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Yours faithfully
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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY WRITINGS

OF

JOHN H. BOCOCK, D. D.,

WITH A

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By C. R. VAUGHAN, D. D.

EDITED BY

HIS WIDOW.

RICHMOND, VA. :

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These Gleanings
FROM THE WRITINGS OF A
Loving Father,

WHO WAS REMOVED FROM HIS CHILDREN DURING THE TENDER
YEARS OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, ARE NOW DEDICATED
TO THEM BY THEIR
MOTHER.

*May the Holy Spirit, who enabled him to become so earnest a defender
of the truth, and so humble a learner at the feet of his Saviour,
bless these writings, and use them for the counsel, the
warning and the encouragement of his children
and others.*

406058

P R E F A C E.

THE compilation of this volume has not been free from that difficulty usually experienced in making a volume of selections from a large amount of material, a difficulty enhanced in this case on the one hand by the wide range of the matter, and on the other by the necessity, to which we have reluctantly yielded, of limiting the publication to a single volume.

The most of the articles which have been selected sufficiently explain themselves, or need only brief bibliographical foot-notes by way of introduction. Others seem to call for some slight notice here.

The *Theophany* was originally delivered in fourteen sermons to the Bridge-Street Church, Georgetown, D. C. The session of the church requested the sermons for publication. The request was granted, but a little time was asked for revision of the manuscript. Just then the war-cloud burst upon us, and Mr. Bocoek returned to Virginia. When written out during the war, the sermons formed eighteen chapters, and an intended revision was prevented by failure of health. Eight of these chapters have been selected for this volume.

Again, for many years a close intimacy existed between Prof. Wm. H. McGuffey, of the University of Virginia, and Mr. Bocoek. Dr. McGuffey, knowing the difficulties through which his friend had passed in his early religious

experience, requested him to write out, for the benefit of others, an account of these struggles and enquiries after truth. The result was a volume called *Progress to Tranquillity, or a Search for Truth*, and dedicated in these words:

TO REV. WM. H. MCGUFFEY, D. D.,

From whom I have learned more, in less time, than from any other living man, this book is dedicated, with the highest respect and most fraternal regard of

THE AUTHOR.

From this work only the first two chapters have been selected. The remaining chapters being of a controversial nature, it was deemed best not to include them in a volume of miscellanies.

When Dr. Bledsoe's *Theology* appeared, Dr. McGuffey, believing the influence of the book at the University of Virginia unfortunate, wrote very soon after its publication to Mr. Boccock, asking that he review it immediately. This review, which was published the following month, was not meant to be merely controversial, and is now reprinted by request.

These prefatory words would be incomplete without the record of especial gratitude felt to Rev. Clement R. Vaughan, D. D., a life-long friend of the author of this volume, for kind and helpful editorial assistance, of which this public expression of thanks is only a slight acknowledgment.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHNS H. BOCOCH was born in the county of Buckingham, Virginia, in that section of it which was afterwards cut off to make a part of the county of Appomattox, rendered immortal by the closing scenes of the late war between the States of the American Union. His birthday was the 31st of January, 1813. He was the son of John Thomas Bocooh, a prominent and popular citizen of the county of Buckingham: his mother was Mary Flood, of the same section. The highest testimonials of public confidence and private esteem were borne to the abilities and worth of his father in the various employments in the public service to which he was successively called during his whole life. His mother was one of those noble Christian women whose strong sense, decision of character and devoted fidelity give the best guarantees of a family trained for usefulness and honor in church and state. Her memory was cherished by her children with a tenderness which was irresistible testimony to her worth. A number of sons and daughters gathered under the faithful guardianship of these noble parents. A school was established in the household, which was successively managed by the older sons as they became competent in age and acquirements. John, as one of the younger children, received his principal education in this school, and the result in his and other cases of the family was proof that the training in this home-school was most efficiently done. The pastor of the church in which he was bred was Rev. Jesse S. Armistead, D. D., a preacher of great power—a prince of the pulpit of his day, distinguished not more for the intellectual merit of his preaching than for the warmth and power of his evangelical feeling. Under his influence John Bocooh, after a struggle strongly marked by the characteristics of his vehement and passionate nature, was led to accept the terms of the gospel, and was received into the communion of the church.

The question was soon raised before his conscience whether it was not his duty to enter the Christian ministry. Another fierce conflict was the result. He inherited the characteristic talents of his family in a high degree. His temperament and the peculiar qualities of his mind were those in which ambition exerts its strongest influence. His sensibility and strong imaginative faculties swarmed with visions of earthly distinction and success. The office of the ministry as a general rule presents mainly a prospect of privation and unremunerated labor. To relinquish prospects on which he saw other members of his family successfully entering, and choose for himself a career from which wealth, a settled home and personal independence were shut out, was a stern issue for the ardent and strong-willed youth. He was eminently conscientious; he would not thrust himself uncalled into the sacred office. This uncertainty on one side, and the powerful appeals of a career of success in this world on the other, made the decision severe and protracted. Seeking the counsels of his judicious and faithful pastor, and appealing for the guidance of the Master he had vowed to serve, his decision was made. Nearly a year was consumed in this struggle; but in the beginning of the year 1832 he entered the home of Dr. Armistead as a student of divinity. In the fall of that year, by the advice of Dr. George A. Baxter, the recently appointed successor of Dr. John Holt Rice in the theological chair of Union Seminary, he entered Amherst College, in Massachusetts. He there became associated with three young men who afterwards rose to great distinction: Stuart Robinson, Benjamin M. Palmer and Henry Ward Beecher. These students often met within the walls of the college, as they did afterwards in a broader arena, in conflict over the great overshadowing issue of abolitionism and slavery, and other questions of state and church. Young Boccock took a full share in these discussions then and afterwards. Beecher's parting words as they left college were, "When next we meet it will be upon the topmost wave of controversy." There could be nothing but war between three vowed young champions of the old evangelical faith, and one whose career from the beginning to the end was one scene of resistance to established ideas. During his college career young Boccock read extensively outside of the textbooks of the course. His notes contain a specimen of the keenness and justness of his literary judgments even at that imma-

ture period, in his judgment of the fascinating works of Sir Walter Scott. He read them "with an earnest protest against their caricatures of evangelical religion, their deep wrong to the covenanting Presbyterians, their singular worship of feudal institutions, and the deep infatuation of their Toryism; but with the highest enjoyment of their genius."

In the fall of 1835 he returned home with his diploma. The next year he took his turn in conducting the family school; and in the autumn of 1836 entered the Union Theological Seminary, in Prince Edward county. The Presbyterian Church was then in the heat and grapple of the conflict which the next year divided it into two distinct denominations. Everywhere in the churches and the homes of the people, in the schools of every kind, the fierce fever of controversy was burning. Coccock took his stand with characteristic decision, and fought for his convictions with characteristic fearlessness. He was always a soldier in time of war, and did not stand upon ceremony in defence of truth or the assault of error. His opinions were burned into his convictions by that light and heat which a deep and heartfelt experience lets in on the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. He was a Calvinist and a Presbyterian of the old school, not only without apology for his creed, but with a ready and heavy hand for its defence or assertion. Taking deeply the impress of the giant intellect and child-like piety of the great man who taught theology in the Seminary, and warm with the fervent spirit of that heroic era, he remained at Union until licensed to preach by West Hanover Presbytery, in the month of October, 1838. He returned to the school after licensure, until January, 1839, when he commenced preaching as an evangelist in the counties of Amherst and Appomattox. In the month of June of that year he was ordained at Amherst Courthouse, by a commission of the same Presbytery that licensed him, consisting of Rev. William S. Reid, D. D., of Lynchburg, Rev. William Hamersly and Rev. Andrew Hart.

After preaching several years in this region he determined to go West. The period through which he had passed in the obscure and hard work assigned to him was trying; it would have been trying to any one; but to this noble genius, conscious of great abilities and panting for a field which would give full scope to his desire of usefulness, it was specially so. He once said to the writer, "I used to pray at the Seminary that God would not let

me be a saddle-bags preacher: but he kept me a saddle-bags preacher for fifteen years." He had to pass through the fires to fit him for what the Master had for him to do. His strong passions made desperate fight, and the faithful Lover of his own dealt in wise and resolute fidelity with him. At length--this is his own testimony--he determined to seek the obscurity of the West or South, and welcome fate. He was directed to Parkersburg, in the northwestern part of the mountains of Virginia, where for two years he preached with extraordinary power and with a success, so far as public esteem of his talents were concerned, sufficient to have satisfied his ambition if that had been all that his eager heart desired to receive. But this was not all, nor was it the most; he longed for fruit in his ministry. But the condition of that church frustrated that expectation; the old depression returned, and he began to moodily meditate his Western immolation again. God was leading him, and the path led deeper into the wilderness: goodness and chastening were intermingled all through the dispensation which was before him. He obtained a position which charmed him, as teacher in the family and chaplain to the slaves of a wealthy Presbyterian planter of Louisiana, named Cobb. Here he anticipated rest from the old vexations. But not so: his health failed; he was ordered to seek a more healthful climate. All this pathetic narrative is from his own lips. Greatly enfeebled he took steamer up the long reaches of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati. Leaving the steamer so worn and deadly sick as scarcely to retain consciousness, he walked reeling along the streets. A Christian gentleman meeting him, saw he was intensely ill, turned and followed him. Just as he reached a crossing he staggered and would have fallen, but was caught in the arms of this good Samaritan. Learning from him who he was, his unknown friend called a carriage and took him to his own home. The Master had provided. For a few days he was ill; but when the sorrow passed it bore away the spiritual evils which the great Physician had resolved to cure. As he himself expressed it, "I was willing to go back to Virginia and be a saddle-bags preacher as long as the Lord willed it. I found that the desperate remedy I had sought for was worse than the disease." He reached home in safety, and after recruiting his health he was ready again for work, whatever might be given him. The cure was effective; the

