough, and a haggard and tumultuous class they all are, who talk tearfully of downfalls, but who never braved an upfall in their lives. Sick children, they are in our churches, need attention, doubtless, but let them cry themselves to rest in God's name, and their nurses be set about other work. We are tired of whining still more of snarling and snapping. Away, then, with this quarrel with our existence and lot; this pitying of men so far beyond us we think not ofimitating. Let us take our inheritance for better or for worse, for the nobler and best men before us, whose tombs we are now decorating, and whose living persons we would often have wept over as fallen or deserted or crucified, have warred with the very evils we war with, and were made great and good in the warfare; and they will be venerated by the children of the fathers who thought, in their whining, they were doing God's service in putting all of them they could, to-death.

O talent-burying servant and life-wearied, dogmatical complainer, let me ask thee:

"What a' apest thou here at the world? "Tis shapen long ago;"
LETTER FROM OCEAN SPRINGS.

Thu, cheerfully the man,
Laughed out and cried "this one
Had taught to make up
For the other that had none.
The letter he observed, but then
The precept's cross,
And this to thee and me
Shall grow from hence;
In harvest thou shalt fill
Two sacks of corn for me;
The residue of right,
Remains in full for thee!"

J. B. F.

Bay Boloxi, Ocean Springs, { 2nd July, 1853. }

My Dear L:-This is destined to be one of the most attractive watering-places and summer retreats of the South. For health, beauty and pleasure, it is unsurpassed. The restorative and curative properties of its medicinal waters; its eligible and accessible site upon one of the most beautiful Bays of the Continent; its superior facilities for the accommodation of visitors and invalids; its pleasant roads through pine forests made by Nature, in the happy admixture of a clay and sandy soil; its romantic traditions connecting themselves with the history of the earliest settlement of our southern coast, as also, with the Indians who have left, and the mixed but inoffensive races that still linger upon the borders of civilization, now retreating and anon advancing, to be swallowed up by its all entombing waves, together with its proximity to the large plantations and the largest emporium of southern commerce and pleasure, must make it in time the Saratoga of the South.

Its beauty of scenery is unsurpassed.—You may travel far and not look upon so lovely a landscape. Scenes among grand and towering highlands, there are many, more commanding, terrific and sublime, but none more beautiful. Here sea, island and headland mingling with all the exhibitions of our sunny skies, present a picture that neither pen nor pencil can fitly portray. The whole coheres so beautifully within itself and its counterparts, that you scarcely see where the landscape commences or whether it is stretching in the clear and fading horizon, hiding its borders on this side in wide-spreading live-oaks and magnolias, on that, in evergreen islands surrounded by the splashing wave; and again on that in light and sunny clouds, and fading away in this into the infinite azure, the whole now spreading and now hanging as a fairy region let down from above. Day by day have I set down to watch it, and the night has often gathered its shadows around me only to relieve and vary the scene, and though less distinct not less glorious. The darkness is rolled away as a curtain, whilst its retreating, glowing edges reflect the smiles of rosy morning, and the sun ascends the rejoicing East to scatter the multiform and ruby-colored clouds that float in the sea of azure above, and are reflected, in thousand spangles, in the clear and cooling waves beneath. Then the breeze, almost constant, arises fresh and comes pure as from the vast-opened gates of not far off Paradise, and all around is dressed as in the innocent garments of unborn childhood. Restless shadows dance on the stretching beech; silver-plating spreads itself on the face of ocean, and the laughing waves move woefully to the ebbing shore.

"While over all in that ethereal vault
In the mate company of changeful clouds,
Again the sun goes down, and the west
glows with the folded robes of retiring
majesty. The air is soft and liquid; the leaves are still, and softening starlight, lit in the vast assemblage of these bright heavens aw from silver lamps, and the world is soothed to calm repose as beneath the thousand-eyed mother that watches o'er the sleeping earth. Everywhere the awakened soul may feel a pleasing and mysterious influence which makes us know our more than fleshly origin and destiny. Behind us is a belt of Pines, interspersed with grassy glades that stretch a carpet variegated and fit for God's own temple. Paris are dark with congregated
August 1, 1853.

The curious reader will examine the scriptures referred to above. He will see that the language of the prophets describing any great national calamity may be applied to many, if not all, similar events.

Men possessing the elevation and breadth of vision of Hebrew seers, so depict the events that rise before them in words of truth and singular power, that their pictures answer for all ages and every people. The war now in progress between Russia and Turkey, concerning the holy places, is mentioned in Zachariah, ch. 12: 2, 3, and again in ch. 14: 3 to 21. As when Babylon fills up the measures of her crimes of ingratitude toward God and oppression toward man, Cyrus comes, turns the channel of her sustaining river and overthrows the glory of Chaldean excellency. She violated the rights of man; she disregarded the sense of justice and benevolence; she robbed the nations and spoilt the people, and her sins brought her punishment, by giving stubbornness and desperation to her enemies, feebleness and abandonment to her children, and the glory of her pride trails ever after in the dust. So of all nations, and the spiritual

Between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean Sea; i.e., “between the seas.”

Of this same war, and of the Czar’s end, Ezekiel writes in chapters 38 and 39.

Also, Joel 3.

Magog, the second son of Japheth, and his posterity were the settlers of Russia, and the ruler of the nation is called “Gog.”


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This war will complete the prophecy of Daniel. Ch. 11: 40, 45, and ch. 12: 1, 2, 3, 13, and 1st Thessalonians, ch. 4: 16.

Note, the Czar is the “King of the North,” and the grand Turk is the “King of the South,” and Mount Zion, in Palestine, “glorious holy mountain,” and lies

groves of Bay, Magnolia, Pine and Oak, while serpentine Bayous wind their length amid islands with the glitter of ungathered diamonds.

I have never spent such a summer. We have not experienced an oppressive day. True, the sun is hot in mid-heaven, and pours his beams directly down; but the breeze is cooling and the briny wave invites to refreshing baths, and we see rather than feel the summer. Yonder, in the distance, even the sky seems to go down to bathe in the cooling wave, and we could not, if we would, resist the example.

Already smiling villas are springing up all along the shore, and the hotels are crowded with visitors though yet unfinished and opened but a few weeks since.

Many invalids have been restored at the Springs, and our first physicians and chemists bear testimony to their curative properties. Quite a village with the horrible name of Lynchburg is springing up around them, and our enterprising friends are destined to reap a rich harvest for their forecast in selecting this beach for a watering-place. But my sheet is full, and you must wait another mail.

Truly, &c.,

J. B. F.

ANTHRIPPOS.

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language that describes one such event describes all, in exactly the measure in which the sins and punishment are similar.

The startling change, now threatened in the eastern States of the world, gives the expectation of a crisis of the marvellous fortunes of Turkish and Russian rule, that may lead to the grandest results in the history of our century. The Montenegrin war has broken out; incendiary conflagrations threaten the city of the grand Turk and the Cossack, harnessed to his warhorse, is ready to invade the world-famed domains of the Ottoman dominion. Meanwhile every court of Europe occupies a somewhat novel, not to say threatening position. France seems ready to sustain the independence of the Porte. Austria, trembling under the sterner perils of her own dangers, forgets the jarring interests of Turkey on the Adriatic, and offers herself as a mediator. Prussia seems ready to oppose the progress of a policy that will give increase to the disparity between her own power and that of the Czar. The whole world is interested in the struggle that must ensue; for it may lead to the struggle between despotism and liberty. Meanwhile we may look for all sorts of conjectures, and with a class, all sorts of prophetic interpretations, not only of the events themselves, but of the language of the Prophets, preserved and venerated throughout Christendom.—Perhaps the most certain, if not the most enrapuring, conclusion to which the language of the Prophets, and the greatness of the events may lead a well-balanced and properly informed mind is, that God reigns over Turkey and Russia, as over Babylon and Jerusalem, now as then, and will guide all revolutions of States and changes of individual history to the best results possible to the agencies developed; and if this thought does not make us Prophets able to unfold the future, it may make us better Christians, and more willing to work in our places and wait the final results. It may be in this case as in many, the governments of decaying dynasties may not be able to distinguish the movements of a just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. For it is a strange fact, that while the sailor looks for the storm when he hears the moaning in the canvas, and the fisherman seeks the harbor when the heaving underroll causes his bark to feel its anchorage, governments never read the signs of the times, though written with fire before their eyes. They never know the day nor the hour of the "Son of man."

We have re-examined the scriptures quoted by "Anthropos," and above we have given the impressions both they and the events to which he would direct their interpretation, have made.

J. B. F.
Will the reader accompany me to Bethlehem, the city of the royal David. Caesar Augustus, the great Roman Emperor, has issued a decree that all the world shall be taxed. Every man repairs to his own city, and Joseph, being of the lineage of David, departs with Mary for Bethlehem. Such a concourse being assembled, every dwelling teems with occupants, and the humble Mary, she who has been hailed by the angel Gabriel, “blessed among women,” is content to lay her first born son, him, “the son of the Highest, who shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end”—yes, she is content to lay him in a manger, because there is no room for them in the house.

Ye who seek after pomp and gaudy show and splendid equipage, and who “love the uppermost seats,” pause awhile by the manger and learn humility. Genuine greatness needs no unstable prop, no gilded trappings. The sovereign of the Universe “made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death.” But though lowly in the estimation of short sighted mortals, a distinction that no son of earth has ever shared, awaits the babe of prophetic inspiration, and truly has Mary exclaimed, “he hath exalted them of low degree, and the rich he hath sent empty away.”

The peaceful shepherds while watching their flock by night, behold suddenly the glory of the Lord shining round about them, and to them were the glad tidings of great joy first proclaimed, “unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord.” The mystery about which the prophets diligently inquired is beginning to unfold—“the light” is about “to shine in darkness”—“the word is now “made flesh” to dwell with man. He who made the world is now in the world, but the world knows him not. Can we wonder at the appearance of this vast multitude of the heavenly host giving praises to God in the highest, while they proclaim peace, good will to men on earth. And the emblem of peace has already sent forth its branches over sea and land. The trumpet notes of war are hushed—the shield and spear are laid aside, and kings and priests await in silence the appearance of some mysterious personage whose coming the prophets of old have pointed out.

Nor is yon glimmering star which sheds its faint and pallid lustre unheeded; it has been anxiously, hopefully watched by the eastern Magi—they are impressed with the portentous meaning of its appearance, and hasten to Jerusalem to learn where he is whose star they have seen in the East, for they are come to worship him. Bethlehem is pointed out by the chief priests and scribes as the place spoken of by the prophets, and there led on by the star, they find the young child and his mother. Regardless of his humble station, the wise men opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. In the lowly babe they behold a king, a ruler, a Governor, one to whom heaven itself has committed some important trust; as such they worship him, and the sincerity of their homage cannot be doubted.

Exalted art thou, Bethlehem, above all the earth! Thy soil is honored, for thou didst afford the first home; thou didst witness the earliest infancy of the holy Jesus; thy soil is sacred, for the melody of that anthem sung on thy plains by the heavenly host, is still echoing from isle to isle. The lowly manger is an object more sublime than the most magnificent monument that human genius has ever devised. The boasted edifices of Greece and Rome, and even the far-famed Colossus, dwindle into insignificance in view of the cradle of Bethlehem. Reader, we will not worship the infant child with the wise men of the East—their light was as that of a star shedding its feeble rays in the midst of thick darkness. We enjoy the light of the sun in its meridian splendor; we can
comprehend the design of his mission to our sinful world; the gospel terms are made known to us; we can follow him to the cross where he shed his blood, proving love to fallen man; we can examine his life, behold his death, resurrection and ascension into heaven. Therefore, in his human nature let us love him, and as far as we are able follow in his footsteps, and in his divine nature let us adore and worship him as God.

Z. Y.

For the Christian Magazine.

Home Education.

As the days glide onward, and as time continues its rapid march, adding year after year and century after century to the ages that are past, bearing in its flight new and continual evidences of the powers of mind and the increasing conquests of intellect, the never-failing subject of Education continues to be the theme of many a tongue and pen. Various systems of education, the manner and the means have been, in turn advanced, discussed, adopted and discarded. Schools and colleges have been established, literary societies have been organized, and almost every imaginable means of improvement has been seized upon by the resistless and unwearied powers of human intellect, and made to yield new treasures of thought, and to discover new fields of action to the scholar, the patriot and philanthropist. Yet there is one feature in our modern systems of education which does not appear to receive that degree of attention which the successful training of youth demands. This is—Home Education—a department too much, nay, in many instances, wholly neglected; and that too, under circumstances that warrant no reasonable excuse. Home is the school of the heart. Home is the place where the ground-work of education should be laid. When the germ of intellect first begins to expand, then is the most propitious moment to begin the work of culture. The home circle should not be a place of mere amusement only; but of rational enjoyment, of moral and intellectual culture.

But how often is it the case that children are left entirely to themselves, even the elementary principles of education being neglected, till they have arrived at the proper age to be sent off to school. And now, though the mind is a perfect blank, and the faculties, for want of early exercise, have almost become proof against all susceptibility, it is expected, nevertheless, that the teacher is to accomplish the work of remodeling, Reforming, or rather creating, as it were from nonentity, a mind replenished with ideas and stored with learning.

Many people seem to think that the name of a high school or college carries with it everything that is necessary to constitute their sons and daughters thoroughly learned and completely accomplished. There is a wondrous attraction connected with the name of a famous literary institution. There is a charm hanging about the Professor's chair, or perhaps, they imagine there is a concourse of genii within the walls of our literary Atheneums, that must impart as with a magic touch all that is desirable to enrich and ennoble the minds of the so-called students, without any mental exertion whatever on their parts. And all who have passed through these enchanted halls come forth in all the glittering glory of imaginary honors and receive, as their just due, the conventional homage of the world; though if the lips of wisdom spoke and pointed them to the volumes where the treasures of knowledge are stored, they would blush for very shame, and with good cause, for, perhaps, many of them have never looked farther into these volumes than the title page.

One great error in the present system of education, which all lament, yet which few will venture to take the first step toward correcting, that superficial accomplishments are allowed to occupy too much attention, while the more solid branches are neglected or passed lightly over. We do not object to the lighter accomplishments, as such, in the least. They form the drapery of a well proportioned and well ordered mind, and
their delicate coloring imparts a graceful refinement to the object around which they are gathered. But we do object to too much of the mere ornamental taking the place of the useful and substantial. We can but regret that the old, sturdy, Anglo-Saxon society is, in a great measure superseded by the display of a sort of gorgeous finery—a very mockery of what it is intended to represent; and genuine, substantial greatness of mind, is sacrificed to the glory of the moment.

There must be something essentially wrong in some one department of Education. And when we have sufficient reason to believe that our Institutions of learning are well provided with teachers, and professors well qualified to fill their respective offices, and fully competent to discharge their duty so far as human means can avail, where shall we look for the deficiency—the prime cause of so many sad failures among our young candidates for literary honors? Where—but at home! Where in many cases the first and fatal errors have their origin; and there, if at all, must the work of reformation begin; for without the active assistance, the cordial and constant cooperation of parents it need not be expected and it would seem unreasonable to require that the work of education should progress and be carried to—that perfection which is desirable. Too much is required of teachers and parents trust too much too them.

Fathers and Mothers! it is a sacred charge committed to you, and it behooves you to look well to that trust. You can never be exempt from the solemn responsibilities devolving upon you, as the guardians of rational, but dependant beings, where destinies, in time and eternity may be determined, and are certainly influenced by the manner in which you perform your work. And you will be held in strict accountability for your important stewardship. You are accountable to those under your care—the objects of your dearest hopes and your peculiar interest. You are accountable to your own consciences—to society—to the world and to God!

ELEISE.

Sept. 13th 52,
"'Tis but a little thing," says the spendthrift, when he wastes in prodigal luxury what might, if judiciously applied, yield abundant comfort to many a sufferer, and rescue from abject penury and want many of his fellow beings. "'Tis but a little thing" says the gamester, when he risks his all on the chance of winning from his associates a paltry and transient addition to his own purse. As well, almost, might the highwayman say that it is a little thing to commit robbery and murder in his iniquitous nightwalks. "'Tis but a little thing" whispers the demon of Intemperance, when persuading the unguarded to quaff the cup of poison. "'Tis but a little thing" echoes from the heart of the abandoned one, as the intoxicating draught has done its work. The victim finds himself degraded below humanity—his family beggared, and nothing remains to him but hopeless ruin and unmitigated despair.

Oh, beware of those "little things!"—for though they may appear insignificant at first, they may, in time, acquire a magnitude of frightful consequence. Let us oppose them firmly and steadily on their first approach. While the conquest is easily obtained, let us contend for the victory, and not suffer ourselves to be betrayed into the midst of a whole army of these dwarf evils, while we indolently comfort ourselves with the thought that they are only "little things."

Let us guard well the cross-crowned citadel to which we have flown for safety. Let us keep our lamps replenished with pure oil; and while we are on the watch-tower let us not sleep, but keep the beacon light burning brightly, lest the shadow of evil darken its chambers, and leave us to grope our uncertain way in darkness. ELEISE.

For the Christian Magazine.

The Fall of Man.

There is nothing more prolific than error; and one error included in the premises of any system of opinions, diffuses error through the entire superstructure, and imparts its fatal properties to every inference or deduction drawn from thence, whether of a theoretical or practical character.

The truth of this assertion is in no case more clearly exemplified, than in the longcherished creeds and fancied notions of fastidious theologians, in regard to the nature of the fall of man, and the nature of those means designed and calculated to reclaim him from the low, debased, and infamous condition in which he has involved himself, and in which he has apparently been industriously seeking for lower depths and darker recesses, as if he were intent on bringing an eternal silence over the last vibrating tremor of moral sensibility, and consigning to the murky shades of an endless oblivion the fairest features of humanity.

It is the fallacious doctrines so luxuriantly germinated in the hot beds of ambitious cupidity, that has caused the depravity of man to acquire its malignant virus. From this cause the efficacy of gospel light and corrective truth has sustained a repulsive shock, which has rolled back the mighty tide of human amelioration into that silent reservoir where sleep those rich blessings and glorious events to be revealed in ages yet to come, to make glad the walks and habitations of men, when they shall become prepared to receive the simplicity of truth, and appreciate the blessings of peace and good will amongst themselves.

The gospel is the most sublime, the most transcendent production of infinite wisdom and love. It is an embodiment of all the means and influences that could consistently be originated and authorized by the compassionate mercy of Heaven for the promotion of human interests and happiness, and is altogether commensurate with the design and will of God concerning the human family.

Then, if the gospel is a symbol of wisdom so magnificently sublime, it must be admitted that it possesses an admirable fitness and symmetrical adjustment to man's condition, and that the Almighty designed, by the general diffusion of gospel light and truth throughout the earth, to change for the better the condition of the human fam-
ily, to elevate their intellectual faculties, to awaken their moral sensibilities, and to establish the principles of social etiquette, by which their mutual happiness might be promoted, and the peace of society obtained; and in a definite ratio, or in proportion to the extent of mental, moral, and physical benefits which man derives from gospel tuition, will his future felicity be augmented.

That individual who is not made a better member of the private family to which he belongs,—that is not influenced by gospel light to become a better member of society,—that is not stimulated to become, to the full extent of all his ability and means, a faithful and diligent benefactor of his own species; a friend and aid to suffering humanity, in every instance in which his assistance can avail relief, has nothing to hope for, nothing to expect from, the benefits of the gospel in the world to come.

One of the long cherished errors that have bid defiance to gospel truth, and opposed the march of Christianity, is that doctrine which teaches that all the ills and woes of life,—that all the sufferings, afflictions, diseases, and deaths, that prevail amongst men, were voluntarily inflicted by the immediate agency of the Almighty, as the penalty for Adam's folly in partaking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, as if the God of Heaven sought revenge for one man's wrongs upon all his hopeless race through all generations.

Theological teachers present to view an angry God defending the dignity of his throne in dealing out to man and beast the heavy anathemas of all the woes to which earth's inhabitants are heirs,—instigating war and confusion between the elements of all created matter,—and breaking the harmony of Nature's laws, in order that the sun, the moon, and the stars, the winds, and the seas, should all take up a helping part in the legal chastisement, or penal inflictions, due to helpless victims, for the errors of another. And, again, we are taught that in order to make the tragedy more complete, man was deprived of all moral ability to think aright, or act aright.

These sentiments are calculated to bewilder and mislead, and inspire every rational mind with the idea that the Creator did not fully understand the relative powers of the human faculties which he had made, and was desirous to know to what extent the reasoning and determining powers of judgment were capable of resisting the ebullitions of the covetous and ambitious passions of human nature, which were inseparably united with, and indispensably requisite to, the existence of a principle of self-preservation; for it is evident that there was no harm in eating the forbidden fruit.

Had there been no condition implied in the act, neither would the Almighty have forbidden it without including in the stipulation a refusal or acceptance of something specified by the act, which he foresaw was destined to result in deleterious consequences. Otherwise, why did he forbid an act which was not in itself wrong, and inherently productive of injurious results?—Was it to test the strength of moral principle which he had tuned and tempered, by a mysterious organization of matter, to a point eminently approved by infinite wisdom, when he pronounced all the productions of his creative power "very good," and well pleasing in his sight? Most assuredly the God of Heaven needed not the result of experiment to unravel mysteries, for to him there was not any thing dark or obscure. His wisdom fathomed all the hidden depths of mysteries, and comprehended the condition of all things. It is, therefore, unreasonable to believe that he forbid the eating of the fruit without having a condition previously specified, which condition embraced a state of being absolutely and intrinsically productive of happiness or misery.

The Almighty, in the creation, had called man forth from the dark and silent chambers of chaos into a state of animated existence, without the concurrence of his will in the plastic process which brought him into being, and ushered him out upon the threshold of perpetual and extensive vision.
Man was not aware of his own existence, only through the influences of numberless associations, by which he stood related to surrounding creation. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the Creator gave man the inestimable privilege of choosing the mode of life or sphere of existence that most engaged his desire, and most deeply absorbed the sensitive principles of life; giving to man the choice or refusal of any and every condition or state of being that his faculties and powers were capable of filling and conforming to, thereby making man, as it were, his own creator, by making him the sole author of his own destiny.

All the Lord doeth, is a development of his power, wisdom, and love. Man's existence was, therefore, the production of these three attributes. Hence it is said, that man was created in the image and likeness of his Creator; but what he should hereafter be, was left for Adam to decide. God had called the earth with its vast appendages and diversified inhabitants into visibility and order, teeming with the golden pleasures of immortal bliss and unalloyed delights. He, therefore, created man, that he might be a living, sensitive recipient of those infinite sweets that were needlessly wasting on the unmoved bosom of slumbering chaos; and man was so organized as to constitute him a being wonderfully fitted to attain the highest point of happiness, by maintaining a proper compliance with those laws by which he stood related to his Creator and all surrounding creation.

But in the organization of man, there is a mysterious development of peculiarities, that bewilders thought, and defies investigation. All that constitute the mental, moral, and physical divisions of man's constitution, are under the immediate influence of one organ, and hence we regard this organ as the fountain of mental, moral, and physical action; and thus the reasoning, rational powers, and moral sentiments, and the bodily sensations and functions, are all derived from the vitality of the brain; so that one cannot suffer without implicating all the others; one cannot be denied the natural exercise or peculiar stimulus to which it is specially suited, without incurring and diffusing disorder throughout all the faculties, sensations, and functions proper to life. A knowledge of God, which also implies a knowledge of ourselves, including all the laws under which we live, by which we move, and from which we have our being, and through which our capacities for enjoyments—both mental and corporeal—are increased or diminished, is the proper element of the mental powers—a stimulus as natural and appropriate as the rays of light are to the eye, the organ of vision.—

This knowledge is indispensable to physical life and comfort, as well as to mental enjoyments. A richly furnished intellect sustains the due sensibility of moral principle to a great extent, and gives it a more countering influence over the passions, appetites, and propensities, which is the proper office and natural element in which the moral faculties were designed to move.—

To this they were as nicely suited as the auditory nerve or acoustic organ is to the undulations of sound, or the notes of melody; and if our first parents had gratified the external and internal sensations of physical life in complete obedience to the admonitions of sound reason and unerring judgment, and the promptings of moral sentiment, the gratification of these sensations would have contributed to the prolongation of life.

Man was so constituted that an action perpetuated by him without the sanction of his mental powers, and a corresponding approval of the moral principle, produced a pernicious and destroying process in the
seat of mental, moral, and physical function. The Creator, by an All-wise provision, displayed in the cerebral organization; endowed man with a perfect knowledge of all things relating, either directly or indirectly, to his present and future felicity, plainly indicating the design of God, which was, that man's knowledge of all to which he stood related, should be perfect,—that his judgment should be unerring, and all the results of his reasoning and theorizing, infallibly correct and conclusive,—and that he should maintain his moral sentiments in unsullied purity and unclouded brightness, forever free from blot or blemish,—and that all the functions of organic life should be performed with unflagging regularity, immortal vigor, and eternal constancy. But neither of these three conditions could be continued without an equal maintenance of all, inasmuch as they all had their existence in one common organ, holding an identity with each other in their origin and ultimate destiny. Hence the belief is forced upon us, that man, instead of being a compilation of heterogeneous elements, so arranged as to constitute him a machinery capable of action, only through the intervention of an extrinsic or extraneous power, is so organized as to make the property or power of action, whether mental, moral, or physical, an intrinsic, inherent principle, liable to be increased or diminished only through the supervision of change, or modification in (the brain) the organ of action.

Man's faculties were in his primeval state so nicely balanced, so equantimical in all their relative forces and powers of action, as to constitute him legally his own agent, the independent elaborator of his own destiny; and herein consisted the brightest feature of his likeness to God. The most glorious manifestation of God's image in man, was his inherent or innate power of willing, thinking, reasoning, comparing, determining, and acting independently of any impetus or impulse, except that which resulted from the wonderful organization of the fountain of living matter; so that man was free (as far as the power to act was concerned) to do good, or to do evil. He was not under the influence of any coercive power to determine him to do of necessity either that which was productive of happiness or misery.

The Almighty cannot do that which is averse to the principles of his own being. Therefore he could not have created man in subjection to restraining and propelling superhuman powers, and required of him obedience to any law whatever. The law under which man was made, was law that grew out of the very nature of things, embracing the legal principles of cause and effect.—God had a design in creating man, and that design was to extend the enjoyments of life. Therefore he required nothing of man but obedience to those laws and rules which were needful to sustain life and happiness, in order to carry out his design, to extend the pleasures of a delightful and happy existence.

To this end creative power clothed man with so high a degree of wisdom and intelligence, and fortified his being with perfection so noble, combining so many facilities under the most favorable and promising auspices. Man was made under law; but that law existed in his nature. He was made to contain within himself the elements of law, and the elements of obedience to that law; but the same power that was requisite to obedience, was also able to disobey or violate. The Creator, therefore, very justly and kindly proposes the propriety of taking a definite and permanent stand upon the stage of immortal existence, and of resigning obedience to such laws as his nature and organization were capable of developing, in order to evade misfortune, and, as it were, hermetically seal up every avenue to danger and every aperture to death. In order, therefore, that the thing formed should not say to him that formed it, "Why hast thou made me thus?" the Almighty gave to Adam the choice of fixing his own destiny according to his own will, by presenting him with a system that offered no violence to his volition or agency; but which, through the action of his will,
would have secured to him and his posterity a state of being which the Creator could not, consistently with his own character and being, confer upon his creatures through any other channel than that of an agency based upon the union of mental, moral, and physical elements, holding a definite relation to each other, a specific power as compared with each other. This condition or state of being which God placed before Adam, to be received or rejected according as he saw fit, is a state of confirmation in infallible rectitude and uprightness forever.

The tree of life was placed in the garden for the purpose, that if Adam desired to resign the government and control of all his faculties, passions, and powers of action, to the will of God, and throw all responsibility into the lap of creative power and wisdom, he should make known his voluntary relinquishment of all self-control and accountability, by eating the fruit of the tree of life. God would then have set the seal of infallibility and immortality upon the fountain of life; or, in other words, upon the organ of mental, moral, and physical function, by which man's knowledge of God, of righteousness and true holiness, would have been made perfect; his moral sentiments would have become an innate principle of action; all the sensations, more directly allied with the economy of physical life, would have been subject and in subordination to these; and the functions of organic life, being the effect and maintaining cause of vitality, would have retained the power of sustaining life forever and forever.

But if Adam's choice was, to retain the power and liberty of acting from the impulse of moral agency, unrestrained by higher powers,—if he wished to be free, as far as the ability to act was concerned, to do his own will and follow the inclinations of his own passions and desires, unchecked and uncontrolled by the hand of God,—if he wished to walk in the imaginations of his mind, as kindled up by the impressions made through the influence of events and consecutive circumstances, and become subject or liable to the results, be they good or evil, and place himself forever upon his own strength and inherent resources, out of the reach of absolute and direct available help from the hand that made him, and take his own, and posterity's future destiny in charge, and transmit it to all succeeding generations,—if he wished to take the guidance and guardianship of man's destiny in charge, and stand or fall, live or die, according to the uses or abuses thereof,—he should make it known by eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. This latter proposition presented to an aspiring mind a field of greater latitude, and seemed to be more congenial with prospective progression; but it involved a state of fallibility. Adam made choice of this mutable state, and the Almighty, according to the terms implied in the stipulation, consigned man to the charge of working out his own fate, of making himself immortal or mortal,—wise, angelic, and happy, or ignorant, stupid, and miserable.

Although this liberty of choice, which was given to Adam, was justly his right, according to his constitutional endowments, yet the Almighty, foreseeing man's fatal decline, preadvises him of the serious dangers and intricacies that thronged around a life of continued accountability; or, in other words, a state of agency, or subjection to mutation, by announcing to him, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Adam, having now designated the peculiar condition of life in which to display the drama of human efforts and aspiring ambition, sets out upon the wide sea of existence and human responsibilities, fired with confident hope and unsuspected self-sufficiency; but, having rejected the seal of immutable cerebral organization, the fountain of mental, moral, and physical life was, therefore, subject to change, and every act, not in complete conformity to the laws of life, produced deleterious effects upon the brain, and insidiously depraved the powers of life, weakened the chemical affinities by which the subtle particles, or invisible molecules, of spirit, are combined with the grosser elements.
and integrant particles of matter, in the mysterious organization of the brain, which constitutes life in all its various manifestations. By a continued course of violations upon the laws of affinity, which hold in due proportion and combination the elements of mind and matter, required for the development of mental, moral, and physical life, the energy of the brain was impaired,—a dissipating decomposition indeed,—the intellectual faculties became feeble and insufficient for the purposes originally designed to result from their exercises. Moral sentiment became the dupe of ignorance, deluded conceptions, morbid passions, depraved sensibilities, perverted sensations, and disease, not only manifested itself in the mental and moral functions of the brain, but the functions of organic life, which originated from the same source, became deranged,—discord and confusion prevailed, at length, throughout the entire man, which ultimately brought about a state of dissolution or death,—degrading superstition, inhuman oppression and vice stretched their sable wings of impenetrable darkness over the once bright and glowing, but now faded, prospects of human felicity,—and mortality spread her dusty mantle in mournful folds around the fleeting forms and fading visages of animated life. Hence all the dark designs of cruelty and death, the fatal virus of malice and revenge, shame-faced hypocrisy and thievish deceit, pride, superstition, error, and vice of every grade, together with diseases and death, are all interwoven with the tissues of organic life, and propagated from sire to son; and as life with all its frailties was handed down from generation to generation, the abuses of its laws and sustaining principles were increased in magnitude and multiplied in number until, by the retrograde action of perverted life, the former vestiges and beautifying features of human nature were supplanted by the formidable habits of immorality and vice; and hence the reproductive fountain of mortal life throws up from the polluted quagmire and marshy fens of depraved appetites and passions, of vitiated desires and morbid sensibility, upon the stage of being, more intellectual and moral monstrosities,—more emblems of fiendish incarnation than symbols of humanity.

Notwithstanding man inherits a great degree of mental imbecility and moral depravity, proportioned to the habits and customs of his ancestors, which we may term congenital moral malformation; yet he is not spiritually dead, nor morally destitute of eyes; but a man without light is as blind as a man without eyes; and such are we without the woof of God.—

We are no more spiritually dead than we are physically dead while in the prime of life, enjoying vigorous health and muscular power, until we stifle and exterminate the heavenly and holy aspirations of the soul, by rejecting the light of truth, and indulging in vice and wickedness.

JOHN M. SELPH.

May, 1858.

Misrepresentations Corrected.

NEVER, in the history of differences of opinion of Religious subjects, has there been a more blind and cruel attempt to blast reputation and character, than that exhibited since the attack upon my faith. We have, up to this date, paid no attention to the insinuations and charges made against us, save only to state facts where facts have been misrepresented. We have left the defence of reputation with those who alone were acquainted with it. If an irreproachable, irreproachable and laborious ministry, extending through fourteen years, and against which no charge of the slightest impropriety was ever made until after the publication of doctrinal views supposed to be different from those generally received,—a ministry, which under the blessing of God, had been welcomed in all communities...
ties where it had been exercised, and approved by good men of all parties and all phases of faith,—if such a ministry, with all its faults, could not defend me against attacks upon private character and all that man holds dear in his earth-life, as connected with the sacred ties of family, church, and society. I knew there could be no defense. I believe in the justice of God and the final justice of mankind, and have been willing to patiently wait the result.—Thus far, my defense, from the hands of friends and brethren, who have been most intimately associated with me, has been all that any man could desire, and especially as I have not moved a finger towards securing either their countenance or defense against a single charge. To that God, whose constant Providence regards the greatest and minutest events, and who suffers no evil to befall us that is not intended to correct evil in us, in order to our further discipline in his service, I have committed this whole matter, unreservedly and daily; and as he works by years as well as moments, by enemies as well as friends, I can well afford to wait. I have seen that there is no hate equal to religious hate; and men never forgive, where they have no right to be offended. Waiting, therefore, is the plan of God; and by sufferings, humanity is not only made perfect, but the small measure of its attainments are made known. I can wait.

The following correspondence would never have been published, were it not that it serves, in the most effectual manner, to correct several improper representations of my course in connection with the Nashville and New Orleans Churches. We call attention to three of these.

1. It had been stated and published that neither of these churches desired, much less had earnestly insisted upon, our continuing or becoming their permanent Pastor. It will be seen that they have not only desired it, but the desire has increased with the heartless opposition I have met with from those who knew nothing of the state of the case, and of course could not correctly represent it. In both cases, I am at this moment, urged to accept their Pastorate, with a unanimity and a zeal seldom witnessed in any pastoral relation. In neither case have I ever sought an invitation or asked a defense.

2. It has been asserted that I have represented myself as invited officially by the Churches of Memphis, Clarksville, and Hopkinsville, to visit and preach for them. I never made such a representation, either privately or publicly. I never represented myself as invited by either of those churches, or any member thereof. The following is my published statement, upon which so groundless and unkind a representation is made:

“We hope to be able to visit Winchester, Memphis, Clarksville, and Hopkinsville, sometime during the year, but cannot now specify the time.”—Ch. Mag., Feb. No., page 63. Not one word or hint is given respecting an invitation from the churches, or any member of said churches!

The truth upon the subject is simply this: I had received invitations from Messrs. Venable, White, and Francis, of Winchester; from brother Simon Bradford, of Memphis, and personally from many citizens of that city, offering to procure one of the most commodious buildings of the city for my use; and that invitation was made, also, by the then Pastor of the church—a noble young man, and one of our most promising preachers. I was invited by several friends in Clarksville, and the invitation has been repeated by a committee of brethren of that church—Messrs. Eddings, Rutherford, and Everett. I was invited by W. A. Shipp, Esq, of Hopkinsville—to each and all I replied in the sentence above, after a specific reply to the invitation from Winchester.—How any man could represent me as I have been represented in this case, and retain his regard for truth, justice, and common courtesy, I am at a loss to understand. I hope the Hopkinsville Elders will do themselves the justice to set their part of this matter right. Never, from the commencement of my ministry, has it ever been necessary for me to seek an invitation from any man, church, or community; and while Heaven
continues to me the exercise of Reason, it
never will be.

3. Respecting the rumors affecting my
moral standing, the letter of the Elders of
the church, and the statement of the first
citizens of this place, is all that I can con-
sent to publish at present. Letters, volun-
tarily, and in many instances, indignantly,
written, by men of the highest respectabili-
ty, both in the church and out of it, I have
in abundance; but it might at present be
regarded as a trespass upon private friend-
ship, to publish them. They will be forth-
coming, however, whenever a proper res-
ponsibility shall be assumed in the case.—
The correspondence speaks for itself. My
letter, addressed to the Elders, resigning
my place and office till the rumors affect-
ing my character were investigated, has been
misused by some one of them or their friends,
and we would be glad to have it whenever
found. It will then appear. It is repre-
sented correctly in the correspondence.

I have only further to say: Let my opin-
ions, my writings and sermons be reviewed
without favor or fear. I shall never, com-
plain of any respectable review. Nay, I
desire it, so far as any question of practical
importance is involved in them: But pri-
ivate character, personal and family rela-
tions, should surely be held sacred, even if
I must be treated as a Heretic or an Infidel.
I recognize, neither name, and feel ready,
at all times, by all honorable methods, both
to state and defend my faith, and show my
reasons for it, and my rights to it. But
could I be heard by those who think I have
injured them in avowing the result of my
investigations, I would say in all charity,

"Be advised;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it doth singe yourselves. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at
And lose by overrunning."

J. B. FERGUSON.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, NASH-
VILLE, TENN., AND J. B. FERGUSON.

Wishes of the Church and Community—
J. B. Ferguson’s Declination—the char-
ge against his Character investigated—

his resignation not accepted, and the
Invitation repeated—Letter from the
Citizens.

NASHVILLE, Jan., 24, 1853.

Dear Brother Ferguson:—

At the close of the afternoon meeting
on yesterday, the subject of employing a
teacher for the congregation for the present
year, was brought before them, notice hav-
ing been given on the previous Lord’s day
that such action would be taken at that time.
It was thereupon

"Resolved, By the Church of Christ in
Nashville, of which Bro. Jesse B. Ferguson
has acted as Pastor for several years, That
it has undiminished confidence in him as a
man and a Christian, and in his capacity and
disposition to preach the Gospel, and to
Teach his brethren and sisters: and this
being the case, that it appoints brethren Jes-
se D. March, John H. Ewin and James
Woods to write to him on behalf of this
Church, that it wishes his services as Pastor
for the present year, and will make the nec-
essary provision for his maintenance."

In accordance with the foregoing resolu-
tion, the duty of making the wishes of the
Church in this behalf known to you, devolv-
ing upon us, we proceed without delay, and
with much pleasure, to do so.

Permit us, as individual Brethren, to ex-
press to you our warmest sympathy and re-
gard, our sincere wishes for your speedy
restoration to health, and your return at an
early day to the bosom of your family, to
the Church by which you are so much be-
loved and esteemed, and to your numerous
friends.

Yours, faithfully,
J. D. MARCH,
J. D. MARCH:

MESSRS. JAS. WOODS, JNO. H. EWIN AND
J. D. MARCH:—

My Dear Brethren:—Your
favor, expressing the desire of the Church
of Nashville to retain my services as Pas-
tor for the present year, is before me.