trial had worked its remedial issue; and now came the reward. The Master kept him a saddle-bags preacher a while longer, but gave him his heart's desire in the rich and visible fruits of his ministry. The interval of recruiting rest at his now widowed mother's home was not idle; his pen was busy; and in the fall of 1847 he was installed pastor of Providence Church, in the county of Louisa. His little diary records his gratitude at being allowed to preach the gospel once more. He spent five years in this work in Louisa, preaching at different points, forming and creating strong attachments among the people. At length God responded to the cry of his soul for many years. The heavens were opened; the Spirit was poured from on high, and a very remarkable revival through all his congregations and extending for many months showed the issue of all the trials through which the Master had carried his erring but devoted servant. In this season of interest he was from time to time assisted by that earnest and faithful worker in the Master's vineyard, the late Rev. Daniel B. Ewing, D. D., then of Madison, Va. A series of articles from his pen in the *Central Presbyterian*, signed with the quaint beauty peculiar to the writer's poetic taste, "John Memini," and another series in the *Christian Observer*, relate many of the incidents of this fortunate period, and deserve to be reproduced. Such narratives are invaluable; they are not only useful for the instruction of the ordinary reader, but detail the facts from which the teacher of religion can draw out the rules of the divine procedure in the practical application of gospel doctrine. They are really doctrine embodied. Dr. Spencer's *Pastoral Sketches* exemplify this truth, and many of his recited instances will be matched in interest by these narratives of the Louisa pastor.

In the early part of 1853 he received a call to the Old School Church at Harrisonburg, Virginia. Moved by the reluctance of his people to give him up, and by his visible and great usefulness in the Louisa field, the Presbytery refused to place the call in his hands. Some months later the call was renewed, under circumstances which placed the affair in such lights that he was allowed to accept it, and he reluctantly left his beloved charge in Louisa and removed to the Valley of Virginia. About the time of his removal to Harrisonburg Dr. Boccock was happily married to Miss Sarah Margaret Kemper, the daughter of William Kemper, Esq., of Madison, Va., a man whose name through a long life

was the synonym of Christian honor and integrity; and sister of Gen. James L. Kemper, a gallant officer in the Confederate army, and after the close of the war Governor of Virginia. In this marriage the highest earthly blessing of his life was conferred upon him. Adding to a devoted personal affection a suitable appreciation of her gifted husband, this faithful wife was the charm of his happier days, the unfailing solace of his last pathetic trials, and the eager cherisher of his fame and memory in her long widowhood. Five children—four sons and one daughter—were the fruits of this union, of whom four still survive. He remained in his new charge a little over three years, during which period his labor abounded, and when called away, left its interests strengthened materially. A new church had been built, a parsonage provided, and the general prosperity of the congregation advanced. As a specimen of the evangelical spirit and the pastoral fidelity of the man the following incident may be noted. It was a favorite maxim of his, that “he who will observe providences shall have providences to observe.” In his life and work as a pastor he believed that he was often “heaven-led” in certain sermons and in certain pastoral visits. One reason was the earnest and importunate prayers which accompanied his preaching and his visits. On one occasion he arose before day-break, saying a certain gentleman of his charge had been on his mind and heart with much solicitude during the night, and he must go and see him. The person in question was in delicate health, was not a professor of religion, and was not very approachable on the subject. The pastor was not aware at this time that he was any worse than he had been for months before. He had his horse hastily fed, and set out on a ten-mile ride before the family had breakfasted. On his arrival he found a serious change for the worse had taken place, and the gravest anxieties beset the feelings of the Christian family of his sick parishioner. He was eagerly welcomed. Lifting his heart in fervent prayer he entered the chamber. To his surprise, the invalid was ready to receive him, to be conversed with and prayed for, and to listen eagerly to the gospel offers. Several times during the day these conversations were repeated, and it was the last day in which the patient was conscious. In a day or two he died, leaving his family cheered with the hope that he had been enabled to accept the Saviour of sinners.

In the spring of 1856 Dr. Bocock received an unanimous call to the flourishing Bridge-Street Church, in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Led by similar reasons with those which dictated the same action in the Presbytery of West Hanover in declining to put the first call of the Harrisonburg church into his hands, the Presbytery of Lexington refused to allow him to receive this call. After an interval of some months this call was also renewed, and with a similar result. He now removed to Georgetown and entered on the most favored period of his ministry. He was now in a position worthy of his great talents and ardent aspirations after usefulness. He was stimulated to the highest exertions of his abilities and fervent zeal. The charge was congenial; his ministerial associations were pleasant; his work prospered; his health was firm; he was happy in his growing family; and he put forth all his strength with the happiest results. In the year 1858, "the year of revivals," one of the most powerful works of grace vouchsafed to the church took place in his charge. At this time he labored, prayed, visited and preached for ninety days without intermission, probably laying the foundation for that fatal failure of nerve and brain which finally broke down his strong mental and bodily constitution. He preached every night, in addition to the usual Sabbath services. Although frequently assisted by neighboring ministers his feelings were too deeply moved to allow him to keep silent. In his visits from house to house and in the two daily meetings for inquiry—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—he became acquainted with the peculiar states of mind and the difficulties of every one who had become interested, and was thus prepared at the evening services to present the gospel under an exact adjustment to the conscious wants of his hearers. The results were what might have been expected: old and young, white-haired sires and mothers, many in middle-age, youths of both sexes, and children received under care of the session, because thought to be too young to enter the full communion of the church, became subject to the grace of God. The church was crowded every night, and although the signs of nerve and brain failure were becoming marked in the faithful pastor, he said he dared not close the meetings while the Holy Spirit was so manifestly present. At length the torturing headaches became so intense that his session persuaded him to go off for a period of rest, promising to keep up the services without relax-

tion. In four days he was back, saying that he could not rest, with the condition of his charge filling his thoughts by day and his dreams by night. His own soul was so filled with the realization of the grace he preached that many began to think that one to whom such rich manifestations were given would not be long in entering the presence of the King. From this time the blessing of God seemed to abide on pastor and people until the war-cloud began to rise in the fatal year 1860. He had hoped to live and die there. But a disastrous change began to appear. As the political atmosphere darkened with the coming storm, partisan feeling began to disturb the churches, and his favored charge did not escape the contagion. Although almost heart-broken at the prospect of approaching calamities, not a word was heard from his pulpit which could give any clue to the political proclivities of the pastor. He prayed that war might be averted and peace preserved. But when the President called for volunteers to invade his native South, he at once procured passes and brought his family to Virginia, telling his friends he hoped he was only going for a longer summer vacation than usual. The night before his departure there was a scene in his parlor, which, as typical of the crisis, was worthy of the pencil of an artist. Many of both sexes called to say farewell. Among them was a friend and neighbor, a deacon of the church, who, after sitting quietly for a time, rose, and with a voice shaken by emotion, said that he had that day enlisted to fight the battles of his country, and might soon be ordered off to the scene of conflict; that he knew his beloved pastor and himself thought entirely differently on the subject; that, painful as it would be, they might from that time until the great day meet as enemies; and that he had come to ask him to go with him to the mercy-seat once more, and probably for the last time on earth. All knelt, and amid tears and sobs a prayer was offered which will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

On the opening of the war Dr. Boccock became chaplain of the Seventh Regiment of Virginia Infantry; but in six months, exposure and the strain on mind and nerve broke down his health, and he was compelled to retire. He then spent a year in his native county, recruiting his health, writing and preaching as he was able. When sufficiently restored to take charge of a church, he accepted an invitation to the church at Halifax Courthouse, a delightful charge, where he labored, as his health would allow,

until the malaria of the region so affected his own and the health of his family, that he was advised by his physician to remove to the mountains of Virginia. He accepted an invitation to Fincastle, in the county of Botetourt; but it was soon evident that his health was permanently injured. He still preached and labored with all his usual tenderness and fidelity as his failing strength would permit. He wrote by request several articles for the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, among which was one on "Authorship in the South"—the last he ever wrote—testifying to the end his unquenchable zeal for his own abused and much misrepresented section. But the end of his ardent and brilliant work was at hand. One Sabbath morning, in the month of March, 1870, as he was preparing for the usual services, a blood-vessel of his over-taxed brain was ruptured, and his active career was closed on earth forever. Now ensued a scene of interest infinitely pathetic. No finger can lift the veil over the sorrows of this last period of this great and good man's life. Ordered in the infinite wisdom and love of One who gives no account of his matters, yet who makes no mistakes, and never forsakes those who have trusted in his grace, the events of the next four and twenty months await the lights of eternity to reveal their pathos, and disclose the love and faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God. The brilliant mind was fettered; the eloquent tongue spoke brokenly; but the loving heart saw through the clouded intuitions the glory of "the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven"—a phrase which was often on his lips. His mental energy was still sufficient to enable him to appreciate the waste which had taken place, and thus to intensify the pathos of the situation. He would look over his books, which he had loved with all the fervor of his impassioned and imaginative temperament, and murmur in subdued tones, "All gone! all gone!" Then the loyal Christian heart in him would assert the rights of his Lord, and he would immediately exclaim, "It is all right! all right!" Those words, "all right," expressed the habitual tone of his feelings during all that long, wearisome period of extreme trial. Only once was the tempter permitted a short triumph over his faith. For a few minutes his hold on the truth seemed to give way, and then the struggle of the shattered mind and the loving heart was distressing to see. He was reminded of the faithfulness of God, and soon the shadows vanished, and he ex-

claimed, "it is clear-shining all the way through, all the way through." His faith was never darkened again. He loved to dwell on the communion of saints. Music was a delight to him to the end, and it was specially so when his little daughter learned to play some familiar airs. His intense delight in sacred poetry also clung to him to the last. The "*old hymns*" were recurred to with loving and cheering remembrance, "Amazing Grace," "How Firm a Foundation," and many others, especially his old favorite, "Father, I long, I faint to see." Dr. Guthrie's hymn, "I'm Kneeling at the Threshold," was often repeated.

The end came at last. His family had removed to Lexington after the fatal seizure in Fincastle, and the last fatal numbness came on as he was sitting on the lawn of the Ann Smith Academy, in the summer shade of the trees. Over and over on that day, as he would try to use the hitherto unaffected arm and hand, and felt that the numbness was extending, he would murmur "*The King in his beauty—The King in his beauty!*" He lingered for a few days, long enough to receive the news of his oldest son's entry into the communion of the church, and to express in his joyous face what his silent tongue could no longer do, the gratitude of his loyal soul. As the end came close, a most peculiar expression of reverence and delighted awe settled upon his dying features and remained there—as if his purged vision caught some glorious shape standing in his presence as he advanced under the shadows. He passed into the endless peace on the 17th of July, 1872, in the sixtieth year of his age.

To make a true and by any means adequate delineation of the mental character of this remarkable man is no easy task. To make a similar sketch of his strongly-marked moral character is equally difficult. The effort will be made as faithfully as possible to do justice to both, aiming in both to tell the truth, to exaggerate nothing, and to paint him as nature made him, and as grace remoulded him into its own beautiful image. In his physical frame, Dr. Boccock was above medium height, well and strongly built; his figure was good; there was nothing in his ordinary gait or movements that would lead any one to anticipate the peculiar action which marked his public speaking. His features were strongly marked; the nose rather blunt; the lips full and rather wide; his brow well shaped; the forehead, as far as

seen under the wig which he wore to cover premature baldness, rather broad than high; but the eyes, dark grey, with an expression of deep sensibility and thoughtfulness, not specially bright, but capable of reporting strongly the play of his emotions, were very fine, and redeemed every defect. His natural temper was hot and passionate, but generous; his disposition was combative; he had the courage of his convictions; and when heated by conflict in public or private he could not always control his temper within legitimate bounds. He was sometimes rough, and made enemies when there was no occasion for personal alienation. But this must be said in this connection: the personal bearing of his antagonist had much to do with these exhibitions. A positive and dogmatic opposition roused all the combativeness of his own temper. He had an immeasurable contempt for pretentious or assuming manners. He could barely tolerate what he esteemed a cold and calculating disposition, and when he encountered either of these three things in a controverted matter he was liable to give way to his feelings. But to those who unassumingly and with evident sincerity of conviction asserted views contrary to his own he was always courteous.

An intimacy of more than twenty years with the writer of this sketch never gave a sign of anything but the most unbroken kindness. This combative and high-strung temperament was united with a sensitiveness almost morbid. He was more like the celebrated Rousseau in this respect than any character we have ever encountered in literature or in real life. He possessed the characteristics of the class of intellects to which he belonged in a high degree. His mental structure was essentially poetical. His general powers were very vigorous, but the leading faculty was an imagination, rich, original and pregnant with poetic fancies; a sensibility to every species of beauty in nature and all the walks of art—in the old classic mythologies and in all the fields of modern literature—which made him tremulous with delight wherever he saw it. His mind rayed out in the colors of poetry. It was like a great cathedral window, glorious in purple and vermilion, dotted with spots of gold, steeping every ray which pierced its gorgeous panes with its own colors, and throwing the image of its own splendor on the floor beyond. It caught and reproduced every form of beauty it encountered, from the quaint to the splendid. It colored the expression of his own thoughts fre-

quently with very striking and original hues. It appeared in the names and titles of his own literary articles, sometimes singular, always touched with beauty. We remember a specimen of this trait in a debate in the Synod of Virginia. Speaking of the impossibility of some proposition finding support in the church, he said, "it would stand no more chance of acceptance in the public sentiment than an egg-shell battery before a seventy-four." "John Ruric," "Chatsworth," "The Arinoka Correspondence," "The New Pythagorean," "St. Paul's Vision of Victory," "John Memini," are samples of the quaint beauty of his taste in names. His powers of argument were vigorous: but the strongly colored cast of his thinking and the deep sensibility of his feeling, which were infused into all his work, left the higher regions of pure speculation, where only the white lights of pure logic prevailed, untouched. His thinking was profound: it was animated by a depth of pure feeling, either of beauty or religious importance, which steeped it in the energy of passion. This combination of thought, fancy and feeling is a rarer and perhaps a higher gift than the capacity for pure logical analysis. His imagination colored all the past with the hues of actual life: it construed the heroes of history, sacred and profane, as actual living creatures who had once lived and felt, acted and suffered, as men do now. The creations of the poets; the living forms of Shakespeare's men and women; the gorgeous processions of Sir Walter's fancy, Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert, Waverley and Fergus Mc-Ivor; the heroes of Homer, with their nodding helms, walked their welcome round in his fancy. The beauty of the old classic mythology, charming to the multitude of scholars, charmed him in a degree so peculiar that it not only animated his own literary work, but formed a grand staple of his talk to his children when they mounted his knees and asked him to tell them a tale in the summer gloaming or by the fire-side in winter.

We cannot refrain from making a short quotation here from a child-like "*Memorial of My Father*," written after his death by the only one of his children who was old enough to appreciate his loss; a touching tribute to the man who was sometimes thought stern by those who did not know him well:

. . . . "My earliest recollections of my father are full of love and reverence for him. As soon as I was old enough we used to take frequent walks in the early morning and late evening; walks

which are now green spots in my remembrance of the past, rendered delightful to me by conversation with him. Sometimes they were about the old red and black-heart cherry trees, and the ruins;¹ sometimes about his early youth and manhood, and sometimes about fairies and nymphs and dryads and fauns and "midsummer nights' dreams," which still have a charm for me, which is owing entirely to the fresh and delightful way in which he used to talk of them. As far back as I can remember, in his talks with me, my father would allude to the Saviour with so much tenderness and love and gratitude for his "taking upon himself the likeness of sinful flesh," that I learned to love *Him* also from hearing him. His ideas and his way of imparting them were so fresh and interesting about religion, as well as about everything else, that I never tired of listening, and never grew tired, no matter how long the walk was."

From everything he read his watchful and devouring eagerness for the delights of poetic beauty caught some suggestion. All the grand records of that sublime faith to which his noble gifts were devoted lived the same life of vivid realization and of a still more profound and animating confidence in his soul. He was a believer after the old honest type, who disdained to compromise his own integrity and manliness by a nominal acceptance of the Christian records, followed up by a systematic attempt to make a name for scholarship, based upon a detailed discredit of their claims to acceptance. When he accepted the old untainted faith of Christendom in the Scriptures as the word of God, he meant all that he avowed. To him it was the word of God, to be received with the grateful reverence to which a divine revelation was entitled; to be consulted with profoundest veneration; to be obeyed with prompt obedience to its commands; its promises to be trusted without a doubt; its declarations to be believed to the very uttermost of their significance. All its grand declarations of doctrine, its histories of the past, its prophecies of the future, its solemn admonitions of coming wrath, its joyous proclamation of the remedies of grace, its pathetic pleading for acceptance, its weeping warnings of the results of unbelief, were to him as vivid realities as the shining of the sun in the heavens or the waving trees upon the earth. He no more doubted the power of the gospel remedies than he did the reality and the bitterness of the sin

¹ Of one of the old Appomattox homes during the war.

and woe which those remedies were intended to heal. All the facts stated in the sacred volume were accepted as such and lived in his vivid mind as they had occurred. He had no doubt of the miracles of the old prophets, or of him whom he trusted with the immortal treasure of his soul. He did not doubt that the Creator of all things had not exhausted his power in his creations, and could therefore raise, by the exercise of that same life-giving power, the dead who had once received life from him. He did not assume to do the absurd and contradictory work of determining the limits of unlimited power. He could recognize the honest alternative—if the Scriptures were true, to accept them; if they were not true to reject them absolutely. But this hybrid mixture of belief and unbelief—the wolf showing his grinning fangs under the sheep's robes; this desecration of the Christian pulpit to assail the Christian gospel and preach the gospel of Satan, he loathed with utter abhorrence. He was led to this by his integrity as a man, by his honor as a gentleman, as truly as by his faith and devotion as a Christian. His moral integrity, conspicuous in his opinions and in his whole life, public and private, was of the highest order.