You will please accept my sincere
thanks for the friendly and fraternal man-
ner in which you have chosen to make known the wishes of the brethren. Allow me to assure you, that in view of the unfortunate difficulties that have grown out of the manner in which some of my writings have been treated by my brethren, it is peculiarly grateful to me to know that those with whom I have been most intimately and confidingly associated, still retain their undiminished confidence and esteem. I have been assailed as infidel; the most fraternal confidence has been violated; and motives, purposes and acts have been ascribed to me that never entered my mind. I have never introduced the matter into the pulpit or to the Church. If my life and labors amongst you were not sufficient to warrant your confidence, all artificial methods for inspiring it, I knew must fail. I gave my enemies, therefore, a fair field, and left them to whatever course they saw fit to adopt. And now, that the Church I have sought to serve in all its interests, has seen fit to act in the premises, it affords me unspeakable pleasure to witness their firm and noble stand in favor of the great principle of religious freedom, and in defense of a ministerial standing with which they, of all others, are best acquainted. In my humble manner, I have sought to serve them faithfully and affectionately. Our relations have been as peaceful as they were intimate and confiding. You have stood by me in the day of trial, and shown your willingness to stand. Receive my sincere thanks, and the assurances of my most affectionate remembrances of your kindness. While I live, I shall not cease to pray for the peace and prosperity of the Church of Nashville, and the temporal and spiritual happiness of its entire membership. But in view of my lack of health, which has been failing more or less since the first two years of my Pastorate among you, I beg leave to decline your very fraternal and earnest solicitation. I expect to be absent from Nashville for the greater part of the year, and, probably, during the whole of the next. Your interests will suffer, unless the pulpit be supplied during that time; and as no one knows what a year may bring forth, I feel it my duty to relieve you at once of all obligation to me, by declining the responsible and useful position I have hitherto held with so much of mutual satisfaction.

Language is inadequate to express the nature and degree of my emotions in view of a step that nothing but imperative necessity could enable me to take. May kind Heaven smile propitiously upon all your efforts to promote the spiritual welfare of your families and the community, and "after that we have suffered awhile," bring us to the land where our pure and holy relationships know neither sorrow nor separation. The images of many a one will often be called up in my memory in affectionate remembrance. May I hope, also, that their remembrance of me and my humble labors will not be altogether without some inspiration to the duties and privileges we have so long together enjoyed.

With the highest personal respect for you individually, and sincere fraternal regards for every member of the Church and acquaintance in the large and indulgent congregation, I have so imperfectly served for the past seven years, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your fellow-servant, under Christ,

J. B. FERGUSON.

NASHVILLE, July 4, 1853.

In view of rumors affecting his moral standing, Mr. Ferguson formally resigned his place, and gave his reputation into the hands of the Eldership. They investigated the charges, and addressed him as follows:

Beloved Brother Ferguson:—

The Elders of the Church of Christ in Nashville, take the earliest opportunity to address you in reply to your letter of resignation of your Pastoral Charge of the Congregation, addressed to them on the eve of your departure from home.
You are aware, no doubt, that many evil and slanderous reports were circulating here and elsewhere involving your character as a Christian and Christian Minister.

Before we could accept your resignation, it became our imperative duty to examine into the truth or falsehood of the charges made against you. Having performed that duty, and acquitted you of any immoral or criminal conduct, the result of our investigation was written out and read to the congregation or Church, a copy of which is hereewith enclosed.

The Elders unanimously determined that they would not, as they could not, consistently with truth and justice, your own character, the cause of virtue and the Christian Religion, accept your resignation; and in order to test the soundness of their judgment and determination, the question of your resignation was submitted to the male members of the Church, and with the exception of one or two members, their voice was unanimous that your resignation should not be received; and that the Elders forthwith recall you to the discharge of your Pastoral duties.

We, therefore, as the Elders and in behalf of the Church, cordially invite and request your speedy return to your Pastoral duties to the congregation, and to a numerous circle of sincere and devoted friends. Accept the assurance of our Christian Fellowship and Brotherly love.

JAMES WOODS,
DYER PEABY,
FRANK McGAUVE,
ROE'S C. BRUCE,
JAS. H. FOSTER,
WM. H. WHARTON,

[The following letter, written and signed without any instrumentality of Mr. Ferguson, either directly or indirectly, is subscribed by some of the first men of Nashville and of Tennessee. Professors in her Literary and Medical Institutions, Officers of the State, Judges, Lawyers, and Physicians, Merchants and Citizens of the first eminence and highest respectability.]

NASHVILLE, July 6, 1853.

Rev. J. B. Ferguson:

Sir—The undersigned citizens of Nashville, (not connected with the Church of which you are the Pastor,) in view of the recent unfounded attacks on your character and conduct as a man, and a Christian Minister, beg leave respectfully to assure you of their undiminished confidence in your uprightness and purity, and to express their sincere and earnest hope, that you may, at an early day, return to this place, continue your residence amongst us, and resume the discharge of your Pastoral functions:

John Bell, U. S. Senator,
Wm. Campbell, Gov. of Tenn.,
J. B. Ferguson, Ex U. S. Senator,
J. Shelly, Ex Post Master,
Tho's Jennings, M. D.,
E. S. Stevenson, Pres. N. & C. R. R. C.
J. G. Ferguson, Esq.,
Hon. W. K. Turner,
S. R. Cockrell, Esq.,
E. G. Eastman, Ed. Union & Am. B. B. McKean,
J. Grouton, M. D.,
Boyd McNairy, M. D.,
Jas. Walker, Jr.,
J. A. Porter,
G. G. Turley,
R. C. McNaughty,
A. B. Robertson,
M. S. Pickler,
B. S. Welser,
J. D. Winfield, M. D.,
R. D. Foster, M. D.,
H. L. Norvell,
Hon. Washington Barrow,
J. A. Acklin,
Prof. W. K. Bowling, M. D.,
J. R. Meigs, Esq.,
J. Corley, Cashier Union Bank,
W. T. Berry,
W. H. Ayers,
J. Bankhead,
N. H. Allaway, Banker,
J. S. Walker,
G. M. Fogg, Esq.,
J. M. Bean, Pres't Union Bank,
E. McGrew, Tell'er,
J. H. Watson,
J. D. Hamilton,
Jas. Norvell,
D. G. Tapp, Esq.,
Rob't Gibbons,
T. G. Pointer,
L. B. Bech,
H. K. Walker,
J. M. McGraw, Ed. True Whig,
J. D. Stevenson,
G. M. Castell, Tell'r Pl. Bank,
R. F. Woods,
MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED.

OCEAN SPRINGS, Miss., July 15, 1853.


Our Dear Brother,—On the 23rd instant it was

Resolved, By the Board of Trustees of

Christian Congregation of New Orleans, (after due deliberation,) that the interests of our Congregation and of the cause in this city, would be greatly promoted by your residence and labors among us; and it was also decided, that to ascertain the views of the brethren generally, upon the subject, the proposition to solicit your services, be laid before them on Lord's day, 27th inst.

Accordingly, on that day, the question having been submitted to the Congregations, it was, after full and mature deliberation, decided to call you to labor amongst us; and it gives us pleasure to communicate the fact, and to earnestly solicit your compliance with the anxious wishes of the brethren,—to which we may add those of the community generally; and to say that we trust you will be able to early comply with this general request. With greatest respect for you as a man, as well as a Christian teacher,

We are truly and respectfully yours,

WARRICK MARTIN,
JOHN McDOUGALL,
E. H. WILSON,
P. W. ROBERT,
A. A. JONES,
JNO. T. JETER,
Elders and Trustees.

OCEAN SPRINGS, Miss., July 15, 1853.


My Dear Brethren,—Your letter of the 28th of February, communicating the Resolution of the Board of Trustees and the invitation of the Congregation of the Christian Chapel of New Orleans, urging me to take the Pastoral oversight of the Church, is now before me for a reply.

It would have received an immediate reply, had it not been that the circumstances that then surrounded me, led me to hope that by delay I would be enabled to accept the honorable service to which it anxiously called me. It is known to most of you, that several gentlemen
whose names are appended, insisted upon my not declining the invitation until at least I were fully satisfied it would be out of my power to accept. I must, therefore, communicate the fact, that it will be entirely impracticable for me to comply with your wishes.

I make this communication with unfeigned reluctance and deep regret. I have been satisfied for years that both my own health and that of my family would be promoted by a more southern climate.—This, taken in connection with your repeated and cordial request, prompted by a fellowship and a kindness that has shown itself to be free, full and enduring under the severest trials to which human sympathy is ever subjected, makes it extremely difficult for me to decline. Allow me to assure you that nothing but the recent unprovoked and merciless assault—first upon the soundness of my faith, which my voluntary opponents would not or could not understand or represent truthfully—and now upon my moral standing, and all that can make our earth-life tolerable, could prevent my ready and hearty acceptance of the responsible and yet agreeable duties to which your partiality has called me.

That you have without my solicitation, and in opposition to my expressed sense of your interests and happiness, again unanimously repeated your invitation of Feb. 28th, while all that low envy and phrenzied malignity could do has been done to prejudice you against me, speaks to my heart and overwhelms it with gratitude to Him who turns the hearts of his children, as the streams of water are turned. May He abundantly bless and reward you for the justice and charity you have extended, and give peace and prosperity to your association and spiritual strength, patience and joy to your every heart.

It is barely possible that I may yet be able to serve you at some future time. If health and duty permit, I hope to spend the approaching winter in your city.

Please accept for yourselves, individually, the assurance of my sincere and fraternal regards, and for the Church of which you are members, my best wishes and prayers for its increase in the means and agencies of usefulness, and its uninterrupted edification in Love. Very gratefully and respectfully,

Your fellow-servant,

J. B. Ferguson.

New Orleans, July 21, 1853.

Elder J. B. Ferguson,
Ocean Springs, Miss.—Dear Brother:—

Your letter of the 15th inst., addressed to the undersigned, and others who are not now in the City, as Elders, Trustees, &c., has been received.

Although we feel to appreciate your motives and deeply sympathize with you in the unmerited abuse and persecution through which you have, as we fear, but partially passed, yet we can but regret, most deeply, that circumstances impel you to decline the invitation of the Congregation here to become its permanent Pastor.

We deem it almost superfluous to assure you, Bro. Ferguson, that the Church here was not actuated by any cold and indifferent formality in expressing a desire to secure your services, but from a firm conviction that your labors here would add greatly to the cause of truth; which conviction was strengthened, if possible, by the profound respect and ardent attachment entertained towards you, both as a Preacher and a Gentleman.

Our regrets are somewhat mitigated by the pleasing reflection that we will, in all probability, have you in our City during the approaching winter, and perhaps the next year. Be this, however, as it may, you may rest assured, that so long as you manifest the same spirit which has hitherto characterized your conduct, our best wishes and prayers will accompany you to whatever point Providence may direct your steps.

Hoping that you may ever find favor in
the sight of God, to buoy you up and far above all the conflicting cares and vindictive persecutions of earth, we subscribe, Most affectionately,

A. A. Jones,
J. T. Jeter,
Jno. Mead;
P. W. Robert,
Warrick Martin,
Jno. McDougall.

The following letter to the Editor of the "Christian Age," who had expressed doubts of the fact that the invitation had been given, we also insert, at the repeated and urgent request of the writers:

New Orleans, May 27, 1853.

Dear Brother Franklin:—In the "Christian Age" of the 19th inst., you express a desire to hear from the Church in New Orleans, respecting Bro. Jesse B. Ferguson. In justice to the Church and Bro. Ferguson, we comply with your request.

When Bro. Ferguson was last in our City, the Church did, after mature deliberation, invite Bro. Ferguson to take up his residence among us, and to become its Pastor. All the members present on the occasion, voted for his call, save one, and his name is now attached to this letter.—Bro. Edward C. Payne, who voted then for his coming, is the only one known to us as opposing it now. Bro. Ferguson has not yet, in a formal manner, accepted our invitation, but we still hope he will do so.

Whilst we are at all times pleased to receive advice and instruction from our Brethren, upon subjects with which we are unacquainted, we yet think that we do not need such, respecting Bro. Ferguson. We, ourselves, know him. For piety, sincerity, and influence among those with whom he associates, he has few, if any equals, and certainly no superiors among our preaching brethren. We know of no one so well qualified to do good in this City as he. It would be to us a matter of rejoicing, if all those who oppose and denounce him, possessed his spirit, and his influence for good. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." If any man has that spirit, we think he has. It matters not what is said or done against him; those who know him intimately, will entertain this opinion of him.

Out of courtesy, we make this explanation; but do not acknowledge the right of the "Christian Age," or the "Missionary Board," of your City, to ask it of us; nor can we see what either of them has to do, with our selection of our preacher. Please publish this in the "Christian Age."

We have sent a copy of this letter to Bro. J. B. Ferguson, which we expect him to publish in the Magazine.

Being opposed to personal attacks in Christian Journals, and advocates of "peace on earth, and good will among men," we remain,

Your Brethren, &c.,

A. A. Jones,
J. T. Jeter,
Jno. Mead,
Warrick Martin,
Jno. McDougall,
P. W. Robert,
E. H. Wilson,
A. P. Chamberlain.

I do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original letter directed to "Elder Benj. Franklin, Editor "Christian Age," Cincinnati, Ohio," with a request to publish it.

New Orleans, May 28, 1853.

Elder J. B. Ferguson, Nashville, Tenn.:
Dear Brother:—I take great pleasure in enclosing to you, an exact copy of a letter, signed by each individual for himself, which I have this day put in the Post Office, and which is addressed to "Elder Benj. Franklin, Editor "Christian Age," Cincinnati, Ohio," with a request to publish it.

P. W. Robert,
Notary Public.

May 28, 1853.

New Orleans, May 28, 1853.

Elder J. B. Ferguson, Nashville, Tenn.:
Dear Brother:—I take great pleasure in enclosing to you, an exact copy of a letter, signed by each individual for himself, which I have this day put in the Post Office, and which is addressed to "Elder Benj. Franklin, Editor "Christian Age," Cincinnati, Ohio," with a request to publish it.
The objects for sending you this copy are: first, that you may know how the brethren and Church here appreciate you as a Gentleman, a Christian, and a Preacher; and, secondly, that you may be in possession of word for word, of the original, so that you may use your own judgment, whether or not to publish it in the "Magazine." Should the "Age" fail to publish it, as requested, we will certainly expect to see it in the "Magazine," but we fully expect, as we doubt not, the "Age" will publish it. You are perfectly free, however, to exercise your own judgment, and publish it or not, as you please, at any time.

I should like to write you more lengthily on this occasion, but am required to have this copy in the mail to-day, and time will not allow me to say all that I wish.

With sentiments of the kindest regards,

I remain yours, &c.,

P. W. Robert.

From the Christian Register.

Self-Possession from Faith in Providence.

One of the most important elements of power, and one which is cultivated comparatively but little, is the complete possession and control of all the faculties. We come in contact with them almost every day who have faculties which they never learned to use readily, and who therefore blunder and bungle whenever they are called upon to use them; and we meet with others of far inferior powers, who, because they have all their resources at command, pass for a great deal more than they are worth, and generally succeed in whatever they undertake to do. We should be glad to see among the things which the child is to learn or attain to, not merely knowledge and the acquisition of mental power, but ready tact in turning that knowledge to the best account, and always holding that power at command.

Never is the want of this more fully perceived than in those occurrences by which the stream of life is turned out of its quiet and ordinary course. Under the head of accidents, we read almost every week of lives sacrificed on this very account. People of good sense, clear heads, and apparently of religious trust, get along very well so long as nothing unusual occurs, and they tread the beaten track of routine; but let them be upset in a stage coach, or let them be placed on the deck of a burning or sinking vessel, and they will act like a frantic mob. Then again there are others, not at all remarkable in common transactions, whose characters rise into sublimity and glory when the common order of events is broken up, or the stream is turned suddenly out of its course. Then they are self-collected in the midst of trouble, taking in the whole prospect with steady eye, perhaps not only saving themselves, but bringing order out of ruin, and bearing off others in safety from a field of disaster. These persons, it may be, have no more actual power and faculty than most people; but they have learned to possess their souls so that no power is wasted or misapplied.

Now that this most desirable gift is owing in part to natural endowments or native temperament, we are not at all disposed to deny. But that it is in the power of every man, woman and child to acquire it, we are disposed to believe and affirm. If the Spartan youth could so be trained as never to be thrown off his balance by ambuscades and surprises, if the drill of the camp can expel from the human breast all fear and perturbation in the face of whatever danger, we should be sorry to believe that the motives which religion inspires may not equally raise one above the control of circumstances and give him possession of himself.

Aside, however, from mere physical hardiness and practical bravery, we do not believe there is any thing but a right apprehension of the doctrine of Providence which will give us at all times the complete mastery of our faculties. There is in the minds of most people a vague acknowledgment of a general providence, but they do not seem to be aware that this doctrine carefully analyzed, includes the idea of a particular providence in each particular
event, as the whole is made up of the parts and constituents that compose it. We must abandon the notion of a Providence altogether, or else we must admit that there is a special providence in every event, and that there is no such thing as accident in the universe. This being so, we shall readily understand and feel that God is present, not only in the great crises and catastrophies of history, but in every filling of the lungs and every pulse of the heart, and the same power that guides the world in its orbit, guides the sparrow in its fall. It will follow, too, that there is no such thing as untimely death, since all changes, and this among the rest, occur according to a law of eternal order, which chance or accident has no power to break or disturb.

This is not Fatalism, the doctrine of a blind and irresistible Force. It is simply the doctrine of Providence tenderly adapted in the smallest events to our spiritual state, controlling and diversifying all our surroundings so as to educate the highest possible good, and work forth the best energies that sleep in man. It makes the scheme of Providence a grand system for the education of humanity. Leaving the human will untouched and free, it yet so pre-arranges and pre-adapts our life-plan as to develop the highest and best energies that we will suffer to be developed, or in short, to make the most of us that can be made. Or if we will not allow any good to be evolved, the Divine Providence so arranges our life-plan as to allow the least of evil consistent with our moral freedom. So that there is no waste of force, no needless evil, no unavoidable pang in the dominions of God.

Such is Divine Government controlling not only all worlds, but each particle that compose them. Leaving free the human will, it binds all nature and all events in the laws of Optimism, and thus preserves the harmony of the universe.

When once we have apprehended these laws of Providence by a devout and living faith, we shall not suffer any changes or seeming accidents to take us by surprise.

We shall strive to do the duties of the present hour according to our best wisdom and ability; and these done, we shall lie down and sleep sweetly under the shadow of coming time. And if waked up suddenly by the thunder and the storm, we shall know that they cannot touch a hair of our heads but by Divine permission, and that we shall not die by accident, or go hence any sooner than God intended. We shall survey the scene as old Herman surveyed from his church tower the conflagration of Hamburg, who, when the waves of fire were surging beneath him, and at length mounting up to his last retreat, calmly arranged his bells, so that their last chime should play his favorite tune and make music unto God:

"And as the tower came crashing down, the bells in sweet accord, Pealed forth the grand old German hymn, "All good souls praise the Lord."

It has been remarked that believers in Divine Foreordination are generally found to be most self-collected in emergencies. We can readily believe it. For when you eliminate from that doctrine the Calvinistic element of unconditional election and reprobation, you have a truth still left which in good minds takes the simple form of the doctrine of a Universal Providence, which not only extends outward through all space, but downward through the smallest atoms, making the humblest event a wavelet out of Omnipotence, making the minutest object redolent of Divine fragrance, making the Divine Omnipresence to glow not more in the bush of Moses than in every shrub and tree—binding and uniting all things together in a universal scheme of beneficence and blessing. Whoever has such a faith, and lives it well, will be likely to remain calm and self-composed amid the changes that sweep over the surface of things.

It was not hard work for Mozart to write Don Giovanni, nor for Michael Angelo to design St. Peter's. It is never very hard to do a thing well, although all the labor of all the years would never enable a man to do it.
The Moral Mission of our Country, with Reference to Christianity.

BY CHARLES M. TAGGART.

Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free—Gal. 5:1.

As to every intelligent being, so to every nation, the Creator appears to assign some work, and to grant to each the incentives and means, to discover and perform that work.

Among other problems, which appear to be given us to solve—the mission of our country and government being a moral mission—is that of union and liberty in religion.

Can there be liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and unity of action in religion?

In no nation yet, as the records of seventeen centuries demonstrate, has entire liberty of conscience been found to coexist with unity of action among nominal disciples of Christianity. From the fact that government has recognized no preference of one over another, the necessity of mutual toleration among the sects—for it has only been toleration and not charity—has led some in other countries, to attribute to us as a people, much more virtue than is justly ours.

A well known British writer, himself a theologian, in speaking of our institutions, says: "It is hardly possible for any nation to show a greater superiority over another, than the Americans in this particular have shown over us. They have fairly, completely, and probably forever extinguished that spirit of persecution, which has been the employment and curse of mankind, for four or five centuries. Not only that persecution which imprisons and scourges for opinions, but the tyranny of incapacitation, which by disqualifying from civil offices, and cutting a man off from the lawful objects of ambition, endeavors to strangle religious freedom in silence, and to enjoy all the advantages, without the blood, and noise, and fire of persecution."

Partially true as this is, you readily perceive how far it is over drawn. Place by its side the following declaration from a late number of a Roman Catholic periodical, published in our own country:

"Religious tolerance is a heresy, and no Catholic can for an instant tolerate it. Every Catholic must profess religious intolerance or cease to be a Catholic. The essence of this religious intolerance is expressed in this article of faith: "Out of the Church, there is no salvation." "It follows, therefore, that where religious intolerance must always and everywhere be right, civil tolerance may be proper today and not to-morrow—right in one country and wrong in another." The same writer then proceeds to show where unlimited toleration may be advantageous to the Church—namely, where the government professes atheism, paganism, or a false religion.

In China, England, or the United States, where a false religion prevails, it may be beneficial to the Church, that there should be unlimited toleration.

On the other hand, where the true religion, that is, the Roman Catholic, controls the government, as in Italy or Spain—"intolerance on the part of the State becomes a religious duty"—for "the advocacy of new doctrines would disturb the public peace."

You perceive from this doctrine, openly advocated at this day, in our own country, by a religious community, equaling in numbers any one of the various Churches, how far our government is from extinguishing completely and forever, that spirit of persecution, which has so long been the dishonor of Christian sects.

We perceive that the liberal spirit of our civil institutions has not by any means extinguished, but by protecting all in the exercise of their religious sentiments, thus far, has only restrained the spirit of persecution.

Indeed, though liberalizing influences have diffused among the people a liberal spirit, yet, many of the clergy of Protas-
tant Churches, the leaders or guides of
denominations, as far as their actual pro-
ceedings will warrant an opinion, are as
vestitate of genuine charity, as intolerant
of religious opinions varying from their
own, as in any previous period of Chris-
tian history. In many of our social cir-
cles, the lines of exclusion are drawn on
sectarian principles, and not unfrequent-
ly, in some of our communities, certain
religious sentiments are made the ground
of political action, in electing candidates
to office.

No one who reads the weekly publica-
tions of the religious press, can easily
mistake what sort of spirit actuates its
directors. The uncharitableness of the
religious press, is a by-word even among
political partisans.

Lawyers, physicians, and opposing pol-
ticians, have always been accustomed,
more or less, to meet, consult, deliberate,
and act together. But a few years since
a number of clergy of several Protestant
denominations, assembled in London, to
form what they styled an Evangelical Al-
liance. The world was moved at the
amazing spectacle, and it was thought by
some, that the "Kingdom of Heaven" was
indeed "at hand." Yet what was the first
act of that world-surprising assembly.—
It was, to frame a creed excluding from the
Alliance, not only more than half of all
Christendom, namely, the Roman Catho-
lic Church, but also, in express terms, ex-
cluding several Protestant denominations,
embracing probably one-fourth of the
Protestant world.

But what has been the issue of that
assembly and that platform? Almost
since that time, or for three or four years
past, we hear nothing of the Evangelical
Alliance. It has died a natural death—
expired almost as soon as born, and Bish-
op Hughes, had he recalled the fact, might
have enumerated this among the eviden-
ces of what he styles "The decline of
Protestantism."

But praise to the Supremely Good, all
truth is not inclosed by the walls of Ro-
man Catholic Churches, nor confined in
Protestant creeds. There are other agen-
cies operating, than religious partisans,
and sectarian denominations. And it is
here, under the protection of our govern-
ment, under the guidance of our civil in-
stitutions—as all appearances conspire to
indicate, that the problem of religious lib-
erty is to be solved. That theoretical and
practical religion are to be reconciled. It
is for our country and our citizens to
prove practicable, entire liberty of con-
science, and entire unity of action, free-
dom of judgment, and unity of spirit.

As in the name of liberty, the sternest
tyrants have mounted to the throne of
despotism, so in the name of religion,
éphases, have been perpetrated the
most inhuman and ungodly deeds. In the
name of zeal for the Christian faith, have
been performed enormities, which would
be deemed cruel even among barbarians.
It can then, scarcely be a matter of as-
tonishment, if some be found, who will
express their serious doubts as to Chris-
tianity having been a blessing to the world.

But we see that mind itself, that which
allies the creature to the Creator, and is in
man, the image of the Deity, may be dis-
torted into the image of coarse brutality.
Talent, genius, the loftiest faculties of
man, may be perverted into instruments
of the lowest, basest, and most unmanly
uses. Christianity has been both misap-
prehended and misused. Can Christian-
ity inculcate the most God-like mercy,
the most unlimited benevolence, and the
most universal brotherhood, and still lead
practically to intolerance, hatred, and
barbarous cruelty! The indisputable facts
afford conclusive evidence of some funda-
mental misunderstanding or misap-
pllication.

Need we travel far, or speculate pro-
fundly, to detect the essential mistake?
Is it not obvious enough that the point of
misunderstanding has been, that of striv-
ing for an uniformity of belief, which man
should never have expected, and which
Christianity does not contemplate?

Churches have made the chief require-
ment an agreement of interpretation, in-
stead of purity of character, and the prac-
tice of benevolence. They have made
Christianity only a scheme adapted to an
exigency in the remotest past, and a con-
tingency in the remotest future, instead of
principles adapted to the present, and to
every condition, and every action of ev-
ery rational being. It is thus that Chris-
tianity has become an external and dead
form, rather than an internal and living
spirit, diffusing itself through, and ex-
tending itself over, modifying, transform-
ing, and regenerating all things, which re-
quire to be changed, transformed, or re-
generated.

But many changes have occurred, trans-
formations numerous are in actual pro-
gress. During the seventy-seven years,
THE MORAL MISSION
OF OUR COUNTRY.

since that memorable day of which to-mor-
row will be the anniversary, we have spread
the myriad wings of commerce, and visit-
ing every clime and every race, we have re-
turned laden with the treasures of fraternal
charity, as well as the luxuries demanded
by an affluent civilization. We have dis-
covered that there are, as St. Paul declares
—"in every nation those who fear God and
work righteousness"—and that "God is no
respecter of persons." Still more, by the
vast facilities of intercommunication, we
see our government, like the great orb of
day, spreading the shield of its protection
over the most opposing religions among
men.

Some few are startled from their sectarian
composure, by learning that a heathen tem-
pIe containing its heathen Gods, is erected
on our Western coast. There being now,
more for the advancement of Christian lib-
erity, than for their sectarian success.

As a nation, we experience an unexam-
pIed degree of material prosperity; and it
is true, that in the multiform activities, we
do not always find a due regard to religious
agencies and religious principles.

But this indifference is not enmity,—it is
even opposition. Railway companies
may build costly depots rather than splen-
did churches, but they are strengthening the
principle of united social action. They
may increase the percentage of their divi-
dends, but they are also increasing the
sympathies of a divided people, and blend-
ing the interests of separated communities.

Lines of iron net-work, far and wide, ext-
tending through the atmosphere, are elec-
tric nerves, by which the whole nation thrills
from occident to orient, from the pole to the
equator.

These inventions of art, and material
agents, are not enemies of religion. They
are mighty moral forces. For by extin-
guishing distances, we are destroying differ-
cences; by bringing people nearer to each
other, we obliterate the lines which have di-
vided them; by joining their social sympa-
thies, we weaken their religious prejudices.

To men and women who daily enter the
same doors, travel in the same cars, reside
in the same hotels, and sit at the same ta-
bles, the rumblings of pulpit thunder soon
lose their terrors, and priestly denunciations
are soon regarded as harmless outbursts of
venerable fretfulness. The complaining of
a spirit of restless exclusiveness, declining

The mass of men, though attached to the
systems and churches of their childhood,
are yet interested, as all observation testi-
ifies, as much in the advancement of soci-
eity, as in the organism of their Church.—
They love man more than they love their
 creed; they study universal truth more than
their prescribed doctrines; and they labor
more for the advancement of Christian lib-
erity, than for their sectarian success.

As nation, we experience an unexam-
pIed degree of material prosperity; and it
is true, that in the multiform activities, we
do not always find a due regard to religious
agencies and religious principles.

But this indifference is not enmity,—it is
even opposition. Railway companies
may build costly depots rather than splen-
did churches, but they are strengthening the
principle of united social action. They
may increase the percentage of their divi-
dends, but they are also increasing the
sympathies of a divided people, and blend-
ing the interests of separated communities.

Every car rushing over city and county
lines, and recognizing no State limits, is a
herald of good tidings, a harbinger of
peace, a proclaimer of good will. The
lines of iron net-work, far and wide, ex-
tending through the atmosphere, are elec-
tric nerves, by which the whole nation thrills
from occident to orient, from the pole to the
equator.
of old age, and unhappy even in its depart-
ing hours, as a righteous retribution for
making others miserable while it lived. I
would not be understood as predicting the
speedy advent of a millennium of national
love, and brotherhood and glory. I would
neither overlook nor underrate the obstacles
to be surmounted, by the benevolent
spirit of Christianity. For there is still
existing, as we have seen, a domineering
spirit of Church authority, Protestant as
well as Romanist, which, if armed with civ-
il power, would soon stifle all free thought,
and check all outward progress which might
be deemed incompatible with religious ty-
ranny.

Still more, there is a servility to public
prejudice, an obsequiousness to fashion,
and a time-serving dread of popular shad-
ows, which must be displaced by the inspira-
tion of a strong sense of human dignity,
a free, firm, consciousness of manly inde-
pendence, before permanent and rapid pro-
gress can be made in the real liberty of the
gospel.

But, with a republican government, well
established, and now growing venerable by
years—with liberty of conscience and lib-
erty of speech unrestrained by violence—
with foreign commerce and domestic enter-
prise—with a common language, a common
literature, and a free press—with benevo-
 lent unions of every form, having in view
political or sectarian designs, but moral
objects, social improvement, and mutual aid,
uniting men of all parties, classes, sects,
and religions—with all these, potent auxi-
liaries in our land and age., we have
now adverted. Church despotisms, both
Romanist and Protestant, feel the reins of
power over human conscience gliding rap-
dy from their reluctant hands, and in a
voice of lamentation, they are bewailing
the ungodliness of the age. It is only an
age of doubt, they tell us; an age of faith-
lessness—an age of gross impiety. But I
would tell them, that having eyes, they see
not that it is their own solid infatuation—
that this is an age of unexampled energy,
and benevolence, and beneficence, and faith
in the power of goodness, rather than of
plans, schemes, articles and confessions.—
That the world is moving while they stand
still, and that the motion of the time is not
backward, but onward, and pacific and hu-
mman. That the watchwords of our coun-
try are union and brotherhood—the very
heart of the Christian philosophy—the
very standard from the sacred lips of Je-
sus—"By this shall all men know that ye
are my disciples, if ye have love one to
another."

Yes, it is here that the sun of righteous-
ness is to reach the zenith of its earthly
glory. If not here, in this land where ev-
ery religion is protected, where every con-
science is held sacred, where no rack, no
stake, no scaffold can intimidate—where
no church, no creed, priest or preacher
can interpose earthly authority between
the soul and its Creator—if not here,
then explore the globe and tell me where.

Consider the present, and presage the fu-
ture, and tell me when and where the problem of religious liberty can be resolved? Tell me when and where opinion unrestrained, and co-operation in unity of spirit, can be practicable or be possible. The truth has been declared—the decree has gone forth. The angel of a free faith stands with one foot upon the land, and one upon the sea, of this last born hemisphere, and affirms in the name of God, and of human welfare, that the terrors of religious tyranny shall be here no longer.

It is said of the brave reformer of the sixteenth century, that he then blew a blast which shook all Europe. But that blast was blown for only a partial emancipation of the soul from spiritual chains. For by his own hostility to his laboring brethren, the reformer soon discovered, that with all his bold advocacy of private judgment, he meant by freedom no more than a change of masters; and from that day till this, the reformation, though leading indirectly to the best aspects of the present, has been directly little else than an exchange of Roman Pontiffs for Protestant Popes.

Luther was only the Moses to lead to the confines of Canaan, which he saw from Pisgah; but not the Joshua to conduct Israel up fully into the rich land of promise.

In the way of independent investigation of Christian truth, there is a tyranny of Protestant Church systems, extending its hideous arm into the most sacred privacy of social relations, which is as formidable to the timid and unheroic searcher, as the racks of a Roman inquisition, which so effectually extinguish the evil of heresy.

But superior to the spirit either of Romanism or of Protestantism, there is a spirit of Christianity, whose heavenly aspect I would gladly recognize in the heart of any human brother, whether found in a Romanist Cathedral or a Protestant prayer meeting.

We see now some of the potent forces which are at work, destroying divisions, and harmonizing sections, societies, and the interests of individuals.

The only method remaining to perpetuate religious exclusiveness, is to stop steam cars, take down telegraphs, silence the press, and destroy the newspaper. For every observer must perceive, that railroads, electric wires, a free press, and a free literature, are the natural, necessary, uncompromising, and eternal enemies of self-complacent and uncharitable sectarianism.

This day completes seventy-seven years since our patriot fathers proclaimed the charter of civil freedom, under which, at this hour, we live and prosper. But we have yet to hear proclaimed the declaration of the world’s religious disenthrallment. Give us but the pacific policy, the material prosperity, the scientific discoveries, beneficent inventions, and harmonizing Christian researches of seventy-seven years more, under the protection of our independent government, and the work is done. In this hemisphere spiritual tyranny shall have perished, sectarianism will have died, its history will have been recorded, its epitaph written, the human mind will be free, and God will reign supreme sovereign of the soul.

Three quarters of a century more of a pacific policy! Yes, it must be, if at all, it must be in peace that the problem of religious liberty is to be resolved. War disorders all—revolution confuses every thing. Literature, sculpture, painting, music—all the harmonizing, refining and elevating arts, are unpatronized, suspended, often crushed in war. The resources of the nation are then turned in a wrong direction, and employed to uncivilize society. Our own country, directly or indirectly, within the last twelve years, has expended in war a sufficient amount of money to have purchased all the territory she has acquired; and besides this, to have built a college in every city, perhaps in every country of this broad Union, affording each a handsome perpetual endowment, by which every child now liv-
Female Education.

BY W. G. ELIOT, ST. LOUIS.

To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding—Prov. 1, 2.

My subject to night is Female Education. We have heretofore spoken of the different relations in which woman is placed, and of the influence she unavoidably exerts. As society becomes more refined her influence increases, and the question therefore becomes more important, how shall her education be so conducted as to make it good? In other words, how shall she be prepared for the proper performance of the real duties of life? It is the same question that we ask concerning men, and the importance of a right answer is then universally acknowledged; but female education is left very much to chance influences, and its direction intrusted to those who know little about what it ought to be. The remarks which I shall now make are not, however, intended to develop a system, but rather to direct your thoughts to the subject, as one which has been too much neglected.

The education of the young should have chiefly two objects in view: First, the development of the individual mind; and secondly, to fit each individual for the position in life which will probably be held. These are the great objects of education, so far as this world alone is concerned. They belong to one sex as well as the other, and in the education of boys and young men, no one would think of neglecting them; but in the education of girls they are almost systematically disregarded, and from their neglect arise many of the mistakes which we have so much reason to lament.

In the first place, the girl or young lady should be educated with reference to her own absolute wants. She should be treated as a rational being, who has a mind to think with, duties to perform, and a soul to save. She should be taught from the beginning to make the best of her own faculties, and all the means of intellectual improvement which her parents are able to afford, should be given to her.

Now may each of us, and all, enjoy the benediction of the God of our fathers, who is our God, and the God of the eternal future.

Female Education.

ing in this land might, as far as capable, have been liberally educated, to say nothing of the loss of human life and human happiness, which no words can describe, and no figures calculate. Such are the painful trials to which we are subjecting our Christian faith, the peculiar message of which proclaims peace on earth, and good will among men. Both the war and the expenditure may have been necessary and inevitable; yet in this nineteenth century of enlightened Christianity, all such expenditure appears to indicate the passing strange short-sightedness of human action. The religious mission of our country, the power of our religion itself among ourselves, manifestly depends upon our peaceful policy.

Surely there is a glorious day yet to come; and though we may not, the generations who follow us, will see and enjoy it. Let us cherish grateful memories this day, of the noble deeds and virtues of our departed fathers, as we would be gratefully remembered by those who shall succeed us.

Now may each of us, and all, enjoy the benediction of the God of our fathers, who is our God, and the God of the eternal future.
should be fixed as of the man's, by the
capacity of the individual scholar, and
the external means within reach.

We say to the boy or to the young man,
"make the best of yourself; there is no
danger of your learning too much; read,
study, think, for the sake of gaining ma-
turity of judgment, and a well disciplined
mind. Lose no opportunity of attaining
knowledge, whether it promises to be of
immediate use or not. It is good for its
own sake. Its acquisition will strengthen
the mind, as exercise strengthens the
body." We advise him to educate him-
self by all the means within his reach, not
only nor chiefly that he may become a
more successful merchant or a more emi-
inent lawyer, but because the education is
in itself good. It makes a man of him.
It takes him out from the littleness of
humanity, and interests him in the great
things of life, virtue, truth, honor, beauty,
and religion. It makes him independent,
to a great degree, of external circumstan-
ces, and frees him from the necessity of
riches, which common men feel, by giving
him inward and inexhaustible wealth.
The educated man can say, "my thoughts
to me my kingdom are," and whether rich
or poor, whether mechanic or merchant,
or professional scholar, whether he is a
married or an lone man, he will prize his
education as one of the best temporal
gifts which Providence has bestowed.

But why is not this as true of woman,
as of man? If she is a rational being,
why should we not treat her as such? Why
should she not be made to feel from the
days of girlhood, that it is her duty to make
the best of herself, in the development of
her whole mind, in the proper use of all
her faculties? Why should she not be
taught that knowledge is good, whether
immediately useful or not; that the object
of her studying is not merely to learn
something which she can put to practical
use, when she becomes a wife, and moth-
er, but self-improvement for the improve-
ment's sake. Why should she feel, as she
often does, that the whole uses of educa-
tion are attained, if she appears well in
society, and avoids those mistakes which
betray ignorance? Why should manners
be regarded as almost everything, and the
substance of a cultivated intellectual na-
ture almost nothing?

I am afraid that comparatively few
young ladies are accustomed to think of
education in this way. They think of
it, as a schooling to be continued until
the age of sixteen or seventeen, the ob-
ject of which is to make them appear as
well as others in their own circle, and
therefore to give them an equal chance of
success. They seldom think of it as the
beginning of self-culture, the end of which
is maturity of character and the full ex-
cellence of woman-hood. We say to the
boy—make a man of yourself, diligent,
that when you come to manly years you
may have a manly character. Why not
say to the girl—make a woman of your-
self, that when you come to womanly
years you may have a womanly character?
But instead of it we say, learn
lady-like; remember when you be-
lady you will be quite ashamed to
bad grammar, or to enter a room in
or awkward way. This is a much
standard, and reduces everything to
side appearances. It makes the cultiva-
tion of the mind wait on the prettiness of
the body. It makes a woman's education
less important than her manners, and the
dancing-master more indispensable than
any other teacher. It degrades woman-
hood. It prevents the girl from seeing the
real excellence of knowledge, the essen-
tial value of intellectual improvement.—
The young lady is not taught to respect
herself for what she is, but for what she
appears to be. She does not labor to
improve herself, because she has a mind
that needs improvement, and faculties,
the exercise of which is the truest happi-
ness, but her labor ceases when a certain
degree of indispensable knowledge and
outward polish is attained. The accom-
plishments which belong to the fingers and
the feet are much more highly prized than
those of the mind and character. Some
show of study or some general plan o
reading is kept up, for six or twelve
months after leaving school, or until she
stands at the marriage altar, and then, the
great purposes of education having been
secured, the further improvement of the
mind is accounted unnecessary.