His religious character was moulded by the old evangelic-faith of the Presbyterian Calvinists. It was the result of a deep and vivid experience. His views of the moral ruin of the human soul were unusually deep and strong; they were the result, not only of an absolute confidence in the diagnosis of human nature given in the Scriptures, but of his own intuitions, quickened by the Holy Ghost to discover the real phenomena of his own soul. His conflict with these conscious faults was both constant and severe. In his private note-books are recorded prayers "*spoken to God,*" in which are found the most heart-searching self-examinations, confessions and petitions, not intended for the eye of man, only for that of God, and would not be understood by any one who had not had deep experiences of the woes and wants of the human heart. Among the petitions frequently found is that he "might be delivered from self-consciousness in the pulpit"

His religious life was no holiday existence; the fight of faith against sin was a real and resolute conflict. The strong energies of his original nature were confronted by an answerable vigor of gracious influence. He rested solely on the great redemption work of the Saviour of sinners. His tender sympathy for other

souls, his deep experience of grace, his clear insight into the religious workings of the human heart, made him a skillful divider of the word of truth, an invaluable guide to minds seeking to understand the way of salvation. He was given to a spirit of constant and fervent prayer. His greatest passion was for the success of his ministry in this great cardinal end, the actual conversion of men. His original high ambition for distinction and mere worldly success had been chastened until its controlling force was broken, and all the ardor of his vehement spirit was chiefly devoted to the legitimate object of his calling. In a season of revival he was untiring in his labor, and no doubt laid the foundation of the fatal disease of his brain by the incessant exertions called forth by such a period in his Georgetown charge. In the ordinary periods of pastoral work he was always on the watch, ready to seize every opportunity to guide to Christ. This stable spirit of fidelity is perhaps a higher proof of the gifts of grace to a Christian minister than the more animated but less enduring zeal called out by a special occasion. In his whole life as a preacher of the gospel Dr. Boccock was a workman who had no need to be ashamed.

As a preacher he was distinguished in many ways. He was careful and systematic in his preparations; his sermons were full of beaten oil; his manuscripts were carefully prepared. He could and did preach much and effectively extemporaneously; but he recognized the hazard to all ministers, except the few of special gifts, of seeking to meet the regular and incessant demands of a regular pastoral charge, especially in a city or village church, by any other method of preparation. His aims in preaching were always practical. In the freest indulgence of his imperial fancy he always sought to make the impression of the truth the more pointed and powerful. There was no allowed play of imaginative conceptions merely for the sake of the beauty, much less for the mere excitement of admiration. His views were always fresh, because they were the results of his own re-thinking of the truth; they were often original and very striking. The intense earnestness of his feelings was a constant attribute of his preaching. His manner was unique. His voice in its lower tones was very pleasant, but not capable of rising to the higher expression of his more excited passages without changing into a degree of harshness. His gestures were strong and frequently almost grotesque,

but the whole combination of thought, feeling and action was so fused with the spirit of intense sensibility and conviction that it was felt to be a unit inseparable without injury to the impression. His preaching was always interesting to his audiences, and was especially appreciated by the most cultivated portions of them. The following description of it by an intelligent member of the congregation in Parkersburg will give a lively impression of it:

“Twenty-five years ago we had a preacher here of great abilities. He was one of a family of intellectual giants whose name has been indelibly stamped upon the later history of Virginia, and he did not shame his origin. His mind was a capacious store-house of knowledge and his taste and genius wrought these materials into rare and most attractive discourses. He was justly a famous preacher, though still a young man, but awkward in his gesticulation to an incredible degree. He would commence one of his long, rugged, tortuous, but mighty periods, with solemn energy, and would go on for some time without action, the volume of his voice gradually augmenting. Then, as he neared his climax, he would lean forward, raise his right arm and commence a movement like turning a crank. Louder and louder rang his voice, faster and faster went the crank, till reaching the climax the machinery seemed to leap out of gear and fly to pieces with a bang. Then he would pause for a moment and start on a new career. Now, although it required all the transcendent powers of this man to save his action from being ludicrous, every preacher of his sect that I heard in this region for ten years after his departure was making more or less effort to turn that crank.

“It should be stated that with advancing years the manner and gestures were greatly modified and softened. The deep solemnity with which he entered the pulpit was often remarked upon, and one of his regular hearers said the words, ‘*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,*’ were often suggested. Most impressively was this the case when the Lord’s supper was about to be administered, and the tender and solemn addresses to the impenitent with which these communion seasons were often closed resulted in genuine cases of awakening and conversion.”

Having given the above description from one who knew him in the early years of his ministry, we select the following from inci-

dents of his mature ministry, related by an old Georgetown elder, Dr. C.:

“Judge D., of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, never joined the church, but was a regular attendant with his family. I was sitting in the gallery once during services—there had been some unusual spiritual interest—and Dr. Boccock was preaching with great power, when Judge D. rose to his feet in the middle of the church below, stood erect for a few moments gazing at him, and then fell over on the seat in front and wept like a child. He was a man of great dignity of character, and was never easily excited.”

“One evening when Dr. Boccock had a sermon to deliver he came back from Washington so late as not to have time to go to his house before entering the pulpit. He apologized to the congregation for not having his prepared sermon, and, it being a missionary occasion, invited their attention to some selections from Isaiah, on which he would informally speak for a short time. He then became so absorbed with his subject that he preached for an hour, delivering the most powerful, finished and eloquent missionary sermon I ever heard.”

As a debater Dr. Boccock ranked high. He was ready in utterance and took strong and generally sound and judicious ground. He kindled as he went on, and even when his reasoning was not particularly striking, his rare fancy and original modes of expression never failed to make the address racy and full of entertainment to his audience. He was seldom witty or humorous, but occasionally sarcastic and severe. Rarely his full power was displayed, and then always in some outbreak of ardent and passionate feeling, through which the flashes of poetical beauty would break now and then like the sheet lightning illumining the curly masses of a summer cloud. The following appreciative notice of a discussion in the Synod of Virginia, by the Rev. John S. Grasty, D. D., will illustrate his quality as a debater:

“As an ecclesiastic, Dr. Boccock was the peer of the foremost men upon the floor of the Synod of Virginia. He had carefully studied the genius of Presbyterianism, and acquainted himself accurately with its testimonies and histories. The writer recalls the scenes that occurred at the Synod which assembled at Staunton during the autumn of 1862. The fratricidal war between the North and the South was then raging fiercely. What sign;

fiance to the church of God was there in the events of that day! On this subject Dr. Boccock had something to say, and both ministers and people were eager to hear. When called upon to speak, he craved, now that the evening had come, that indulgence might be granted until nine o'clock the next morning. On the morrow, as he entered the sanctuary, he bore upon his countenance the marks of anxious thought. As he moved down the aisle, almost reeling as he walked, leaning heavily upon a staff, his face pale and wan, the spectator feared for the result. The speaker began in a bending posture and with a feeble voice, but amid a silence that reigned over the vast congregation. It was a theme and an audience that aroused to its depths his gifted and scholarly spirit. Many will recall the occasion. There he stands with compressed lip, expanded forehead, eagle eye, panting to utter the burning thoughts that were rushing through his soul. At that moment his dusky countenance, his unique form, might have recalled the figure of Mirabeau explaining to a very different assembly the meaning of another revolution. The speech begins, and Dr. Ramsey interrupts him for an explanation. It is now that Dr. Boccock takes fire. He rises at once to the highest pitch of eloquence. God's government of the world, his care for the church, always and everywhere, in war as in peace, the certainty that truth will triumph by and by, though the Almighty (with whom a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day) may bear long with the wicked. This was the theme that so possessed the speaker's soul that for an hour and a half he held the congregation as with a spell. Logic, pathos, sublimity alternated until not a mind in the great assembly remained untouched. As the company dispersed, the severest critic in the Synod remarked, 'I knew that Boccock was talented, but there was a loftiness and power in this effort of which I did not suppose him capable.' It was, indeed, the great speech of his life. In boldness, unction, force, the effort has seldom been surpassed in the presence of any deliberative body. Whatever differences existed as to the theories advanced by the speaker, there was but one single estimate in reference to the unmistakable grandeur of the speech."

As a thinker we have already suggested the leading characteristics of his mental processes. His thought was so steeped in fancy and feeling, it is difficult to separate these elements and

look exclusively at the pure process of his ratiocination. Generally a strong common-sense determined his conclusions; sometimes his love of poetic beauty led him to the assertion of probabilities so purely fanciful that they were only redeemed from extravagance by the originality and quaint beauty of the conception. Of this sort was the notion that in heaven the saints of different regions of the earth would be located in regions similar to those in which their earthly life and their career of faith was run—the inhabitants of mountainous districts among the hills of the celestial country; those of river and plain on the rivers and plains of heaven. His love of nature and his love of strange and imaginative conceptions were sometimes blended together, and strange and striking analogies were evoked out of them. The quaintly beautiful analogy between “the vampire skins of the dead” and “the ever-green pines of the Virginia forests” is a sample of this in the *New Pythagorean*—a piece of as exquisite word-painting as anything in Ruskin or Hugh Miller. This same love of the beauties of nature, combined with the intense spirituality of his religious feelings, wrought many a beautiful and intense strain of thought in his delineations of the future state. His prose poetry was of a very high order of excellence. His versified poetry showed the poetic cast of his thought with equal energy, but the vocabulary of his versified expression displayed only an original capacity of such expression without its full development. Had this original capability been subjected to the same constant and arduous culture which the exigencies of his professional labors enforced on his prose compositions, it is very evident he would have risen to eminence in that line also. This singular combination of deep and refined speculation, rich fancy, and intense poetic and religious sensibility, marked Dr. Boccock as eminently a man of genius. He had more of that peculiar combination of fancy, feeling and original thought, more easily recognized than accurately delineated, which is called *genius*, than any man we have ever known. Like the colored stars in the vaulted skies, not rivalling the planets in size, but more beautiful in their tinted splendor this gifted mind is worthy of a peculiar admiration. The worth of a preacher of Christ’s great gospel, so full of faith and intense spiritual affections, can never be estimated until it is judged in those high realms where the red star shines in the galaxy of heaven.

C. R. V.

NEW PROVIDENCE MANSE, *May 14th*, 1890.

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY WRITINGS
OF
JOHN H. BOCK, D. D.