I do not mean to be guilty of sarcasm.
It is an easy kind of wit, which any body
with an observing eye and a bad temper
can attain. I should be sorry, therefore,
if in my remarks I seem sarcastic; where
I only intend to speak the truth; but it
seems scarcely too much to say, and fe-
male writers themselves make the com-
plaint more strongly than I would venture to do, that female education is often conducted, both in school and afterwards, as if the chief end of woman were to be married, and the chief object of education to secure a good establishment. Whatever will conduce to that end, by rendering her attractive, by making her the object of admiration, by enabling her to appear well in society and to take captive the hearts of men,—all of this is valued. No part of it is omitted. For its attainment no expense is spared. But the education needed to make her think, to make a woman of her, to teach her self-respect and self-reliance, is comparatively neglected.

This is the great error by which, more than by anything else, woman is prevented from taking her right position in society, and from exerting her full influence. She is not educated for her own individual sake, but with reference to a certain effect, to be produced on those around her, and a certain result to be attained.—She is not taught to enjoy study; she is not supplied with those intellectual resources which would make her independent of praise or blame. Her ideas of usefulness and happiness are associated with her establishment in life as a married woman, and she does not prepare herself by self-education and self-discipline to be useful and happy, through the force of her own character and a cultivated mind, in whatever position she may be placed. I admit that "marriage is honorable," and that both man and woman should look forward to it with hope and joyful expectation. It is unquestionably needful to our highest usefulness and best happiness. Without it, our nature is but half developed, and we are in great danger of becoming selfish and narrow-minded. It is the appointment of Providence, the gift of Divine love, and if evaded or refused, no complete compensation for the loss can be found. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, it is a serious misfortune to either sex, to remain in what is called single, in opposition, I suppose, to the two-fold blessedness. But surely this is not true of woman alone; it is equally true of man. If anything, it is more true; for man's nature, being more rough and harsh, stands in greater need of the softening, purifying influences of the family circle.

How often do we see that among the gentlest and loveliest of their sex, every where welcome, every where honored, are those who have accounted the prize of matrimony not great enough for their acceptance? They are often the most important members of the family, the consolers of grief, the unwearied attendants in the chamber of sickness, the visitors of the poor, finding in the exercise of all beautiful charities and kindly affections, if not the full happiness of which they are capable, yet enough to make their lives a continual expression of gratitude to God, and themselves a blessing to all they love. We may know many such, and in the excellent disinterestedness of their lives, they are numbered among the Saints of the earth. But how often do we find a parallel instance among those of my own sex! Notwithstanding all the flippant jests upon the subject, my observation leads me to think that a single life is much more fatal to man's happiness and usefulness than to woman's.

But how absurd it would be if, in his education, everything was made to turn upon such considerations! The best way to educate him to become a good husband and father is to make him a good man.—Give him the best education in your power with that view, and you do that which is best for him under all circumstances. So in woman's education, it should be conducted primarily with a view to make her a thoughtful, intelligent, well educated person. However much her happiness may be increased by an establishment in life, she should have resources of mind and character, such as to secure her happiness at all events.

Secondly, female education should be conducted with reference to the duties which woman is called upon to fulfill in the different relations of life. Not, as I have already said, merely with a view to her entering on such relations, which is the education of outside show and accomplishments; but with reference to the duties which devolve upon her as a married woman, if circumstances lead her to become such. But this view of the subject compels me, in part, to repeat what I have already said; for how would you prepare one to become a good wife and a judicious mother, except by making her an intelligent and sensible woman? Other things being equal, the more highly educated a person is, in whatever situation placed, the greater his influence, and more worthy he will be of respect. This is true of one sex as well as of the other. The time has passed, when it
was taken for granted that the more contracted a woman's education, the more likely she is to become a good wife and mother. Those were the days when wife and servant meant nearly the same thing. Civilization has advanced too far, education is too generally diffused, for such ideas to prevail. It is expected, nay required, that every woman in good society shall be well-informed, well educated. Without this, her general influence in society is small, and even her moral influence in the domestic circle greatly lessened. For a certain degree of intellectual development is necessary to command respect, and she whose mind is bowed by prejudice, or who is ignorant upon subjects of ordinary interest in science and literature, labors under great disadvantages in all the relations of life.—She need not be afraid of knowing too much. The New England idea on this subject is correct, that every girl should be educated well enough to become a teacher in case of necessity; that with this view, she should be taught thoroughly, so far as she goes, and should go as far as time and opportunity allow. Such an education will unfit her to be the wife of a silly or ignorant man, unless to become his teacher; but fortunately it would take away the desire as well as the fitness. We do not say that the education of children should be intrusted to the mother as her duty, for she seldom has either time or strength for its performance; but it is certainly desirable for her to be competent to the task, as to her own education. She will then aid the teacher, the school work will go on profitably, or if circumstances require, may be dispensed with.

When thus taught she is prepared, if she becomes a wife, to be the head of her household; she is the companion and equal of her husband, capable of being his confidential adviser and assistant. He prizes her more highly in the performance of her domestic duties, because he respects her understanding. He is glad to receive counsel from her, because he sees that she has laid up material for thought and that she knows how to use them. It is a very good thing for a man to have a wife whom he can thus regard, and if I were preaching to young men, I would advise them to take no other. No one can tell how much he gains from daily intercourse with a well educated and sensible woman, who at the same time performs her own duties well, so as to make his home pleasant, and is able to share his thoughts, to enter into his cares, to suggest good counsel, and to direct his mind not less than engage his heart. That is a helpmeet indeed; but to become such, a woman must not be afraid of knowledge nor unwilling to think.

A good education is equally important to the mother. As the minds of her children are developed, their "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things" are enough to puzzle even the wisest; but if she is able to lead them aright in their first seeking after truth and knowledge, to give them a taste for reading, and direct them in their early choice of books, she will accomplish, almost without being aware of it, the most important part of their education. I have often remarked the difficulty, even in the best schools, to give a good education to children, especially to girls, whose mother is illiterate or ignorant. You may provide for them the most accomplished teachers, who will carry them through books enough to entitle them to a degree in college, and yet the illiterate home atmosphere, the uneducated mother-tongue, will half neutralize your efforts. Particularly is this true with regard to the little refinements of education and the right cultivation of taste, which go so far towards characterizing the lady and the gentleman in society.

What is learned from the mother is thoroughly learned, and it requires a great deal of drilling at school to undo her mistakes, and to remedy her false teaching. But if she is able to help the teacher, the school work will go on profitably, or if circumstances require, may be dispensed with.

We do not say that the education of children should be intrusted to the mother as her duty, for she seldom has either time or strength for its performance; but it is certainly desirable for her to be competent to the task, as to her own education. She will then aid the teacher and supply the unavoidable deficiencies of school education, while, at the same time, she brings her children more immediately under her own influence, and teaches them to respect her more. A new relation to them is established, and her duties, as a mother, receive new dignity. Even the drudgeries of household care, from which but few ladies can escape, become less irksome, because of the spiritual and intellectual influence which she is consciously exerting over those whom she loves. No greater mistake can be made, than to suppose that an ignorant woman is more likely to become a good housekeeper, than one who is well educated. It is like the antiquated mistake, that a man is spoilt for a merchant, if he is a scholar or a gentleman. A pedant who knows just enough to be self-conceited, is out of place either in the counting-room or nursery; not because of too much education, but too little. A superficial mind, imperfectly instructed, is unfit for all real duties. A sound and good education both stimulates and enables us to do the best we can, under whatever circumstances we are placed.

But when we speak of a good and sound
education, what do we mean? It is not that
which comes from school-books and a hired
teacher alone, but includes the physical,
moral, and religious training, which are the
work chiefly of home influence and of in-
dividual self-discipline. Upon these points
it is necessary to say something, for the
worst mistakes in education proceed from
their neglect. Schools are good things,
and books are good things, but a healthy
mind in a healthy body is far better, and
the education which neglects these, is likely
to do as much harm as good. What we
need for the real duties of life, is not the
knowledge of Geography, Arithmetic and
Grammar, but manliness and womanliness
of character. What we learn is chiefly val-
uable in teaching us to think, in developing
the mind, in elevating the tastes, in matur-
ing the judgment. We thus become men
and women, and learn to put away childish
things. But under the system of periodical
cramming and display, adopted in many
schools, particularly for girls, the mind is
scarcely educated at all. The memory be-
comes apt and the perception quick, by
which means a good recitation is produced;
but the art of thinking is not taught. Girls
very often leave school with a "finished ed-
cuation," whose education is scarcely be-
gun. The materials of thought have been
put in their minds, but not the ability to use
them. They become women, but not wo-
manly. They continue to think as the
child, to speak as the child, and to under-
stand as the child, and do not put away
childish things. The idea of continued
improvement, of self-culture, of an educa-
tion which continues through life, does not
even enter their minds. They have fin-
ished. As I once heard a child say, when
passing from the first to the second
part of his primer, that "he had got through
with prose and had begun poetry,"" so the
learning part of their life is over, and they
now look for its enjoyment. Their school
books and almost all other books, are laid
upon the shelf, and the externals of life en-
gage the undivided attention.

An education which leads to such a re-
sult is not worth the price sometimes paid
for it. It is a sham quite as much as a sub-
stance; but the fault is not chargeable upon
the teacher alone nor upon the school, al-
though a part of it must rest there. It is
still more chargeable upon the parents, and
results from the want of right influences at
home. If the moral and religious educa-
tion is there neglected, the school will be
building upon a sandy foundation, and the
superstructure, however pretty to look at,
will not endure the wear of actual life.

Let us consider this point still more care-
fully, for it is our principal subject this eve-
ning. The tendency at the present day is
to overrate the education of books and to
underrate the education of character. At
the risk, therefore, of seeming to contra-
dict myself, I would show that moral and
religious culture is, beyond comparison, the
most important. We can do without books;
we cannot do without virtue and religion.
The use of education is to make us wiser
and better; otherwise it is an evil instead of
a good. It is a sad thing to see the charac-
ter neglected for the sake of learning, for
knowledge then becomes an instrument of
iniquity. After all, the education upon
which we chiefly depend for our usefulness
and happiness, is not that which comes from
books or schools. Men may learn to think
without the printed page; they may learn
to act usefully, wisely, and honorably, by
the grace of God.

We have known men, for example, to
whom the meagre education of a primary
school was all with which they began life,
being forced, at the age of ten or twelve
years, to enter upon the career of active
industry. In the strength of a resolute purpose,
and by virtue of what is properly called
mother-wit, they have steadily advanced,
not only in the accumulation of property,
but in the attainment of useful knowledge.
Their practical observation of men and
things, has served to develop their thinking
faculties; good principle has saved them
from the errors so often fatal to the young;
industry has gradually supplied the place
of early education; common sense has been
matured by experience, until it has grown
into that soundness of judgment which is
the best practical wisdom, and the attain-
ment of which is one of the highest objects
of education itself. Thus, by the time the
years of middle life have come, they have
put themselves in the foremost ranks of so-
ciety, in usefulness and respectability,
among merchants, mechanics or statesmen.
Such is the history of some of the most
useful and distinguished men in our country.

Undoubtedly they always feel the incon-
venience of imperfect early education; they
would give one-half they are worth to sup-
ply the deficiency. The college student
will smile at their mistake in conversation,
and if they smile with him it is only be-
cause they are free from affectation,
But, compare such persons with the stu-
dent, who sits all day with his feet on the
fender and his head in the clouds; or with
the literary man, who reads everything and does nothing—and which is the better, the
older, the more respectable? Nay, which is the better educated? Is not the self-education
which has made a strong character, and a manly life, better than the really bad
education which ends in idleness and a
dream? The highest education of the in-
tellect is worthless, unless the moral nature
is developed and manliness secured.

Still more true is this of woman. How-
ever important the education of books, that
of the heart and character is better, and
goes far to take its place. The truly ac-
complished woman needs both—but very
often the greater is sacrificed for the less.—
I do not advocate ignorance, but I have
known women to whom the writing a letter
is a serious undertaking, and the whole
range of whose reading is the bible, a
prayer-book, or, perhaps, some time-hal-
loved book of sermons, or a religious news-
paper, who are yet sensible persons, capa-
ble of performing all the duties of life
gracefully and well.

In former days, when the opportunities
of education were less than now, such in-
stances were not unfrequent. Shall I de-
scribe such an one to you? The dancing
school has done nothing for her, yet her
step is quick and light, and near the bed of
sickness her motions are so gentle, that the
sufferer follows her with a smile on his face
and a tear in his eye. She never knew the
meaning of Psychology, but she has
watched the working of her own heart, and
the spirit of God has wrought with her
spirit, until her theory of the soul is, that
"God worketh in her both to will and to do
of his good pleasure." She never opened
a book of moral philosophy, but she knows
each to reject with scorn the learned
theory of Paley, that selfishness is the root
of all goodness, for her Bible tells her that
self-denial is the beginning of virtue, and
self-sacrifice its perfect consummation.
Her acquaintance with geography and history is
small, but she daily visits, in faith, the hal-
lowed places where the Savior trod, and par
take for the other. We say of the mer-
Chant or mechanic, that integrity of char-
acter, good judgment, and a practical
knowledge of his business, are more im-
portant than general information. If he
loses them he loses everything; but the
latter ought not to be neglected. Make
him a well informed man, and his integ-
rity, judgment and practical knowledge
will be worth twice as much as before.—

So in woman's education, the attainment

it ever occur to them to despise their mother
because ignorant of things which she never
had opportunity to learn, for they love and
revere her too much to think her ignorant of
anything. Thus will the pure mind give
the most beautiful adorning; thus will a
heaven-directed spirit refine and elevate it-
self and gain many of the results of educa-
tion, without employment of its ordinary
means. It is, perhaps a historical picture
that I have drawn, but has it not some traits
of beauty even to our eyes?

I need not say that this is not my ideal of
what woman ought to be. To make her
such you must add mental culture and the
refinements of cultivated taste. Yet such
one has an innate nobleness that entitles
her to respect, and makes her greatly supe-
rior to many whose school education is far
more complete. Compare her with those
fancifully educated ladies, who dip into a
hundred books without understanding any;
who have a smattering of half a dozen lan-
guages, but cannot express themselves with
simplicity in their own; who have a great
deal of knowledge, but few ideas; who
have spent months and years in the acquisi-
tion of accomplishments, but have no in-
dustry to accomplish any thing useful; who
have, in a word, enjoyed the advantages of
polite education, but have never been taught
that self-discipline which is the result of
moral and religious training, and which is
so indispensable to social and domestic life:
and how immeasurably superior does the
education of heart and life appear, to that
which is chiefly of the intellect and man-
ners, but which is, even in these depart-
ments, so imperfect.

Under a right system of education,
there is no necessity of neglecting one
part for the other. We say of the mer-
chant or mechanic, that integrity of char-
acter, good judgment, and a practical
knowledge of his business, are more im-
portant than general information. If he
loses them he loses everything; but the
latter ought not to be neglected. Make
him a well informed man, and his integ-
rity, judgment and practical knowledge
will be worth twice as much as before.—

So in woman's education, the attainment
of knowledge and improvement of the manners, the cultivation of taste, the accomplishments of music, drawing, and dancing, need not be neglected and ought not to be; but they must be made secondary and subordinate to moral culture. They should become the handmaids of religion and virtue; branches grafted into the healthy tree of home education. The woman should regard them, first, as the means used for her own improvement and happiness, and secondly, as instruments in making her home pleasant and attractive, so as to fill her place in life gracefully and well. But very often the refinements of education are so managed as to unfit her for practical life. She is not only kept ignorant of all the details of household duty, by which means the beginning of her married life is often made a series of blunders, both mortifying and costly; but she wants the moral training of temper and disposition, without which it is so hard for her to learn. The result is sometimes not only painful but ludicrous. The husband not unfrequently discovers that he has made a fatal error, and to use the quaint language of Henry Coleman, "that for all the purposes of domestic life, he might as well have put a skillfully painted picture in the parlor, and a statue of Venus de Medicis in the kitchen."

Let it be remarked, however, that the deficiency of which we now complain is not merely of skill in the management of household affairs; although this is to be regretted. It is want of that moral and religious education, which gives habits of industry and economy, a contented disposition, a cheerful heart and pleasant manners, a willingness to oblige, facility in thinking of the wants of others and corresponding forgetfulness of one's self, an amiable temper and devotedness of mind. Give her these, and she will soon learn her duty whatever it may be. She will learn to conform herself to her circumstances in a palace or a single room. She will find that, however valuable the cultivation of her intellect has been, the habits of thoughtfulness in duty and of prayer compose "the one thing needful."

These things, let me again say, are not learned only or principally at school. They are not taught most effectually by the paid teacher nor by the printed book. They are the result of home education; they come from Bible instruction; they are the reception by the soul of Heavenly influences, shed through the mother's example and advice and sustained by the father's authority.

Such views of the subject have always made me adverse to boarding-school education, and to all modes of educating girls away from their own homes. Peculiar circumstances may justify a resort to them, for there are exceptions to every general rule. The incompetency of mothers sometimes requires it, in which case we have nothing to say but to express our regret. In a new country, also, we naturally wish to avail ourselves of the better institutions in older communities, and many go to great expense in doing so. But I believe the general rule remains, that no superiority of such institutions can counterbalance the loss of good home influences upon the female mind and character. Even to young men the trial is very great, and the apparent necessity of sending them to college, where all home influence is lost, is fraught with dangers, which are often more than an offset to the advantages gained. But to the young lady the evil is far greater; for the most important part of her education consists in the harmonious development of those effects and sympathies, which can be developed nowhere but at home, and at no period of life except in childhood and early youth. The home education must go on together with that of the school, so that while the head is learning from books the heart may be learning from example, and the hands from practice. The character is thus formed while the mind is instructed, and in proportion as she learns more she is prepared to be more useful and
more happy, in whatever station of life God has placed her. She is thus educated for her position, not above it nor aside from it, and there is no danger of making her tastes too refined or her intellect too cultivated. The correct influence of home is daily applied, so that whatever may be learned is incorporated with what is practised. But too often those educated away from home are trained for a mode of life, quite different from that in which they must actually live. Through five or six years they have no one's comfort to think of but their own; no duties to perform except to study a certain number of hours, and to conduct themselves in the presence of their teachers or of company, with a certain prim propriety, which is a sure indication that they are rude and hoydenish everywhere else.—Even when such institutions are conducted on the best principles, and with the best instructors, the loss of a mother's influence and care is very great, and must be seriously felt; but as they are sometimes conducted money-making concerns, with much show and little substance, they are nothing but ingenious contrivances to keep the scholar ignorant of everything she ought to know, end to unfit her for everything she ought to do. Too often, from such institutions, where young ladies have been kept year after year in luxury and indolence, at the expense, perhaps, of parents who have denied themselves common comforts for the sake of giving them the best advantages, they return to their homes vain and selfish, with their heads full of false notions and idle plans, looking upon industry as the height of vulgarity, and upon indolence as a lady-like trait of character. The probability of their being happy at home or of adding to the happiness of parents is very small.—If they are by nature very good girls, they may soon learn to repair the error and become sensible women, but commonly it is pretty safe to prophesy, that they will make some absurd settlement of themselves in life, and rue the consequences to the day of their death. For she who leaves home a girl and returns a young lady, is almost a stranger to her own parents, and does not know how to make them, as they ought to be, her confidants. She has grown up away from them, and does not know how to trust herself to their sympathies. Her intimacies are very apt to be out of her home, and although under her parents' roof, she virtually lives at a distance from them. She therefore enters upon the world untried and almost unprotected. With more self-reliance than wisdom, she is exposed to frequent deception and suffers frequent and sometimes the severest disappointment.

However much, therefore, we may value what are called the advantages of education, I think that very imperfect instruction at school, together with good home influences, is better than the best boarding-school education ever devised. Let parents have the wisdom to encourage our own schools, by paying as much for their daughters at home, as it costs when sent abroad, and the motive for sending them away will soon cease. Let their children grow up under their own roofs, and when no longer children; they will become intimate friends, and the necessity of parental authority will yield to the influence of filial love.

From the Christian Register.

What is Death?

WRITTEN FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

Some of our young readers may be saying, "I cannot understand those long articles in the Register." But here is one which you shall understand, written on a subject of the deepest interest—Young people as well as old are apt to get false notions about death; and these notions sometimes fling a dismal shadow upon their path, making life's loveliest scenes to be gloomy and chill. For you hear death spoken of as a "dark valley," and you think of it as a long, gloomy passage, through which you must travel when you go from this world to another. At-
tend for a moment, then, and you will see
that when people die they do not go any-
where, or travel anywhere.

Death is simply waking up out of sleep.
You experience something very much like
death every morning. During the night,
your senses are locked fast in slumber.—
You see things in your dreams, but you
see them dimly. You dream that you
walk about, and converse with friends,
and work, and play; but in your sleep all
these things are unreal and shadowy.—
There is a vast world around you, which,
for the time, you do not see. Perhaps the
morning sun rises and shines through your
window, and finds you sleeping still, liv-
ing and walking about in your world of
dreams and shadows. There is a bright
sky over you, and the green, or white-
robbed, earth all around you; and the
morning air is broken into whirls and ed-
dies of song by a thousand birds. But
you see and hear nothing of all this; you
are locked fast in sleep, and living in
your dim world of dreams. But, by and
by, your senses unclose, the realm of
dreams all passes away, and then this
other world of sky and earth, air, woods
and waters, is all given to your sight. You
come out of that land of dreams into this
land of glory and song, not by traveling
off somewhere, but simply by waking up.
You open your eyes, and a new world lies
around you. But you can understand
that you have not yet waked up into the
highest world that there is. There is a
higher and a brighter one yet, compared
with which this outward scene is a world
of dreams and shadows. What you saw
in your sleep, compared with what you
saw when you awoke, is as this whole
world you now look upon, compared with
the one you may look upon when death
wakes you up to it. Hence we find in
good books that our whole life on earth is
called a dream—as in the old hymn:

"Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away—our life's a dream."

And again:

"This world is but a fleeting show;
For man's illusion given."

These good people do not mean that our
internal, spiritual life is a dream or illu-
sion, but they mean that our outward life,
with all its shows, is fleeting, and dreamy,
and dim, compared with the one which we
shall wake up to when we die. "The
fashion of this world passeth away."
—
We shut our eyes upon it at death, and
wake up in another, just as we wake out
of our dreams into the midst of bright re-
alities every morning. So you see that
when people die, they do not travel off
through some "dark valley," to find the
spiritual world. They have a sense with-
in them which simply wakes up to what
before was all about them, though invis-
ible. And perhaps death is not the last
waking up that we shall have. Perhaps
we have deeper and deeper faculties, a
whole series of inward senses, that will
keep waking up stage after stage, to high-
er and higher realities, and brighter and
brighter worlds of being, forever and for-
ever, opening inward and inward away
towards God, the central Light and Love.
Perhaps you would misunderstand me if
I were to say that we may die again after
we enter the spiritual world, for that is not
precisely what is meant; but an outward
scene of things, which may have done all
it can for us, may be closed upon us; and
then we may perhaps wake up still again
to brighter and more interior realms of
being. Thus in dying to the old, and ev-
er waking up to the new, may consist our
unending progress towards the Supremely
Good and Fair. But what we wish now
to say is, that death is not a sleep, but a
waking up. It is just the opposite of
sleep. This is our sleep—our dull life in
these sluggish bodies. Death wakes us
out of that, and then it is morning.

You may have read of the death of some
good men, whose countenances after death
looked as if they had just waked up to
something glorious. This was the case
with Cowper. He was a pious, good
man, but he did not know it; and so he
died in gloom and despair. But after he
died, the expression of his face changed
from one of gloom into one of "calm and
holy surprise,” as if the spirit had said, when waking up to immortality, “I thought I should wake up in a world of horrors, but I have waked up in the midst of angels”—and this holy surprise left its expression on the lifeless clay.

From this little chapter on death there is one lesson which comes to you more clearly perhaps than it would if we were to write a thousand sermons. *So live, that you may wake up happy at last.* You read in the Bible of saints and angels—What a pleasant and beautiful thought, that we may not only read about them, but live with them as we live with our friends here; that we may wake up some time, and find ourselves with them—just as we wake up out of a dream in the morning, and find ourselves in our homes and families. In order to this, our feelings and employment must be like theirs. The employments of heaven consist in making others happy. Those who study this and live for this are living for heaven; and when they die, they will not go to heaven, but wake up in heaven, among good, and glorious, and happy beings; since in mind and heart they are with them already, though “their eyes are holden, that they do not see them.”

From the Christian Palladium.

**Old Age.**

Never-ceasing, everflowing—whether sickness or health, whether joy or sorrow beside us, still the stream of life glides on with noiseless flow—gliding, swelling, heaving on with undeviating course, bound for the great ocean of eternity, into which it soon must fall. And while we move along its unerring tide, we are swiftly nearing that shadowy land, that country of soothing dreams and retrospective visions which Providence has placed on the remote boundary of our earthly pilgrimage—old age. Here, at length, we all hope to come, borne safely above the hidden rocks and treacherous shoals, where so many of our fellows go prematurely down, long years before their sun of life has reached its meridian goal. But, though we hope to reach the period of old age, we advance reluctant, and regard with secret disquietude the hoary hairs, the failing vision, and the clouded memory that herald its approach. Short-sighted, erring and simple ones, we do not reflect that He, who presides over all, is unbounded in wisdom as in power, and has appointed no period of human life in vain—youth for preparation—manhood for action, and age for meditation. When in the morning of life, while yet untainted by physical or moral ill, while irradiated by the cheering sun of hope, the future, vast and unexplored, rises before us with its thousand hills of beauty and valleys of sweet repose; then to leave all this untasted and unseen, and go down to the shades of the dark valley, is indeed repugnant to our nature—or to fall in the prime of life and leave to struggle on uncaresed and alone, all those whom our various relations have gathered about us, and who look, perhaps, to us for counsel and support—our labors all unfinished, and all our schemes for suffering humanity unrealized; then thrice unwelcome comes the summons to depart.

But to go down to the grave “in a good old age,” “like a shock of corn that is fully ripe”—thus the good old patriarchs, when their earthly course was finished, calmly slept;—thus may we, too, having accomplished our earthly mission, serenely take our leave,—no feeling of regret for the past,—no anxiety for the future. Surely, it is the privilege of all, so to live, spending life in doing good to men, rather than in laboring for temporal gratification, that no cares can ever discompose—no terrors can affright. To one who has lived, even the shadow of the dark valley is hailed with welcome; for with the eye of faith he looks beyond the gloom to that “city that hath foundations,” to that country which is watered by the river of life, that flows out from the throne of God. He sees the “rest prepared,” the joys that await him. He “has fought the good fight,” and the consciousness of a life well spent lights up the evening of his closing day, and brings over his weary spirit a calm and holy resignation.

As age approaches, the various senses, the channels of communication with the
external world, begin to become obstructed—the sight grows dim—the hearing becomes less acute, and the erring step and feeble limbs give unmistakable evidence, that the lamp of life is burning low, and the physical man is failing. The treacherous memory too, and incoherent thoughts would seem to indicate that the controlling mind is losing its vitality, as its frail earthly tenement is crumbling—but do not conclude too hastily, that, because the feeble condition of the outer man no longer admits of that observation, on which the memory depends, or that close attention necessary to a logical discourse, do not too hastily conclude that the tenant of this mortal fabric is failing with its failing house. Unaffected and unimpaired, the soul is only retiring within to hold communion with herself and God—and though in the midst of temporal decay, the outward demonstration of her power may be less impressive, her energies are not yet wasted, but are from the momentary slumber gathering strength to shine with brighter luster, in a higher sphere. What wonder is it, as she approaches the limit of her earthly course, and begins as it were to breathe the mysterious atmosphere of the unknown world, what wonder is it if in contemplating the greater she forgets the less? We excuse the man of genius if in the contemplation of his favorite themes, he appears somewhat inattentive and absent—shall we think it strange then if the soul standing just between time and eternity, seems to our more gross and earthly vision to have lost in that solemn station, something of its wonted vivacity? Wisely, indeed, has the Almighty ordained, that as we draw near the immaterial, our attachment for the material world is lessened.

Thus have we an opportunity of preparing ourselves for that mysterious change, and of regarding undisturbed by mortal cares those momentous truths and all-absorbing realities, upon which we are about to enter. 

Pencilled Passages.

Life has its lessons adapted for all ages, and nature has her sweet solacings for the severity of those lessons. Gently, therefore, and gradually does she lead the young through the sorrowful maze of their own mistakes, showing to them, as they are strong enough to bear it, where and how they erred, and, if they were disposed to profit by the retrospect, making them the humbler and the better for their past follies.—Life by the Fireside.

You have always a hope of ameliorating, of persuading, or of doing, at least, something with the adversary who talks, even though he talks with fury; but he who opposes you with silence, makes use of a weapon which baffles you at every corner. You cannot tell what it is made of, nor where it will wound, nor whether it is intended to wound at all.—Ibid.

Is not that like the Scotch Professor who for years refused to admit Davy's discovery of the metallic basis of soda and potash, and when forced at length to adopt it, declared it was the "discovery of one Davy—a very troublesome fellow in chemistry".—Leader.

When Popery was prevalent in England, an old priest who was in the habit of saying "mumpsimus," instead of sumpsimus, in his Latin prayers, being reminded of his error, refused to rectify it, alleging as a reason, that he hated all new-fangled ways.—Ibid.

Prophecy announces the advent of the religion of Jesus Christ; History records its progress; Literature and Criticism combine to attest to the muniments of its doctrines; but its surest witnesses are to be found in man's own breast, in the grandeur of his thoughts, in the lowness of his desires; in the aspirations which lift him towards the heavens, in the vices which weigh him to the earth; in his sublime, his inexplicable conceptions of infinity and Eternity, in his humiliating experience of folly, misery and guilt.—Guthian C. Verplanck.
Who is my Neighbor?

Now there was a time in these latter days when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord. And there came one whose name was Ashral, and whose dwelling-place was in the remotest parts of the Universe. And when the time was come for him to present himself before the Lord, he besought Him that he might be permitted to visit the sons of men, and to remain in their midst a little season. And when the Lord had granted him his request, he made haste and soon found himself upon the Earth. But the inhabitants thereof knew him not, as he had changed his appearance unto the likeness of a man, and looked in every respect like to the sons of Adam. For, said he, if they know who I am they will do me honor, and will be so guarded in their manner of action towards me, that I shall not perceive what are their daily walk and conversation.—Therefore, will I change my seeming so that none shall know but what I am one of the children of earth.

Now the place to which he first betook himself was the city of Gotham, one of the great cities of the earth. A city full of much wickedness and abominations; as were the cities of the plain which old incurred the wrath of the Immortal. Here Ashral wandered about for a great while, up and down the principal streets, until his steps had grown weary, and his heart was faint at beholding the evil he had been constrained to look upon. So that when he at last drew nigh to one of the public places, he sat him down upon a paving-stone and thought to rest his weary limbs. But not long had he been sitting there before he beheld on the opposite side of the way, a poor woman lying clothed in rags and filthiness, and ghastly pale. For she was greatly abjured, and her limbs were wasted by reason of her great fasting until she had no strength to walk, or even to open her thin and bloodless lips to ask for bread. But there she lay clasping in her withered arms the frail form of a child, whose pale brow was already stamped with the deep marks of want and care, and whose little untaught tongue kept lisping to the passers by, in childish accents, beseeching them for bread. Ashral wept when he beheld this, for his eyes were unused to such sights, and his heart had not become hardened from a contact with the world. However, he did nothing, for he had not come among the sons of men to do, but to see and to observe. So he sat still and watched the poor woman and her child, and the money-hunting, pleasure-seeking dwellers in Gotham, as they passed by her.

And while he watched, there came by, first a rich man, whose garnerers were well-stored, and whose coffers were filled with heaps of gold and precious things. He was attired in fine broadcloth and much costly apparel, and strode with a grand air, as if the earth he trod upon was not good enough for his feet. His face was very red, and the blue veins stood out upon it in such a manner as to indicate that he was a lover of wine and a patronizer of the gin-bottle; and his great corpulence and swollen red eyes peering straight on his face was ghastly pale. For she was greatly abjured, and her limbs were wasted by reason of her great fasting until she had no strength to walk, or even to open her thin and bloodless lips to ask for bread.
poor woman, or the lisping tongue of the child. He neither heard nor cared to hear. What was other's pain to him? Was he not blessed with affluence? Why then allow his quiet to be disturbed by opening the door of his heart to the knockings of conscience, and listening to her upbraidings? Ah! no; he would not do it! Let the poor die in their poverty and rot in their rags and filthiness; he cared no more for it than if they were so many sheep dying of the murrain. So he passed on—and when he had passed, Ashral wept aloud at his want of feeling and benevolence, and smote himself upon the breast and made great lamentation.

But he looked again, and behold! there came now a fine lady—a lady whose feet for very delicateness seemed too good to tread upon the ground. Many were the priceless gems and pearls, and costly silks in which she was arrayed. Her taper-like fingers were studded with jewels, and her hair was embroidered with gold and precious stones. Her face, too, wore a most bewitching smile, and her eyes looked as soft and mild as those of the gentle gazelle. And so pleasant withal was the appearance of her countenance, and so chastie her deportment and bearing, that Ashral's heart began once more to beat light, for he felt assured that the poor woman would now be comforted, and that her child would be cared for by gentle hands. But what was his horror and great stupefaction when he beheld the fine lady turn away her head, as she passed the spot, with a look of disgust and an exclamation of heartless indifference.

And yet he wept not, when he beheld this. No; it was a grief to his pure spirit which dried up his tears in their very fountains. It was a grief too great for tears. It smote him about the heart like a chill of despair; for he thought if one so lovely could act thus, there surely could be no loving kindness or tender compassion in any of earth's sons.

However he did not leave, for he beheld an aged man approaching, whose outward seeming was sanctimonious and pure.—He was the Great Divine. His dress was of the most approved fashion, and his neck was tied about with a stainless neckerchief. He walked with a very solemn step, and gravity sat upon his shoulders like a garment that has long been worn. He had been accustomed from his earlier years thus to appear before men, and had wrapped himself about with religion as a cloak to conceal the natural meanness and low depravity of his heart. None appeared more pious than he before men, and none was counted of a purer or more spotless character. For he preached to please all men, and all men were, therefore, pleased with him. They did him honor when they met him in the streets, and at the public feasts he was wont to enjoy the uppermost places.

Now Ashral beheld, as he approached, the men bowing to him on the right hand and the left, and he saw with what a gracious smile and a most pleasant manner he returned their salutations. And he argued that hence that truly here was a great man, whose soul was expanded enough to take in the wants and woes of his fellow-creatures. But he was soon undeceived. For no sooner did the Divine perceive the poor woman and her child, than he turned aside and went another way. And as he did so, most sanctimoniously did he turn his eyes to heaven, and crossed himself devoutly, and made a long prayer to God, not that He might hear, but that men might hear, and that he might have his reward at their hands. And there followed immediately upon his steps one of his own flock. A man he was of an ominous look, and a face more lengthy than the shadow of a setting sun. His eyes were ever red from weeping over the many ills and disasters of human life, and for the lost condition of the heathen.

The distant always concerned him more than the near. Many hours daily did he spend upon his bended knees, beseeching God to have mercy and compassion upon the poor and the outcast in far-off lands,
Many times did he lift up his voice in the
congregation, and cry aloud to the people in the most doleful accents, because of their hardness of heart in not being alive
to the sufferings and wants of those who were far away. And thus was he come to be esteemed a man of a great soul, of a
philanthropic spirit; and from his great length of prayers and awful seriousness of face, he was called a goodman, a man of piety and uprightness of heart. But what did he now when he drew nigh where the poor woman lay? Did he seize the present opportunity of doing a kind and benevolent action? Far from it: this was a case with which he had nothing to do. His business was to call attention to those in distant lands who suffered, and not to be distracted or turned from his great purpose by the voice of want and beggary that came up from the streets of his own city, and that oftentimes made most pitiful beseechings upon his own threshold. So he turned aside, and followed the steps of his worthy master, the Divine—like him, making most devout in habiliments prayer and supplication the while, and looking the perfect embodiment of sanctity and humility.

When Ashral beheld this, he was so filled with grief that a kind of stupor came over him, so that he sat for a great while unconscious of what was passing about him. He saw not the next who followed in the steps of those who had already passed. He observed not the thin-lipped, sharp-visaged man hasting by with a nervous step, and with his mind engrossed in the affairs of business that he was not even aware of the presence of poverty and want. Nor did he behold that crowd of gaudily dressed young men who came swearing and staggering down the street, with a multitude of lewd women following at their heels, making, the while, the most uncouth merriment; and then betimes looking lascivious looks, and making most wanton smiles, that they might catch the birds in chase of which they were so hotly engaged. He did not see the young men stop as they approached the poor woman, and question her with oaths and many black disgusting words. He did not hear their horrid mockery of her sighs and groans, nor the hollow unmeaning merriment which the following hogs did raise thereat. Nor did he see them all at last come troop ing by, and pass unfeelingly on to spend in riot and godless dissipation, what would have saved a fellow-mortal from the grave, and filled a lonely and desolate heart with quiet and consolation. But Ashral saw not all these. Nor only these beheld he not. He saw not the thousand others who followed after them as heedless and unconcerned as they. But one there came at last whom he did see. A coalman he was, and who now just returned from his labor. His hard but honest face was all begrimed with dust and sweat, and clothes and brawny muscular arms were much befouled. These were things he could not help, for they were incident to his avocation. But, although a toil-worn son of labor, and clad in habiliments tattered and coarse, he walked with a manly step, and an air of native-born independence which showed the nobleness of his nature. He, too, passed by the poor woman with the countless multitudes who passed before. But as they passed, passed not so he. When he beheld the pitiful little orphan outstretching its feeble hands, and heard the childish lisings of its little tongue, his heart was touched. His manly bosom heard with compassion, and a tear-drop stole from out the corners of his eyes, and fell trickling down over his rough toil-worn features. Yet said he not a word; but with gentle hands he uplifted the poor woman, and bore her with her infant in her arms. On he passed, through the thronged streets and public places, and countless myriads of human beings, regardless of the snears and coarse jests of the heartless wretches with whom he met. On through the scenes of vanity, and butterfly-enchantment, and ill-gotten gain, and fraud and villainy, he wended his way, still bearing the poor out-
casts whom his brave, good heart had con-
strained him to look upon with a sympathi-
zizing eye. But there was one who followed in
his steps, of whom the coalman knew not.
There was one who followed him in all his
windings, with an eye beaming with
approbation, and a light step and a heart,
that for one man's great soul, felt willing to
forgive a million their unkindness and
coldness of heart. It was Ashral. He
hastened on after the coalman, until the lat-
ter now drew nigh to his own door. He
then approached him, and gently laid his
hands upon his shoulder. The coalman
turned toward him, and lo! there stood be-
fore him an angel of the Most High. He
stood revealed before him in all the beatific
brightness of his original purity. And be-
fore the coalman could regain himself from
his astonishment, Ashral said to him in
tones of loving kindness: "O happy art
thou among the sons of Adam, blessings
shall be heaped upon thy house from gene-
ration to generation, and peace and content
shall there take up their abode forever and
ever!" And when he had said this he van-
ished from his sight and was seen no more.
But the coalman's heart was filled with re-
joicing, and he hastened and took the poor
woman and her child into his house, and
gave her of all the good things that were
therein. And he and his whole household
rejoiced, and made glad in their hearts
many days; and in all that they did they
prospered exceedingly, insomuch that their
neighbors wondered greatly at beholding it.
But they kept the secret thereof to them-
selves, and going their ways, ever kept in
remembrance the vision of the heavenly
messenger, and the words which he spake.

D. R. HUNDLEY,
Richmond, Va., 1853.

For the Christian Magazine.