THEOPHANY:

OR,

VISIONS OF THE SON OF GOD IN THE SCRIPTURES.

VISIONS OF GOD IN THE FIRST AGES.

TH**ERE** is something awfully grand in the first chapters of our Bible, considered as a prelude to the story of redemption. Man is the chief theme. The creation is that of man and of his abode; the dwelling is that of man; the temptation and fall are those of man; the ejection is that of the human race in its first father. The flaming sword of the cherubim has a special terror to mortals, as it turns every way to keep the way of the tree of life.

We do not know how long the residence of man lasted in the garden of Eden. It may have lasted five hundred years for aught that we know. There are traditions of a golden age, bright glimpses of blessed and holy times, lying around the early sources of the ages and the races of the East, which it is very hard to regard as of pagan invention. And those glimpses of a golden age serve the same purpose in classic mythology that the brief visions of Eden serve in the Bible. They show what man once was, what he has lost, what God originally gave him in love, and what he might have retained but for disobedience to God.

Now, from the brief account of the fall, it has pleased God, in his wondrous mercy and grace, that the chief theme of the pen of inspiration, into whatever hand it falls, should be the redemption of sinners. The course of revelation goes on from age to age, like some great oratorio, of which lines of patriarchs, golden chains of types and shadows, successions of prophets, dynasties of kings, and long pro-

cessions of priests, constitute the measures of the vast melody, of which the parts have a meaning for each other and for the entire whole.

There are, among these, scenes of a wonderful wealth of romance, and of a pearly accuracy of delineation to the eye, which are strangely attractive and refreshing to the thinking mind, and which the books of every age must bring out for the heart of that age. They are chiefly scenes in which the manifestations of God to the senses of men are recorded. These are the things which human romance has vainly striven to emulate in all ages of the world. Those who have not given the subject special attention have little idea of the richness of these visions. They are things which have been seen and heard indeed upon this earth, brightening, honoring, hallowing it, and scattering over it Peniels, Bethels, Jerusalems, holy places where things have occurred which it is sweet and not forbidden to remember and delight in forever.

No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. The answer to the church's incessant question, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" consists of many separate branches. One is, "Have you seen him in the Holy Scriptures, that book appointed to be read in worship for its continual voice to the heart of the church?" Such an exposition as we have spoken of, of the Son of God in the Scriptures, as glimpses of his person and his glory appear through the long ages of the book, is some part of an answer to the question of the church. A book cannot, however, show these visions to the eyes of the church, unless the heart of the church is first hungry for them. The Spirit of the Lord only can breathe into the heart of the church that hungering and thirsting after him which are needful to prepare it for the reception of our little book.

These are the beholdings of the Son of God in the progressive revelations of himself to man in many different ages and places. They are, some of them, richer and

grander by far than the classic romance of golden and silver ages. And there may be traced a sort of analogy, perhaps, between the way in which light from Christ breaks upon the world and upon its history, on the one hand, and the way in which the light dawns upon an individual soul in regeneration on the other. And it is customary to think of them both as analogous to the natural dawn of day: first, a faint line of light upon the eastern sky; a faint trace of hope and peace on the eastern horizon of the individual soul; a faint trace of Christ, and of his covenant and his grace, around the morning gates of history. Then the light advancing to the perfect day; the trace of hope and peace increasing into joys, and giving a sense of the assured reality of salvation to the soul; the history of the world, as it advances, becoming full of redemption, of its wonders, its mysteries, and its blessings.

May the Spirit of Light and Life and Grace help us to show some of these scenes on these pages.

I. When in the sublime transactions of the creation "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," it seems not probable that there would have been any vision of God to human eyes, had there been human eyes to see it. For, so far as we know, the Spirit of God has ever been an invisible person of the Godhead, except in the "cloven tongues like as of fire," which were the symbols of his power on the day of Pentecost.

We do not know how long the first pair continued un-fallen in the garden of Eden; but there must have been some sweet and sacred intercourse, perhaps there was much, between the blessed God and that creature, the crown of the creation, whom he had made a living soul, and to whom he had given his own image, while that creature remained upright: "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living
T x U

thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."¹

"And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."²

This appears to be kindly and familiar intercourse between the Son of God, by whom all things were made, and his yet holy and happy creatures. In what form, if any, he *appeared* to them in thus blessing and commanding them, we cannot tell. Probably they themselves forgot, after their awful transgression, how he had looked, to their pure eyes, in those blessed days of their innocence. After their sad and guilty fall, "they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day."³ Thus, probably, in their blessedness, his voice had summoned them to a sweet communion which was the life of their souls. But now that heavenly intercourse is broken up, they hide from his presence.

And yet it would seem that they probably saw him in some form or other, when he pitied their guilty shame, while they were permitted awhile to linger in the happy garden, after he had told the serpent that the seed of the woman should bruise his head: "And unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them."⁴ They had made for themselves aprons of fig leaves. It seems to have been a bloody covering with which he clothed them. Probably it was the first type of the great atonement, wherein, long afterwards, in a human body, he covered sin. How he *appeared* to them, as he thus covered them, we are not told. Perhaps as a dim and distant glory, waning like a vision, soon to be lost to them,

¹ Gen. i. 28, 29.

² Gen. ii. 15-17.

³ Gen. iii. 8.

⁴ Gen. iii. 21.

and retiring farther and farther off into the depths of the holy eternity.

When the man and woman were driven from the garden, and were to be made to see that they had lost that happy place forever by their transgression, then there was a supernatural vision set before them at the gate of Eden. As they hear behind them the expelling voice of God, probably saying, Depart, ye sinners, from the precincts of the tree of life, and as they pass out of the gate, with dismayed and sinking hearts, turning for a parting look at their once happy home, lo! the Lord God had "placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."¹

It is not God himself whom they here see. These are the mystical and glorious beings of the eternal world, the angelic ministers of God, placed here to keep the man and the woman from approaching that tree of life of which they had lost the right to eat. The keen edge and the fearful glitter of "the flaming sword which turned every way" were not, as some have strangely supposed, symbols of mercy, but of justice. If ever either of them had access to the tree of life again, it was not in that garden. But they passed to it through the torn flesh of Immanuel, their own son, long after to be slain on the high altar of the world. And the tree stood, when next they plucked its fruit, not by the rivers of Eden, but by those of the celestial paradise above.

II. Through those ages of long life and increasing wickedness, between the expulsion from Eden and the deluge, usually reckoned to have been sixteen hundred years and more, we know of no visible revelation of God to man, unless such may be implied in the brief record that "Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."²

That he "walked with God" does not establish it as a fact that his divine companion was visible. The same expression is applied to Noah; and yet the literal character

¹ Gen. iii. 24.

² Gen. v. 24.

of the record, the fact that Enoch received the earliest revelation of the great judgment day,¹ and the other and striking fact that he was certainly borne away from this world without dying, and in a supernatural manner, incline us to believe that the expression may have a deeper significance than the simply spiritual one. In some manner he received testimony from heaven, before his translation, that he pleased God.² One may be permitted to think, as the Christian heart loves to think, that it was the angel of the covenant who made revelations from heaven to his saints, and cheered them with tokens of heaven's approbation, and walked with them in daily life, amid the tranquil solitudes of these primeval days. Perhaps he was only a voice, such as that which conversed with Elijah at the entering in of the cave at Horeb; perhaps a flame of fire enfolding a bush appeared with the voice, such as Moses saw on the same mountain; perhaps he appeared to Enoch as he appeared to Abram in the tent door, in the form of a human being, a man, a traveller across the land on some high commission of heaven, of a perfect beauty of form, and of a celestial dignity of bearing, such as was the germ of many a classic romance and fable of wandering Jupiter and Apollo and Mercury. Among the sequestered valleys, on the sublime mountain tops, in the morning and evening shades, on sacred Sabbath days, in the rapt communion of his hours of prayer, the patriarch walked with God. One day he was gone from his accustomed abode. Valley and mountain, and morning and evening, and Sabbath and place of prayer, missed him from among them. He was not. God had taken him. The place of their society was changed to the celestial world. A chariot of fire had carried him away, or a troop of blessed spirits conveyed him to heaven, or a whirlwind had borne him deathlessly aloft.

III. God often spoke to the patriarch Noah during his long career as a preacher before the deluge, during the

¹ Jude xiv.

² Heb. xi. 5.

preparation of the ark, and during the progress of that terrific event itself. But he never appeared to him visibly that we know of.

After the deluge he showed him, as it were, the hem of his celestial robe, as a token of a covenant of mercy. "And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant, between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth."¹

The beautiful bow in the clouds yet appears to surprise and to brighten our summer hours, and to give us occasion to tell our children of God's ancient judgments and covenants. It may be an object of little interest to some in these days. We have the records of so much broader revealings of God since that time. But it was light from heaven then. It was divine mercy speaking beautifully to the eye. It was, as it were, the hem of the robe of the Sun of Righteousness, who was to shine long after on the world.

IV. When the children of men again grew bold in sin, and journeying eastward together, came to the plain of Shinar, and there proposed to "build a city and a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, to make them a name, lest they should be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth," then "the Lord came down to see the city

¹ Gen. ix. 12-17.

and the tower" which they had built.¹ This may be accepted as the first of those projects of communism—all, it is believed, of infidel origin and intent—which continue from time to time, to mislead the weak with Utopian hopes of blessings contrary to nature and the law of God. They have usually ended in Babel; that is, confusion.

They probably did not see God when he came down to look upon them and their proud and daring enterprise; or, if they did see any sign of his presence, it may have been a lurid cloud gathering over them, with its rolling thunder and sharp lightning. Somehow or other, with some lightning of his power, visible or invisible, he smote their tongues and confounded their language, that they might not understand one another's speech. "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Perhaps this sudden stroke of his power, which the atheists among them may have ascribed to the wind, to the earth, to the stars, to chance, to destiny, or to fate, was all the proof they had that the God of heaven had been near them.

V. Abraham, the father of the chosen people, is a splendid figure in the spiritual history of this world. Coming out from the idolatrous east, building an altar to God at Bethel, interceding for doomed Sodom, paying tithes to and receiving a blessing from Melchizedek, covenanting with God in gorgeous visions, laying Isaac himself on the altar of sacrifice when bidden, rejoicing to look far away to the day of Jesus Christ, preaching to Dives long after from celestial glory, it is hardly wonderful that dark-minded men once thought it a good title to heaven but to be his son according to the flesh.

He was a descendant of Shem, that one of Noah's sons from whom sprang the eastern Asiatic people. He

¹ Gen. xi. 1-9.

was born and passed his youth among the Chaldees, deep idolaters, rapt adorers of the stars, which are said to shine with such a pure golden light over those ancient plains. According to the received dates, he may have conversed with his grandfathers Shem, Arphaxad, Salah and Heber, if his father, Terah, had maintained his abode near the ancestral home in Chaldea. He was only about four hundred years after the deluge. No doubt, he had received from the faithful memories of those men of nearly half a thousand years of age accounts of the things of old, of the promise to Adam of a seed of the woman to be victorious over the serpent, and of God's walking with Enoch, and of his covenant with Noah; but dark centuries had rolled away since any man had seen a token or heard the voice of the living God.

In that dark land, and in that dark and unblessed age, God appeared to Abram and said, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee; and I will make thee a great nation; and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."¹

Like celestial music at midnight, in some wild desert, is this voice of God in that age and land. It entered into heedful and obedient ears. Men tell us that there was a great tide of emigration at that time, as often since, from east to west, in Asia. But Abram's emigration was in obedience simply to the divine voice: "He went out not knowing whither he went."² This is an event sublimely and thrillingly great, this coming of the son of Shem from the Chaldee's land to Canaan. It is the beginning of the church of God. It is the first obedience to the word, "Come out from among them and be separate, and ye shall be sons and daughters of the Almighty." It is the preparation of a lineage and an ancestry of whom Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Moses, David and Christ may be born.

¹ Gen. xii. 1-3.

² Heb. xi. 8.

When he had come into Canaan, the Lord *appeared to* him. This is the first certain record in the Scriptures, if we mistake not, of such appearance to mortal eyes, though it has been shown that some visible appearance of God to Adam and Enoch is highly probable. Here first he is *said* to have appeared. It is the passive of the verb *to see*. He *was seen* by Abram. He uttered but few words—enough only to let him know that the God who had called him thither had not failed to observe his obedience, and designed in due time to show him why he was called. He said, “Unto thy seed will I give this land. And there Abram builded an altar to the Lord who appeared unto him.”¹

Very soon, in the course of the events of his life, that purest and loftiest of the types of the Son of God, that mysterious priest of the most high God, Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine, and pronounced on Abram the blessing of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth. Abram acknowledged him by giving him tithes of all. And Melchizedek there probably fed him with the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood of the Redeemer, whose day the patriarch “saw and was glad.”²

Soon “the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward. And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? And Abram said, Behold, to me thou hast given no seed; and, lo, one born in my house is mine heir. And behold the word of the Lord came unto him saying, This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir. And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness. And he said unto him, I am the Lord that

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¹ Gen. xii. 8; xiv. 18.² John ix. 56.

brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it.”¹

Then came that solemn offering, by God’s own appointment, of heifer, and she-goat, and ram, and turtle dove, and pigeon, with a place for God to pass between them; and the horror of great darkness upon the patriarch, as the sun went down; and the passing of the smoking furnace and a burning lamp between those pieces; and the covenant of God with Abram to give him the land of Canaan, from the river of Egypt to the great river Euphrates. We may easily recognize this as the national covenant, the covenant with Abram as the father of the Jewish nation. It is observable that the seal of circumcision is not connected with this national covenant. The promise of seed to Abram, and the imputation to him of the righteousness of faith, stretch farther in meaning; but it is because the nation itself was a type of the true Israel, and Canaan a type of the heavenly inheritance; its future capital, where Melchizedek even now dwelt, is a type of the New Jerusalem above.

But there was another manifestation of God to the patriarch of much significancy: “When Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly. And Abram fell on his face: and God talked with him, saying, As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham: for a father of *many nations* have I made thee. And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and unto thy seed after thee. And I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee the land wherein thou

¹ Gen. xv. 1-7.

art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God.¹ And God said unto Abraham, Thou shalt keep my covenant therefore, thou, and thy seed after thee in their generations. This is my covenant, which ye shall keep between me and you and thy seed after thee: every man child among you shall be circumcised."

Here is God manifesting himself under a new name, the *Almighty God*. Unquestionably the inception of a great scheme of redemption is here presented, and at the instant he reveals himself as the Almighty, that the patriarch's trust in his almighty power may lift up the eye of faith to the accomplishment of the scheme.

Abram's name is changed. He is not, in this covenant, the father of a nation as numerous as the stars, as before. He is now to be named ABRAHAM, "a father of many nations." A revelation now commences, which reaches as much farther than the former as realities are beyond types. There shall not only be a nation of chosen people around their capital, the holy city, of which ABRAM is the father, and of express limits and with definite gift of the soil; there shall be also the realities of those types, a holy nation composed of many nations, of which ABRAHAM is the father; to which spiritual congregation, and the covenant respecting it, the seal of circumcision is attached. Whoever shall be a Christian shall be "Abraham's seed, and heir according to the promise" in this covenant.² And there shall be a spiritual capital city of theirs, the New Jerusalem above; and there shall be Jews which are not Jews outwardly, but inwardly; and circumcision which is "that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."³ Wonderful is the inward Israel of the heart, now beginning to appear to the eye of faith!

1. When Eden is lost, and a flaming sword turning every way to guard the tree of life from the approach of sinners is to be wielded, it is the cherubim, and not God, who wield

¹ Gen. xvii. 1-14.

² Gal. iii. 29.

³ Rom. ii. 29.

the flaming sword. But when naked and guilty man is to be clothed with the skins of beasts, it is the Lord God the Redeemer who clothes him. This, together with the fact that Jesus Christ wrought no miracles of cursing, has seemed as if mercy were God's favorite work when it is consistent with the honor of justice.

2. When the rage of wicked men becomes insufferable around an Enoch or an Elijah, God sends down a chariot of fire and bears them off to glory. God has more means to keep every covenant and make every promise good than we can conceive of. All decisive circumstances, the hinges of all events, the flood of every tide in the affairs of men, are under his control.

"All must come and last and end
As shall please our heavenly Friend."

What an unutterably splendid fact the translation of Enoch was! And what blindness not to see the almighty power of divine providences!

3. Ever since the going forth from heaven of the decree that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, there has been mercy for man in heaven. The rainbow which we see to-day, after the rolling away of the clouds, is a token of mercy to the end of the world. Even if every imagination of the thoughts of the hearts of all human beings, except eight souls, become only evil and that continually, so that they have to be swept away with the besom of destruction, the rainbow shall still shine for the eight, and speak the voice of mercy to them. It is a perpetual voice of God uttered in colors of unspeakable beauty. It is the same rainbow, with its beautiful hues, which we see upon our summer evenings, which God gave as a token to Noah. And sweet to-day is that voice of kindness which it speaks to our hearts after the flashing lightning is gone, and the loud thunder and the resistless tempest.

4. When Babel arises, and the Spirit of God is withdrawn from men's hearts, then their lips are twisted, and they are thrown into confusion and misunderstanding, until Pentecost shall come, and fill their hearts again with the

Spirit of God, and restore their intelligence of each other, and reverse the dark schemes of their pride, and enable them really and truly "to reach unto heaven" in the vision and the journey of the humble and contrite heart. Thus the progress of redemption is a process of reversal of the progress of the ruin of man and of the human race.

5. When all traces of Eden and its happy garden have been washed from the earth by the waters of the deluge, and no man knows its place, then God begins to appear to the patriarchs, and throws down to them Canaan, instead of Eden, to be a type of heaven; and Melchizedek to be a type of the coming King of Righteousness and King of Peace, and a type also of the redeeming High Priest who is to come. And a nation of men by natural birth is separated to be a type of his own holy nation of the redeemed and sanctified; and the blood of sacrifices begins to flow freely, and the necessity of the circumcision of the lusts of the hearts of men is revealed in a severe and bloody ordinance by the express word of a holy God. Redemption is beginning to be developed, and its elements to appear one after another in the dark web of human history.

6. The manifestations of God to man, even in these primeval days, seem to have been chiefly, if not exclusively, in execution of the scheme of redemption. Had there been no covenant of redemption, we know not how many things now granted to us, which our spirits are cheered in beholding, would have faded from the earth like Eden, to be replaced by the horror of great darkness, which is the natural product of our sinful nature. And how dark the history of our world would be if there were no manifestations of God running through it like a golden thread, indicating the course of the covenant of redemption! If ever we are tempted to grow sullen and unthankful for being involved in Adam's transgression, let us turn and remember how rich and deep is the stream of covenanted salvation for all who will accept it, flowing parallel with the stream of ruin and condemnation, *making glad the city of God, by whose still waters our Shepherd leads us*, and along whose banks

is perpetually heard to reverberate the echo of the words of the Blessed One: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." And the thread of the covenant is the very soul and glory of human history.