Home.

Is there one on this broad earth who
can say he has never sighed for the pleas-
ures and comforts of home? Pleasures are
found there that exist nowhere else, but
none save those who have experienced the
p_ vation of that spot, the dearest on earth,
slumbered long, and we feel and think as we felt and thought in childhood.

At home! Ah! what heart never felt the thrilling delight that those little words are capable of giving. There is a power in the words that the conqueror of the world could not free himself from: there is a charm in the words that subdues even the harsh nature of the savage. The rude Indian, roaming over the wild prairie or mid rugged hills and woody jungles, associates with each spot the idea of home. Take him to the habitations of civilized man, to the homes of refinement and luxury, and he will turn with a regretful sigh to meditate on the less gentle, but to him more happy life in his own rude wigwam, the scenes of his infancy, where his life was spent in unrestrained liberty, free as the soaring eagle of his own native mountain, or as the bright waters of the gentle stream that seem to smile with joy as they glide along through the golden glade. His home is in the forest green. He refuses to become domesticated in a stranger's land.

At home all things seem to wear a different aspect from what is elsewhere seen. The sunbeams seem more warm and cheerful by day, and the stars twinkle more radiantly by night; the birds carol more sweetly on the summer bough, and the *katy-did* are more joyous in their nightly serenades—the whippoor-will pours forth in sweeter melody its lonely song from the old oak tree—and the breeze seems to come fresher and purer, bearing on its wings a milder perfume. All nature seems more happy and charming. Even the fire seems to burn more brightly, and to give forth a warmer and more genial light; and the watch-dog, grown more social in his old age, dozing in the corner, and the ancient grimalkin slumbering on the rug, bear to us the character of familiar friends. And there is the old arm-chair that we never loved to see vacant, and there, beneath the window, the old-fashioned settle, where in meditative mood we may recline, and look without upon nature's face, or within upon the domestic circle, or still deeper within upon the history recorded upon the close pages of our own hearts—upon our own soul. Let the storm-cloud darken above, let the winds howl and shriek around us, let the tempest spend its rage—it reaches not us—We are at home.

But stay—let us not forget one other of the blessings of home. That other the richest of all blessings—surpassing in its depths of treasures Golconda's brightest gems and the boasted wealth of Peru's massive mines—better far than the philosopher's stone—better far than the fabled fountain that renews youth and beauty in the mortal state. What is that treasure? The FAMILY BIBLE. There on the stand lies the Ancient Volume. From its pages the father and mother have read; from its pages the brothers and sisters have read, and as we turn again to the glowing truths recorded there, what happy thoughts and holy recollections come thronging upon the mind. There, we remember, is a passage read by one, explained by another—there a verse repeated by one, admired by all. And now, though the eyes of some one whom we had been accustomed to meet around the domestic hearth, be closed in death, while the destiny of another calls him forth to wander far from his home, yet their remembered presence is fresh in the mind, and the bond that unites heart with heart and spirit with spirit, is strengthened with time, and the fond fancy still loves to linger upon the picture of the home circle as it was viewed in other days. Ah yes, it is this Sacred Volume that gives to home an additional charm. It is here we find the never failing source of unalloyed pleasure, and as we pore with delight over the inspired page, and drink in joyous gratitude from the pure stream of truth, how tranquil the happiness in reflecting that we are permitted to read our Bible at home—to worship God under our own roof. And there is another comfort while we thus read—that Book tell us of another home, a home where the family band will again be united, and sundered never; where the union will be perfect, harmonious, eternal. A home
Whatever is is Right.

from the Christian Register.

Somerville, Ala., Nov. 8th, 1851.

There is, probably, not so much danger that people will think too well of the world, as that, in their selfish and complaining moods, they shall think too ill of it. And yet, for journalists who try to find the moral side of daily movements, and the moral lesson for them, it is quite worth while to see what danger there is, resulting from the indifferent habit of persons who say,—

"Whatever is is right," and choose to let the world alone, because God is willing to take care of it. Every election reveals the existence of a class of these do-nothings. At every election it grows larger and larger. Not nearly so large a proportion of our voters vote, as of the French voters. For we have a larger class than they who say that all is so well in God’s hands that they will not try to mend it.

God does rule the world. He rules it so completely, too, that out of all evil he educes good. From a life as bad as Nero’s, there has sprung ere this time, in the way of example, and moral lesson, as much good as from the life of Seneca, his virtuous peace minister. From pestilence and famine there came in the end blessings to the world. And as history passes on, there is not one change which does not “meet its purpose.”

“Every cloud floats into light
Every woe its glory greets.”

So much encouragement and reason have men who decline to take active part in helping the world. They are not useless. They cannot make themselves so. God can use everything, even as hopeless, intractable materials as are they.

They are of use in his world. Oberlin, Buxton, Daniel Webster, have been of use in it. It is worth remark, then, that there are two very different sorts of use, which in His world men can serve. And such waiters on Providence—such listless people, satisfied that all’s for the best, may well study the different uses which he makes of men, and the division of men into two great classes, to one of which they must belong.

These are the class of God’s servants, or slaves, and the class of His friends.—Fulfil His will they all must—and out of their rebellion if they rebel—or out of their negligence if they are drowsy, good must come. Or on the other hand, if they do what he commands, and are admitted into the company of His friends, then they work with the energy of fellow-laborers, partners in the great concern—see something of the great plan of advance of the Universe—and as they help it along, are enabled to see more and more of it. It is between these two uses which men choose.—

It is the last of these two which men reject, who say that whatever is is right, and that they will trust God, and do nothing for the world themselves. An inglorious enough position. It considers itself to be very philosophical. It rather prides itself on its calm, philosophizing spirit. But its philosophy amounts to the dignity of these non-resistants, who sit clumsily on the ground, so as to compel the police officers, who have to deal with them, to remove them in the most annoying manner.

There is a passage of Schleiermacher’s, where he makes the contrast between such philosophical optimists, and men who adopt the simple faith of doing the duty which lies next them, in a comparison of the position of a Roman slave and the friend who should be admitted to a Roman gentleman’s councils. It is a criticism on Jesus’ parting from the Eleven:—alluding to the passage where he called them friends.—Schleiermacher contrasts with that portion the condition of those who are “only servants, heartless workmen who are impressed to their service. With another will than God’s in them, they can never feel that the work which they are forced to is God’s work, until they have lived along to see its conclusion, and what He intended,
They are tools, in no relation to God but that which springs from His might and their weakness."

With such a description of the two forms of usefulness, he goes on to the contrast of which we speak. "The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. In those times," he says, "the servant was from a foreign and despised race, his language was strange, his bearing was uncouth; and his whole outward appearance, the very dress he wore was a restriction and disgrace to him. It was impossible for him to raise the current of his thoughts to the level of the polished nations where he was a slave. He was committed to the fancy of an arbitrary master; the law nowhere interposed to remove his yoke, or to lighten it. He was shut out from all the privileges of a citizen, not permitted to participate in any of the interests of the common weal. This in itself must have estranged him from his master's life and action. He might stand before him bravely dressed—even in an honorable livery. He might be the confidant, even, of the most secret parts of the master's action. Still he would know these only as parts, in which he was not admitted to see the principle, the spirit, the object of the whole; and so could never rightly find the meaning or purport of these details. All the fine ties of Patriotism, all the grandeur of self-sacrifice for the State, the noble discipline of learning and the arts, their delicate processes and the study which acquired them, were nothing for him.

As, thus, these slaves did not comprehend their Master's undertakings, they could not understand the object of his commands to them; and, as they obeyed, their words and acts had no value of their own, none but what he gave. Their lives between the moments of formal obedience did not assist his purposes, and so in what they did, there was nothing of what Old Languages call a living Source. And thus we cannot wonder, if surrounded by a life which they could not attain, and from which they could gain nothing, they went stupid in their own way, and only sought to gratify their own low tastes and appetites. Oh, if some aspiration for higher knowledge did tempt them, and they did try to make out what was passing in their Master's dwelling, we cannot wonder that with no means of measuring it but their own poor attainments, they should only pile up a useless mass of merely wonderful learning, and end their researches by heaping error upon error."

This illustration opens fairly enough the real position of the well satisfied optimists, who serve God—because he is so powerful that he educes Good from their laziness:—Who are satisfied to be his servants, rather than his active children or friends.

Eccentrics.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4th, 1852.

It was a favorite theory with a physician whom I knew, that all men are ranged more or less, and that insanity is a thing of degrees. So far as any one was unreasonable, prejudiced, peculiar—and who was not in something?—he was crazy. However the value of this diagnosis of the most terrible disease may be estimated, it is certain that there is a considerable class of men in modern society who would hardly tolerate the epithet insane, and who yet are thrown so far out of the range of common prudence and agreed principles, that they are regarded by their fellows as no doubt cracked.—Modern life is in fact too intoxicating for this class. Their heads cannot stand it. Its amazing discoveries, its wonderful inventions, its din and bustle, and progress, and new ideas, and revolutions, raise such a commotion in their heads, that they lose that fine thread of connection in their ideas which constitutes mental soundness; their faculties are jogged slightly out of their true positions, and begin to play at sixes and sevens with whatever is submitted to their action. In the general waking up of the human mind, and its more intense exercise upon great themes, we must expect some compensating evils. One is the increase of insanity; for the
statistician assures us of the fact. Then the freer course opened to the most splendid prizes of wealth, honor, and office, must draw many into an excited and gambling kind of life, grasping at great results, and making great risks.

These remarks have been suggested by coming into contact with several specimens of this unique derangement—not total obscuration of the reason, but a general displacement of its functions. These men walk about, deem themselves eminently wise, are safe members of society, ride their hobby at a full gallop all the time, and really believe they are a species of reformers, that are going by and by to make this heavy old globe wag their own way. They seem to have no idea what stiff ancient modes of revolution it has, what a dead weight of gravity, what obstinate centripetal and centrifugal habits, and general penchant to follow its illustrious solar leader in his journeys about the universe. They apparently think that by the turn of their hand the moon and not the sun will be the centre of revolution. Verily, are they not moon-struck?

One of these characters is a former priest of Rome, then Episcopalian, and now Protestant in general. His mission is to wage an unrelenting warfare against the Papacy. He writes, he prints; he talks, he travels, he circulates tracts; he is instant in season, and especially out of season, as I can testify, in exterminating the Man of Sin and the Mother of Abominations. He has a _tete efaite_ on this subject. His dress is poor, and his prospects poorer; but money, family, quiet, various occupation, change of subjects and studies, have no charms for him. He is possessed with one overmastering idea, and he has but one dream at night, and one purpose by day, and that is to uproot the dreadful errors of the Romish Church. His talk is fluent, and his mental ability not deficient, if the type of his brain had not accidentally been thrown into what the printers call _pi_. He publishes little tracts, not without point and argument, and carries them with a hurried and eager walk all over the city, to warn men against such superstitions. The latest issue is called "The Eye Opener, No. 1. The Nature and Obligations of an Oath, as taught by the Church of Rome. By Clement." Instead of the word _eye_, we have that organ pictured out in visible proportions, after the style of the symbolical little Bibles of our childhood. So our friend goes on peppering, with his little paper pellets, the fortress of Rome, more to the amusement, probably, of her champions, than their fear. He is Case No. 1, of the Eccentrics.

Then comes another man of an entirely different spirit, but just as crazy. So far from attacking Rome, he proposes to make all denominations of Christians brethren. His method of saving the country is to drop all this irony and controversy, and to form "The Freeman's Order of the United Freemen of the United States, and the Minor Order of the United Sons of the Freemen of the United States." This plan he has developed in a large sheet, and sent out to the clergymen and others, with the hope that, for "the honor of Hamilton county and the State of Ohio, it will be founded by the citizens of Cincinnati."—What the said citizens have concluded upon we have not yet heard, but presume they will turn a very cold shoulder, in the midst of their merchandizing, to Mr. "G. O. B., or Newob Amanuensis," as he signs himself. And yet this man, wild as he is, is not without a good idea or two; as that "all our expressed prejudices against each other as Catholics, Jesuits, Jews, or Protestants, are an injury, without any advantage.

No. 3 is yet a more towering specimen of the insanity of fixed moral ideas. He is the "Constitutional Citizen," "the Lord's Servant," "the Branch," "the Lord's Messenger," "the Thorough elect," "the Jew."—He too prints; and "the Light of the Age" has reached the sixteenth number. Here is a tall, strong, healthy man, with a good estate and family, rational in every thing else, who has got the laughable kink in
A Chapter for Ruralists.

Can anybody tell why country people so universally and pertinaciously persist in living in the rear of the house? Can anybody tell why the front door and windows are never open, save on the Fourth of July and at Thanksgiving time? Why Zedekiah, and Timothy, and Jonathan, and the old farmer himself, must go round the house, in order to get into it? Why the whole family, (oblivious of six empty rooms,) take their “vapor bath,” and their meals, simultaneously, in the vicinity of a red hot cooking range in the dog days? Why the village artist needs paint the roof, and spout, and window frames bright crimson, and the door the color of a mermaid’s tresses? Why the detestable sunflower (which I can never forgive “Tom Moore” for noticing) must always flaunt in the garden? Why the ungraceful prim poplar, fit emblem of a stiff old bachelor, is preferred to the swaying elm, or drooping willow, or majestic horse chestnut? I should like to pull down the green pa-

A. Chapter for Ruralists.

his brain that, on the 22d day of October, 1845, he “realized,” as he calls it in Yankee phrase, “the second national birth,” the first having been under Washington. A new nationality has begun, of which he is citizen, king, and founder; but the difficulty is, nobody will follow suit. He says “the sworn citizens of Ohio must account to the Jew, (himself;) for the great day of accountability renders further delay dangerous to the peace and ruinous to the welfare of those who refuse to acknowledge the servant elect of God to rule his household.” “Democracy”—meaning our free institutions—“shall pass away as an exploded delusion, succeeded by Theocracy, leading to life eternal.” He pronounces in no soft terms “the democratic element constitutionally dead, officially judged, and in its federal head scripturally damned.” He claims to be “a constitutional citizen in allegiance to the Great I AM: the judge, subject to, and connected with, Jesus the King, appointed to set judgment in the earth.”—Once or twice a year he appears at Washington, and announces his terrible decrees from the gallery of the House and Senate, with after-pieces of constables and floods of laughter. In poetry, “too, he administers impartial flagellation on all the heads of the body politic.

“Awake to judgment, ye Clays and proud Webster, In union with Cass to perpetuate (?) crimes, And bend your proud necks to the Red and sceptre Of Israel and Judah in fullness of times.”

“For Esau in Tyler broke yoke from his shoulder, And Polk proved dragon in Mexican war; The Lord in his wisdom did choose a brick-moulder, And gave him the Lamp—the bright morning-star.”

A fourth case of eccentricity is in one who is entirely sane, and in many respects worthy, not without ability and intelligence, yet who enacts such absurdities as this handbill: “Laborers, attend! Scott, Pierce, and Hale! Industry against public and private plunder! Monopoly is at the expense of the labor of the country! The soil should be owned exclusively by the industrious, and all speculation in the soil is the plunder of the poor. L. A. H. will discuss this subject in the Fifth-street Market space to-night, and have something to say of the three Platforms before the People.” The same reformer preaches what he calls “the Human Gospel,” and lectures hard against “the Highest Steeple.” The monopoly of land is one of the worst of monopolies, no doubt, and lies most directly in the path of human progress. But who are “the industrious,” to whom alone the land belongs, it might be difficult to determine. Such sweeping measures of reform alarm the timid, confound the judicious, and strengthen the conservative in the full persuasion that the great crash will not come in his lifetime, and that as posterity has done nothing for him, he will do nothing for posterity.” The letters of society must be worn off, not snapped off. Change the spirit of society, and its form will change too.—System-makers build their garrets before their cellars.—Ch. Inq.
per window curtains, and hang up some of snowy muslin. I should like to throw wide open the hall door, and let the south wind play through. I should like to go out into the woods, and collect fresh, sweet, wild flowers to arrange in a vase, in place of those defunct, dried grasses, and old maid “everlastings.” I should like to show Zedekiah how to nail together some bits of board for an embryo lounge; I should like to stuff it with cotton, and cover it with a neat “patch.” I should like to cushion the chairs after the same fashion. Then I should like, when the white-haired old farmer came panting up the road at twelve o’clock, with his scythe hanging over his arm, to usher him into that cool, comfortable room; set his bowl of bread and milk before him, and after he had discussed it, coax him (instead of tilting back on the hind legs of a hard chair) to take a few minutes’ nap on my “model” sofa, while I kept my eye on the clouds, to see that no thunder shower played the mischief with his hay.

I should like to place a few common sense practical books on the table, with some of our fine daily and weekly papers. You may smile; but these inducements, and the comfortable and pleasant air of the apartment, would bring the family together after the day’s toil; by degrees they would lift the covers of the books, and turn over the newspapers.—Constant interchange of thought, feeling and opinion, with discussions of the day, would of course necessarily follow.

The village tavern-keeper would probably frown upon it; but I will venture to predict for the inmates of the farm house, a growing love for home, and an added air of intelligence and refinement, to which they themselves might possibly be unconscious.

**Fanny Fern—Olive Branch.**

_The Old Woman._

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An “old woman” should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration.

The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully “the good fight,” and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold, and known only to her God and to herself, she has borne incessantly; and now in her old age—her duty done, and patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands, more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest fields of victory!

Young man! speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously and tenderly of her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more for ever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward! Others may love you when she has passed away; kind-hearted sisters—perhaps she of all the world you chose for a partner, she may love warmly, passionately—children may love you fondly; but never again—never while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of you old, trembling, weakened mother has been!

In agony she bore you! Through pulsing, helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, tetchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you patiently through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils,
watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side, as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully! Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. Up to a bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall, in some degree, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old women."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

**An Exquisite Story.**

In the tribe of Neggdeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name, Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire:—He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger—for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot raise; I have no strength left."  

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter; "since Heaven has willed it, wish I you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.  

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped, as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.—Church Adv.

**Sketches of Character.**

**The Trifling Young Lady.**

Miss Augustina Snivil is a young lady yet in her teens, and possessed, of great personal beauty, of which she is well aware. She is not deficient in intellect, although the natural powers of her mind have been sadly weakened by the petty, trifling pursuits of her life. Balls, parties, theaters, and operas occupy her entire thoughts, when she has not on hand some flirtation to displace them for a time. She has never laid up a store of knowledge of any kind; and as nature abhors a vacuum, her head is crammed with bits of trashy novels, scraps of romantic sentiment, and all such weakly accessories that go to form and complete the character of the trifler. Her affections are easily won, because, placing very little value upon them herself, she is ready to present them to the first fool who asks them; and is as ready to take them away, to bestow them on a second who may apply for them. Having no principle of integrity in her character, the violation of her word, however solemnly pledged, forms
no bar to her in the affairs and offices of love. She will pledge her heart to half a dozen at a time; and, when circumstances happen to expose the duplicity of her conduct, she affects surprise that all her admirers were not aware that she was running all the time.

The best and soundest-hearted man may be deceived by the blandishments of such a girl, and really feel a true and honest attachment for her. The discovery of such a passion in any of her admirers is rare sport for her, and she carries on the war of the feelings with consummate skill, until she has got the poor fellow into the condition of a slave, to be used for her mirth and laughter. Of the two, though flushed with triumph, we pity the deceived more than the deceived. He has only had the weakness to betray and honest devotion; she has only the audacity to exhibit, without a blush, the utter lack of moral principles and integrity of character. Happy is the man who escapes the snares of such a being.—Star in the West.

**Spread of the Gospel.**

From the Christian Register.

We are prone to measure the progress of Christianity by the square miles of surface over which it has spread, and not by the depth through which it has penetrated—to take if we may so say the superficial, and not the cubic dimensions. And yet the missionaries that carry it *downward* are quite as divinely commissioned as the missionaries that carry it *outward*. Indeed we look far more eagerly for the signs of its complete inauguration in the world as we see it extend its influence into minute affairs, and over humble things, and make them redolent of its heavenly fragrance and radiant with divine beauty.

The evidence of the progress of Christianity in the direction indicated, is to be found not in the theology of the times so much as in the spirit that breathes through its literature; for the moral sentiment is always in advance of theology, and sometimes leaves it clear out of sight. The novelist must now select his hero, not from among demi-gods, but common men and little children. It is not some crusading Godfrey, but “little Nell.” The poet sings not of celestial Paradises but of common things. Pollock grandiloquises, after the most approved theology, of angels and devils, and nobody reads him; but the “wee hopping bird” of which Burns has sung, that “covers its chittering wing” in the blast with no shelter in which to “close its e’er,” suggests more than a hundred homilies in favor of that religion which comprehends the least things in the Divine mercy.

The great prophet of Christianity however, in the direction we speak of, the missionary that bears it downward from the height of society through all its depths, and shows not merely humble men but the humblest things down even to the insect that sports in the summer’s morn, encircled in the sweet arena of the Divine love—is Mr. Wordsworth. This is the great service which he hath done to his age. No man living or dead hath done so much to humanize its literature, to show it in loving aspect towards all that breathes, and around the lowest scenes and the lowliest sufferer to wake “the still sad music of humanity.” In the diffusive spirit of that humanitarian religion of which he is pre-eminently the prophet, and which is none other than Christianity spreading downward as well as outward, cruelty will become hideous; and not only man will be redeemed from bondage to man, but mute nature will rejoice in the same redemption.

We can hardly open a page of his, which breathes not the spirit of this heart-moving gospel, but perhaps nowhere has it a more tender utterance than in the lines that commemorate the murdered Hart in “Hart-lea...
POETRY—SPEAK NO ILL.—A PSALM OF LIFE.—THE SAINT AND THE WARRIOR. 217

Speak no ill.

1
ay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fails would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface.
How can it please human pride
To prove humanity but base?

Now let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.

For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

A Psalm of Life.

BY LONGFELLOW.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how' e'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The Saint and the Warrior.

THE SAINT.

The Christian battles on
In ever aching strife;
If Heaven there was none,
Ahl who would live his life?

He has a strife without,
A fiercer one within.
He braves the world's low sneer,
The lugubri and the flame,
The taunt, the ribald jest,
The loathed, though deathless name,
He falls as one should fall,
Who owns a Lord in heaven;
No one of all his foes
Is left to be forgiven!

Ah! he must quench the fire
That burns within his heart,
Smother the bursting ire,
If he would ere be blest.
The flame that wars for vent
In his consuming heart,
Prisoned must be, and pent
Till prayer shall ease the smart.

O there's a conqueror here,
Our passion and our pride,
Over ridicule's pale fear,
Resistance raging tide,
Ah me! no worldling's right
The Saint's cut heart can cure;
Ah me! how easier 'tis
To fight than to endure.

THE WARRIOR.

The Warrior in the din
And flashing of the cloud
Of battle, yearns to win
A sword to deck his shroud;

With his sword upon his breast,
And his banner bright unfurled,
He is lowered to his rest,
'Mid the wailings of the world.

Perchance the warrior chief
Had earned the name of great—
Through fields of deathless grief,
Had conquered some strong state;
And here were men to weep
Over the man of blood,
Who never mourned the sleep
Of one whom Christ called good.

The Saint lies on his bier,
His fight and death pang o'er,
Perchance a lonely tear
Falls on the form they lower;
But for the Warrior's fate,
Bright eyes with tears are pear/ed,
He conquered some strong state,
But the good man—the world!

"ALL IS FOR THE BEST."—Dr. John-

son used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there
might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.—Ch. Ing.

### Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the genius of this great man:

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises.—Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother, Ezekiel, had set a trap, and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck,) and you shall be the counsel, and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

Twas his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him nor anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature who really had as much right to his share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did; but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things.—Created by God's hand, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either.—He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him as their own was to them; and the just judgment they might expect if, in selfish and cold heartedness, they
took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion and the strong appeal for mercy; and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"—Star in the West.

[This passage, from the last number of "Bleak House," has a fearful truth to be pondered by all communities.]

Darkness rests upon Tom-all-alone's. Dilating and dilating since the sun went down last night, it has gradually swollen until it fills every void in the place. For a time there was some dungeon lights burning, as the lamp of Life burns in Tom-all-alone's, heavily, heavily, in the nauseous air, and winking—as that lamp, too, winks in Tom-all-alone's—at many horrible things. But they are blotted out. The moon has eyed Tom with a cold stare, as admitting some puny emulation of herself in his desert region unfit for life and blasted by volcanic fires; but she has passed on, and is gone. The blackest nightmare in the infernal stables grazes on Tom-all-alone's, and Tom is fast asleep.

Much mighty speech-making there has been, both in and out of Parliament, concerning Tom, and much wrathful disputation how Tom shall be got right. Whether he shall be put into the main road by constables, or by beadles, or by bell-ringing, or by force of figures, or by correct principles of taste, or by high church, or by low church, or by no church; whether he shall be set to splitting trusses of polemical straws with the crooked knife of his mind, or whether he shall be put to stone-breaking instead. In the midst of which dust and noise, there is but one thing perfectly clear, to wit, Tom only may and can, or shall and will, be reclaimed to somebody's theory and nobody's practice. And in the hopeful mean time, Tom goes to perdition head foremost in his old determined spirit.

But he has his revenge. Even the winds are his messengers, and they serve him in these hours of darkness. There is not a drop of Tom's corrupted blood but propagates infection and contagion somewhere. It shall pollute, this very night, the choice stream (in which chemists on analysis would find the genuine nobility) of a Norman house, and his Grace shall not be able to say Nay to the infamous alliance. There is not an atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not one obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his. Until it fills every void in the place... For committing, but shall work its retribution, through every order of society, up to the proudest of the proud, and to the highest of the high. Verily, what with tainting, plundering, and spoiling, Tom has his revenge.—Ch. Ing.

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules we commend to all patrons and friends, for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin which are the legitimate fruits of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have referred. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder, and inwardly digest the following:
OBITUARY NOTICE.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying your commands, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale-bearing:

14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and the sure method of securing happiness.

15. Guard them against the indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules were reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, and how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented. It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands. —Star of the West.

“I PRAY you, oh excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate; nor a bed chamber made at too great a cost; these things if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accent and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.”—Ch. Jrq.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

DEAD, at his residence in this place, on last Saturday morning, Mr. SAMUEL J. ISAACS, aged about 33 years. The deceased was one of Nature's noblemen, upright, just, and liberal in his intercourse with men,—a warm and devoted friend,—a kind and affectionate husband and parent. The writer of this brief notice has been long and intimately acquainted with the deceased, and can truly declare that he has never heard a syllable uttered derogatory to his reputation. Though diffident and unobtrusive in his manners, his worth was known and appreciated by his fellow-citizens, who had twice honored him with the responsible trust of County Treasurer, which office he held at the time of his death. The deceased was a worthy member of the Masonic Fraternity, and was interred with Masonic honors on Sunday, the 5th inst. He was buried with his Lord in baptism, nine days previous to his death. He still went on his way rejoicing, until that trying hour. He entered the gates of death with his eyes fixed on the eternal throne, and with a radiant, heavenly smile, he was ushered into the holy and purified throng above. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the Masonic brethren, and the community, and will receive such consolations as true and genuine sympathy can afford. What more can be added,—what higher eulogy can be pronounced, when we have said he was an upright, just, and good man,—esteemed by all who knew him,—and by all his friends, though the affliction is great, should not indulge in unconsolable grief, but yield submissive to the will of Him “who giveth and who taketh away.”

A FRIEND OF THE DEPARTED.

Fayetteville, June 30, 1853.
Our Faith Called by Hard Names.

The true and false basis of spiritual authority—reply to Messrs. A. Campbell and C. L. Loos—their proficiency in the knowledge of spiritual phenomena, &c., &c.

Where the Reason of man is accounted of little worth, and Dogmatism has violated the principles of common courtesy and the confidence of fraternal fellowship, the least resort is to the use of hard or unpopular names. Scolding is the language of passion; and hard words, to unfortunate states of the moral sense, are ever more ready than hard arguments. To a candid and painstaking pen, it is a pleasure to represent an opponent truthfully; no flattery from partizan emulation can induce it to reprove where it cannot convince. But dogmatism originates in prejudice, and can only perpetuate its assumed authority by appeals to prejudice and selfish ambition. Men can rail where they cannot reason; and their railing ought never to be returned. St. Jude informs us that when Michael contended with Satan for the body of Moses, he did not bring against him a railing accusation; and Archbishop Tillotson has a commentary on the Scripture, running somewhat thus:—The Archangel knew that in a contest of railing he could not succeed with one so accomplished in the art! With such an illustrious example before me, and my observation of the course of many of my secret and open opponents, I must again decline the conflict they seem so anxious to engage in. But when a man of Mr. Campbell's position and character continues his warnings to the people against the tendencies of my views, he deserves, and must receive a respectful reply.—Although in his last effort against us, he associates us with such terrible men as Lord Herbert, Chauncey, Winchester, of the past, and insinuates that we ought to seek brotherhood with Dr. Clapp, of New Orleans, and some charitable fraternity around Cambridge University or Boston, and more than insinuates that we cannot have his patronizing fellowship; still, as he disavows any wish to abridge our ecclesiastical or political rights, we can proceed, we suppose, to say of the new aspects of this controversy whatever may accord with truth and charity. If we do not formally return our thanks for this disavowal, he must not attribute it to incapacity to be grateful for small favors, but an unwillingness to yield to him any right either to "abridge" or secure the rights of which he speaks. We were glad, however, to see the disavowal, for public opinion was beginning to make it necessary, and may even yet enquire more scrutinizingly into the nature of the controversy he so heedlessly provoked.

He had remained silent so long, that some of our friends were becoming uneasy lest we might complain of neglect; but we have long since observed his leisurely walk, when others of less power and character were keeping up "the hue and cry." We reply to his notice more to record a remarkable phenomena in the history of this controversy, than to mark all the new phases it has recently assumed. It should be recorded for the good of society.

That a people, who have been reproached by every hard name, such as Campbellite, Schismatics, Scottites, Her-
OUR FAITH CALLED BY HARD NAMES.

etians, Unitarians, and Infidels; and whose 
system of religious teaching, as devel-
oped by its prominent promoters, has 
been often denominated "baptized Infi-
delity;" should, before a single genera-
tion has passed, use their own periodicals 
in denouncing each other as Unitarians, 
Universalists, and Infidels, is remarkable; 
to any the least of it, and reveals a kind 
of culture and feeling deplorable in the 
extreme. It is, however, as foolish as it 
is persecuting. Its effect is no longer 
dreaded by any opened eye or observing 
mind. Such names are, without a sting, 
whatever of arrogance, or assumption, or 
reproachful imputation they may reveal 
in those who rashly or ignorantly use 
them. Their object—as seems ever to 
have been the object of all who fail to 
respect the convictions and conscience of 
their human brethren—is to exclude and 
disparage all who dare to differ with their 
accepted forms of religious knowledge. 
But the exclusion is not acknowledged, 
and never will be, while those who mod-
estly assume to order it may be pardoned 
for the harmless outbursts of venerable 
restfulness, or immaturity of judgment, as 
the case may be. The rumblings of pul-
pit and periodical thunder have lost their 
terrors. If those who cast out our names 
as evil have more wisdom, more piety, 
more benevolence than those they de-
nounce, the world will see it in due time, 
while at present their attention is direct-
ed to their Christian exhibition of it. If 
they have not, the use of hard words will 
only make those words bye-words for 
scoffers, and their opposites will continue 
to be designations of self-righteous and 
sanctimonious assumptions, and may be-
come synonymous with Hypocrisy; and 
lke the words "godly" and "saints," in 
one period of English history, inspire 
more of contempt for those who use them 
than reproach for those to whom they are 
plied. Mr. C., therefore, ought to set 
an example to his friends endowed with 
less culture and refinement.

If respect for learning, character, and 
genuine devotion to the common interests 
of a common humanity, are considered, 
we have never seen a time we would not 
rather be called Unitarian than Camp-
bellite; and, therefore, our opponents may 
spare themselves the trouble of calling 
bad names. But we care very little for 
either, and have learned enough of religi-
ous liberty to regard their bandying as 
the harmless foibles of disappointed am-
bition or peevish obstinacy. And we 
venture a prediction, that if the "leaders 
of this Reformation" continue their pres-
cent course towards those who differ with 
them, they will not only be compelled to 
wear the name "Campbellite," but it will 
become a synonym for bigotry and as-
sumption, such as no sect in this land has 
ever exhibited, either towards them, or 
those whom they have now, nominally 
cast off; and their boasted Reforma-
tion, though claiming to be the most 
liberal of all, and owing its success al-
most exclusively to this claim, will be re-
garded as the most narrow and sectarian 
Protestant denomination of the times. 
This is already true to an extent which 
many of its first and best friends and most 
self-sacrificing supporters deprecate; and 
the impression will go forward, unless its 
recent attempts at petty tyranny be not 
only disowned, but exposed and aban-
don. Wherever it has gone, it has ex-
cited an unnecessary enmity from the 
sects it has decried and disparaged; and 
that enmity has never been corrected. And 
all the appeals of Mr. Campbell to Epis-
copalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and 
Baptists, will not remove the bitter re-
membrances of unprovoked insults they 
have received from many of its accredi-
ted preachers in the days gone by, but not 
forgotten.

But Mr. C. and his friends not only de-
sire to associate me with Unitarians, Uni-
iversalists, and Infidels, but also with a 
class of men he calls "Spirit-Ruppers," 
while he kindly informs the Protestant 
churches of this country that we have 
nothing in common with them. We are
willing he should do so. He seems to know more both of "Spirit-Rapping" and the interests of "Evangelical Churches," he once considered "daughters of Mystery, Babylon," than we. He knows tendencies in Unitarianism, &c., to infidelity or "unbelief," we have never seen; and his familiarity with "Spirit-Rapping" enables him to ascribe it to "the Devil," with an amount of positiveness that makes us feel that he must know more of it and its sulphurous author than is granted to the rest of mankind in the benighted South.

We have never witnessed the "Spirit-Rapping" phenomena, nor have we ever had the slightest correspondence with its mediums or promoters, as he and his bro.

Loos so sagely suppose; but as they seem to speak from perfect knowledge, we take it for granted that their decisions in this respect are as infallible as his previous decisions concerning us. Should we not, however, accept those decisions, he will not, we hope, attribute it to any doubt of his full acquaintance with all the wonders of this strange development of modern Spiritualism, but to the same or similar reasons that influence Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, when they decline his patronizing warnings and his protection of their faith.

The truth is, enlightened men are tired of such folly. The vain effort at an impossibility in seeking a uniformity of belief, is being seen through by the most blind and servile. That uniformity never did exist and never can exist. Even the unity of system, sustained by a tacit acceptance of what was troublesome to dispute, and which was only possible when men dared not to assert their rights of conviction and conscience, is now unseasonable, and looks grotesque and awkward, amid our varieties of condition and culture. True, there have been states of society wherein people were thrown together around what might be called a church centre, controlled by priests, who were superior to the other leaders of the times.

But they were states of violence and igno-
OUR FAITH CALLED BY HARD NAMES.

the whole world will not revolve, despite all warnings that they must do it, or suffer the shame of being called Heretics on earth and the pains of eternal burnings under it. But they gain a strength of faith which destroys the unnatural divorce between moral and intellectual conviction and religious belief, and they are prepared to make a reality of the Christian life, that knows no heresy, save the heresy of wicked purposes and wicked deeds: which abhors to tax the “mint, dill and cummin” of speculative opinions, while it practices injustice and inhumanity to its toiling or suffering brother. And there is no strength of human creeds, written or unwritten; no assumed authority over the free choice of men, and no power of arbitrary discipline comparable to such a strength. It is a power unto death, for it becomes a part of the man himself. Are men sincere, but timid, in avowing their rational convictions? Let them ask themselves whether their timidity is from faith or the lack of it. Do they see that the power of priestly assumption and authoritative dogma is untenable and ineffective to reclaim man from sin, or help him forward to holiness? Let him ask himself if they have not become so by the use made of the church to defend selfishness and restrain the free mind and motives of men, and disparage the best gifts and opportunities that Providence ever bestows? And for what? For the sake of adding a new sect to the many petty parties that already disgrace the history of Christendom, or for the purpose of displacing men from positions they will not make subservient to selfish ambition, no matter under what name it assumes to dictate to, and direct the affairs of, men who never acknowledged its assumptions. And can such assumptions succeed? Never, never, while men have ability enough to know their rights, and virtue enough to maintain them. It may intermeddle, and even destroy; but it cannot enslave. Armies may destroy liberty, but even armies cannot destroy ideas. The people desire not less, but more religion, and they are asking for a reality to take the place of a sham. They are learning that God’s government of man is a government by the eternal ideas of truth and justice, and a system that violates these even for the humblest of his creatures, is not of God, and no appropriation of good names, nor banishing of bad ones, can save it from merited exposure. In our blessed country, our fathers have conquered civil liberty, despite the names of “rebels” and anarchists, given them by their persecuting traducers; and their children will yet conquer religious liberty—liberty of thought upon all the deep themes of philosophy and religion, despite all efforts to the contrary. Christ has placed the latter on the only ground upon which it can stand, when he said call no man Master, but love your neighbor as yourself. It is not his spirit to use a name of reproach against any man; but it is his spirit to accept of all reproaches and all dishonor of men, rather than yield the Kingdom of God within us, based as it is upon the indestructible principles of Reason and Conscience, principles, by which alone we can worthy accept of any form of belief. And men who will not appreciate the strength and joy of such a position, may be expected to use their bad words, and fancy, if they choose, that they have killed their Heterics, Unitarians, Universalists, Deists and “Spirit-Rappers;” but men of more sagacity, looking on their foolish affray, will discover that they have not even caught them, much less killed them. We tell our voluntary opponents then, in all kindness, that neither ascribing the phenomena, recorded in their journals, to Satan; nor the denunciation of men once regarded as “estimable brethren,” as Unitarians, Universalists and Infidels; nor the statement that they do not fellowship men who never asked their fellowship; nor their attempts to prove themselves orthodox with denominations of Christians which for more than twenty years they have called sects and sectarian, have any weight with free-born men, whose desire is to receive truth on all subjects,
OUR FAITH CALLED BY HARD NAMES.

whether it come from them or others, and who judge men by their fruits, both of spirit and action, and hold themselves responsible to no self-constituted tribunal. They need give themselves no further trouble, lest the people fail to understand their use of opprobrious names. They are tired of the childish "tit-for-tat" sort of procedure; and to an extent which has not yet entered into the conception of stand-still men, who suppose because the world is in motion, it is necessarily revolving round them as centres. Enlightened men are asking of every man claiming the ear of the public—Have you any thing to say that will enlarge our knowledge on the subjects you discuss, or that will increase our happiness in those already examined? And if it be said respectfully, it will be listened to; and if not, it ought not to be. Thought has leave to be uttered in this country; and a church that makes its fellowship depend upon its suppression, will soon be looked back to as among the things that were.

The people who hear it claim the right to judge both of it and its tendencies, and can generally discriminate between the sham, however bolstered up by hard names, and the reality. So let it be.

With these remarks, definitive of the impressions the recent attacks upon us have made, we publish the subjoined articles from the September number of the "Millennial Harbinger." If we do not reply to Mr. Loos, it is because his article is based upon a false assumption, which he, himself, with all his anxiety to make statements respecting matters of which he could have known nothing, is compelled to see. That false assumption is, that we are in correspondence with "Spirit-Rappers." If it were true, it is a matter with which he has no more to do than I have with the books of his library, or methods of his study; but as it is false, and has not even a shadow of foundation in truth, he will readily pardon us for dismissing his sapient animadversions upon what is so far beyond the line of our observations. Both he and Mr. Campbell know more upon the subject than ever entered into our mind. They speak as if they were able to blend the most perfect accuracy of narrative with a deduction of absolute scientific principles, and give the world a religio-philosophical explanation of modern "Spirit-Rapping." They know its spirit-origin—its Satanic nature and Necromantic purposes, while we have never yet been favored with the slightest "rap." We hope to examine it, however; but as yet, have not had time.—Meanwhile, we would be glad to hear all they have to say on the subject, while we commend to their attention the fact that the Art of Printing, by which they are enlightening us as to its Hadean character, was also once ascribed to Satan, as has been almost every discovery in the power of mind and the laws of matter, for many hundred years! And lest they should hear, by consulting "mediums," embodied or disembodied, human or Satanic, that we also, as well as have been among the "Rappers," we now advise them, that up to this date, September 14th, A. D. 1853, we have not witnessed the phenomena, but hope, with their permission, in an expected visit to their more northern and knowing latitudes, in the course of a few days to take advantage of the time to see the strange sights.—Should they hear of our success, or lack of it, they will please inform their readers; but we pray them not to tell it to the Hopkinsville Elders, nor to the Editor and correspondents of the "Christian Age." Meanwhile, can they not favor us with the information by which we can readily find the most remarkable "mediums," and especially those by which they were convinced that "Spirit-Rapping" was of the Devil? Any information on this grave subject will be thankfully received, both by us and others, who acknowledge their ignorance of the nature of Necromancy, Witchcraft, and "Spirit-Rapping," but who desire to be ignorant no longer.

J. B. F.

From the Millennial Harbinger.

Elder Jesse B. Ferguson.

In evidence that the views promulgated,
and not retracted, by Elder Jesse B. Ferguson, on the future state of those who die in their sins, are essentially Unitarian and Universalist—or, in other words, Deistical—it should be added, that the press under the control of these various forms of Deism, or Theism, or unbelief, is out against us—"unguis et pedibus;" or, in English, "with tooth and nails." "Birds of a feather flock together;" and, therefore, these latitudinarian sceptics are, with one consent, exclaiming against our "intolerance" and "illiberality," sympathizing with the "gifted, eloquent," and "worthy Bro. Ferguson," and extolling the great liberality of those noble spirits who sustain his "Christian Magazine," and of the portion of the church that sustain him in Nashville.

We have, for months past, in silence submitted to these imputations and censures, knowing that they are a portion of the tax which we have all to pay for the satisfaction of having done our duty. When any one obtains property, he has to pay tax for it. And what virtuous citizen refuses to pay these common imposts? Besides, we are not the only sufferers in this case—the whole brotherhood, from Nashville to New Orleans, are more or less afflicted by this open denial, of not only our faith, but that of all Protestantism, with the exception of the before named "free thinkers," who are much more in sympathy with Lord Herbert Elhanan Winchester, Dr. Chauncey, the Swedish Baron, and certain Reverend gentlemen of Boston, than with any evangelical denomination in our country—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist or Methodist.

But our brotherhood will not long endure any one who has inflicted so deep a wound on the common faith and the common hope of God's heritage. Besides, our friend Ferguson can elsewhere find a more cordial brotherhood, in such men as Dr. Clapp, of New Orleans, and, in his view, a much more pious, enlightened, free and charitable paternity, in Boston or Cambridge, than amongst us. We most cheerfully award to every man, and every community, all that we ask for ourselves—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of action, within the poles of the political and the ecclesiastic globes of the moral and social universe. And although we have the full assurance of faith and knowledge, that Elder Ferguson's views are unscriptural and decidedly licentious tendency, we would not (as he endeavors to insinuate, and his special friends affirm for him) abridge, in the least, his political or ecclesiastic rights, to think, speak, write, and print what he pleases. We only ask for ourselves the same right to think, speak, write, and print what we think of it, and what appears to us true, necessary and expedient.

We hope that they will award to us the same liberty which we so cheerfully award to them—that of choosing our own company, and of promulgating our thoughts on the great subject of religion with all freedom of speech, of pen, and of press. We will give one specimen of the abusive imposts we are enduring, through our friends at Nashville, with a few accompanying remarks from Bro. C. L. Loos, Editor of the "Disciple."

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"BRO. A. CAMPBELL A "SPIRITUAL MEDIUM."

The following editorial notice we copy from the "Spiritual Telegraph" of February 19th, the chief organ of spirit raps, edited at New York by Prof. S. B. Brittan, and which, with its character and purposes, we have already, in some of our previous numbers, introduced to the acquaintance of our readers. We have italicized a few sentences for the special attention of our readers:

"THE EVIL SPIRIT OF INTOLERANCE."

—Rev. J. B. Ferguson, editor of the "Christian Magazine," an independent religious periodical published at Nashville, Tenn., has for some time been inclined to very liberal Christian views. His preaching, and the pages of his journal, have clearly indicated the progressive tendencies of his mind, while the old demon, intolerance—the evil spirit that refuses to be cast out of the churches—has appeared through
Alexander Campbell as medium, and is determined to make war on Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Camp- bell was never eminently distinguished for his candor as a theological disputant, and in this case his articles are written in a supercilious tone, while they indicate an ability to dogmatize at the expense of reason. In every attempt to damage the reputation of Mr. Ferguson, to impair the force and credibility of his views, or to diminish the extent of his influence, Mr. Campbell betrays a disposition to excite the elements of denominational pride, prejudice, and popular resentment, seemingly with a view to coerce the conscience of a free man into a submission, and to restrict a more comprehensive faith and loftier aspirations to the limit of his own ideal. Mr. Ferguson replies to these attacks in a firm, dignified, and temperate spirit, which we greatly admire. We have no doubt that our views, on many important points, would accord with those of Mr. F.; but if we had not three ideas in common, his manly resistance of spiritual pride and oppression, and his earnest defense of the liberty of thought, unlimited investigation, and private judgment, entitle him to our cordial fellowship, and to the confidence of every friend of Christian and Republican freedom.”

We are not in the least surprised at this organ of Spiritual Rapperism, Clairvoyance, and various other “manifestations” of Infidelity, feeling and expressing such bitter hostility towards Bro. Campbell. It is the most natural thing imaginable—a clear logical necessity. The aim and burden of Bro. Campbell’s life and labors—that which he has boldly characterized every thing that he has said and written—whether in conflict with bald Infidelity in the person of Owen, or with Romanism, or the various shapes of sectarian humanisms, have ever been a determined, unqualified devotion to God’s revealed word alone, in all religious matters, and an uncompromising hostility to every thing beyond this, be it proclaimed by angels, men, or demons. He has ever believed in, and held up, the Bible as a Revelation, complete and final, of the Will of God; as the only revelation necessary, and to be expected from Heaven, for the conduct of human life; as of plenary inspiration by the Holy Spirit of God direct; as, in fine, the full and perfect Word of God, and not of men, nor angels, nor demons. These grand truths he has triumphantly maintained in many a hard fought conflict. But every one of these divine truths stands in bold opposition to all the pretensions of the class of infidels to which the writer of the above belongs. That these men who claim to hold intercourse with “familiar spirits,” which the Bible abhors and condemns; who at best regard the Bible but as the production of clairvoyants and necromancers—an imperfect, partial, defective affair—far beneath the sublime views now preached from the spirit-world by Tom Paine and others; who, in one word, have no faith in any one of the sublime characteristic truths of Christianity; that such men, we say, should be hostile to bro. Campbell, who has oft and again, from the days of Owen to the present time, demonstrated by the power of divine facts and logic, that the entire ground on which all these infidel pretensions are based is false—is a matter of no wonder whatever. The pure devotion to God’s Word, as the only divinely allowed guide given by God to man, to lead him to virtue and immortality; the faith that will admit of no visionary speculations from an aberrant human reason or imagination, to nullify and stultify the pure, simple truths of the Bible, these men call the “demon of intolerance.”—“Contending earnestly for the faith once (not lately in Rochester and elsewhere) delivered to the saints,” they call “supercilious dogmatism.” Not to allow men among us, unrebuked, to advocate by voice and pen, notions that sap the very foundations of Christianity in human hearts, is wicked sectarian bigotry. These men, who have utterly abandoned all firm faith in the Bible, if they ever had any; whose whole spiritual being is now revolting in a limitless chaos of nebulous, spiritualistic, deistic, transcen-
dental, vagaries and absurdities; who have cut themselves loose from all moorings and fixed thoughts; cannot imagine how any man can be so foolish and narrow-minded as any longer to cling with supreme, exclusive fidelity, to the simple voice of the Holy Scriptures. This “foolishness” of faith, is doubtless the “spirit” they wish to “cast out of the churches,” finding it sadly in the way of their “progressive” necromantic creed, which they long to place in its stead. Let it be observed that Bro. C. is not charged with dogmatism at the expense of mephitic vaticinations of future glories, of Elysian ages, that will shame the dull, pro-

reason!” This is their standard of judgment. How much this Mr. Brittan knows of Bro. Campbell’s course, that might entitle him to pass judgment upon his candor as a theological dis-patient, we know not. He knows, how-ever, sufficient to determine his decision. He is aware of Mr. Campbell’s opposition to the late “spiritual developments” of J. B. Ferguson; and above all, he has been in-formed by a certain whilom Rev. J. B. Wolf, of Wheeling, that Bro. C. had, in his lecture before Washington College, spoken against the “rapping” mania; and this, we presume, was sufficient for so liber-al a mind as Prof. Brittan’s to pass his judg-

We are informed by this editor, that Mr. Fergus-

our faith called by hard names.
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the express image of his person; that he came down from Heaven in person, to save and redeem man by the offering of himself on the cross. We still ever hope to believe in the Bible as the only revelation on earth made to man from God; that is perfect, transcending all human knowledge and wisdom; above which no man need ever strive to attain with all the powers of reason or imagination—human or demoniac. Messrs. Brittan, Ferguson and others, may have progressed beyond this. We envy them not their progress.

We have said, and repeat it, that we know not that the editor of the "Christian Magazine" has gone all these lengths. We shall wait for further developments; though what we have already learned from him, decides our position with reference to him. We only refer our brethren, in conclusion, to another declaration of Mr. Brittan, which reveals another claim to the fellowship of Mr. Ferguson. "We have no doubt," he says, "that our views, on many important points, would accord with those of Mr. F." We presume Mr. Brittan knows whereof he affirms. The Universalists have already claimed Mr. F.; now the spirit rapping transcendentalist infidels declare their fellowship with "many important points" of his faith.

C. L. L.

Visit to Southern Kentucky.

August 18th, 1853.—After a very affecting leave-taking of the congregation, and many warm-hearted and enduring friends at Nashville, we set out with our family to spend a few weeks in a visit to the former fields of our ministerial labor in Southern Kentucky and central Ohio.—We found it difficult to leave, even for a temporary absence. The large congregations that assembled to wait upon our imperfect ministrations, after the horrible work of defamation and detraction had spent its force; the demonstrations of confidence in, and devotion to, the sacred obligations of a friendship as genuine and as abiding as is ever granted to the relation-ship of mortals, coming as they did from every class and creed of the community, and from an overwhelming majority of the church, together with the knowledge that our pulpit must necessarily be vacant for the most part during our absence,—made the trial of a separation as severe as it was indispensable. We had been assailed in the integrity of our faith, character and position to the public. The church and community had stood the shock of every assault with manly and Christian firmness and forbearance, and had shown themselves bound to us, as by hooks of steel. But the devotion of our friends in the fields of our former labors, and some temporal business we had neglected for years, as well as duty to the ties of kindred, we had not visited, since experiences of bereavement by death had been made as a part of our mutual cup of bitterness in life's separations,—required our attention, and we set out. The point to which we first directed our way, was the quiet country shades of the hospitable mansion of Meryville, Ky., where we had resided, in the most intimate and delightful friendship, for five years preceding our removal to Nashville. Here we met a more than usually hearty welcome, and were soon in the companionship of kindred, brethren and former neighbors; so free, so full, and so joyous, as to make us almost forget that ever the rude blasts of envy and malignity had howled round the peaceful shrine, domestic and congregational, of our chosen alters. The embowering oaks and cedars, planted and trained by a hand that has lain in the formless dust of death for ten years—and that was more than half a century, skillfully opened to dispense healing to the sick, and charity to the needy, and welcome to the stranger; that had given us the first greeting on our arrival in the South, and which we folded over its capacious bosom with sadness and hope, when its pulses of life and generosity on earth beat no more; the oaks and pleasant walks in which we had communed with nature and books not, we fondly hope, without improvement to ourselves and help for others, were still
familiar, and spoke to our heart as again we were seated on the green sward, or wander'd beside the murmuring brooks. The heat of Summer was passing away; the cooling approach of Autumn was felt in the morning breeze and evening zephyr; the fertile fields were being bereft of their rich harvests to crowd the capacious barns and store-houses, and the evidences of peace, plenty and contentment were everywhere around us. And here, too, was the old room of a former occupancy, the common library, and even our accustomed chair, awaiting us as whilom we returned from fatiguing ministrations in the days past, but not forgotten. And then the generous and unthinking welcome, as full of dignity and suavity as it is free from narrow bigotry and conventional affectation, and which has ever characterized the board of the Southern planter, and which still carries the air of the old Virginia gentleman, with his refined polish, high sense of honor and pure morals, makes one feel at home as much, or more, than in any state of society in our happy country. The hospitality of the old Saxon thane, and the suavity of the Norman conqueror, were never more marked in merry England, or more happily united there, than in these best specimens of American gentility, whether upon the banks of James River, or in the hunting-grounds of Kentucky.

At Ohiadelphia, (house of the brethren,) an appointment had preceded us, and we found a large audience, crowding its familiar seats to hear what now we had to say upon man's spiritual purposes and hopes. We addressed them on Saturday upon the great object of the Religion of God in all ages, viz: "To promote peace, union and good understanding amongst men;" and on Sunday, upon Religious Liberty—its nature—its basis—and how only it can be secured in our churches and times. We were favored with a most marked and respectful attention, and received assurances from many of their accord, both in the seasonableness and propriety of the investigation. The proper sphere of individual conscience and conviction as above all human tribunals; the assumption over it as an assumption of the prerogatives of God, and as destructive to the peace and prosperity of all religious communities; the vain attempts in past ages at uniformity of belief; the problem as to how we may have the utmost liberty of the individual, and still preserve the greatest unity of action; the problem to be solved by our century; the origin of the prevalent principles of Religious Toleration; the manner in which those who clamor loudest for liberty of conscience so readily accept one tyranny for another, and one more narrow and exclusive than the one they denounce; the reason why some of the best talent, best morals, and best philanthropy will not come into a church; and why men are more at home with one another, more interested in one another, meet and co-operate more freely, more heartily, and more lovingly in their business centres, and social gatherings, and even secret societies, than in their churches; the reason why every thing glad, bright, elastic, attractive and progressive has at times been excluded from the churches, and why the life of many of the churches has fled by being stifled with ghostly sanctimony and lifeless mummery, chilled by frigid metaphysics, and shocked by Pagan and repulsive representations of God,—came under review, and was listened to with approbation and hope.

We were urged to tarry longer; but an invitation to Clarksville took us there on Tuesday night, where, despite the rain and the mud of her hilly streets, we had the privilege of addressing what was said to be the largest congregation that ever assembled in the house. They listened to us for two hours and a half, and seemed not wearied, such was the interest in the theme we discussed. Some of all parties, and of no party in religion, avowed their conviction that we occupied the only practicable ground for religious fellowship and improvement, and wished us God's speed. Resisting urgent solicitations to remain, and address the citizens of that flourishing city again, after
promising a future visit, we set out to fill some previous engagements. We attended an appointment of John D. Ferguson, near Elkton, at a meeting-house called Philippi, where we addressed a small audience on Saturday, on the nature and advantages of divine worship. On Sunday we met an immense crowd, who listened attentively for over two hours to a discourse on the Mysteries in Religion, and to a brief one over the table of the Lord, upon the nature of spiritual communion. Our appointment for Sunday night in Elkton, the county town of Todd, brought together the largest audience we ever addressed in the place, to whom we spoke upon the spiritual individuality and responsibility of man. The labors of the day and night had been too much for human nerves and voice, some five hours having been devoted to public addresses. Having an appointment eight miles distant at Macedonias, near Allensville, on the approaching Tuesday, we declined an invitation to speak the next day in Elkton. But no sooner had the invigorating morning of Monday opened upon us, than we were invited by several brethren urging us to deliver another address.—While hesitating, and feeling the reluctance which genuine interest creates within every public man to refuse the desires of his friends, we received a petition, subscribed, it was said, by almost every citizen of the place, asking us to remain and address them at night upon the “Immortal Life.” We did so, and were only able to do so by spending the greater part of the day in the quiet of a listener, rather than participate in the pleasant conversations of numerous brethren and friends. We left this beautiful and hospitable village with regret, and hope for the day when we might be able to address its independent and liberal-minded people again. It is refreshing to the worn heart of man to meet with men above the spirit of sect, of littleness, and of creed, and who know how to recognize the ancient and enduring ties of a common humanity and Christianity.

At Macedonias, although our appointment was upon a week-day, and during the busiest season of the year, we met a large audience. Here a few men, mistaking, as we suppose, the nature of church organization, and certainly mistaking the great principles of religious liberty and charity, had manifested some opposition to our use of their house of worship; but the opposition died of itself, and there let it be buried. This was the place at which some one, during the meeting of “South Ky. Co-operation,” was ready to introduce resolutions condemnatory of our opinions on the future life; but finding the meeting not prepared for so ill-advised, not to say ridiculous, an effort at meddlesome meddling with matters over which they have no more control than over the color of my hair, it was, like the opposition to my preaching, dropped.—A little more reflection upon the proper relations of men, and a little more consistency in our professions of a religion of toleration and charity, will make any honest and well-meaning man ashamed of the foolish and futile effort to condemn either the faith, opinion, or efficiency of men whose immediate church relations are outside of their observation and acquaintance. It is much too late in the day of human improvement for men to constitute themselves the inquisitors of the faith and wishes of American men and communities. It is simply ridiculous, and we regret to learn that our good friends at M. should suffer themselves to be so much misguided. In an age of railroads and steamships, electric telegraphs and free presses, in which all men seem to be induced with new power, and even the “rest of mankind” are being brought together in closer relations, and a new impulse is given daily to every form of intellectual activity, and every kind of benevolent solicitude, it is far behind the age to be unkind and illiberal. Why even the blind, the mute and the idiotic are being blessed with homes, and meet with gentle and benignant ministrations and useful helps. And surely any Elders of churches, or any man who so far forgets himself as to drop back into the middle of the darker ages and attempt pro-
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Our Visit to Hopkinsville.

It will be remembered by our readers that the Elders of the church in Hopkinsville had felt it their duty to state to the public that we had not been invited by the church, or any member thereof, to visit them since the "publication of our peculiar doctrines." There was some interest, therefore, with our friends to know how the good citizens of that place would act in view of the needless, not to say patronizing, protection of their faith and privileges by these considerate Elders. Accordingly, at our second appointment in the country, we received the following invitation from some of its most respectable citizens. We publish both the invitation and reply, because of various strange and injurious representations of the occasion of our visit:

"HOPKINSVILLE, Aug. 20, 1853.

Rev. J. B. Ferguson:

Dear Sir—Your undersigned friends, having fresh in memory your eloquent and edifying discourses delivered in this place and vicinity, and being desirous of seeing you, and having our hearts refreshed by your pious teaching, beg that you would visit us at the close of your present engagements, or as soon thereafter as you can make it convenient; and in this we must assure you, we but express the wishes of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. Every necessary preparation will be made. May we know by the bearer when to expect you.

Sincerely your friends,

John W Glass, C W Poinlexter,
E R Cank, B T Wood,
Wm Ellis, L L Leavell,
E H Foster, R Dillard,
L Bell, John W Hays,
Z Myers, W M Shipp,
E Gooch, J H Van Culin,
D S Hays, E M Buckner,
B McKee, Wm C Moore,
Geo Buckner,
R M Lovier, G B Luns,
E J Vaughan, Geo W Carr,
J P Rowland, H Abornathy,
R W Ware, S A East,
B Shackelford, Wm Fields,
C C Forbes, W Z Thompson,
C G Henry, Wm Loving,
James Wallace, Owen A Clark,
R H Shurt, Ralph Peles,
W M Dunnavon, John T Watson,
M Mattile, A G Woolridge,
A B Withers, John S Long,
W A Ashby, Jas S Hopson,
John B McGihan, H A Phelps,
L R Shryock, John A Newman,
E A Shryock, Jas S Torian,
S L Woolridge, Jno J Overahiner,
N Chappell, Jas R Pharrs,
J P Fisher, Edwin R Love,
W F Buckner, Jno C Noble,
G O Thrift, Lewis Starling,
G J Bonick, John Wood,
S M Starling, H J Stites,
Thos H Baker, M Tucker,
T G Woodward, W N Ducker."
my high personal respect and sincere Christian regard.

Very truly, &c.,

J. B. FERGUSON.

Upon the reception of our reply, the new house of worship, built by the liberality of the community, was applied for, and refused. The refusal was announced in the "Press" of their city; and in most complimentary terms we were urged to come, the Editor assuring us no striking arguments would be used. We, in the appointed time, arrived at the place, mortified that men professing the religion of Christ, associated with a people who had been excluded from many sectarian churches of the country, and had felt it their duty to sue at the law for their rights in some of them, should vainly undertake to dictate to, and control the free choice of men of equal piety, intelligence and influence in their own immediate fellowship, to say nothing of the wishes of a large and respectable portion of their citizenship as ever was represented in any invitation. But we knew the influences they had yielded to, and believed they deserved as much of compassion as blame.

The citizens fitted up the court-house—the largest room in the place—and of our reception there, we will allow the "Press" again to speak:

"REV. JESSE B. FERGUSON.—This eloquent Divine preached in this city on Saturday night last, and on Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at night. He was greeted on all three occasions with the largest audiences that ever assembled on such an occasion in Hopkinsville; and we suppose that no assemblage was ever more highly pleased than were his auditors. For about two hours on each occasion he enlisted their most earnest and wrapt attention; and at the close of each sermon, they lingered in the house, as if in regret that he had ceased to speak.

"He spoke on Religious Liberty, Christian Tolerance and Charity, and the Future State; and if on all these points he did not make full converts of his congregation, he certainly gave a terrible shock to the dry bones of Old Fogyism and Antiquated Superstition.

"Upon his own griefs and persecutions he spoke with much modesty, and briefly defended himself from some of the charges that had been made against him.

"He alluded to the place in which he spoke, (the Court House,) and said this was the first time in his life that he had ever been refused admission to a house dedicated especially to the service of God. He spoke very feelingly on the subject; and as he expressed his gratitude and thanks to those who had thronged to give him their countenance and support, he thrilled the hearts of the people and brought tears to the eyes of nearly every one present.

"Mr. Ferguson is certainly an Orator, and by no means a feeble one. There is a grace, and beauty, and chasteness in his language, and a freshness and vigor in his style and manner, that mark him as no ordinary man; and the control which he possesses over his hearers is surpassed by few of the best political speakers of the day.

"He is what may be called the "Young America" of Theology; and his blows at Old Fogyism are as keen as the cimeter of Saladin, and as terrible as the battle-axe of Cœur de Leon.

"But we are probably "going out of the way" on this subject, and if we do not mind our P's and Q's, may be called upon to prove our own orthodoxy. We hope not, however. We do not wish to be involved in religious discussion, until the Louisville and Memphis Railroad is built; and certainly do not intend to take any part in the present controversy. We merely wish to give a reflex of the matters and things that are passing around us, and for the benefit of our readers to "catch the manners living as they rise."

"It has been a long time since Hopkinsville has heard such sermons, and nev-
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er have we seen any audiences so delight-
ed as were those who listened to Mr. Fer-
guson."—Hop. Press.

On the morning of our departure, the young men of the place and vicinity formally presented us with one of the most superb copies of the Scriptures we have ever seen, as a testimonial of acknowledg-ment for the discourses they had heard, and of their esteem and confidence. The citizens gave us many assurances of respect and confidence we shall never for-get. It was even proposed to build us a church, and liberally sustain our minis-tration, would we consent to become a citizen of Hopkinsville.

These may be called small matters; and so they are, under some circumstances.—But as exhibiting the honest indignation of a free people to the spirit of intoler-ance; as, also, their sense of justice and magnanimity, despite the efforts to defame and destroy, they speak volumes both to the head and heart of every right-thinking and well-meaning man. It may be folly to record these demonstrations; and I would feel it to be so in the ordinary course of ministerial visitation; but in the circumstances my enemies have su-perinduced, I am willing, with Paul of old, to become "a fool in boasting," see-ing they have "compelled me." And it would be an affected modesty and hypo-critical humility for me to deny that these unbought, unsought, free and voluntary demonstrations are alike grateful to my heart as they are encouraging to the hope of any man, for whom inflamed vanity and mis-guided fretfulness, by acts of petty tyrany, would provide both injury and insult under the cover of "heretical opinions;" that is, in this case, opinions differing from those of some of the leaders of the people it was once our delight to honor and serve. We regretted the unfortunate and unprovoked course of the Hopkins-ville Elders; we regretted they should do what no other church around them could or did approve; that they should make themselves stumbling-blocks to their own peace-loving membership; that they should place themselves where they could not fail to become the butt of ridicule to ma-ny of their own neighbors and friends; but they childishly and obstinately chose their course, and surely will not blame us for its consequences. The modesty of their assumption must be apparent to all men. It is nothing short of a claim to superior intelligence, and superior virtue to all, both preacher and people, they exclude. It is but natural, therefore, that their be-nighted fellow-citizens, the membership of the neighboring churches, and all, both at home and abroad, who have opened their houses and their hearts of friendship and fellowship to us, should ask these self-constituted supervisors of the faith and character of those over whom they never possessed control—"Are you exempted from the common frailties of men? Have you higher gifts of penetration and wis-dom? Were you educated under more fa-vorable circumstances of mental improve-ment? Have you more anxiously, seri-ously and unweariedly studied the deep mysteries of life and religion? Do your lives express deeper reverence for God and love for man than others?" And if in all these respects the Hopkinsville Elders can sustain their claim to be the guardians of the public faith of their flourishing city, they might still be asked whether the community had been so impressed with the weight of their importance and dignity, as to confer upon them the authority of Censors; and if so, it ought at once to be suggested that they be freed from the or-dinary burdens of selling goods, and building carriages, and distributing Medi-cine, and be set up at once as a regular ec-clesiastical court, with powers and honors, limited only by the nature of their mar-velous claims and still more marvelous duties. But they must pardon us if, in our simplicity, we were made to believe, that when they lent themselves as tools to men engaged in detraction, by denying an in-vitation we had never represented them as
From Hopkinsville we passed to "Euergesia," near Oak Grove. In this neighborhood we had labored for years, most happily, and, we add, successfully. We found our little church here in the years past a "small people." We had left them large and influential enough to build them a good house and sustain the regular teaching of Christianity. To say that we had loved them and served them as none other has done, would be invidious. But we were with them in their feebleness and in their strength; and there was no church in Southern Kentucky whose interests we have sought to secure above this one. — Death has been among their membership, and some warm hearts and ready hands were absent which we were wont to meet. The day was rainy, but the house was full. Weakened by too much duty, we spoke to them in much feebleness of body; but in no discourse in the country, did we satisfy ourselves as in the one delivered amid the remembrances of the departed and the warm greeting of the living at "Euergesia." The writing of this word reminds us of its origin as the name of their church. We feel like recording it. A gentleman of more than ordinary learning, reading and philanthropy, presented them with the ground for their meeting-house, and proposed that their church be called after the writer. Of course we declined the undeserved compliment; and, in return, as he was not a member of any religious denomination, we proposed, pleasantly, to call it "Euergesia," or the "good gift." We were agreeably surprised, after our absence, to hear that this was its name. A tear to the memory of the noble heart it was intended to honor, and a blessing from Heaven, we ask upon all who meet there to worship. We missed one aged and devoted man there, we will not forget. His past kindness and our mutual labors are engraved where no misconception nor slanderous tongue can touch or mar them. We will yet meet, where all are just, all are considerate, and all are kindly affectioned; and where no representations of false friends can hide the true state of the heart and the purposes of God's free, tho' often unworthy, children.

From "Euergesia," we passed to Corinth, and addressed a large congregation there, on the adaptation of Christianity to man's entire nature, and all the wants of his being and condition. Here, often, we have realized the wish of the hymn—

"May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou to the listening crowd
His faithful labors bless."

We thought also of the second verse of the hymn, as we sat alone in the closely-cribbed pulpit, we were wont so often and so pleasantly to occupy in the years past—

"Preserve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand,
And keep him from the slanderous tongue,
And persecuting hand."

I had heard it sung there by voices now stilled in death; and the white stones that mark the resting-place of their dust, were in my eye as the strains came to my memory, and the prayer was involuntary—

"May God keep Corinth from the spirit of selfish emulation that characterized the ancient church called by that name!" Here we met, also, with old and abiding friends. We had labored and worshiped together in "old Mount Zion," now a ruin; we had seen the new temple go up, and had often gone up together to it, and we could not, we desired not to forget.— Nay, could I ever forget the churches of South Kentucky, then, too, my right hand would have forgotten its cunning. I can never fail to pray, "Peace be within them."

A pressing invitation, subscribed by "Your old friends of Trenton," we were compelled to decline, as well as one from Casey's school-house, owing to "tired nature's" incapacity to labor day and night without the needed rest.
Peter's Doctrine of the Last Things.

Since the publication of our unpretending essay on "Spirits in prison," found in the April number of the 4th volume of this work, we have received written and printed essays upon the subject and its practical inferences that would have made an ordinary volume. We have, for obvious reasons, restrained from burdening our pages with a discussion of any one subject; but that our exposition was correct, and the views of the future world which the opposition to us on account of it, compelled us to state and defend, are founded in reason and every proper view of Revelation, we have every just reason to believe. Among many essays it has called forth in the Religious Reviews of the day, we publish the following, both on account of its dispassionate and candid statements and the acknowledged learning and character of its author. We would advise those who are determined to hold on to inherited views not to read it, for it may disquiet their prejudices and make them see that there are other authorities in criticism upon the sacred text than those the readers of "Reformation Periodicals" are familiar with. But those who fear God more than the face or denunciation of man: and believe that He can be acceptably served only by truth on all subjects affecting the faith and hope of the race, may read and digest it and find their manliness improved by its clear and bold statements.

We would advise them that it was not written for a case, as most of the articles we have had upon this subject have been; nor was it written for our readers, but appears in the "Christian Examiner," of Boston, and is from the pen of Rev. W. R. Alger, alike one of the ablest and most learned writers for that accredited Unitarian Review.

From the Christian Examiner.

Peter's Doctrine of the Last Things.

The fundamental and pervading aim of that Epistle of Peter, the genuineness of which is unquestioned—and the same is true in Peter's Doctrine of the Last Things—the same is true in a great degree of his speeches recorded in the Acts of the Apostles—is to exhort the Christians to whom it is written, to purify themselves by faith, love and good works; and to stand firmly amidst all their tribulations, supported by the expectation, and prepared to meet the conditions, of a glorious life in heaven at the close of this life. Eschatology, the doctrine of the Last Things, with its practical inferences, all inseparably interwoven with the mission of Christ, forms the basis and scope of the whole document.

What conception Peter entertained of the nature and original rank of Christ—whether he was the Logos, whether he was pre-existent, or whether he was merely a divinely accredited, though a human messenger—cannot be told with certainty from his brief and vague references to that point. But since there is nothing in his writings indicating the contrary, we ought to conclude that the last was his opinion, as that would be the most natural view to a Jew. He speaks of the Saviour with clear and repeated emphasis as the true prophetic Messiah, and as charged with the functions of that exalted personage: to fulfill the ancient dispensations and promises, declare the word of eternal life, reconcile sinners to God, bring the Gentiles into the fold of faith, and judge the quick and the dead. His opinions concerning
Christ can be gathered only by inference from the offices he attributes to him; and these not being metaphysical or theological, but practical and historical, afford no clue to his inherent position in the scale of being. It is therefore impossible to show that to the mind of Peter Christ was in nature any thing more than a brother of our humanity, miraculously chosen and empowered to be the Messiah. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved by wonders and signs which God did by him."

According to this Apostle, it was declared by God, and testified by the prophets, that Christ should die and rise from the dead. "He was foreordained before the foundation of the world." The prophets "testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." "Him being delivered by the determinate council and foreknowledge of God, ye have wickedly crucified and slain," —"of whose resurrection David, being a prophet, spake."

Peter believed that, when Christ had been put to death, his spirit, surviving, descended into the under-world, the separate state of departed souls. Whoever doubts this interpretation must doubt whether there is any meaning in words.—Having cited from the sixteenth Psalm the declaration, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the under-world," he says it was a prophecy concerning Christ, which was fulfilled in his resurrection. "The soul of this Jesus was not left in the under-world, but God hath raised him up, whereof we all are witnesses." When it is written that his soul was not left in the subterranean abode of disembodied spirits, of course the inference cannot be avoided that it was supposed to have been there for a time.

In the next place, we are warranted by several considerations in asserting that Peter believed that down there, in the gloomy realm of shades, were gathered and detained the souls of all the dead generations. We attribute this view to Peter, from the combined force of the following reasons: because such was, notoriously, the belief of his ancestral and contemporary countrymen: because he speaks of the resurrection of Jesus as if it were a wonderful prophecy, or unparalleled miracle, a signal and most significant exception to the universal law: because he says expressly of David, that "he is not yet ascended into the heavens"; and if David was still retained below, undoubtedly all were: because the same doctrine is plainly inculcated by other of the New Testament writers, especially by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and by Paul: and finally, because Peter himself, in another part of this Epistle, declares in unequivocal terms that the soul of Christ went and preached to the souls confined in the under-world; for such is the periscipuous, unavoidable meaning of the famous text, "being put to death in the body, but kept alive in the soul, in which also he went and preached [went as a herald] to the spirits in prison." The meaning we have attributed to this celebrated passage is the only simple and consistent explanation of the words and the context, and is what must have been conveyed to those familiar with the received opinions of that time. Accordingly, we find that, with the exception of Augustine, it was so understood and interpreted by the whole body of the Fathers.† It is likewise so held now by an immense majority of the most authoritative modern commentators. Rosenmüller says, in his commentary on this text, "that by the spirits in prison is meant souls of men separated from their bodies, and detained as in custody in the under-world, which the Greeks call Hades, the Hebrews Sheol, can hardly be doubted" (viz dubitari posse videretur). Such has ever been and still is the common conclusion of nearly all the best critical theologians, as volumes of citations might easily be made to show. The reasons which

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1852, and for March, 1853.
† See, for example, Clem. Alex. Stromata, Lib. VI. ed. Reissi, p. 453; Cyril. Test. adv. Judaeos, Lib. II. cap. 37; Lactantius, Libiv. Instit. Lib. V. I. cap. 30, etc., etc.
PETER'S DOCTRINE OF THE LAST THINGS.

led Augustine to give a different exposition of the text before us, as such an explanation would make, in this case, even his great name have but little or no weight. He firmly held, as revealed and unquestionable truth, the whole doctrine which we maintain is implied in the present passage, but he was so perplexed by certain difficult queries as to locality and method and circumstance, addressed to him with reference to this text, that he, waveringly, and at last, gave it an allegorical interpretation. His exegesis is not only unsound, arbitrary, opposed to the catholic doctrine of the Church; it is also so far fetched and forced as to be destitute of plausibility. He says the spirits in prison may be the souls of men confined in their bodies here in this life, to preach to whom Christ came from heaven. But the careful reader will observe that Peter speaks as if the spirits were collected and kept in common custody, refers to the spirits of a generation long ago departed to the dead, and represents the preaching as taking place in the interval between Christ's death and his resurrection. A glance from the eighteenth to the twenty-second verse inclusive shows indisputably that the order of events narrated by the Apostle is this: First, Christ was put to death in the flesh, suffering for sins, the just for the unjust; secondly, he was quickened in the spirit; thirdly, he went and preached to the spirits in prison; fourthly, he rose from the dead; fifthly, he ascended into heaven. How is it possible for anyone to doubt that the text under consideration teaches his subterranean mission during the period of his bodily burial?

In the exposition of the Apostle's Creed put forth by the Church of England under Edward VI., this text in Peter was referred to as an authoritative proof of the article on Christ's descent into the underworld; and when some years later that reference was stricken out, notoriously it was not because the Episcopal rulers were convinced of a mistake, but because they had become afraid of the associated Roman doctrine of purgatory.

If Peter believed—as he undoubtedly did—that Christ after his crucifixion descended to the place of departed spirits, what did he suppose was the object of that descent? Calvin's theory was, that he went into hell in order that he might there suffer variously the accumulated agonies due to the lost, thus placating the just wrath of the Father, and purchasing the release of the elect. It is sufficient refutation of that horrible dogma, as to its philosophical basis, to contemplate its barbarous anomaly, its self-destructive absurdity, its intolerable immorality. As a mode of explaining the Scriptures it is refuted by the fact that it is nowhere plainly stated in the New Testament, but is arbitrarily constructed by forced and indirect inferences from various obscure texts, which texts can be perfectly explained without involving it at all. For what purpose, then, was it thought that Jesus went to the imprisoned souls of the underworld? The most natural supposition—the conception most in harmony with the character and details of the rest of the scheme, and with the prevailing thought of the time—would be, that he went there to rescue the captives from their sepulchral bondage,—to conquer death and the Devil in their own domain, open the doors, break the chains, proclaim good tidings of coming redemption to the spirits in prison,—and rising thence, to ascend to heaven, preparing the way for them to follow with him at his expected return. This indeed is the doctrine of the Judaizing Apostles, the unbroken catholic doctrine of the Church.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, that "Christ died that he might destroy him that has the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver those who were in the bondage of the fear of death." Paul writes to the Colossians and to the Ephesians, that, when Christ "had spoiled the principalities and powers" of the world of the dead, "he ascended up on high, leading a multitude of captives." Peter himself declares, a little farther on in his Epistle,
that the glad tidings were preached to the dead, that though they had been persecuted and condemned in the flesh by the will of men, they might be blessed in the spirit by the will of God." Christ fulfilled the law of death, descending to the place of separate spirits, that he might declare deliverance to the quick and the dead by coming triumphant back and going into heaven, an evident token of the removal of the penalty of sin which hitherto had fatally doomed all men to the under-world.