7. The scheme of redemption moves slowly to its disclosure at first. It was not a debt which God owed to the world. It was a scheme of entire gratuity. Sin was too great an evil and wrong for heaven to spring down and relieve man in a single century of the consequences of his own fearful crime. Exhibitions of the evil of sin were to be made in the world, as well as of the redeeming love and power of heaven.

The expulsion of the race of man from the garden of Eden—that blessed abode which would have been our home but for the fall of our first parents—is one of the consequences of sin. But for that sin we should have been born in Eden. About our infancy, then, there would have lain those celestial visions in sober reality which now come only in the deep raptures of self-forgotten dreams. Those visions now come trailing clouds of glory; and to all deep minds they seem as if they were reminiscences of some former life elsewhere; for, blessed be God! we were created holy, and in Eden. God is our creator, not Satan. And our souls still have hanging round them faint and dim memories of that other life, as snatches of sweet odors from spicy groves with musky wings may roam the Indian oceans for the senses of those who have keenness of senses to perceive them.

As the whole Bible with a multitude of index fingers directs the sinner's eyes to the Lord Jesus Christ; as it points forward to him in almost every page *before* the time of his coming, and points backward to him in every page *after* the time of his coming; and as the institutions of Christianity around us point to him, and our consciences and our unsatisfied hearts point to him, as every voice of truth speaks of him and every index of truth points to him, then if we do not see him in this world, it will be our own blame, our own guilt, and our own eternal loss.

MOUNT SINAI.

IF Moses must put off his shoes from his feet because it was holy ground, when he met God at the burning bush, much more fearfully holy ground to him must it have been on Mount Sinai. Since the passage of the Red Sea the people have been fed with the manna from heaven, and their thirst quenched with water from the rock. That manna stood for the food for the new-born soul, and that rock was Christ.¹ And as the Divine law lifts itself in majestic authority over our lives, as the rule by which we are to walk as the children of God, so the pilgrimage of the people passes under Mount Sinai soon after passing through the Red Sea. "In the third month, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount."²

These mountains enter like a wedge between the two gulfs of the Red Sea, as if further to split the sea longitudinally. That explanation of the diversity of names appears most probable which represents a ridge of some miles in length in the lowest point of the land between the arms of the sea as called Mount Horeb, and one single high peak of this ridge as Mount Sinai. The whole ridge is Horeb; the high and solemn peak, perhaps the highest peak, is Sinai. Mount Hor, where Aaron afterwards died, is another high peak on the eastern plane of the wedge. From all accounts Mount Sinai is sublime in the extreme. It is a naked pile of dark granite, rising more than seven

¹ 1 Cor. x. 3, 4.

² Exodus xix. 1, 2.

thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly encircled at its base by other lower peaks, as if it were one gigantic church-steeple of primitive rock surrounded by a number of inferior ones. But it is not entirely surrounded by other mountains. At one part of its base lies a large plain, between two of the inferior mountains, itself considerably elevated and extending close under the foot of Mount Sinai.

When the pillar of cloud turned through the gorges to this plain, and brought the hosts of Israel into full view of the pyramid of stone, far surpassing the pyramids of Egypt, which was Mount Sinai, they must have seen that some great divine purpose was to be accomplished there. The sharp and bold figures of these solitary crags against the sky, and their leafless and mystic shadows in the ravines, made a scenery fit for such a purpose. Mount Sinai, with a small level surface precisely at the top, looked as if built for a pulpit from which heaven might preach to the earth. We do not know what sacred traditions may have hung around the ridge Horeb before the days of Moses. It was the location, long afterwards, of that sublime vision of the prophet Elijah, in which the wind, the earthquake, and the conflagration were succeeded by the still small voice. It ever seemed suited and devoted to sublime things.

We do not learn what became of the guiding pillar when the people encamped upon the plain at the foot of Mount Sinai. It probably ascended the mountain, and was there lost in the mightier cloud and the supreme glory of the third day.

II. "And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine. And ye shall

be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.”¹

Before the giving of the law, here is a proposal of a covenant between God and this people. He directs their attention to the past, reminding them of his mighty works in Egypt, and the splendid and prosperous exode, as on eagles' wings, by which he brought them out. Then he speaks of the future. He claims all nations as his, yet tells them that they shall sustain, in case of obedience, a peculiar relation to himself, one not common to other nations. An apostle quotes thus this covenant after it had been wrought out from the Hebrew nation into the spiritual kingdom of Christ: Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people.² This shows, as does the language of the proposed covenant itself, that religion and religious blessings were embraced in it.

The sole condition of the covenant was that they should obey his voice. This condition they deliberately and voluntarily accepted. “Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him. And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people to the Lord. And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee forever. And Moses told the words of the people unto the Lord.”³

It can hardly be wrong to call this a covenant of grace. It evidently referred to spiritual blessings, as the reason why they were called to be God's people. And the coming down of Jehovah to the mountain top on the third day was a further ratification of this covenant, that cold skepticism and the obstinate questionings of outward sense might be forever refuted, and the people taught to know that the words of Moses were the words of God. The Lord here

¹ Exodus xix. 3-6.

² 1 Peter i. 9.

³ Exodus xix. 7-9.

makes a covenant of grace with Moses for the Hebrew people; and the giving of the law, soon to follow, will show the rule of life in that covenant. The broad stream of mercy from God which flows over this life is seen in this fact, that covenants of grace are thus bound up with the most sublime givings forth of the holy law.

They are now required to prepare to meet God on the third day. The people are to be sanctified; it is not said how, but evidently it is a ceremonial sanctification which is meant. The mount was sanctified by setting bounds to it; Aaron and his sons, the priests, were sanctified by dress, ablution and anointing; the tabernacle and the altar were sanctified by the sprinkling over them of the anointing oil. The sanctification of the people here commanded consisted in their purifying themselves from contact with creeping things, dead bodies, and other similar ceremonial defilements. The real meaning of these ceremonial sanctifications almost stands out to clear view in the very words. Spiritual pollutions must be put away before we can be prepared to meet God on a throne of justice. But the dispensation of the covenant of grace, from this time down to the birth of Christ, was to be ceremonial, typical, figurative. Such, therefore, is the sanctification here required.

There were also bounds set at the foot of the mountain, up to which the people might come, and to which, indeed, it was arranged that they should come, when the sound of the trumpet gave the signal. There they were to be drawn up to witness the fearful scene. Beyond those bounds neither man nor beast might go. If so much as a beast touched the mountain beyond those bounds, it should be stoned or thrust through with a dart. There should not a hand touch it, but he should surely be stoned or shot through. For awhile this gray pyramid of granite is to become God's earthly throne; and while it is so, it must be invested with something of the sacredness of his throne in heaven, on account of which the four and twenty elders fall before it, and cast their crowns at his feet. No touch

of pollution can be permitted even to his earthly and temporary seat. It has ceased to be a common mountain. It has become for a time the central spot of the earth, the earthly place of God's habitation.

III. At length the third day dawned. "And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount." This second theophany to a great multitude had thus begun. Grand beyond our present conception must have been those rattling thunders and gleaming lightnings of the early morning among those echoing peaks, reminding us of the poet's

"Far along from peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder:"

and yet this live thunder must have been more living than that of an Alpine thunder storm, as it was the herald of the living God. And the thick cloud was not driven by winds from peak to peak, but remained wrapped as a cloak about the summit of Sinai. It was not long that the voice of the thunder was the only voice heard. The obdurate might think that was only the voice of nature. Soon that came which was appointed as the signal for the approach of the people to the bounds set for them.

At the creation of the world in innocence, and at the birth of Christ, and at the repentance of one sinner on earth, the angels sing for joy in heaven; but at the utterance of the law of God on earth, and again to be heard at the resurrection of the dead from earth and sea, is this fearful sound of a trumpet exceeding loud: "And the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that was in the camp trembled."

This was the signal summons then for men to come to a meeting with God, as it will be hereafter, when it shall awaken the dead. "And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mountain." He will now give them vivid impressions, to their senses, of the majesty of his law

and government, and of the power with which he upholds it. "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. This is what St. Paul describes as the mount that burned with fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest.¹ This is God robed with law and justice. The sinner cannot come to the mountain; and if he could, he could not ascend to the fearful and lofty heaven above it. There is no road to heaven that way.

Still the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, and Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. It was probably at this point that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." And it was probably to these words of Moses that God answered by a voice; and it was probably that fearful voice of God in answer to Moses, that "voice of words" concerning which the people standing around their appointed boundaries entreated that the words should not be spoken to them any more, for they could not endure that which was commanded. The sound of the trumpet brought the living God before their minds more distinctly than the rolling thunders; but the voice of words brought him before them yet more vividly than the sound of the trumpet. Uttering the majesties and glories of his unsearchable being, in words and voice giving their own evidence that they were the words of eternity, and from the mouth of God, the people soon discovered that great truth, as deep and as wide as the earth and as all time, that there needs a mediator between God and man, for that fallen and sinful man cannot bear the holy voice of God unclothed in human flesh.

If we go to the final judgment, out of Jesus Christ, this scene of blackness and darkness and tempest, and the sound of the trumpet, and the voice of the high eternal words, are not nearly so awful as will be the manifestations of God then made amid the overwhelming sublimities of eternity, and the clear air of the upper world, and the true

¹ Hebrews xii. 18.

shapes and forms of right and wrong, sin and holiness, there to be seen.