Let us see if this will not enable us to explain Peter's language satisfactorily. — Death, with the lower residence succeeding it, let it be remembered, was, according to the Jewish Apostolic belief, the fruit of sin, the judgment pronounced on sin. But Christ, Peter says, was sinless. "He was a lamb without blemish and without spot." He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Therefore he was not exposed to death and the under-world on his own account. Consequently when it is written that "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree," that "he suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," in order to give the words their clearest, fullest meaning, it is not necessary to attribute to them the sense of a vicarious sacrifice offered to quench the flaming anger of God, or to furnish compensation for a broken commandment; but this sense, namely, that although in his sinlessness he was exempt from death, yet he "suffered for us," he voluntarily died, thus undergoing, for our sakes, that which was to others the penalty of their sin. The benefit of his death, the object of his dying, was not to conciliate the alienated Father, or to adjust the unbalanced law; but it was to descend into the realm of the dead, heralding God's pardon to the captives, and to return and rise into heaven, opening and showing to his disciples the way thither. —

For owing to his moral sinlessness, or owing to his delegated omnipotence, if he were once in the abode of the dead, he must return; nothing could keep him there. Epiphanius describes the Devil complaining, after Christ had burst through his nets and dungeons, "Miserable me, what shall I do? I did not know God was concealed in that body. The son of Mary has deceived me. I imagined he was a mere man." In an apocryphal writing of very early date, which shows some of the opinions abroad at that time, one of the chief devils after Christ had appeared in hell, cleaving its grisly prisons from top to bottom and releasing the captives, is represented upbraiding Satan in these terms: "O Prince of all evil, Author of death, why didst thou crucify and bring down to our regions a person righteous and sinless? Thereby thou hast lost all the sinners of the world." Again, in an ancient treatise on the Apostles' Creed, we read as follows: "In the bait of Christ's flesh was secretly inserted the hook of his Divinity. This the Devil knew not, but supposing he must stay when he was delivered, greedily swallowed the corpse, and the bolts of the nether world were wrench ed asunder, and the ensnared dragon himself dragged from the abyss." Peter himself explicitly declares, "It was not possible that he should be held by death." Theodoret says, "Whoever denies the resurrection of Christ, rejects his death." —

If he died he must needs rise again. And his resurrection would demonstrate the forgiveness of sins, the opening of heaven to men, showing that the bond which had bound in despair the captives in the region of death for so many voiceless ages was at last broken. Accordingly, "God, having loosed
the chains of the under-world, raised him up and set him at his own right hand."*  

And now the question narrowed down to the smallest compass, is this: What is the precise, real significance of the sacrificial and their connected terms employed by Peter, those phrases which now by the intense associations of a long time convey so strong a Calvinistic sense to most readers? Peter says, "Ye know that ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." If there were not so much indeterminateness of thought, so much unthinking reception of traditional, confused impressions of Scripture texts, it would be superfluous to observe, that by the word blood here, and in all parallel passages, is meant simply and literally death,—the mere shedding of the blood of Christ, of course, could have no virtue, no moral efficacy of any sort. When the infuriated Jews cried, "His blood be on us and on our children," they meant, let the responsibility of his death rest on us. When the English historian says, "Sidney gave his blood for the cause of civil liberty," the meaning is, he died for it. So, no one will deny, whenever the New Testament speaks in any way of redemption by the blood of the crucified Son of Man, the unquestionable meaning is, redemption by his death. What, then, does the phrase "redemption by the death of Christ" mean? Let it be noted here—let it be particularly noticed—that the New Testament nowhere in explicit terms explains the meaning of this and the kindred phrases; it simply uses the phrases without interpreting them. They are rhetorical figures of speech, necessarily upon whatever theological system we regard them. No sinner is literally washed from his transgressions and guilt in the blood of the slaughtered Lamb—not literally so. These expressions, then, are poetic images, meant to convey a truth in the language of prescriptive association and feeling, the traditinary language of imagination. The determination of their precise significance is wholly a matter of fallible human construction and inference, and not a matter of inspired statement or divine revelation. This is so, beyond a question, because, we repeat, they are figures of speech, having no direct explanation in the records where they occur. —The Calvinistic view of the atonement was a theory devised to explain this Scriptural language. It was devised by persons not enough imbued with the peculiar notions and spirit, the peculiar grade of culture and the time from which that language sprang. We freely admit—a long, earnest, and wide study of this particular subject in theology has compelled us to confess—the inadequacy of a conception which has been expressed by many Unitarian writers, concerning the Apostolic doctrine of the atonement, to explain the figures of speech in which the Apostles declare that doctrine. But since the Calvinistic scheme was devised by human thought to explain the New Testament language, any scheme which explains that language as well has equal Scripture claims to credence; any which better explains it, with sharper, broader meaning and fewer difficulties, has superior claims to be received.

We are now prepared to state what, in our conviction, was the meaning originally associated with, and meant to be conveyed by, the phrases equivalent to "redemption by the death of Christ." In consequence of sin, the souls of all mankind, after leaving the body, were shut up in the oblivious and melancholy gloom of the under-world. Christ alone, by virtue of his perfect holiness, was not subject to any part of this fate; but in fulfillment of the Father's gracious designs, he willingly submitted, upon leaving the body, to go among the dead, that he might declare the good tidings to them, and burst the bars of darkness, and return to life, and rise into heaven as a pledge of the future life of his grace and favor. The phrase he then used was 'that he might deliver them from sin and death.'* 

*By a mistake and a false reading the common version has "the pains of death," instead of "the chains of the under-world." The sense requires the latter. Besides, numerous manuscripts read above, not therefore. See, furthermore Rosenmüller's thorough criticism in loc. Likewise see Robinson's 'New Testament Greek Lexicon,' col. 544.
translation of the faithful to that celestial world, instead of their being banished into the dismal bondage below, as hitherto they had been. The death of Christ, then, was the redemption of sinners, in that his death implied his ascent, — "because it was not possible that he should be holden of death," — and his ascension visibly demonstrated the truth that God had forgiven men their sins, and would receive their souls to his own abode on high.

Three very strong confirmations of the correctness of this interpretation are afforded in the declarations of Peter. First, he never even hints, in the faintest manner, that the death of Christ was to have any effect on God, any power to change his feeling or his government. It was not to make a purchasing expiation for sins and thus to reconcile God to us: but it was, by a revelation of the Father's freely pardoning love, to give us patience, purification, confidence, and a regenerating piety, and so to reconcile us to God. He says, in one place, in emphatic words, that the express purpose of Christ's death was simply "that he might lead us to God." In the same strain, in another place, he defines the object of Christ's death to be, "that we, being delivered from sins, should live unto righteousness." It is plain that in literal reality he refers our marvellous salvation to the voluntary goodness of God, and not to any vicarious ransom paid in the sacrifice of Christ, when he says, "The God of all grace hath called us unto his eternal glory by Jesus Christ." The death of Christ was not, then, to appease the fierce justice of God, by rectifying the claims of his inexorable law; but it was to call out and establish in men all moral virtues by the power of faith in the sure gift of eternal life sealed to them through the ascension of the Saviour.

For, secondly, we ask attention to the fact, that the practical inferences drawn by Peter from the death of Christ, and the exhortations founded upon it, are inconsistent with the Calvinistic theory of the atonement. Upon that view the Apostle would have said, "Christ has paid the debt and secured a seat in heaven for you, elected ones—therefore believe in the sufficiency of his offerings, and exult." But not so. He calls on us in this wise: "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us, arm yourselves with the same mind." Christ suffered for you, leaving an example that ye should follow his steps." The whole burden of his practical argument based on the mission of Christ is, the obligation of a religious spirit and of pure morals. He does not speak, as many modern sectarians have spoken, of the "filthy rags of righteousness," but he says, "Live no longer in sins," "have a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," "be ye holy in all manner of conversation," "purify your souls by obedience to the truth," "be ye a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices," "have a good conscience," "avoid evil and do good," above all have fervent love, for love will cover a multitude of sins." No candid person can peruse the Epistle and not see that the great, all-important moral deduced from the mission of Christ is this: Since heaven is offered you, strive by personal virtue to be prepared for it at the judgment which shall soon come. The disciple is not told to trust in the merits of Jesus; but he is urged to "abstain from evil," and "sanctify the Lord God in his heart," and "love the brethren," and "obey the laws," and "do well," "girding up the loins of his mind in sobriety and hope." This is not Calvinism.

The third fortification of our general exposition is furnished by the following fact. According to our view, the death of Christ is emphasized, not on account of any importance of its own in itself, but as the necessary condition preliminary to his resurrection, the humiliating prelude to his glorious ascent into heaven. The really essential, significant thing is not his suffering and vicarious death, but his triumphing and typical ascension. Now the plain, repeated statements of Peter strikingly coincide with this representation. He says, "God raised
Christ up from the dead, and gave him glory [that is, received him into heaven] that your faith and hope might be in God."

Again he writes, "Blessed be God, who according to his abundant mercy hath gotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead unto an incorruptible inheritance in heaven." Still again, he declares that "the figure of baptism, signifying thereby the answer of a good conscience toward God, saves us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, who is gone into heaven." According to the commonly received doctrine, instead of these last words the Apostle ought to have said, "saves us by the death of him who suffered in expiation of our sins." He does not say so. Finally, in the intrepid speech that Peter made before the Jewish Council, referring to their wick-ed crucifixion of Jesus, he says, "Him hath God raised up to his own right hand, to be a Leader and a Savior, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." How plainly remission of sins is here predicated, not through Christ's ignominious suffering, but through his heavenly exaltation! That exaltation showed in dramatic proof that by God's grace the dominion of the lower world was about to be broken, and an access to the celestial world to be vouchsafed.

If Christ bought off our merited punishment and earned our acceptance, then salvation can no more be "reckoned of grace, but of debt." But the whole New Testament doctrine is, that "sinners are justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "The redemption that is in Christ! Take these words literally and they yield no intelligible meaning. The sense intended to be conveyed or suggested by them depends on interpretation, and here disagreement arises. The Calvinist says they mean the redemption undertaken, achieved, and offered by Christ. We say they mean the redemption proclaimed, brought to light, and shown by Christ. The latter explanation is as close to the language as the former. Neither is unequivocally established by the statement itself.

We ought therefore to adopt the one which is at once most rational and plausible in itself, and most in harmony with the peculiar opinions and culture of the person by whom, and of the time when, the document was written. All these considerations, historical, philosophical, and moral, undeniably favor our interpretation, leaving nothing to support the other, save the popular theological belief of modern Protestant Christians, a belief which is unhappily the gradual product of a few great but mistaken teachers like Augustine and Calvin.

We do not find the slightest difficulty in explaining sharply and broadly, with all its niceties of phraseology, each one of the texts urged by Calvinists in behalf of their doctrine of the atonement, without involving the essential features of that doctrine. Three demonstrable assertions of fact afford us all the requisite materials. First, it was a prevalent belief with the Jews, that since death was the penalty of sin, the suffering of death was in itself expiatory of the sins of the dying man. Lightfoot says, "It is a common and most known doctrine of the Talmudists, that repentance and ritual sacrifice expiate some sins, death the rest. Death wipes off all unexpiated sins." Tholuck says, "It was a Jewish opinion that the death of the just atoned for the people." He quotes from the Talmud an explicit assertion to that effect, and refers to several learned authorities for further citations and confirmations.

Secondly, the Apostles conceived Christ to be sinless, and consequently not on his own account exposed to death and subject to Hades. If, then, death was an atonement for sins, and he was sinless, his voluntary death was expiatory for the sins of the world; not in an arbitrary and unheard of way, according to the Calvinistic scheme, but in the common way, according to a Pharisaic notion. And thirdly, it was partly a Jewish expectation concerning the Mes-
siah that he would, and partly an Aposto-
lie conviction concerning Christ that he did,
break the bolts of the old Hadean prison,
and open the way for human ascent to
heaven. As Jerome says, "Before Christ
Abraham was in hell, after Christ the cruci-
cified thief was in paradise:" for "until
the advent of Christ all alike went down in-
to the under-world, heaven being shut un-
til Christ threw aside the flaming sword that
turned every way."†

These three thoughts—that death is the
expiatory penalty of sin, that Christ was
himself sinless, that he died as God’s en-
voy to release the prisoners of gloom and
be their pioneer to bliss—leave nothing to
be desired in explaining the sacrificial terms
and kindred phrases employed by the Apo-
estes in reference to his mission.

Without question, Peter, like his com-
panions, looked for the quick return of
Christ from heaven to judge all, and to save
the worthy. Unmistakable indications of
this belief are numerously afforded in his
words. "The end of all things is at hand:
be ye therefore sober and watch unto pray-
er." "You shall give account to him that is
ready to judge the quick and the dead." Here
the common idea of that time, namely,
that the resurrection of the captives of
the under-world should occur at the return
of Christ, is undoubtedly implied. "Sal-
vation is now only to be revealed in the last
time." "That your faith may be found
unto praise and honor and glory at the ap-
pearing of Jesus Christ." "Be sober and
hope to the end for the grace that is to be
brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus
Christ." "Be ye examples to the flock,
and when the chief Shepherd shall appear
ye shall receive an unfading crown of glo-
ry." "God shall send Jesus Christ, . . .
whom the heavens must receive until the
times of the restitution of all things." It
is perfectly evident that the author of these
passages expected the second coming of the
Lord Jesus to consummate the affairs of his
kingdom.

If the Apostle had formed definite con-
clusions as to the final fate of unbelieving,
wicked, reprobate men, he has not stated
them. He most undeniably implies cer-
tain general facts upon the subject, but
leaves all the details in entire obscurity.—
He adjures his readers—with exceeding
earnestness, he over and over again adjures
them—to forsake every manner of sinful
life, to strive for every kind of righteous
conversation, that by faith and goodness
they may receive the salvation of their souls.
He must have supposed an opposite fate in
some sort to impend over those who did oth-
erwise, rejecting Christ, "reveling in las-
tiousness and idolatry." Everywhere he
makes the distinction of the faithful and
the wicked prominent, and presents the
idea that Christ shall come to judge them
both, and shall reward the former with glad-
ness, crowns, and glory: while it is just as
clearly implied as if he had said it, that the
latter shall be condemned and punished.—
When a judge sits in trial on the good and
the bad, and accepts those, plainly the in-
ference is that he rejects these, unless the
contrary be stated. What their doom is in
its nature, what in its duration, is neither
declared, nor inferable from what is de-
clared. All that the writer says on this
point is substantially repeated or contained
in the fourth chapter of this Epistle, from
verse 12 to 19. A slight explanatory par-
aphrase of it will make the position clear
so far as it can be made clear. "Christian
believers, in the fiery trials which are to try
you, stand firm, even rejoicing that you are
fellow-sufferers with Christ, a pledge that
when his glory is revealed you shall partake
of it with him. See to it that ye are free
from crime, free from sins for which you
ought to suffer; then if persecuted and slain
for your Christian profession and virtues,
falter not. The terrible time preceding the
second advent of your Master is at hand.—
DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

The sufferings of that time will begin for him; and it was intended by our Heavenly Father that man should dwell more happily in the contemplation of Him. To this end is it adorned with myriads of lovely, sweet-scented flowers, each one differing from the rest in size, in shape, in color, in fragrance, and in the delicacy of its structure. Behold the leaves upon the trees too! There are countless millions of them, yet no two of them are exactly alike; all are different in some respect, yet all are beautiful and instructive to look upon. These were created for man—to contribute to his happiness and his general good. But does man derive the amount of pleasure from all these that God designed he should? Too frequently he does not. He loses sight of the Creator in the creation around him; and in his pursuit after happiness mistakes the road which leads directly to it. The grass grows near to his dwelling, it covers the fields and hill tops over, but he perceives not that it grows for him. The flowers bloom and wither and die; he crushes them beneath his feet as something uninteresting, as something not belonging to him. He hears the music of the birds from early morn until the shades of evening drive them to their rest, but it is not music to him. He claims no particular interest in any of these—they are his Father's—but, like the prodigal son, he is away from his father's house. Day after day he labors diligently, and counts eagerly upon his coming grain—upon the fields he has sown and worked—but it is rather with a desire to increase his store, that he may build larger barns, and add more care to his already acquired portion. This, however, is not the way that God designed man should live. In surrounding our abodes here with such an innumerable variety of lovely and enlivening things he intended to make them cheerful and happy for us. He has not merely provided means for the sustenance of our animal frames; but he has given to us tastes for the enjoyment of all that is good and beautiful, with faculties capable of understanding and appreciating the higher works of his creation. There is nothing suited to
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man in his present condition that either is not produced to his hand, or made accessible by him; and it is the will of our Heavenly Father that we should make such use of His power as will tend to elevate our souls and affections to Him, and keep us apprised of His goodness, and His love towards all His creatures: else why did He clothe the hills and fields with these delicate, beautiful flowers—and in such luxuriant variety too? Why scattered He them so profusely in every place wherever His creatures are found—so that all, even to the very poorest might enjoy them? Think you He could not have made that delicate rose just as lovely in its appearance without making it smell as sweet as it does;—and these fruits just as nutritive as they now are without imparting to them their present rich, delicious flavor? Could He not also have tenanted our woods, our groves, and gardens, with all the vast variety of the feathered tribe without dressing them in such gay attractive plumage—and without teaching them to sing their sweet songs to us?—Most certainly he could. Yet it pleased God to use this method of combining the useful with the ornamental, the delightful with the lovely and beautiful, that His children, in studying the perfections of His works, might have their hearts impressed with a sense of His goodness and love to them. It, therefore, must strike every reasonable, thinking mind that it was the design of the Creator in placing man upon this earth to make him happy—happy not merely in the enjoyment of what he already possesses, but happy in his expectations, happy in his hopes of an unfolding future.—Within our breasts we discover a love of life—a desire for happiness—a longing after excellence—together with a sense of the sublime and beautiful.

Everywhere in nature we meet with objects for the gratification of our senses and desires—for their cultivation and improvement—but nowhere, in the natural world, do we meet with objects that will satisfy all these: consequently we learn through our many disappointments here, that true happiness, or the amount of happiness that man is capable of, cometh not of his enjoyment of things in the present state of existence. The trees let fall their leaves—the grass withers and dries up—the tender and delicate flower parts with its fragrance and dies—all, all the lovely and interesting objects in nature decay and perish. Our own bodies are controlled by the same universal law;—day by day they give indications of their being frail and perishable. Thus, while we are possessed of a love of life, we are constantly reminded of death. It may not be otherwise. There is that within us which never can be satisfied with earthly things—an immortal soul—a never dying spirit breathed into us by the Great Creator himself—which, ever enduring, can only be contented or commensurately happy when it has soared through excellence upward even unto perfection. Man's spirit is of God;—congenial to Him it must seek happiness in communion with Him. To be ultimately blest it must return in purity to its Father above—it must behold His face. But how shall this be accomplished? Man is now in a sinful, degraded condition—his face is turned away from his Divine Father—he gropes about in the dark for something he cannot find—he is out of the way on the road to death. The love of life is clinging to him while all is perishing around him—his desire for happiness continues, and he is vainly endeavoring to gratify it by the accumulation of more wealth, or, perhaps, by the securement to himself of an honorable name—the one he must leave to children and friends, the other may adorn a tombstone when he is gone.

He may reasonably strive after excellence—he may hope for ultimate happiness through Him who suffered and died for us—and who has invited all to come unto him "who are weary and heavy laden and He will give them rest." Yes, Jesus has died for us! He has secured to us the hope of beholding our Father's face in a better and brighter world. Oh, highly exalted hope! What were life without the Christian's hope! It inspires us—it bright—
ens all things, and points us to true happiness beyond the grave. But alas, all men have not this hope. Certain it is that all men shall live—aye, live forever,—like the flowers of earth they may wither and fall, but, in the morning of spring, they shall be called into new existence, whether to be happy or miserable in that ever enduring state is another and most momentous question yet to be solved. It is our privilege, however, in this life, to prepare ourselves either for happiness or misery in the life which is to come. As the character is formed here so may we expect it to endure hereafter. It is fearful for us to think so when we see that men live as they do, so indifferent, if not altogether careless of what may be their eternal inheritance when they shall have passed out of this preparatory bourn. Truly, man is wiser in all things than in the knowledge of himself!

MEAD.

Woman’s Mission.

BY W. G. ELIOT, JR., OF ST. LOUIS.

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven.”—Matt. v. 16.

My object this evening will be to show the relation which woman holds to morality and religion. I shall attempt to prove that she is bound, not only by a general sense of duty, but by peculiar obligations, to promote those great interests, both directly and indirectly, by every means in her power.

It needs but little consideration to see that her own interests, individually and as a sex, are in fact inseparable from those of which I speak. Whenever she speaks a word against them, whenever she does anything, either deliberately or carelessly, to their prejudice, she becomes her own worst enemy. Similar remarks may indeed apply to man; for we all gain in comfort and happiness by the advancement of the highest interests of society; but although true of all, it is particularly true of woman.

Her whole dignity, even her respectability, depends upon the degree of her virtue. She is made the equal and helpmeet of man much more by her moral qualities, than by those which are purely intellectual. Her mind, purified by communion with Heaven, elevated by strong and self-denying affections, rises to an equality, often to more than equality, with that of the profoundest scholar or the wisest philosopher. But her road to this eminence is seldom through the regions of abstract thought or abstruse inquiry, which she seldom enjoys, and for which the ordinary occupations of her life afford but little opportunity. To a few women, now and then, at long intervals in the world’s history, the opportunity and ability are given of rising to fame and honor, independently of those qualities which adorn her moral character; but such instances are rare, and when they occur, fail to excite admiration. Generally speaking, they are lowered in our respect by the apparent exaltation.

Man may command a certain degree of respect, and may rise to a great height of worldly dignity, although depraved in character. I am speaking now of the world as it is, not as it ought to be; and the history of our own land, as well as every other, proves what I say. A man may command admiration as a scholar, or as a statesman, as a historian, poet, or novelist; his fame may be so extended that his writings are found on every table, and his name on every tongue, although he himself may be notoriously a bad man, and his works confessedly impure.

We might give many instances, if needful, in proof of this assertion; but your own memory will supply them. We do not say that one can rise to the highest eminence under such conditions, or that his fame will be of the most enduring kind; for I believe that almost without exception, the Shakspeares, and Miltons, and Newtons are men who, in their lives, have been pure, and in their writings, advocates of goodness. But still, there are
the Byrons and Voltaire's, and a hundred others, more than enough to prove my assertion. Distinguished men are tried, at the bar of public opinion, too much by the laws of intellect, and too little by those of morality. But to women a stricter rule is applied. What would become of the fame of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, or Hannah More, if you divest their works of a pure moral tone, or their characters of good moral principles? Can you imagine a female author to occupy a position like that of Sterne, or Swift, or even like that of Hume, or Gibbon? What influence would they have, and what degree of respect would they command? Let the names of Frances Wright, recently dead; or of Madame George Sand, still living, give a sufficient answer. The pages of biography give no instance of more complete or sad disappointment in life, than that experienced by her whom I have just named, as having recently died. I remember her distinctly when she first came to this country, the daughter of a noble family in Scotland, and received with cordial hospitality, at the seat of Government, by those whose friendship conferred distinction. I remember her tall and commanding presence, and her keen intellectual glance, not quite womanly, perhaps, but full of vigor, and awakening thought in those to whom it was directed. She came in company with the great La Fayette, and for a time divided with him the public attention. She gave promise of rising to the highest fame, and our country began to congratulate itself at her coming. But her mind was already divorced from religious faith; she hoped to be wiser than the Gospel, and to re-organize society under laws of less restraint; and although her general purpose seems to have been good, her whole life became a mistake, a sadness and a loss. She accomplished nothing that she had hoped to accomplish; her fame passed into unenviable notoriety; she became a warning, instead of an example, to her sex, and at last, although possessed of great property by inheritance, she died among strangers, with no kindred hand to close her eyes, and the place which once knew her shall know her no more forever. So strict is the standard by which woman's fame is measured. The first requisition is that she shall stand upon the side of virtue and religion, or her fame becomes infamous, and her name a reproach. No degree of talent will save her from it, and even her mistakes, though well intended, if they place her in opposition to the great interests of society, are visited upon her as crimes.

In the more private circles of life, also moral delinquency is punished with greater sternness in woman than in man.—This proceeds, in part, from the fact, that men make the laws and fix public opinion, and are therefore more lenient to their own sins; perhaps because they better understand their own temptations, and perhaps because it is always easier to see the mote in another's eye, than the beam in one's own. It is a difference, therefore, caused partly by selfishness, and is in so far unjust. We have a right to complain, and we do complain of the injustice, when woman is trampled under foot and shut out from all possible return to a good life, and almost from the hope of salvation, for the same sins that are easily excused in man. But we believe that the apparent injustice proceeds also, in part, from the difference in the natural elements of the male and female character, and sometimes the greater severity of which we speak is indicative of greater respect for woman's moral nature, and not of unjust feelings.

A good woman is the equal of a good man. I do not mean by offsetting the higher moral qualities of the one against the higher intellectual qualities of the other; but her pure moral nature, when rightly cultivated, elevates and ennobles the intellectual, and gives her a clearness of thought, an accuracy of judgment, and a comprehensiveness of understanding, which place her fairly upon a level with
the highest. We need not, therefore, be
surprised at the saying of an eminent
statesman, that he had never taken a
wrong course in public affairs, when he
had first asked his wife's opinion concern-
ing it. He found her conclusion gener-
ally correct, even when she could not tell
the exact premises, from which derived.—
Perhaps many of us who are not states-
men, would gain by similar consultation,
with those whom we now scarcely conde-
scend to inform whether we are rich or
poor, and whom we seldom allow to share
our more serious thoughts. There would
be a great many less failures in business,
and a great deal less wildness of specu-
lation, if all to whom Providence has
given good wives, could also obtain wis-
dom enough to advise with them in the
conduct of their affairs. For a sensible
woman will generally advise moderation,
and will readily consent to a diminution
of luxury or comfort, rather than to have
her husband a slave to business, or en-
gaged in pursuits which his judgment de-
clares unsafe, or his conscience wrong.—
The wife is very often guilty of great ex-
travagance, because ignorant of the cost
at which it is maintained. She does not
know the wear and tear of mind and con-
science to which the splendor of the house-
hold often subjects those who support it.
It would, therefore, be a great gain to both
parties, if she were more fully informed,
where she is so deeply interested. Let
the husband treat her as his equal, and he
will find that she is fully so.

But on the other hand, an indifferent or
bad woman does not rise to the poor
equality with an indifferent or bad man.
Little as may be our respect for a man
without good principles, a woman without
good principles deserves and will receive
less. We do not mean that her sin before
God is greater, but that her present degra-
dation is more deep. The sin of every
departure from right is immutably the
same, whether by man or woman, by the
monarch or the beggar, by the scholar or
the clown; or we should rather say, it is
varied in degree only by the strength of
temptation, the power of resistance, and
other circumstances of which God alone
can judge correctly; and under this judg-
ment, woman may deserve the lighter sen-
tence as often as man. But man is com-
posed of harsher material, and the stain
left by sin, though equally deep, is not
equally evident. As a statue made of
granite or free-stone seems uninjured by
the handling, when the marble is soiled
by the dust falling on it, and stained by
the lightest touch; so with the nature of
woman; her organization is the more deli-
cate, and by so much the more, her worth
depends upon keeping that delicacy un-
impaired. She lives more in her affect-
tions, and, by so much the more, they
must be kept pure and generous, to se-
cure either her happiness or the beauty of
her character. By goodness and truth,
by modesty and a gentle demeanor, she
becomes, in the performance of her hum-
bliest duties, an object of admiration; in
the lowest sphere worthy of the highest
honor. But sin destroys her utterly. It
seems to leave nothing in her to love or
respect. Every wrong thought, every de-
viation from modesty, every unmodest or unwomanly action, every selfish or
worldly pursuit, degrades her in mind, in
heart, in character. No strength of in-
tellect, no mental accomplishments, no
scholar-like attainments, much less can
beauty and elegance and a fashionable
manner, compensate for the loss. Wo-
man's only strength is in her moral excel-
ence. She cannot find her true dignity
apart from goodness. That is the only
means by which she can obtain the res-
pect and consideration on which her hap-
piness depends.

Again, she has a great deal at stake in
the moral and religious character of the
community, where she lives. The regard
paid to woman in society depends very
much upon the standard of public moral-
ity. If she wishes to be more highly res-
pected, and her claims to be more justly
considered, her best means of accomplish-
WOMAN'S MISSION.

ing it is to labor for the general diffusion of knowledge, refinement and virtue. — So true is this, that you may measure the moral elevation of a community by the estimation in which woman is held. As we look over the different nations of the earth, we cannot find a single exception to this rule. Learn the manner in which woman is regarded, and you can tell the standard of morality, of refinement, of general intelligence. Of course we do not now refer to her treatment in courts and palaces, but to the place she is allowed to hold in social life generally. Nor do we mean by respectful treatment, the deferential bowing and complimentary salutations, in which the most heartless profligates are sometimes most profuse; but we mean the genuine respect which leads to justice and generosity in our treatment of woman, to give her the protection which is her due, to providing for her proper means of education, to placing her, in all things, in the honorable position to which she has a rightful claim. — In proportion as we become civilized, in proportion as man rises to the knowledge of his spiritual wants and interests, in proportion as he becomes wise and good, this treatment is extended to her. The Christian religion proves itself to be that of the highest civilization, by this as much as by anything else, the position in social life which it awards to her. Therefore, if she would be a friend of her own sex, if she understands her own highest interest, it should be her prime object to exert all her influence in the promotion of truth and righteousness.

Again, we are led to the same result, because the consequences of all wicked customs in society affect women more nearly than men. Even where man is the greater sinner, woman is the greater sufferer. She is, physically, the weaker, and the strength of man, if unrestrained by principle, compels her to submit to insult and suffering. She is confined to the narrow limits of home, and is there subject to petulance, anger and unreasonable demands, and even to vile treatment, from men who are stupid enough to feel themselves, and sometimes brutish enough to call themselves, her masters. In a community where licentiousness prevails, where dissipation is fashionable, and the dram-shop a place of daily resort, you may see disorder and contention in the streets, and evidences enough of the prevailing corruption may meet your eye and ear; but if you would know the worst, follow the drunkard to his home; see his children shrink away from his approach; see his wife weeping for herself and for them but thoughtful of him, receiving him with kindness, but repaid with a curse or a blow—bound to him even in his degraded state, by an amazing fondness, which makes her at once his victim and his slave. If the wife is unreasonable and wicked, the husband may escape from her, and in active pursuits of industry, or the gay companionship of the world, find partial relief. But for her there is no retreat, no escape, nay, the very nobleness of her nature and the disinterestedness of her affections sometimes prevent her from accepting deliverance, if offered, and through the long dreary day, with persevering care and decreasing means, she is compelled to labor in sorrow of heart, in mortification of soul, until the closing hours bring back the suffering.

It is one of the great mysteries of Providence that the sins of the guilty are visited on the innocent; and therefore, if woman would be happy, it is not enough to be pure and good herself, she must strive to promote purity and goodness among those with whom her lot is cast, and in society at large. She can escape from servitude and suffering only when men become worthy of loving her, and herself worthy of being loved.

The social interests of women are therefore inseparably from those of good order and social morality; still more are they inseparable from religion. I believe that if she understands her own nature or her own interests, she will be religious.
herself and do all she can to promote religion.

In the first place, she is herself led to a religious life by the natural tendency of her affections. Her nature disposes her to trust, to confide, to believe, to hope. Doubt and distrust are painful to her, and she is happier to believe without evidence than not to believe at all. The strength of her affections, also, the irresistible yearning of her heart for those that are dead; the consciousness of inexhaustible fountains of love in her soul, which time has only opened, when death comes to close them; the tenderness of her conscience, and, in short, the whole construction of her mind and heart, makes it pleasant for her to receive the doctrines of life and immortality brought to light. She more easily perceives the obligation and the glory of self-sacrifice. She trusts in God because she loves to trust. She worships Him because she loves to revere. When she explores the unknown depths of her heart, unknown even to herself, she cannot believe that those whom she loves so much shall perish forever because their frail bodies die, and although her mind may listen to the whispering voice of doubt, her heart is strong enough to silence or to overrule it.

Skeptical men sometimes scoff at religion, by saying that the majority of believers are women; but they prove, thereby, the folly of their own hearts, rather than the depth of their understanding. The tendency of woman's nature to religion, is her best praise. It is not because she is unable to think, but because she is compelled to feel. Her mind is capable of discerning the verbal objections and the more serious difficulties, on account of which religion is rejected by so many; but they all sink into insignificance, compared with the infinite consolation which religion gives; they all fade away under the necessity, which her heart creates, of a God in whom she can trust, of a Redeemer in whom she can hope, of a Heaven where her loved ones dwell.

Religious skepticism is not the proof of a strong mind. Recall the names of the greatest and wisest men that ever lived, and almost without exception their authority is on the side of religion. Confucius and Zoroaster, Homer and Socrates and Plato, Virgil and Cicero and Tacitus, together with nearly all, of whom ancient history speaks, as the heroes of the race, the benefactors of mankind, were confirmed believers in religious truth, according to the best light that God gave to them. There is scarcely an exception among all whose names history has thought worth preserving. In more modern times, how many of the most acute metaphysicians, the most enlightened statesmen, the most thorough scholars, may be named as defenders of the Christian faith. In our own country, the testimony of the wise and good in favor of religion, is peculiarly strong. Nearly all of our statesmen, nearly all of our best writers, and of our first poets and philanthropists, have been men of religion; while among those who have devoted themselves exclusively to religious things, as the study of their lives, are numbered not a few of the best minds the world has ever produced. The corrupt age of Charles II, and the troubled times of the French Revolution, produced skeptics by the hundred, and they flattered themselves, no doubt, that a death-blow had been given to the religion of Christ; but the result has falsified their predictions; and although the world listened to their arguments, and was for a time shaken in belief, the tendency of strong minds has been a return to religion, and "wisdom is justified of her children." Take the world's history through, and skepticism shows but a poor array of strength. If we can learn anything from observation, or if the philosophy of the mind proves anything, then may we confidently say, that infidelity is the proof either of a bad heart or a badly balanced intellect. The strong mind years after eternal truth. The noble heart is not satisfied with things that perish.
The tendency of woman's nature to religion is therefore a witness in her own favor, and not against that in which she believes. Those same scoffing men of the world, who pride themselves on doubt, as if it were the profoundest, instead of a superficial exercise of the mind, are ready enough when trouble and bereavement and sickness and death come near them, to seek shelter under the religion which was before an object of scorn; thereby proving that they were kept from being religious, not by their vigor of intellect, but by the strength of their passions. They show the superiority of their nature, by waiting until the storm drives them, with torn sails and a shattered vessel, to the safe harbor of Faith, instead of anticipating the tempest and saving themselves from loss.

Again, as it is always true that our best interests are secured by following our best impulses, so is it with woman, when she becomes the advocate of religion. The moral qualities for which she is chiefly honored, receive their highest value, not from worldly considerations, but from their relation to Eternity. It is because we hope to live hereafter, that purity and gentleness and love are highly esteemed. The character which is made strong by the affections is prized, because the affections will find their best development in the world to come. The majority of men pride themselves on their superior strength and their better adaptation to the rough uses of this world; but the more intelligent overlook such considerations, because the entrance on a future life will equalize them all, and the soul, whether of man or woman, which is purest in its life and noblest in its faith, will stand nearest to God. Hence it is, that religious men are always the most forward to admit the claims and maintain the rights of woman. In a community of skeptics and infidels, she is sure to be treated either as a plaything for man's amusement, or a servant for his convenience. Men have the power in their own hands, and must always have it; and unless they are restrained in its exertion by religious sympathy and directed by religious principle, they are sure to abuse it in their treatment of the weaker sex. This is true of individuals, and still more true of communities.

When, therefore, I meet a skeptical woman, or hear her express opinions derogatory to religion; I feel like saying to her, either your mind is most unfortunately constituted, or you do not know on what your happiness depends. If she is so foolish as to affect a masculine style of thought, thinking to evince, by skepticism, superiority to her sex, she is giving sufficient evidence of a weak mind and narrow heart. An unbelieving woman is an anomaly, a contradiction in terms, and although her character may be masculine, you will rarely find her intellect strong.

In Christian lands, gratitude alone should bind her to religion as her best protection and defence. The Mahommedan prizes his horse higher than his wife, and the prophet himself could find no place in Heaven for her whom he admitted to be the chiefest adornment of earth. But the religion of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament, breathes a different spirit. Jesus found woman degraded, and stretched out his hand for her protection. When the severities of the Mosaic law were pointed out for his approval, he said "in the beginning it was not so," He taught that "a man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife," thereby declaring that the relationship of marriage is the most sacred of all human ties. He taught what was a new revelation to the world, that all souls are equally precious in the sight of God; nor is there anything more conspicuous in his history than the careful respect with which the women of the gospel were treated. Wherever his religion is received, its first influence is to elevate her and defend her from oppression.

We might enlarge indefinitely upon these topics; but more than enough has been said to show that every woman is
bound by her self-respect and by her desire for the respect of others, by the principles of her nature and by her social interests, by her own sense of duty and by allegiance to her sex, to devote herself, heart, soul, mind and strength, to promote the cause of true religion and pure morality. Thus will she best work for the glory of God, and at the same time most effectually elevate herself to the place, in society, for which God designed her. It may be well enough for her, if she has a fancy for it, to declaim about her rights and to hold conventions for the removal of her civil disabilities; for we do not deny that she has had in time past, or that she has now many causes of just complaint. But the wrong can be made right, not by altering here and there a law, but only by the progress of true civilization. As men become better and wiser, and more religious, women will have continually less cause of complaint.

(Concluded in next No.)

A Deserved Compliment.

We publish below, from the New Orleans Picayune, a notice of our highly esteemed friend, John McDougall. We find, that with his usual heroism and exalted sense of christian duty to his fellow man, he has faced death fearlessly, to relieve and assist his former townsmen at Port Gibson, during the late and most fearful scourge of God—the Yellow Fever. This last crowning act is of a piece with his former life. Possessed of the true christian fortitude, of a noble and generous soul, alive to all the best impulses of human nature, and feeling in the highest degree the responsibilities and duties of life, he is always ready and willing, in a modest and unassuming manner, to aid a friend, or to assist and relieve any of God's creatures. To voluntarily expose one's life to such a scourge, evinces the highest degree of both moral and physical courage. Who will say the days of heroism are gone?

"Nor could I close this letter without mentioning the names of Senator McKay and John McDougall, of the firm of Robertson & McDougall, both of your city, and both natives of this place. Port Gibson is proud of these her sons—has ever been so. There was no need of this new test of their worth. Unasked, they came to the home of their boyhood, when they heard of distress in that dear old home.

"Grand Gulf and Port Gibson are both witnesses to their untiring labors. Mr. McD. has had the good fortune to keep well all the time. He has labored night and day. His presence has been as cheering to the sick as was that of the physician. The poor and unfriended have had his especial care, while the rich—indeed, all—have had their wants ministered to by this second Howard; and now as he goes from us, "God bless you!" springs from the heart to every lip."

The Star in the West.

This paper, edited by Messrs. Gurley & Quinby, is one of the most able in the U. S. It is devoted to the spread of liberalizing ideas, and is full of the most interesting matter. We feel especially grateful to the able and noble-minded Editors of this paper for their generous and disinterested defence of us, during the malignant attack upon our private character. We shall not soon forget their kindness, and hope they will always meet with the most ample patronage and complete success, which we well know they justly deserve. They are free men, above the low passions which build up a sect at the expense and detraction of all who differ from them.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

"The rich and the poor meet together: the Lono is the maker of them all."—Proverbs.
The Capacity for Religion and the Culture of its Powers.

A DISCOURSE, BY THE EDITOR.

"Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection."—New Test.

Were we asked what constitutes the greatness of a State, every patriotic American would answer, in the oft-repeated language of Sir William Jones—

"Man—high-minded men."

Its men are the highest product and surest safeguard of a State. And if further asked, what constitutes a man, we would answer, the character he has made out of time and its opportunities. Man has both reputation and character. They are similar, but not the same. He may lose his reputation, but his character never. His reputation is what others think of him; his character is what he is. Jesus of Nazareth made himself of no reputation; but his character has filled earth and heaven with its glory, so that angels and men acknowledge "truly this was a Son of God."

There are many elements that make up the character of man; but the religious is the most important, because it becomes the foundation and guide of all the rest. There can be no abiding human excellence without it.

Our character is the result of what we are in ourselves; of what is done for us, and what we do for ourselves. We have something in common with all men; something individual in ourselves, and something made for us by the use of our powers and the influence of the forces around us. Religious character is the result of these powers.

I do not address an individual that does not desire to be religious. Indeed, I never met a man without this desire. To become a truly religious man; to perform readily and constantly the religious duties; to possess and enjoy all religious rights and welfare; to do what the Great God willeth, and receive all we can receive from his hands; in some sort, the desire of every sincere man, and of every man in his sincere moments, who is favored with intellect enough to know what it is to be a man. It may not always appear so; but here, as everywhere, appearances deceive. In our heart of hearts we all desire to be religious; to be accepted of God and live properly with men. We may be followers of blind guides; feel our hopes crushed by inherited superstitions; may accept human folly for divine wisdom; human and imperfect language for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; may tremble before the thought of God, as before a devouring pestilence, and know not of an infinite Father; we may have often gone astray, following the passions of youth or the calculations of manhood; in a word, we may often have been deceived and have deceived ourselves; but our guides did not always mean to deceive us, nor did we ever intend to deceive ourselves. We all, then, have intended to be religious, however we may have differed in the degrees of our will.

We are all conscious, too, of ill-desert. The best of men are bad enough in their own eyes, when their eyes are turned upon themselves. And there is much that is evil in us that is there without our consent—evil tenants, that have taken possession, and will not vacate. My brother Impetuous, for example, has been contending with that smoky-chimney of an evil temper for fifty years, and yet there it is, and will be a fear, till the house falls in ruins. He has
tried to cover it by directing it against Heresy in the church and evils in the great ones of the city; but it will smoke: and both church and town are sometimes threatened with a blaze. Poor man! he feels it more than any one else, and gladly would he give it up. And here sister Busy-Body has been struggling for thirty summers to mind her own business, and allow her neighbors to do the same. She desires peace and the peace of religion, too, and enjoys the brief foretastes she has of it, but she will criticize and animadvert until her best friends dread her, and she feels for the thousandth time the loneliness of desertion and neglect.

And could we all see ourselves as others see us, and remember how many emotions and actions which no calumniator casts in our teeth but which are known and regretted by ourselves, we would feel many a check to pride and self-conceit that would be healthful in the extreme. Still, the worst man you can find; the robber upon the highway, and the pirate upon the crimson wave; the thieves who devour widows' houses, and plunder the ignorant and unprotected in the most legal and respectable manner; the still worse men who lie in wait to steal reputation and character; and fatten themselves on the success or interest of the theft— the assassins and murderers of every stamp,—take, I say, the worst men of the world, and they are not willing to be without religion; they shudder at the thought of having no protecting God— no hope of immortality. Even when their crude views of Religion make it a morose and gloomy mistress, still, the idea of dying without it, is uncomfortable, if not horrible. I have seen men upon their death-beds, who repented of many things; of the word spoken in anger; the deed done in passion; the time wasted in dissipation; the needless detraction of those who never did them wrong;—I have heard their penitent groans, and seen their scalding tears, but I have never seen a man who repented the time, the labor, or the sacrifices he had made to become religious.

Why look over society, and see the deceptions practiced upon this subject. See men who live daily in the violation of their personal, domestic and general duties, who are striving for nothing more heartily than to convince themselves that they are religious. True, they worship Mammon; their whole souls are drawn out for the best chance, no matter who suffers; but are they not Orthodox? Do they not believe the creed,—that is, all they have ever heard of it, and all they understand?— Have they not been baptized, and by all the modes, if you please? Go they not regularly to the church? And do they not hate all errorists, Unitarians, Universalists, Deists, and Infidels,—that is, so far as they know what the words mean? And do they not give the penny to the poor, that they have robbed of the pound? Now this is not all sham. These men think they are religious. They desire to be on good terms with God. They think they have taken the cheapest, easiest and most respectable way for it. And I refer to these cases to show you how universal is the religious desire; how deep-planted in the very nature of man, and that no man is willingly without religion. But you will, by the aid of these disagreeable references, see the pertinence of our question, viz:

What is a religious character? or what is it to be religious? You will let us answer the question without reserve. Generally, we answer: It is to be faithful to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God. To be faithful to ourselves, is to rule body and spirit according to their natural laws; to develop, use and enjoy every faculty in its legitimate sphere, and just proportions, and harmony; to seek the greatest degree of improvement under the circumstances; to be so conscious of the presence and interest of God in us, as to be inwardly harmonious, blameless and holy. To be faithful to others, is to do for them from right motives and for right ends, whatever is right; to love them as ourselves; to serve them to the extent of our ability and their necessity; and so to live harmoniously with them as to share their
joy's and sorrows, and be blessed with them in their blessings. To be faithful to God, is to know all that we can know of him; of his power, wisdom, justice, holiness, goodness; it is to seek a perfect love of him, a perfect trust in him; a perfect delight in his being. To delight in God intellectually, is to love truth more than emolument, honor or self. To delight in Him morally, is to love the right, to love justice. To delight in Him affectionately, is to love benevolence, and practice it in thought, word and deed. To delight in Him totally, is to know Him as the Infinite Father, able and willing to do all things for us we can possibly need; to so know Him, as to remove fear from our hearts, both for ourselves and others, and realize that perfect confidence and absolute love that casts out all fear. In a word, it is to learn how I may serve Him in the use, development and enjoyment of every power of my spirit; every part of my body; every opportunity of my life, and every influence I can possibly possess.

This faithfulness is religion. To possess it, is to be a perfect man. It is worth every sacrifice that may hinder its attainment. It is something to aim after, when we propose to "go on to perfection." Every rational man will desire it, and many will ever be willing to foreake creed, tradition, superstition, father, mother, homes, lands, and reputation; yea, and lay down life itself to gain it; for to gain it, is to gain the all-good. There can be none other want. To know that I love God and am loved of Him; that I am discharging my obligations to all my fellows in all their intimate and remote relations to me; and that I am making all the improvement of my own mind, feeling and taste, of which I am susceptible,—surely this is the religious life; the true life; the life eternal!

But how may it be promoted? What means shall we use—what aids and helps command. These are many and various; we will designate a few. 1. Wemay obtain important aid from men. Here the slave of dogma, not knowing what he says, may cry out, "What! seek unto men, frail, fallible men, for help. Your theo's should be turned alone to God." But such men forget that God aids by his subordinate agencies and instrumentalities, and that men, men of opened and illuminated souls, are his great organs to men. Some men are born to religious genius, as they are to mathematical, and every other. If such an one belong to your church or community, you have one of the best gifts of Heaven. Happy for the community if he occupy the pulpit, and the current of the people drives round him to hear the words of Life. True, he is ever in danger of preaching himself out of pulpit; but he may retain it; and if so, he is a city on a hill, whose light no cloud of obloquy can put out. This world is too poor to afford many of this sort. But there are a few scattered everywhere, as great lighthouses, to welcome and guide the tempest-tossed over the reefs of sin and care into Heaven's own haven of peace. Compared with the mass of ordinary and parrot-like teachers, they are as the street-lamps of our thoroughfares to the shop-lights of the apothecary and grocer. Both are necessary, but for very different ends. But even in these men you will not find the totality of Religion. One has the religion of sentiment. He will do you good, for he will arouse your religious feelings; your reverence and your devotion; your loving trust and confiding hope in God. Another is a man of ideal. He, too, will do you good. He will give you new thoughts and new forms of old thoughts. He will show you new truth, and strip the miserable rags from old truth, and make it appear in new beauty. Terribly will he thresh, with the flail of a sound philosophy, the venerable errors of the creeds and the churches, until, at times, you will think all is chaff, which let the wind carry away; but his winnowing will show you the corn of old truth still left, whilst the new truth, sent down from God, will be welcomed into loving...
hearts, and thus, as the true scribe, he will bring forth from his treasure things new and old, which may serve as bread for the hungry and seed for the generation to come. And still another, having few of the ideas and feelings of religion, becomes a man of special justice, and devotes himself to the riddance of some dreadful evil from society. It may be the common ignorance; and he gives his heart and life to promote education. It may be the oppression of a class in the community; and he becomes their mouth-piece for justice. It may be some crying vice; and he goes for prohibition and riddance.

Now each of these men may help you, each in his own way; for you need emotions, ideas and acts. There is an outcry against them all; but so it ever has been, from and before the days of Jesus, till now. Their voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying reform, for the kingdom of Heaven may be yours. But every wolf in that wilderness hates the axe and spade, and growsl at the approach of the Husbandman, and would eat up his children. So every old nuisance in society has its supporters, who have property therein. From the silver shrine of Diana at Ephesus, to the favorite scheme of the last ecclesiastical aspirant, they cry out, away with him, and they go for prohibition and riddance. It is a great thing to meet a man of religious genius, largely developed, and running out into a hopeful and lovely life. He wakes our souls within us, which is better than giving us the soul of Calvin, Luther, or some modern Hector, over the people of God. He stirs the divinity within us, and gives us seeds for the little garden of our own moral nature, that may yet yield us bread to eat and beauty to look upon. He helps us to new views of the world. It appears afterwards as God’s world, for infinite purposes, connected with our eternal destiny, and our low, mean views of it, and acts in it appear loathsome to remember.

Independent and original thinkers are the source of power and progress to any people. Churches do not make, and seldom extend, the bounds of knowledge. What experiment have they ever conducted or promoted in the laboratory? What explanation of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom have they ever made?—What principles of criticism or morals, or even religion, have they ever developed or accepted, save those inherited from the fathers? No: from individuals; from men of lonely thought and worship, truth comes forth; the truth, demanded by the age, which helps us to throw off the burdens of superstition and the yoke of established prejudices, and improves the old modes of thought and reverence, or gives us better. Men, enslaved to the lines of party and the habit of viewing subjects with reference to personal aggrandizement, always obscure their intellects and become patrons of narrow views, temporary interests, and sectarian dogmatism, who might have been lights of the age and leaders in the free movements of reform, great asserters of everlasting truth. We cannot be benefited by such men, unless we receive warning from their blunders. They often positively injure us. They shake our trust in the calm and deliberate decisions of our rational and moral nature, and thus endanger religion more than all the attacks of its open foes have ever endangered it, and for the miserable reason that they must support the creed.

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The heavens seem not so far off; our struggling humanity displays its rich capacity before us; and though sin be the more shameful, the sinner is no longer without hope. He teaches us how to bear trouble and receive its disciplinary uses; and the tears of our sorrow and patience are wiped away as we are helped to look up to the all-seeing and never-forgetting. We become more complaisant; more friendly with our fellow-man; less irritable under the little
cares of life, and our very souls go up to the dear God, whose Spirit anon enlivens our trust and love. You may ride miles to hear such men, and never regret your journey. They are the lighted candles of the Lord, and give the more light often because the world knows them not; and they know not themselves. It is good to touch our spirits with their words. They cheer and comfort us, and fill us with new vigor and new faith, and we thank God and take courage. Such were the Prophets of Israel, when they received the words of Jehovah. Such were the Apostles of Christianity, after they had been with Jesus and had partaken of his Spirit. And such might we all be, miserable wayfarers as we are, if we would be but loyal to the convictions that God gives us every one by his own messenger—our Conscience. We have all heard words that we believed; that descended directly into our hearts and found their witness there; words concerning the nature and purposes of God our Father; of the uses of the present life, and of the greater life beyond, but we feared to think them over again, much less to speak them; and so we go halting and fainting and limping on our way, and like children, need to be carried until we have the use of our own powers of movement—ever "under tutors and governors." So pilgrims in the desert beneath the melting sun, foot-sore and weary and sick, came at length to the palm-trees and the pearly spring. They drink and forget their weariness, and even the dull beasts are revived. They fill their butts, and go on their way rejoicing. But we will not drink, though the rock pour out water in the desert, or we must drink in secret, and not appear as if we had drunk. Away with the shameful hypocrisy! The world is sick of it. When we hear truth that feeds the soul and helps us up to love to God and man, let us acknowledge it, be loyal to it, no matter who infames or cries out Infidel. We have all, doubtless, felt the bewilderment and scorning desolation of many of the inherited notions of Religion; but we have, also, found our well of water; and if we have drunk freely, we have been able to go forward, like Elijah of old, in the strength of it for many days.

We need true and loyal men everywhere. We have machine men enough, and machine piety enough; and it is a refreshing sight to see men who are willing to be true to the nature and opportunities God gives them. I say machine piety; and look at the manner of making Christians by rule, and labelling them with their party names; and see them growing sleepy and dull in the churches; and listen to the dreary thing you call a sermon, which the preacher does not wish to preach, and would avoid if he knew how, and the people do not wish to hear, and sure enough he preaches not, and they hear not—and tell me is it not machine piety. The church meets for nothing, about nothing, and to hear nothing, from nobody; for a dull man in the pulpit is nobody there at least. I have heard such a ghastly spectacle compared to the cattle huddled together upon a winter-day.—The ground is frozen beneath their feet, and there is no hay upon it. They stand close together for warmth, and wait with heavy, slumberous patience for some one to throw down the clean bright hay, all redolent with the honeysuckle and the clover. Suppose old musty weeds are thrown down in its place? They may deign to look at it, the cold and hunger piercing so keenly, but eat it they will not; and still they huddle together and look out of their thoughtful and patient eyes as if it must and will be given them. The kind husbandmen, and not the hireling, throws down the sweet, clean hay, and soon all is life and brightness, even with dull oxen. And are men no better than oxen, that they must eat the husks that satisfy not, when all nature is redolent of food for the immortal palate? Let them rise up and say we must have the pure hay and corn, or we will dispense with your feeding. The churches, alas! are too of-
ten frozen ox-sheds, and the pulpit the opening for the falling of chaff, which the wind driveth away. Living men must be fed on living food.

Have you ever seen the artificial flowers made by the French Milliners, out of ribbon, gum, thread, starch, and other chemicals? They call them roses, lillies, and by every pretty name. But they are scentless, lifeless shams. Compare them with the rose that blooms in Sharon, and the lilly of every valley, and you will see the difference between mechanical piety, made in ecclesiastical mills and labelled by all huge-sounding sectarian names, and the true reverence for God and truth and duty, that grows only in the earnest soil of truthful and loving hearts.

The manner of teaching churches may be compared to the manner of watering cities. I believe you used to water yours from large deep wells. The water of these wells, you now know,—then, perhaps, you did not think of it,—was mixed with the cleanings of the streets, the soakings of the stables, the slops of the kitchens, refectories and markets; the filterings of the grave-yards, and the off-scourings of all things. Dead and dirty drink. It would kill you to drink it now. But what did ye for a remedy? You threw up your reservoir outside these filthy washings, and from the mountain stream that had made its cleansing pathway through the rocks, you gave us the living water, pure as from its fountains, and it runs into every house to purify and bless and make glad. Religious teachers are like these supplies. Some men become mere receptacles for the acrimony and strife of dead and dirty controversies, and from the dead bones of their ancestors, buried, and which ought-to-have-been forgotten, they give their children to eat, and call it bread.—But above them all; above the level of the churches too, I fear, the true men of religious genius stand up like mountains. They receive, all the winter long, the snows and rains of heaven, and become springs of living water. The proprietors of solid wells call it the water of Heresy and death, but still onward it flows. Then they ask, “Art thou greater than our Father Jacob, who gave us this well and drank thereof himself and his children and his cattle?” But the stream flows on, and many a “Samaritan dog,” and after awhile many a Gentile nation, drinks thereof, and lift up the song of praise.

Let us take the good thought from every quarter, whether from Nazareth or Geneva, and cast the bad away, and becoming slaves to no man, and owning no Master on earth, we may go forward to freedom and perfection, helped on our way by every truth we learn from every source.

Religious Books, also, will help us. Among these, the books of the Bible take the first rank. But even these must be read with discrimination. Many a Psalm from Hebrew Bard will awaken and speak to your soul and call out all its life; but there are few even of these that have not expressions that are not of God and speak not his perfections. The truth ever comes to us through earthen vessels, and often wears the impress of those vessels. If God pour his truth into the mind of Hebrew Prophet or Christian Apostle, it will take the shape and coloring of that mind, and we must distinguish between what is of God and is eternally true, and what is of man and is only relatively true, and may often be his own folly or mistake. The horrible imprecations of David and Jeremiah, and the unphilosophical views of the Universe held by Peter, John and Paul, only show that they were men as we are, liable to the false views and mistakes of men of like passions, and that it is superstition to deify them or make them gods to the people; while their sublime lessons of humanity and piety,—the words, beauti-tudes and parables of Jesus they record, speak as the voice of God, the voice of truth and strength from generation to generation.

There are other books that feed the thought, and have been found treasure-houses of food for the religious souls of
men—as the works of Augustine, of Fe\textsuperscript{\textregistered}nelon, of Bunyan, of Watts, of Chan-ning, of Dewey, and a host of others.— You will find most of them tarnished by the superstitions and traditional notions of their times; but the seed-corn may be severed from the chaff. Any book that causes and clears the thought; that awa-kens and deepens the reverence for, and love of, God; that removes our prejudices and selfish walls of separation that drive us from our fellows; that encourages our hope under sorrow and affliction, and ins-pires our duty in the day of prosperity, may be called a religious help.

And then books of Science will help us. They enlarge our views of the universe; they melt it down and mould it over again as it were, within us; we see its wise, beneficent and unchangeable laws; and mind and soul grow and expand as we are made to admire, obey, adore and loving-ly trust.

But not only the books that describe nature, but the study of Nature herself will help us to be religious. To look at-tentively at Nature, brings us into compa-ny with ourselves. Would you be alone and feel your own mysterious being, look up often to the Heavens. There is the per-petual presence of the sublime. Had we never seen the bright gems that bedeck them until to-night, how would we be-lieve and adore and talk of the city of God which had opened once to our poor eyes. But they are out every night, and over all the dull ways of our toil-worn life. Yea, let us often look up. There is nothing mean there. Their secret, the wisest have not known. And then the seasons, the flowers, the animals, the mountains, are all sources of wisdom, that can alike delight the simplicity of our childhood and command the profundity of all our mature reflections. There is property in Nature which belongs to all, and yet which no man can claim exclu-sively. And this is the best part of Na-ture, and the religious eye is ever feasted upon it. He sees it not only with his outward eye, but in spiritual vision. His inter-course with Heaven and Earth becomes a part of his daily food. As he looks or reflects, he feels a wild delight, despite his sorrows. As he looks upon it, he for-gets his years, and feels immortal youth. He knows, as he learns its purposes with him and for him, that nothing can befal him in life—no disgrace, no calamity which cannot be repaired. His egotism dies within him, as he sees and feels its grandeur; and yet he is never alone or unacknowledged. Jesus found lessons in the blooming of lillies; the fall of sparrows and the providence for ravens,—les-sons of faith in God, that will never be exhausted. Every truly great man, from Socrates to Emerson, has delighted to read this great Bible of God.

At last, however, our religious help must come out of ourselves. Great and true men may help us; grand and great words in books may inspire us; and the grander lessons of sky and tree and grass may be new and uplifting to us; but we must think and feel and act, or we will receive but little permanent benefit. It is a serious hour, often a severe trial and an arduous effort, in our dull and drudg-ing life, to resolve to live for God and as he wills. When man and maid plight their troth for life, and give up to each other heart and hand and fortune, it is an hour that takes color from the cheek and gives trembling to the heart. And so when man gives his heart to God in ever-last ing wedlock, it is a solemn and a holy hour. We do not mean to say that every human being should separate a particular hour to this purpose. Some seem religious from their childhood, and know not the day they had not thoughts of God, and good and glory. But even these have their falls and their sins. Immaturity is everywhere, and perfection before the best and the worst. We must, therefore, at some time, decisively begin, and often de-cisively resume the religious life. The ancients knew this, and hence their wash-
ings; their days of devotion; their baptisms. But beginning decisively, and
making our commonest duties and all our
trials religious, we may come to such a
perfection as shall make our days days of
praise and prayer and daily obedience to
such an extent, that to be religious, will
be as natural to the spirit within us as to
eat is natural to the body; and our days on
earth pass on as the days of Heaven.—
Men are too often but partially religious,
or frivolously religious, instead of being
wholly devoted to God. Their joy, of
course, and their strength are proportion-
ally partial and frivolous. Would you
be religious men as you seek to be mer-
chants, lawyers, or even fiddlers, you
must give time, thought and effort. Evil
habits can be overcome only by applica-
tion,—diligent, industrious application.
Good habits flow from good resolutions,
good associations and unyielding exer-
cions.

I have not spoken of the aids of Relig.
ion, offered by the regular ministration of
this pulpit and the returning ordinances
of this church. These are before you
weekly, and you are able to judge of
them. We would they were more effect-
ual, for our own good and for yours. But
poor as they are, there are those—religi-
ous men, too—who would destroy them.
Narrow-minded men, sectarians and big-
ots, there ever have been, and ever will be,
who cannot see beyond their own little
partizan notions, and whose notions have
prevented them from knowing but little
of anything, less of man, and least of
all, of true religion, though they have
been baptized and know precisely the
place and the time. These will not hin-
der you; for if you strive to be religious
by improving your temper, your habits,
your minds, and your life; they will nev-
er understand you, and will give you over
to Satan, and what is better, perhaps, let
you alone. They cannot judge of genu-
ine men. An oyster cannot judge of a
robin; nor a toad, whatever venom may
be in his head, of a nightingale. They
do harm, it is true, for they make intelli-
gent men hate religion—at least, the re-
ligion they see them exhibit. Weak men,
also, bow down before their anathemas,
and tremble and fear all their mortal life.
I detest their impositions—I abominate
their sectarian cant and superstitious fear;
and every day I am shocked at its results,
in the hatred, servility and hypocrisy of
those who accept it as a religious faith.

We ourselves are ever in danger of this
narrowness and bigotry of spirit. We
should beware of it. It leads to the dirty
waters of debate and strife,—and strife
about words which bring no profit to the
hearer, and have no vital connection with
the Christian life. It hinders the great
reformatory and liberalizing movements
of the times. It causes good men to mis-
conceive and injure each other, and holds
back the advancement of that free and
earnest Christianity which must yet mas-
ter the whole earth. Let us work, then,
and not fight. And let us ever remem-
ber that even its abettors are our human
brethren, misguided as we also, often
are, and therefore need to be pitied and
helped. And all you do to speak and
advance truth and a loving spirit, will
serve to help on the day when true Relig-
ion shall stand before the world in all her
celestial temper and beauty, at once the
mistress of all earthly good and the guide
to all heavenly joy.

But will some one tell me that the cul-
ture of his religious powers, we now so
strangely recommend, will impose a
yoke upon him and restrain his God-given
freedom. Not so. It is a choice between
yokes heavy and easy, we are asking you
to make. Will you bow to the yoke of
your passions, or of your reason? Will
you be master of yourself, or allow the
world to be your master? Every right-
geous law and every divine law cheerfully
obeyed, but extends your freedom. The
law of faithfulness to your God-given
powers and opportunities; to your fellow-
men and your divine Father, does not
hamper or restrain. It is the resistance.
of that law that enslaves us. We are in a world that will not always yield to our wishes, which does not always come up to our ideal. But our impatience will not make it over; the chafing of our passions against its adamantine negations will not remove them. "Running, not rousing, must win us the race." The world is conditioned to us, and we are conditioned to it. We may, and do, pine in its bondage; we ask often for wings to fly away; and those wings will come, but not from abroad; they are folded now in ourselves, and as they are unfolded, we do fly away to God, and Heaven, and are at rest. The key to our prison and the wings of our flight come from a hearty acceptance of the divine conditions of our being, and in the making of our good will as broad as the demands upon us—If we resist the law of our being, it becomes a chain to gall us. If we evade or fly from it, it follows us with the merciless lash. If we accept it, it becomes the law of our freedom, triumph and glory!

**Our Visit to Ohio.**

"Keep not standing fixed and rooted; briskly venture; briskly roam; head and hand, where'er thou foot it, And about heart, are still at home. In each land the sun does visit; We are gay, whatever holds; To give space for wandering is it, That the world was made so wide!"

Leaving our friends in Kentucky on Wednesday, the 21st of September, we were kindly conveyed by them to Clarksville, to await a Nashville and Cincinnati Packet. While waiting for the boat, we were induced to address the citizens of that flourishing city again. We had a full and attentive house, and many a "God bless ye," to cheer us on our journey. Partaking of the hospitalities of several of our old, and some new friends, the next day passed pleasantly away, despite the tedious always connected with "waiting for the wagon." Thursday night, however, brought us the Cumberland No. 1; and by the aid of our good bro. R., we were soon embarked for the Queen City. We were scarcely aboard till we were greeted by friends from Nashville, and in a few hours we were at home upon our little craft.—The rivers were low, and we could not hope for any other than "slows peed." We were almost a week on the way, and yet I could not call it a tedious trip. The weather was never more lovely. The Autumn is ever the pleasantest season of our year; and we were now in the midst of its beauties, its balmyiness, its gentle, and yet health-giving frosts and winds. There is no better point from which to observe this beautiful and interesting season, than that of a slowly-moving steamer along the changing banks of our serpentine rivers. You may sit out all day, and most of the night, with impunity, and drink in the delightful and temperate influences that come from the twilight waning of the year. These towering banks of the now placid and brook-like Cumberland, seem like mighty monarchs, dressed in their "gorgeous robes of Tyrian dye," with their splendid coronets sitting doubtfully upon their heads. While here and there the ripened corn, and loaded fruit-trees, and the purple clusters of the wild vine, tell of the bounty of Providence and the plenty of our favored land. The idea of magnificence and abundance arises at every sight. I cannot call our autumns sad or melancholy. They never have been so to me. They are grand, they are complete, they are beautiful. And to the poet or observer, that would still persist in making these, the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," we well may ask—

"Say, hast thou seen Our variegated woods, when first the frost Turns into beauty all October charms— When the dread fever quit us—when the storm Of the wild equinox, with all its wet, Has left the land as the first deluge left it, With a bright bow of many colors hung Upon the forest tops,—the snow had not sighed. The moon stays lowest for the hunter now; The trees cast down their furlage, and the blithe And busy squirrel hoards his winter store; While man enjoys the breeze, that sweeps along The bright, blue sky above him, and that bonds Magnificently all the forest's pride, Of whispers, through the evergreen, and asks, What is there sadness in the autumn leaves?"

We passed blithely along the banks of the
Our Visit to Ohio.

Beautiful Ohio, making very slight pauses at the many villages, not to say cities, on the way. We entertained each other by conversations generally upon religious subjects, and often upon such forms of those subjects as now greatly occupy the thinking part of our generation. We had Jews, Christians of various sects, and skeptics on board, and all seemed harmonious enough, while each did not hesitate to give us his opinion. We were more annoyed, however, with complaints of the unavoidable— the tediousness of our travel. The larger and speedier boats could not proceed at all, and yet our hurrying American travellers must be on, or complain of the only craft that could possibly carry us. How few have learned to make a virtue of necessity! How few adequately prize the pleasures that are open to us in all situations! How many rush on to the new and the rare, and know not that they have really enjoyed nothing, till the whole round is exhausted!— There is nothing upon earth without its difficulties. Let the lesson be early pondered, and a new continent of pleasure and profit is already opened to Life's adventurer. There is that within us all made to conquer obstacles, which makes the greatness of our nature. It waits its time, and then, overleaping the bounds of the narrow circle in which others groan with the burdens of custom or superstition, it clears out new paths, and gains the ends that alone can satisfy a lofty aspiration. Give to the soldier, the statesman, or the divine the idea that his lot is an unfortunate one, and cannot be mended, and he will fret all his powers away in complaints of his condition. If the mood continue, he may be forsaken by all love of this existence, and hold the life and nature of mortals as nothing, or as a mere painful, short and tarnished gleam of being. But 'tis not manly, it is irreligious; I know of no Infidelity or Atheism greater than this; for it is Infidelity in the best gift of heaven and its immortal purposes. And whenever I see it, I am ready to say: O man, rememberest thou thine origin from nothing by the hands of Infinite Wisdom? Knowest thou the sublime relationships and capacities of thy soul? Fearest thou the destiny eternal before thee? Then stir up the active powers of thought within thee; warm thy breast with its own sympathetic fires; look to the calling within thee, whatever may be the drudgery of the one without,— and a new spirit will breathe over thy frame, at once active and contemplative, and thus suited to all conditions of thy being; new tones will come to thy voice, and the whining and the snapping will be left for lowlier mouths; new words, and great words, will come into thy mouth, delightful to hear; and thou wilt feel at last that in thine own being God has given enough to make thee sufficient to thyself; and place and opportunity will then follow.

But despite all complaints, we arrived at the Queen City six days after our departure from C., and had every day a bright one.— Here, again, we were met and warmly greeted by Nashville friends on their way, or returning from the East, whither pleasure and business had invited them by scores during the present Autumn. We remained but a few hours; and these were spent, for the most part, in the agreeable company of my good friend and brother, M——, of New Orleans. The evening found us snugly seated in the cars for Springfield, Ohio, and passing rapidly amid the smiling farms and towns of the fertile Valley of the Miami. The spirit of improvement seems to reign as King Supreme in this lovely Valley, but a few years since the land of the wild man, and the home of the not yet forgotten and heroic Tecumseh. I never pass amid its shining marches of civilization, without remembering the patriotic old Chief. This land was worth fighting for; and even a rude Indian, perhaps as fully as ever Grecian or Roman chieftain patriotically felt for his altars, saw that it was serviceable and base to surrender it without a struggle. He made the struggle—called and counselled the tribes and warriors—desperately gave himself to the conflict—fell,— and his people have ever since been wandering on their way towards the setting
sun. Classic land, this; and heroic deeds were done along these rippling waters and solemn groves; but we are not their chronicler. We have stood over and drank out of the spring of the brave Chief; and felt, as we were seated near by, that perchance we were on the very spot where he felt the departing glory of his nation and the certain advance of the pale faces, and resolved to preserve his hunting-grounds or die.

We arrived an hour after night-fall at the beautiful city of Springfield, and were soon in the bosom of relatives and connexions. We spent some two weeks in Springfield; one of which we appropriated almost exclusively to rest. But our worthy bro. H. and my connexions, the Messrs. F., would have us consent to preach. We did so, first in the Baptist Church, and then in the City Hall. We commenced with ordinary congregations; but before we closed, it was difficult to accommodate the crowds that flocked to the Hall, although one of the largest, if not the largest, in the place.

Our congregations, we were gratified to learn, were made up of the most intelligent citizens of the place. They gave us every evidence of interest and pleasure in the themes we discussed. We were met here by many old acquaintances and friends.—Some came down from Bellefontaine, some thirty miles distant, with whom we had been happily associated in the years past, and we renewed the tie of friendship and fellowship, which even the false and villainous publications of B. Franklin and L. L. Pinkerton, of the Christian (?) Age, had not effaced, and had only served to strengthen, as we have found to be the case wherever we have gone. We regretted our inability to visit their flourishing town, and had hoped to be able to do so, till within a day or two of our departure. Here, also, we met Elder ISAAC N. WALTER, of the Christian Connection, whose name is associated with my earliest recollections. His ministry has been an active and laborious one; and I noticed that the advancing years were making marks upon his cheeks and locks; that his finely proportioned frame stood as erect as, when twenty years ago, I saw him in the strength of his youth. It must be a source of pleasure to him to know that the great principles of Religious Liberty, for which himself and others have been so long and so ardently contending, are becoming so universally prevalent all over our God-favored land. May he live to see them continue to leaven every denomination and community of our country, till, despite all differences of opinion, all truly religious men shall love and honor all who make the love of God and their neighbor the rule of their lives, whilst a divine charity and service shall be extended to all of every grade and condition of humanity.

The “Christian Connection” have just opened, at Yellow Springs, some nine miles from Springfield, their “Antioch College,” with over three hundred students! This success, we think, is unprecedented; and we heartily rejoice in it. The College is founded upon proper principles; and separated, as it is, from all personal aggrandizement and selfish ambition, it can but succeed. The Hon. Horace Mann, one of the first men of the times, is its President; and his professional associates are second to none West of the Mountains.—

We regretted that engagements in another direction prevented our attendance upon its opening exercises, and especially as several of its friends were anxious we should be there. We have no doubt that the Institution will soon be the pride of Central Ohio, and rank among the first of the free, liberal and elevated Colleges of the country. Its location is alike beautiful and healthful. Over one thousand scholarships have already been sold as an endowment. Of the buildings I must say a word, that some idea may be formed of the gigantic scale on which this College is commenced. The main building, in which are the chapel, library, lecture-rooms, laboratory, cabinet, recitation-rooms, &c., is in the form of a cross, one hundred and seventy feet long, and the cross one hundred and ten feet deep, four stories high, with basement under the whole. High towers rise on each
corner of the centre, and also at the corners of the wings. It is a vast pile, and in good proportions and taste. On either side of this building is a dormitory. The main building fronts East. The dormitories end to the East, and are one hundred and sixty feet long, thirty-nine feet wide, and four stories high. Each of the dormitories contain seventy-two rooms, with closets, &c., and a refectory for the students. The buildings are not quite finished. Success, we speak, for all Institutions founded upon the liberal principles that have carried forward so rapidly and successfully Antioch College!

From Springfield we passed to Lafayette, Madison county, near the home of our connexions. Here we had spent a Winter some nine years since, and during that time had the pleasure of building up a respectable congregation, which has since erected a good house of worship, and preserved regular worship in it. We were able to address them but once, when a very large audience were gathered from their sparsely populated plains. Our meeting was every way pleasant, and we hope to renew it before as many moons have passed, as waned between our last coming together. There are many reasons why we love Lafayette and its vicinage; but it would not do to detail them here; and although we have dispossessed ourselves of our little earthly possessions there, our spiritual interest in the welfare of the brethren cannot be disposed of, but seems strengthened now we have no other "tie that binds." We regretted they were about to lose their worthy and efficient Pastor, in the removal of bro. R. Henry. It will be difficult to fill his place; but we hope they will not allow their worship to be neglected, and that soon they will be able to secure the labors of some other minister who "will also care for their souls." May they find one who, instead of hectoring the seeds, will seek to "lead them beside the peaceful waters," after the example of him whose loss they so sincerely regret, is my anxious wish in their behalf.

The days flew rapidly as we passed among connexions and friends from whom we had been long absent. The greeting of the living, whose best affections seemed garnered for us, now that our quiet life had been made a stormy one by an enmity and malignity that has long been seeking an occasion to display itself, was free and full, but it was not without thoughts of the departed, and never forgotten. And then the Winter of Gray hairs have nothing, however, of sadness for me. They are indeed beautiful; and honorable old age is the harvest of mortality, whose joys and sorrows and ripened experience shine forth like fields of golden grain for the sickle; and the sickle is not terrible, for it is held by the hand of the angel of God. True, old age is feeble; but it is quiet. Its brow is wrinkled; but it speaks of wisdom. Its eye is dim; but so calm as almost to look into eternity. Age does not always sit gracefully upon every one; but we think it does upon all who observe the rule of Addison: Remember when you are young, that some day you will become old; and when old, that you had once been young. It is beautiful to see the aged leaning for support and guidance in their turn upon a child or children whose footsteps they guided in infancy. There is no sermon equal to this sight, where the duty of the child is affectionately performed. It preaches the eternal lesson of a common brotherhood, despite the name of parent and child; and the one that is akin to it: our dependence upon one another, from the cradle to the grave. It is a lesson of affection for the parent, most unselfish and dutiful and kind. Still, Age also has its lesson to learn; for we must ever be learning. It is not everyone who knows how to be old. To preserve the heart green while the head is gray—Ah! I will bow down in reverence to the man or woman who can so keep it wherever I meet them; for such are children of God, however the creed or the church may regard them. And they must not think that younger folks always err be-
cause they look not upon the world thro' spectacles. We thank God, therefore, that despite the ravages of death, which have carried away the Father and two of the loveliest of her children, we were still permitted to see a bright and happy old age attended, cared for, and its decline made smooth to its resting-place, by dutiful and filial oversight and guidance. So may it ever be, with mine and thine, reader; and if we do our duty, so it must be.

We spent some five days in Cincinnati.—During the time, the Missionary and Bible Societies, that command the attention of a few of our Brotherhood, held their sessions. We had been politely invited to take no part in their sage deliberations, and of course we did not. They were thinly attended; and if we judge of the interest manifested in the address of the President, A. Campbell, we think they commanded no great deal of attention or interest, outside of the few representatives present. There were, perhaps, some two hundred persons who heard the address. We forbear to speak of the nature of their meeting, its purposes, or the character of some who composed it. It did not impress us much, in any way, and our views of Bible and Missionary operations as it proposes to conduct them, being so different, not to say opposite, to those who make and officer these Societies, we forbear to speak of them. For our bro. Barclay, at Jerusalem, we have the highest respect, whatever may be thought of the utility of his mission.

While in the city, we enjoyed the society of bro. M—and a few others, and had the pleasure of hearing Father Gavazzi, in his crusade against the errors and crimes of the "Romish Catholics;" and Miss Lucy Stone, upon Slavery; but as the longest day bends down to evening, and its fatiguing motion earns us rest, so the longest visit finds its end, and we must away to our home in the South, or the Winter will be upon us. The shrill whistle of the locomotive calls us off from kindred and brethren, many of whose names and images are engraven upon our heart. We should not forget that our good brethren of the Methodist Church, Rev. Joshua Boucher, R. Miller, and others, made us companions while in Springfield, and we found them as free and as liberal in their sentiments as any denounced as Heretics in our travels. Their kindness, and fraternal affection, and the spiritually improving meetings we attended with them, we shall never forget. Rev. G. W. Quinby, of the Star in the West, paid us kind attention, and offered us the Melodeon in which to address the citizens of Cincinnati, and promised an overflowing house, if we desired to preach. But we declined. We shall (D. V.) give ourselves that pleasure at a time not far distant. We found Mr. Q., a gentleman of good Christian spirit, and deeply regretted that our interview should have been necessarily so brief. We hope to meet him again shortly.

But I cannot close without expressing my surprise and gratification at the growth, wealth and comfort of the country of Central Ohio, and the liberality with which I was welcomed everywhere, even by those who differ with me on many religious questions. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon and promote this spirit of liberality, both amongst us and all, until this glorious land of ours, and all its churches, shall be radiant with sound knowledge, a pure religion, and a divine charity.

J. B. F.

Woman's Mission.

BY W. G. ELIOT, JR., OF ST. LOUIS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

Concluded.

It was my intention to speak in this discourse of woman's duties towards the poor and suffering; but I have said so much on other topics, that I can say nothing on this. It is an important subject which has never been treated as carefully as it deserves. The poor will never be properly provided for until they are placed
more directly under woman’s care. Poor laws, alms-houses and committees of men are useful in their place, but charity is doubly blest when administered by woman’s hand. Let her have the opportunity of learning by experience, so as to avoid being betrayed, by her sympathies or by well-contrived imposture, into injudicious action, and the same money will do more good and go further in her hands than in any other way. But I should incur the risk of tiring your patience, already too severely taxed, if I were to enlarge upon the subject now, and hope that at some future time I may find an opportunity of bringing it before you.

Here, then, is the true idea of woman’s mission. In her own place, wherever it may be, and with all her influence, whether it seem to be great or little, let her count herself as the missionary of Christ’s religion, a laborer with him in the cause of righteousness. Let her light so shine before men that they, seeing her good works, may glorify the Father who is in Heaven. Let her become the salt of the earth, remembering, also, that if the salt lose its savor, the purifying influence of religion, it becomes more worthless even than common dust. I know that this is man’s mission, too, and that his life also becomes debased, unless consecrated to goodness. But woman is bound to the same cause by peculiar motives, and is able to prosecute it under peculiar advantages. She is able to begin at the beginning, to direct the first development of the mind, and almost to secure its growth in righteousness. She controls the affections of men, and thereby moulds their character. If she could only understand the importance of her position and the greatness of her work, as the educator of the human race, she would find enough to employ all her faculties, and to satisfy her highest ambition. Society has no other hope than this; for if woman becomes worldly and irreligious, society is educated in the same spirit, and its tendency must be continually downward.

In view of such great responsibility resting on her, have we not a right to demand of society, that greater means for woman’s education should be provided? The education of the young is exclusively in her hands, and her natural capacity of teaching is greater than man’s, so that the schools of our whole land are likely to be under her control; yet the provision for her own education is so imperfect that she requires an unusual degree of diligence to become a well educated person. In this respect society seems blind to its own interests. Legislators experiment in law-making, and incur the risk of dividing families by making a separate purse between husband and wife, and by granting every facility of divorce—experiments at which I cannot help looking with a good deal of distrust; but they do comparatively little to elevate the standard of woman’s education. A State is seldom ten years old, perhaps not passed from the leading strings of territorial government, before it has colleges and universities and high schools for boys and young men; but for females, the village school, with or without a beggarly appropriation, is accounted enough. But legislators do as their constituents demand, and the blame therefore rests where the punishment is felt; for the consequence is that women are but half educated, and their duty as mothers and teachers but half performed.

Nor does the neglect cease with the school-days. The whole arrangements of society, even in the most advanced cities of the world, seem to indicate that it is not expected of women to read or think, but that, as a general thing, it is enough, after her routine of duties are over, to enjoy herself and be agreeable.

We have lately seen in the newspapers descriptions of magnificent hotels in eastern cities, built and furnished at a cost beyond that of palaces; and among the arrangements we find every appliance of luxury and elegance. For gentlemen, a reading-room is supplied with newspapers and journals from every part of the world,
and every facility for using them. But
for ladies, Turkey carpets and silk cur-
tains are enough, and neither book, nor
journal, nor newspaper is provided for
their use. Would it not be a popular, as
it would certainly be a judicious move-
ment, to provide a reading parlor or circu-
lating library, together with other luxu-
ries.

Care enough is taken of woman's com-
fort, but it would be well to think more of
the intellectual enjoyment, and not com-
pel her to resort to gossip or shopping,
for, for the sake of passing the time.

In our library associations, also, which
adorn every city, and will soon become
the pride of ours, how small encourag-
ment is given, except to men, for their use.
The lady may visit them as a matter of
curiosity, or for the selection of a book,
but no place is assigned to her, where she
can feel quite at home, for the purpose of
reading books which she may not wish to
take away, or where she may be quite
sure that she is not intruding. I think that
she should have equal rights and privile-
ges in all such institutions. Give her the
facilities of continued self-education, and
she will probably use them. Nearly all
of us, whether men or women, conform
ourselves, in a great degree, to what is ex-
pected of us. Let society expect and re-
quire of the young lady to be fond of
reading and diligent in self-culture, and
she will probably be glad to become so.

But after all the aids that society can
give, the work of moral and intellectual
improvement is chiefly in our own hands.

It is a work of self-culture more than any-
thing else. The Scriptures teach that
even our salvation must be worked out,
under Divine direction, for ourselves.

The same is true of education in knowl-
edge and virtue, in the present life. The
young must take hold of it with an indi-
vidual purpose. They should use the
means within their reach to the best ad-
vantag e, and they will find that small op-
opportunities, well improved, are better than
the greatest, if used less carefully. Let

me end, therefore, as I began, in urging
upon them the necessity of thoughtfulness
and industry. Let the young lady deter-
mine that she will not be a trifler, devoted
to pleasure, desiring only to be waited on,
greedy of admiration, driven to and fro by
every wind of fashion. Let her be at
least as careful in the adorning of her
mind as of her person. Let her have

principles of conduct, from which neither
the example, nor persuasions of thought-
less people can make her swerve. How-
ever highly she may prize the elegancies
of life, let her prize still more highly the
substance of life, which is found in mod-
esty and a well-governed temper; in gen-
tleness of manners and a womanly char-
acter. Some may smile at the homeliness
of my advice, and they may find a more
attractive and easier way in the routine of
fashionable life. They may say that they
have no particular desire to be wise and
well-instructed, judicious and good wo-
men, and that they are satisfied to enjoy
themselves as they go along. Their con-
duct proves the sincerity of their words,
but they will probably live to see the day
when all their fascinations will not save
them from neglect, and the real trials of
life will prove the necessity of real strength
of character.

Finally, let the foundation of charac-
ter be laid where alone it can be well laid,
in religion. "Remember thy Creator in
the days of thy youth." Hold fast to
that religion which has redeemed your sex
from servitude and degradation, and which
is needed to redeem your own souls from
the servitude of the world, and the degra-
dation of a selfish heart. Be religious;
not sectarian or bigoted, as if the riches of
God's grace were confined within the limits
of this or that church; nor seek a sentimen-
tal piety, very devout on Sunday and very
worldly through the week; but be religi-
ous with genuine, sincere faith, with hu-
mility towards God and charity towards
man. Learn to be followers of Jesus
Christ, who first understood the depths of
woman's nature, and whose religion be-
stows upon her a strength which is not her
own.
Spiritual Manifestations.

Brief of an Exhortation for a Devotional Meeting.

The presence of pure-hearted and cheerfully religious persons affords a strength to their associates not always appreciated. I knew a subject of deep affliction to say, that when in the presence of a lad of not more than fifteen Summers, she could bear everything cheerfully; and when I made his acquaintance, I was not surprised at the happy influence, for he was evidently one whose whole heart was in harmony with the will of Providence, which he loved, and scarcely knew that he loved. At his approach trials and perplexities were forgotten, and smiles and conciliating words and kindness assumed their rule. And yet there were those who spoke of his cheerfulness with fear, and seemed sad as they heard his hearty laugh. Horrible views of Religion still prevail, and must be expected to prevail, so long as our views of the universe and of God are so immature and forbidding.

It is possible for every Christian to breathe the breath of Heaven, and cover his every-day intercourse with the beauty of holiness; and whenever this is done, Christians will become the life and joy of the world. There is something in temperament; but there is yet more in effort and will. We may differ in the suavity of our manners—may have different degrees of attractiveness; but a realizing sense of God's fatherly presence over all his works and ways, will clothe any temperament with the beauty of holiness. No man should claim to be a Christian who does not possess a tender heart and a devout spirit. This is the substratum of the Christian character—the spirit of Christ, which makes us his—the spirit of tenderness and devotion. Fully possessed of this spirit, we have at once the holiest mission in the universe to fulfil. To cheer the disconsolate; to open the pent-up heart of the care-worn, and become to all a joy-producing friend, is thy work, O man of God, to which prayer and watching and loving trust will anoint thee every day.

Men are anxious now to know how to become mediums to draw responses from the Spiritual world. Will they allow me to point out the best qualification and method? Spiritual-mindedness; trusting faith in God's goodness, brightened by constant use in acts of kindness at home and benevolence everywhere, will make them see and realize more of spiritual things than hundreds who pass through the mesmeric trances of undeveloped and worldly manipulation. I, too, unwaveringly believe in the existence and nearness of the departed, who are still our spirit-friends. Indeed, I cannot look back to a period in my life when this faith was not near me. But a constant growth in grace, and increase in divine love, ever and alone assures me that I am not alone, and that the Father is with me; and when the power of his Spirit guards and directs my thoughts, I know that all kindred spirits are near me. The sense of his Presence creates the atmosphere; and, for ought I know, the magnetic medium, for the nearness of Spirit minds. But whether this be so or not, we all know that the pure in heart have visions of God, and that, that purity alone renders life beautiful and cleanses us from all sin that would drive away or hinder the influx of the good, either of earth or Heaven. Godly penitence for error and sin will bring us to the sense of God's pardoning love; and our hearts, trusting that love, will often be melted until they can be thoroughly moulded into the image of Christ, which image will show itself in supreme love to the Father and all his suffering children. And by diligent culture of our religious powers, we may come into sympathy with all purified minds, and at length feel and act in unison with Heaven and its hosts. He that thus feels and acts, will ever be the light, hope and comfort of his home, and of many hearts—And were the Church of Christ, so called...
filled with the experience of this attractive spirit of Christ, it would at once become what it was designed to be—the medium of deliverance from error, ignorance and sin to all the world.

I stood over the bedside of an amiable man dying with a slow, wasting disease. I spoke to him of God's goodness in his own experience and in the world, and he seemed to believe, and even adore. I continued, and asked, Will you not be a Christian? The word aroused him as from a long and painful dream. "A Christian!" said he; "those I knew were false men—men of pretension—men whose word I cannot believe, and whose words and deeds are words of detraction and injury. Talk to me of God, and of Christ, and of honest men, but not of Christians!" He was too weak to say more, but his manner was that of expressive thought and feeling. I went away sorrowful. And now I ask you, who profess also to be Christians, shall this charge be true? May kind Heaven forbid it, or remove me from being responsible as your spiritual teacher!

Let us seek in earnest the reality and beauty of holiness. Let us cleanse our hearts from the stains of worldly ambition, and occupy them with heavenly work. Nothing will help us to this more than the culture of our devotional feelings and the fellowship of good men. Let us cultivate the love of truth, both in word and act, however it may come in conflict with our fancied interests. Let us make our interests what they should be: the interests of truth and righteousness; the principles of the doctrine of Christ; and our preaching will become beautiful and our worshiping assemblies will be clothed with humility and brotherly love.

O spirit of fidelity—spirit of God—come near and make us a sweet savor of life, holiness and peace to all around. Spirit of Patience!—spirit of God!—leave us not, and still forbear! Still continue thy gracious influences until all called Christians here shall be as winning to the world as their holy professions have led the world to expect at their hands! Spirit of grace and of God, help us every one! Amen.

J. B. F.

The Religion of Progression in contrast with that of Limitation.

"And he saith unto them, Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company with, or come unto one of another nation: but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."—Acts x. 24.

We have here in direct contrast two opposite doctrines. "It is not lawful to associate with a man of another nation;" and "call no man common or unclean." They have each its appropriate origin and sanction. The one in Judaism; the other in Christianity. The one receives its sanction from nearly all usages and ceremonies of the Jewish law; the other its enunciation, development and authority in the gospel of Christ. The highest honor we can confer upon the exclusive doctrine is, to call it national; the other is universal. The one is of the spirit of time; the other of eternity. The one has the limit of place; the other is of the extent of a boundless universe. The one is of the spirit of man; the other of God. The one is of Palestine, of a tribe, and engenders littleness; the other of the universe, of the race, and partakes of the nature of God's paternal greatness. The one served as a depository in an age of violence for the other, and prepared the way for its coming. The one is of the flesh, narrow and confined, looking to a God of the Jew, and of Judea only; the other is of the Spirit, as free and wide-spread as the fields of Nature and the unfolded heavens; and it looks up to the unfailing Shepherd, who everywhere makes known the principles of love, unity and reciprocation, making every flower inviting; every grove a sanctuary of prayer and devotion, and the whole universe a fold of peace and safety, in which all may be gathered and blessed. "The Jew only is clean; call no man common!" How wide the contrast!

But we will be asked, and very pertinently, Did not both doctrines come from God? And if so, how can you account for an exclusive and a universal religion flowing...
from the same divine source? We answer, without hesitation, it is easily accounted for—just as we account for two departments of man's nature and interests coming from the same God. Man is human for human ends; has his animal and earthly appetites and relations; and man also is divine for divine ends, and has his spiritual and eternal relations. He is created for this world, and also for another. What may be necessary for him here may not be when he has changed the mortal for immortality. God adapts him and the universe to both departments of his interests. We, also, act upon the same principle. We say to our child at school, Contend for the prize, though that prize may be, intrinsically, a mere bauble. It stands as a reward of meritorious attainments, and serves to call out the latent powers of the mind. But when that same child has become a man, we say, Contend only for the approbation of God in the testimony of a good conscience. Both regulations are wise, and both conduce to the development of character and the happiness of the world. Both look to different relations of the same individual. So also we often give contradictory commands. To a boy who has dislocated his leg, we say, Lie still; while to the same lad, when hale and hearty, we cry out, Rise with the lark, and away to work, or school, as the early morning leads upward the rising day. Upon the same principle it was at one time wise and good for God to sanction a system of exclusiveness, and at another time to rend asunder its walls of separation and tear its narrow veil from off its holiest place. He benignly adapted his revelations to the necessities of the case; to the condition and capabilities of the people he dealt with; intending in due time to send by them the message of good will, which should be "to all people."

But we have stated these facts, not merely to draw this contrast, but for a higher and more instructive end. We wish to lay before you the criterion of the Divine in all things. You will desire to know where the human and the exclusive ends, and where the divine and the universal begins. In Natural Agriculture, you count that you have the divine for the production of a crop, when you have found the proper soil for the proper seed in the proper climate. The soil and climate adapted, is the divine appointment; and not any man-made standard of soil and climate. So in the Bible. The criterion of the Divine in the Bible is not a man-made standard of faith and conduct which we attempt to apply to all acts and all stages of society; for if so, then Judaism might be perpetuated, with all its burdensome feasts and fasts, and exclusive worship and manners. What, then, is the criterion?

I. Goodness in the aim—and wisdom in the means—and progress in the consequences. This will show pure divinity anywhere. In your body; in your farms; in your business; in science; in government. Judaism had goodness for its aim, wisdom in its means, and has led to the highest progression of the world, by affording a nursery for Christianity. It was Divine once, for once it was "unlawful;" but now it has passed away, for no man is to be accounted "common or unclean." In the early ages it was wise to reveal Religion through the scribes; for the darkness of idolatry covered the earth. The Jewish ceremonial and worship afforded a splendid materialism to this end. And the rich and comprehensive promises of its opened minds in its prophets, kings and priests, looked forward to the time when "all the ends of the earth would remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations should worship before him." We hope you will apply this rule. There is no good aim in selecting wise means and leading the progressive advancement of the race, but what may lay the highest claim to the Divine.

II. Adaptation and growth are tokens of divine operation everywhere. This is implied in our previous remarks; but we desire to give it distinctness in our thoughts.
Do you desire to know whether a doctrine is divine—is of God? Look at its adaptation to your wants and condition, and its power of growth or expansion. All nature is growth, development. From nothing, or immaturity, it goes forward to perfection. The sterile rock beneath our feet; the nutritious vegetables that crowd our tables, and the burning seraph before the face of Jehovah, swift and strong to do his will, are the outgrowth of immature germs—the result of the law of adaptation and development. Movement towards refinement and perfection, is the gradual and eternal law of all nature. The substance of the earth progresses to mineral and crystalized bodies, and these to the vegetable; and these to the animal; and when still more purified, it becomes perfected so as to associate with and compose the organization of man. This is pre-eminently true of that internal and invisible quality and essence which we call mind; the truth of all truths, the end of all material means, the real of all realities; which transcends all forms, even the forms of our bodies, and will exist when they have completed their mortal purposes and shall have passed away. So, also, the holiness of the brightest saint that ever stood upon the summit of human excellence, has its counterpart in the guileless simplicity and lovely affection of an infant. The whole universe, in its every part, leads to the development of the mind, heart and conscience, in proportion as we give it attention. The Law was a school-master, until Christ, in the same sense. But as Christ has come, the representative of the race and of all conceivable perfection for the race, we are no longer under the tyranny of the school-master.

And Peter, himself a Jew, must needs undergo the development necessary to the assertion of this truth—"call no man unclean." Once he would call down fire on a Samaritan city; but the Divine Master said, "Ye know not of what spirit you are of." He never fully learned of that spirit until after the vision of the sheet, filled with all sorts of beasts and reptiles, and saw all received into Heaven, by God. Then, and not till then, could he say, "Call not that common which God hath cleansed." Great was the change he underwent, and difficult was it even afterwards to preserve the Catholic and God-like tendencies of that change. Even Paul, when he, too, had learned the golden truth that "God was the God of the Gentile as well as of the Jew," reproved him for dissimulation in countenancing a proposed return to the exclusiveness of the Law. This revelation—"call no man common"—was an anticipation of the highest truth a Providential Science has disclosed. From the days of Newton, we have spoken of but one universe. One God and one family had been revealed to Peter and the rejoicing and freed spirits of his day. So that we can say, We have but one Father of infinite perfection; one universe of infinite boundary and duration; one spiritual family of varied earthly fortunes; and one eternal and progressive destiny. "Call no man common."

But allow me to ask: Is Peter's declaration believed? Is it believed in our churches? Then why their exclusive ceremonial and Pharisaical separations? He believed it when near his death he said, "Honor all men." Who complies with this injunction of universal application?—Men are just beginning to do it as they send forth their sympathy and help to the blind, the lame, the outcast, the downfallen. But some still build their foolish walls of separation high as heaven, as they think. So thought the Jew of his covenant of circumcision, which he called everlasting, and his sectarian distinctions generally. But his temple is fallen; his nation is scattered, and his glory has departed. So will it be with every sectarian and exclusive system in Christendom; for the same God reigns who came down upon Zion when her altars were in pollution and swept them away.

But once admit this truth—"call no man common"—into your heart, and it will regulate all the current of its affections. It is but the proper outgrowth and direction of...
RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AND CHURCH INDEPENDENCE.

If I properly love myself, I will love my fellow, my equal, my brother.

Jesus lived and died to sanction this law of love before Peter preached it, or could utter the words of our text. 

Religious Liberty and Church Independence.

Christianity, as taught by Christ, distinctly recognizes the existence, in every man, of a sphere of Conviction and Conscience above the authority of all human tribunals. In this recognition, it but reaffirms a primary dictate of Reason, that the relation of man to God depends upon the breath of mortal, and cannot be a subject of legal enactment, either by civil or ecclesiastical courts. No body of men can buy or sell, or otherwise dispose of the conscience of any man; for though the seller should receive the price, or consent to the disposition, yet he continues to hold it. He holds it, however, in hypocrisy. Who can sell his Conscience, or who can yield it, except to his convictions? It is ever manifest, therefore, that when a human power assumes a lordship over the sphere of Conviction and Conscience, it assumes the prerogatives of God himself! This sphere has never been surrendered by God to any secondary power; for though we have a right to address each other's Reason, and by all honorable means seek to spread our measure of knowledge, still the Reason we address, must decide for itself, and will decide according to the measure of its development and its amount of faithfulness to truth. "Call no man Master or Father upon the earth," is the clear precept of Christ, and is illustrated by every act of his life, and most triumphantly sealed in his submission to an unjust and arbitrary condemnation. No true disciple of his can ever exercise lordship over the conscience of his brother; and an assembly of men, assuming such exercise, can lay no claim to the designation—"Church of Jesus Christ."

The foolish and fierce controversies of past ages, tearing asunder even the human relations of men; the zeal for persecution, which has disgraced the history of all State churches and of all churches seeking the
RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AND CHURCH INDEPENDENCE.

province and power of the State, have had their origin in the violation of this fundamental principle of Reason and Truth. And however it may seek to cover up the selfish and fleshly passions that give it force and direction,—under avowed love for "the good of the cause," "the honor of God," the "love of Christ," and desire for the "salvation of souls,"—it will in the end be seen to be anti-Christian in spirit and tendency, and calculated, more than all the Heresies or Infidelity of the world, to perpetuate ignorance and superstition; to foster the sectarian spirit; to infringe the Christian Liberty of individuals and churches, and disturb the practical influence of Religion. They formed various churches in all the States, varying somewhat in the nature and extent of their faith, but in no case disfellowshipping each other for differences in conscientious convictions. The movement gave a new impetus to religious investigation everywhere, and churches of Liberal Christians were organized with the avowed intention of permitting no man to lose his fellowship in them for his conscientious convictions, so long as he led a devout and upright life.

Alexander Campbell’s and his father Thomas Campbell’s movement among the Baptists, some years after the period referred to above, as it opposed all human creeds and the decrees of all church courts, and seemed almost an extravagant protest against "the clergy and clerical assumption," was understood to be of this same free and fraternal spirit. Many churches in Kentucky, and the West generally, formed a union with the Messrs. Campbell and their associates, under the influence of this impression. The union gave great rapidity to the movement in favor of religious liberty, and churches grew up in many parts of the country, renouncing all sectarian names, creeds and human authority in religion, leaving the mind of their membership free to read the word and works of God, and draw from them their own conclusions.

CHURCH IN NASHVILLE, AND ITS RESOLUTIONS.

Among others, a Church in Nashville, Tenn., was organized, which, near the time of its organization, gave expression to its views of Church Independence in the following language: "We will not be required to subscribe to any human instrument of union as the test of our doctrine or practice." "We consider ourselves at liberty to appoint our own teacher or teach-
ers, and all other officers, without molesta-
tion or assistance from any; to judge for
ourselves when the sentiments delivered by
our teacher are contained in the Holy Bi-
ble, without acknowledging the right of any
others to interfere in the judicial investiga-
tion of such sentiments." Every church
ought to have "a full, free, and unmolested
liberty of Conscience." "We are far from
believing that all is known, and are there-
fore willing to learn what is truth, whoever
be the instrument of pointing us to it,"
&c., &c.

In the possession of this freedom, this
Church had lived and prospered for more
than twenty years. But while in the high-
est period of its prosperity, it was disturbed
by Mr. A. Campbell and others calling up-
on it to repudiate the teaching of its ac-
nowledged Pastor, because of views con-
cerning the future state of spirits. Mr.
C., and those who promoted the disturb-
ance, were not members of this church, and
of course, upon the principles avowed
above, and upon all principles of religious
liberty and church independence, had no
authority over its action. It chose to sus-
tain its Pastor, and has done so on three
several occasions, by the largest votes ever
taken of its membership since it has been
organized. Some twenty-five have pro-
tested against the sentiments of the Pastor,
but the majority of the church have signi-
fied their desire "to retain him above all
others." So the freedom of the church is
preserved, and its prosperity not materially
interfered with. Its membership is as large
as it has ever been; the congregations that
wait upon its ministrations are larger than
they have ever been; and its influence in
favor of the great principles of Religious
Toleration, is as great as at any previous
period of its history.* It is passing thro'
a state of trial, which seems only to endear
its great principles more and more to those
who appreciate, or care for, them.

We believe it occupies the only consist-
ent position. While repudiating in princi-
ple all authority over the consciences of
men, it does not assume it in practice.—
While renouncing all written human creeds,
it does not establish an unwritten one.—
While denying the right of the leaders of
Catholic or Protestant churches around it
to dictate to it matters of faith or practice,
it does not allow the Pastors of other
churches, heretofore in more close affinity
to it, to interfere with its internal regula-
tions. And still, while occupying this free,
strong and determined position, its arms
are wide open to receive and live with all
the followers of our Lord and Savior Jesus
Christ, without respect to differences of
opinion. It desires, and we hope it will
strive, to promote just and happy relations
even with those who protest against its re-
cent actions. Whatever duty it may owe
to itself, to posterity, and to the Church of
Christ in defending the rights of con-
science, either its own or those of others;
however firmly it may resist every as-
sumption upon those rights; still, we hope
that no passion or bitterness of feeling will
ever dishonor the efforts it may feel itself
compelled to make in that defence and re-
sistance. It may pass through a severe
trial. But let misrepresentation be met by
just statements of fact; let crimination from
abroad, and from those who needlessly in-
termeddle and appear to desire the destruc-
tion of its peace and harmony, be met with
fair dealing, uprightness and kindness; let
those who may leave it, receive all their le-
gal and equitable rights. By this course,
heretofore so carefully observed, the cause
of true religion will be promoted by its
present trials, and the spirit of Christ—the
spirit of forbearance, justice, and love—
will be better understood and appreciated
in the whole circle of its influence.

The following has been handed us by the
officers of the Church for publication.—
The subjoined Resolutions were passed

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*It reports of its membership appear less than here-
tofore. It is not because there has been a decline; but
some two hundred or more of its colored population
have been formed, with a new and separate house of
worship, and some of its membership resides, or do bu-
以往 in, other States. We hope that recent representa-
tions on this subject are not intentional misrepresenta-
tions. The actual membership of the Church was nev-
er larger than it is this day; and the attendance upon
its worship was never more general.
IRRELIGION LEADS TO FEAR.

without my knowledge, at their meeting, one week after my re-election to the Pastorate of the Church.

"CHRISTIAN CHURCH, NASHVILLE, Nov. 20, 1853.

"Resolved, That Brethren, ALLEN A. HALL, JAMES MORTON, and JESSE D. MARSH, be requested to wait on Brother JESSE B. FERGUSON, and make known to him the choice of the congregation, that he shall continue to be the Pastor of the Church.

"Resolved, That we have unbounded confidence in the purity, integrity, and capacity to teach, of our Brother, JESSE B. FERGUSON; and preferring him, as we do, above all others, we earnestly and affectionately request his compliance with the wish and desire of the Brethren and Sisters, to continue his labors amongst us.

"Resolved, That the vote taken on last Lord's day; in regard to the Pastor of this congregation, and the foregoing Resolutions, be spread on the Books of the Church."

For this devotion on the part of an overwhelming majority of this Church to the great principles of Religious Liberty and Toleration, for which we have humbly contended from the beginning of our ministry, and for the expressions of esteem and confidence in the unanimous resolutions of its officers, I can but return thanks to our Infinite Father, while I rejoice to know that the hearts of all men and the ends of all human conduct are in his hands.

It is of His favor that all things are made to work together for good, and with that favor this work will not be in vain. May His richest blessing rest upon us all; and by all our trials promote in us our further moral development, and save us and all from the spirit of exclusiveness and denunciation, and bring on the brighter day of His Church, when the errors and corruptions that now disfigure it shall be removed, and all the children of God rejoice in that perfect love of Him and each other which casts out all fear. And most fervently would I pray that this happy consummation may not be obstructed by any uncharitable expression which may have escaped either my lips or my pen in the controversy upon the great principles we have endeavored to maintain.

J. B. FERGUSON.

Irreligion Leads to Fear.

I use not the word in the sense of reverence, for Christian reverence is of love, and not of fear. But I use it in the sense of dread and terror. And I say that a proper knowledge of the love of the Infinite Father, casts out all fear from a well-developed religious nature. We may fear men, for the undeveloped may do us injury, and fear may lead us to defence against, or avoidance of, them. But to fear God, whom I cannot avoid; from whom even Death shall not separate me; who is everywhere, and meets me everywhere—O it would be horrible indeed to fear Him. Death may separate me from my murderer, or traducer, or the wolf that comes upon me with ravenous hunger, and then they can harm me no more. "This is all that they can do." But death brings me only nearer to God; and I wonder not how the thought has made many insane and suicides, that we must dread and stand in terror of Him towards whom we are ever advancing, and from whose presence we can never flee. It is irreligion; it is Atheism, and the most crushing of superstitions, to dread God.—This is a hard charge; but your hearts will make it true whenever you are true to them.

I say it is Atheism, for Atheism denies and will not name the object of its terror, or calls it Chance or Fate, and feels its power relentless. Think you that an Atheist would dread the existence of a Merciful Father—his Father—his all-powerful Friend. I tell ye, nay, and you, or I, are Atheists whenever we dread Him; we are (L. THOES) without God; and without God, we are without Hope; and without Hope, we are prisoners and slaves to Fear.

But I called it also, superstition. Superstition professes faith in God, but it stands before Him trembling, not trusting. It is
“Our Heresy” Published Nine Years Ago.

We have heard it stated that we ought to have presented our peculiar sentiments before we were invited to the charge of the Nashville Church; and had we done so, we would never have received so hearty an invitation. To this statement we reply, that three years before our acceptance of the unanimous invitation of the Nashville Church, we wrote as follows in the “Christian Review,” published in that city. In Vol. I, article: “Skepticism—Christianity, No. 3,” we say:—

“Christianity is, when properly examined, a universal remedy. There is nothing narrow, local or exclusive in any one of its precepts. It makes no barriers by which to separate the interests of mankind. It is not the religion of a sect or a nation; and any who thus consider it, abuse and misrepresent its cardinal features; but it is emphatically the religion of universal man. The innovating and corrupting hand of man may domesticate it and He is all-powerful, all-wise, all loving, and no absolute evil shall ever come to his erring and sinned-against child.—And this thought, more than all others, makes me faithful. So that if I fail, I may the more heartily commit it to Him; and when defeated, I may lie down in his arms everlasting, smiling with the joy of triumphant Hope. True, then, my beloved readers—true is it,

“There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But the lovely heart that trusts in God,
Is happy everywhere.”

J. B. F.
claims. Neither "in this mountain," nor
in Jerusalem, nor yet in Rome, or Lon-
don, does it acknowledge an Imperial
Residence. In a word, it esteems no in-
dividual, or association of men, as pos-
sessing any exclusive claims to the knowl-
edge or blessings it imparts; and in this
sense, it is essentially and emphatically
universal.

"As it respects numbers, the Christian
Scriptures have never assured us how ma-
y or how few will be saved. The ques-
tion was once asked the Messiah—Are
there few saved? But the separation of
his religion from the gratification of all
idle curiosity, and the practicability of
his teaching, gave it no other reply than
"seek to enter in, for many shall seek to
enter in who shall not be able." The ag-
gregate amount of the saved or lost, has
not been determined by any Prophet or
Apostle of the government of God, under
either Old Testament or New. And just
at this point, by the same authority that
the Skeptic claims in making the objec-
tion, I claim the right of making a sug-
gestion. We are taught prophetically
by Daniel, and positively by the Savior,
that in the coming age all nations shall
be placed under the dominion of the
Saints, who shall reign over them by the
authority of the King of kings. Now it
is a question unsettled either by the cap-
tive prophet or the Lion of his tribe, for
what purpose they shall be thus placed.
Shall they reign over them for salvation
or condemnation? Will the great King
make his people the Saviors of those na-
tions? Will the benefits of his death in
that age be extended to them by the
Saints, as they are to us by others in this?
Is there anything in the Christian Relig-
ion that would be forfeited, were we to
say that God will, at the coming of the
Messiah, and the downfall of the present
political and hierarchical governments
of the earth, raise up all those nations who
have never had an offer of life; and plac-
ing them under the dominion of his puri-
fied people, make the latter emphatically
the Saviors of the world. There are ma-
ny sayings in the prophetic word which
seems to favor such an idea; and as it is
certainly has some object: and as we can-
not well conceive that their happiness
would be much accelerated if that object
be the damnation of those over whom
they are to be placed, I have concluded
that the reign of the Saints is to extend
the offer of Salvation to those who have
never heard the joyful sound!"

Again, in 2nd Vol. of "Christian Re-
view," published A. D. 1845, page 224,
the Editor published an article; the whole
of which we copy, as follows:

"ANOTHER STATE OF PROBATION.

"We are often asked by men more cu-
rious than wise, What will become of the
ignorant but honest Heathen, who have
died without hearing the saving truths of
the Gospel? Some, to get rid of this diffi-
culty; for some men can never hold their
mind in suspense; and being unable to arrive,
by any natural process of reasoning at a
conclusion, have jumped at one; that
they, in common with all who are in in-
fancy and idiocy, will be annihilated at
death. Who knows but that with refer-
cence to such there may be another state of
probation? There is at least as much au-
tority for this as for the sweeping conclu-
sion that covers them over with the im-
penetrable veil of everlasting oblivion.

Nay, more; for whilst the Bible is as si-
lent as the annihilation to which these
sapient reasoners have consigned them,
all its great principles of benevolence
would dictate at least a more rational end.
Besides, we are informed, that after the
downfall of all the sin-promoting govern-
ments of earth, that the kingdom and do-
munion and the greatness of the kingdom
under the whole heaven, shall be given to
the people of the saints of the Most High
God. I ask, for what purpose shall it be
given into their hands? For the destruc-
tion or torment of those over whom they
reign? Then they would be very fools.
For their salvation? Then the difficulty
is removed, and such persons may still be
saved from the oblivious shades of anni-
hilation, the sage reasoning of our modern
metaphysicians to the contrary notwith-
standing.

Baltimore, Sept. 9, 1845."

We do not deny, that were we to re-
write the above now, we would change
the phraseology somewhat; but any one
will see that the views now denounced as
Heretical were then fully avowed. We are
not of those who care much for consistency. We believe in the growth of mind and spirit. We would love to make some advance every day in the principles of wisdom and love. And we believed ourselves united with a people whose principles of religious fellowship and church independence allowed the utmost freedom of investigation and the honest statement of any conviction, bearing upon the religious problems of life, death, and immortality. Nor will we yet believe we were mistaken. Where the matter has been fully stated, our churches have ever declared their willingness to allow the freedom, without which we become as sectarian as the narrowest sects in Christendom. In the Nashville Church, by the largest vote ever taken in the church, we have been sustained in our position upon this subject; and no man in it, we presume, will ever seek a uniformity of opinion as a basis of fellowship or cooperation in good works.

Again: Our rule of interpreting the Scriptures, was also set forth in the same year and Journal. We quote from page 145, Vol. 2:

"INTERPRETATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

In interpreting the Scriptures, we should understand their language according to the usage of the people to whom they were addressed. Many words and phrases then in use are still in use, but with very different significations. Such, for example, is the word WORLD.

"There is no word so frequently used in the New Testament, more calculated to carry an incorrect idea than this one, if the above rule be disregarded. The ignorance and pride of the age in which the New Testament was written, gave the Roman Empire this comprehensive name. And as the inspired penmen addressed men living in the Roman Provinces, and were themselves citizens of one of them; and as they designed a correction of religious rather than geographical or political ignorance, they adapted their teaching to the views and circumstances of the age.

"We forgive the vanity and ignorance of the ancient Romans, in restricting the world to the limits of the country of their own powerful and victorious people, because they were dazzled with the number and extent of its provinces, and the irresistible character of its military and civil strength; and we are willing to allow them to despise and forget the countries adjacent, and confound their mighty Empire with the terraqueous globe itself. It was powerful: and considering its extent from the Atlantic ocean to the Euphrates in length, and from Dacia to the Tropic of Cancer in width, embracing the most fertile and cultivable lands, and extending the broad seigis of her power over the fairest and most civilized of our race, we apologize for their contracted views.

"Whilst, therefore, we apologize for the vanity of the ancients, we must remember, in reading such a book as the Bible, not to attach a modern and new correct definition to words which were used in an ancient but a universally appropriated sense.

"World also frequently means age, in our version of the Scriptures. The Jews counted time by Jubilees, and every fifty years was regarded as an epoch or an age in their history. Hence we read of the "ends of the world," which is equivalent to the ends of the ages. This is evidently the meaning in Luke 1: 70; 1 Cor. 2: 7; 10: 11; Eph. 3: 9; Col. 1: 25; Heb. 9: 26. See also Lev. 25: 39, 41; and Exodus 21: 2, for an explanation. Frequently, however, the word does refer to the material world, and this meaning may generally be determined by the connection. It also signifies the present order of things, on this mortal transitory state and its duties and amusements. 1 John 2: 17, and the like. There are several words in the original translated world, and sometimes they seem to be used interchangably.—Remembering, however, the facts above stated, we can have but little difficulty in determining the meaning, if we will pay proper regard to the connection in which it occurs.

J. B. F."

"Graysville, April 29, 1845."

With these quotations, which might be extended from several of our periodicals, we desire also to state, that we do not now remember a single preacher, for whose sincerity and independence of thought we had respect, and with whom we were intimately associated, to whom we did not often express the same views.

J. B. F.
Strange Fact in Heretical Writings.

There is a publication called the "British Millennial Harbinger," made up mostly of extracts from Pres't A. Campbell's paper of the same name, and other periodicals. When we were considered orthodox, this periodical made frequent quotations from the "Christian Magazine," and gave us the accustomed credit. It continues occasionally to do so; but since the charge of Heresy has been fulminated against us, it never gives us credit for the articles it copies from our pages. From this, we conclude that a Heretic may be heard, provided the "people" do not know that it is he that speaks. But still more.

Recently we discovered a long and carefully prepared essay of ours on Prayer, published in the "Magazine," and in pamphlet form by our State meeting, in this country, in the pages of the "B. M. Harbinger," and other initials than ours to it!

We care but little for these strange phases of pretended soundness of faith, and would not record them, were it not that they serve to show the folly of all such pretensions. Besides, we were a little amused in looking over the November No. of the American "Millennial Harbinger," to see that a very small sentence or two of ours was extracted from the British M. H.; evidently without knowing its source. This could, and does, occur with any periodical. But what amused us was, that the few sentences referred to contain, as we understand them, the gist of our Heresy! May we indulge the hope, that our views, when not known to be ours, are not so objectionable after all?

J. B. F.

"One God—One Universe—One Human Family—One Destiny."

To this sentence, found in some part of our writings, and heard frequently in our discourses, there has been made a most serious complaint. We have listened attentively, and have yet to hear one good reason urged against it. If we admit there is but one God and one Universe, we cannot resist the conclusion that there is but one Destiny. If but one God, the destiny must be from that God. If but one Universe, the destiny must be in (it cannot be out of) that universe. There may be different conditions in that destiny; still, the destiny is of God, and in his universe. But, says our objectors, we do not wish your reasoning; we desire a Scriptural declaration that will warrant your assertion. To which, we reply, "How readest thou?" "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Here is one family dying in Adam and receiving one destiny—a destiny to life in Christ. "But every man in his own order." True; but every man—"one family"—is there—is alive in Christ. As there is "one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another of the stars;" and as "one star dieth from another star in glory," "so is it in the resurrection (the rising) of the dead." One family, then; one destiny, and every man in his own rank in that family and destiny; either near to the Central Perfection, or afar-off, according as his nature shall be unfolded in obedience to that Perfection.

Every man of experience in the field of religious controversy, has seen how difficult it is to represent an opponent truthfully. Even where there is no design to do him essential wrong, and where his words are cited in confirmation of what is ascribed to him, the quotation of a single sentence or paragraph apart from its connections, with no hint of the grounds upon which its statements or conclusions rest, or the qualifications by which it is conditioned, may easily create a false and unjust impression. I have suffered in this way from all my opponents, to an extent that amounts to real falsification of my statements and meaning. Candor, in representing an opponent, is a rare virtue.

Those who quote the above sentence—"one family, one destiny"—leave out the qualification—"every man in his own sphere." This omission makes their use of the sentence a gross misrepresentation. As we believe in "one family" of many tribes, and varied individualism, so we believe in one destiny—a destiny to an immortal state—of as varied degrees of knowledge, power and happiness as there are varied measures of moral capacity.

"One God," then, "one universe, one family, one destiny, but every man in his own order!"
Invitation to Cincinnati.

We are in the receipt of a letter from a Committee of leading men in Cincinnati, inviting us to deliver a course of Lectures in that city. We hope to be able to comply toward the close of the Winter, or in the early Spring; and have written to our old friend, Dr. A. Curtis, as to the subjects we would prefer as themes for Lectures.

“Astronomical Journal,” Cambridge, Mass., No. 66.—We were much gratified in perusing an article in this Journal from the pen of our friend, Wm. Ferrel, A. M., of Allensville, Ky., on the effect of the Sun and Moon upon the rotary motion of the Earth. It is evidently the result of deep and familiar thought, and exhibits the patience of nice and accurate calculation.

No league or confederacy for Heresy-hunting can ever be justly regarded as a Church of Jesus Christ.

To Correspondents.—Our thanks are due to many correspondents whose communications were received during our absence, or our confinement by disease.—We hope to be able to give them more attention during the coming year.

Close of the Volume.

To The Friends of THE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

With this number we close the publication of the Christian Magazine. Its subscription is amply sufficient to warrant its continuance; and the assurances of fast and responsible friends, would enable us to continue it, even if this were not so. But it is known to those friends, and to many others, that we have ever desired to be released from the detail duties of an Editor, and would have discontinued it long since, but for the hope that some one could be obtained who would take these duties upon himself and release us. The influence of a constitutional disease, and the duties of a laborious Pastorate, we feel to be sufficient apology for retiring from the chair Editorial. The paper has never been a source of pecuniary profit to us; has often taxed our attention and labor more than we were able to bear; but we were willing, and are still willing, to write for any religious periodical established upon proper principles. We expect during the year to publish something more in the Book form, devoted entirely to religious subjects. It will be sold in numbers, by the publisher, and at the Bookstores, and not be issued by subscription. This arrangement will save us from all the annoying duties of editing, and not materially interfere with other obligations, as we shall not be pledged to issue it at any given time.

In taking leave of the friends of the Christian Magazine, in view of all we have done and have failed to do, we invoke the blessing of God upon them, and anything its pages have ever presented, calculated to liberate, purify and develop the minds and lives of its readers. Let us remember, both when we survey the past and anticipate the future, that we know not what a day may bring forth.—We act, but cannot control the consequences of our action. We can resolve to act faithfully, and then be assured that whatever betides, we shall be provided for—we cannot be forsaken. God alone commands results, but we can make improvement alike of good and bad results. Trials and favor are before us all. Let us take them all in the spirit of servants and children. With this spirit we shall have treasures in loss, strength in sickness, peace in warfare, and when the last sacrifice of life and labor shall be over, whether it be soon or late, we may depart with the spirit of Christ within us, which is life everlasting.

Ever your brother,
and fellow-servant,
J. B. FERGUSON.
Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1853.
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