“And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish. And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them. And Moses said unto the Lord, The people cannot come up to Mount Sinai; for thou chargest us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it. And the Lord said unto him, Away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou and Aaron with thee; but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the Lord, lest he break forth upon them. So Moses went down unto the people, and spake unto them.”¹

In his rehearsal of this transaction to the people afterwards, in Deuteronomy, Moses reminds them that on this occasion they saw no similitude, as a reason against the making of idolatrous images of God. He does not say that he himself saw no similitude. We know not what he saw. He probably never did communicate to mortal man, and never could have communicated, what he saw.

“And he came near and stood under the mountain; and the mountain burned with fire unto the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness. And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire; ye heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude; only ye heard a voice.”²

And from such a pulpit, the mountain quaking and the flames from the mount towering to the mid-heavens, the very voice of the eternal God proceeded to say to the people:

“I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

“I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

¹ Exodus xix. 20-25.

² Deut. iv. 11, 12.

“II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

“III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

“IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

“V. Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

“VI. Thou shalt not kill.

“VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

“VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

“IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

“X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

“And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking ; and when the people saw it, they removed and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear ; but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not :

for God is come to prove you, that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not."¹

In remembering the fact that this law was twice written by the finger of God on tables of stone, we are apt to overlook the other fact, no less grave and solemn, that it was actually uttered by the voice of God from the burning, quaking mountain, to the assembled people. They themselves heard it for themselves, and both the fearful, and celestial, and divine voice in which it was uttered, and the deep, and just, and holy meaning of it, made them shrink away and cry out for a mediator between them and God. Such effect the law of God must ever have when laid by the unfolding Spirit of God upon the hearts of sinners.

There is an old and long-lost road to heaven, which often passes in vision before the minds of men in the dreams of their spiritual slumber, along which they are prone to think they can walk, and, so thinking, they lose their labor, and miss the way, the truth, and the life. That old impracticable way is by their own earnings, deservings, or merits; in some way by the deeds of the law. First, the flaming sword of the cherubim at the garden gate, and then this flaming and quaking mountain, and the fearful words of holiness sounding out from it, have been successively placed therein to warn us from it. And then, long afterwards, he further and more definitely warned us from that road by the deep and heart-searching explanation of that law, from the lips of his only begotten Son, firmly and intelligibly sealed upon honest consciences in the sight of God.² "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, that we might be justified by faith."³

But is, then, this law too austere? is it excessive in rigor? is it above the proper reach of human life? Let it be examined. It is made for man. It requires of him only his own duties. It applies to his relative position and sphere of life. Who ever detected error in it in all the long flight of time since its solemn utterance upon the mountain top? There is another fact which proves this

¹ Exod. xx. 1-20.

² Matt. v. 11-48.

³ Gal. iii. 24.

law to be holy, just, and good. It is this: there was a time when the only begotten Son of God came down to this world in a far more mild and tender manifestation of God than this, to seek and to save that which was lost. While in glory, before his incarnation, he thought it no robbery to be equal with God. He took upon him the seed of Abraham, was born of a woman, and entered into human life. He placed himself expressly under this law. His explanations of it made it far deeper, broader, purer, more spiritual than it had before appeared to be. He declared that he came not to abolish it, but to obey and fulfil it. He magnified and made it honorable. So he, the Son of God, became the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth in him. Every one who is saved by him is saved by means of a perfect obedience rendered to the law, only it is rendered not by the believer himself, but by the believer's substitute.

And there is another fact in God's spiritual administration of the affairs of the covenant of grace, under its various administrations, which shows the correctness, the justice, the reasonableness, the propriety of the law. That is, that the new-born soul approves and loves the law as holy, just, and good. Not only does such soul approve it because it was obeyed and honored in the life of the Lord Jesus, but because it is written a third time by the finger of God, not this third time on tables of stone, but upon the living tables of the hearts of those who believe in Christ, so that their language is: Oh! how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day!

Such is the manifestation of himself to mortal men of God the law-giver, wrapped in garments of awful majesty and power, heralded by flaming fire, encompassed with roaring thunders, and seated upon the quaking and trembling mountain top. Such, and far more dreadful still, must he appear in eternity to the transgressors of this law who have made no covenant with him through the Lord Jesus Christ, or who expected to be saved by the law under any slight, superficial and degrading construction or application of it.

THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A LONG with the revelation of himself for the salvation of sinners, God has also revealed an incessant government of the world, by which he forever guards and keeps the people of his kingdom against Satan. A multitude of the invisible spirits, angels of God, either dwell in this world or are its frequent visitors, as ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. We live, as it were, on a vast plain, crowded with armed warriors and chariots and horses, shrouded from our view ordinarily by the thick darkness of midnight, until some flash of light from the visions of God, like a sheet of the lightning of the night, lifts the veil for a moment and shows us a glimpse of the eternal world as it lies upon the earth. And to see those Scriptures as they clearly and obviously mean, and to accept them and rely upon them and trust that which they mean and all that they disclose as among the provisions of the Son of God for the defence of his kingdom and the protection of his people, requires a simpler and a purer and a stronger faith than many of us possess. It is the peculiar temptation of all men, because it is the constant habit of all who live without God in the world, to judge according to visible appearances, and to anticipate future events as produced only by human and visible powers; that is, just as if there were either no God, or a God without power, mingling in the affairs of the world and presiding over events. But the disposing power of God was brought into view in momentary flashes of prophetic vision in the days of old, that in these days we may recognize its existence and its exercise, though now we see it

not, and that we may live and trust and hope in God by faith, and not by light.

I. Ahab, the wicked son of the wicked Omri, had married Jezebel, daughter of the king of the Sidonians, a flagrant worshipper of Baal; and Ahab was king of Israel when ELLIJAH, the Tishbite, was called to be a prophet of God in that kingdom. Elijah has been fed by ravens. In answer to his prayers, God has withheld rain from the earth for three years and six months. In answer to his prayers, God has sent down fire on the top of Mount Carmel, in his great trial with the prophets of Baal, to consume the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and the water in the trench; by the power of God, he has had the prophets of Baal slain at the brook Kishon; and in answer to his prayers, God has again sent rain upon the parched earth. But Jezebel is in great wrath, and has sent him a message: "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of the prophets of Baal by to-morrow about this time."¹ Then the prophet went in haste to Beersheba, the southern boundary of the kingdom of Judah, and left his servant there, and he himself still went southward, a day's journey into the wilderness, and sat under a tree, and in bitterness of soul declared it was enough, and requested that God would take away his life, as he was not better than his fathers. "And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and behold there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb, the mount of God. And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord

¹ 1 Kings xix. 1, 2, etc.

came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away. And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus, and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria; and Jehu, the son of Nimshi, shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel; and Elisha, the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay; and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.”¹

Elijah's complaint indicated that he thought his God was not doing anything for him, because there were no visible or audible signs of his coming; no strong wind, no earthquake, no fire. But the vision on Horeb taught him

¹ 1 Kings xix. 1-18.

that, in the absence of these things, God's power mingled in the affairs of men as a still small voice.

When all seems adverse, God is silently setting causes in motion, which seem as powerless, in comparison to visible human powers, as a still small voice in comparison with strong wind, earthquake, or fire. But God is in those causes, and they work deliverance, and that, too, by the very sword itself, commissioned of God. Then, too, as Elijah has been so faithful, and has judged the time to be come for his life to end, and has requested that he might die, he is informed that his request, in this particular, is granted; he is to anoint his own successor, as well as the kings who are to be God's instruments of judgment upon Israel; and the chariot of fire and horses of fire are soon to bear him away from trial to reward. Moreover, after all the prophet's impatience, and his declaration that he was the only faithful man in the kingdom, he is informed that there are seven thousand hidden ones, "a remnant according to the election of grace," who have no more than he bowed the knee to the idol of the Sidonian queen. Indeed, the anointing of Jehu involved the bloody death of the idolatrous Sidonian queen herself. Could we but see, with an eye of full, confiding faith, the world lie thus under the incessant government of the living and righteous God, and having currents of silent and hidden power moving over it, like its gravitating, or electric, or magnetic currents in material nature, working God's righteous will in God's own good time and method, all the more decisively and unerringly because silently, it would diffuse over many a dark, doubting, and fearful hour, the sunshine of peace, and hope, and assured trust in the righteous God.

II. Let us look again. The son of Shaphat is in the prophetic office. The dogs have licked the blood of Ahab in the place where they licked the blood of Naboth, whom he murdered. The music of the iron march of just Nemesis is beginning to be heard in Israel. The chariot of fire has borne alive to heaven, on the path of the whirlwind,

the tried and weary prophet Elijah. The king of Syria is warring against Israel. The word of the prophet has warned the king of Israel of ambush, and saved him there not once nor twice. The king of Syria soon saw that his most secret actions were known in Israel, and that not by the treachery of any of his own servants, but that Elisha, the prophet, told the king of Israel the words which were spoken in his bed chamber. He sent his spies, who informed him that Elisha was in Dothan: "Therefore he (the king of Israel) sent thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they came by night, and compassed the city about. And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?" The Syrians think that now they have all safe. They have "taken a bond of fate." They have bound both the prophet and the God of the prophet. There is, they think, to be now no more telling of the secrets of Syria to the king of Israel. Of how many dark hours, and situations deemed desperate, has this been the cry: Alas, my master! how shall we do? It is the voice of sense, of earthly sight, in all times of trial. It must often be the cry of those who leave God out of view in the destinies of this life. But the prophet answered, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. And when they came down to him, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and said, Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness. And he smote them with blindness according to the word of Elisha."¹

There they are! the hosts of the enemy *blind* in the midst of all their mighty array of horses and chariots! and around them, on the mountain, in glittering array, the sons of im-

¹ 2 Kings vi. 14-18.

mortality, to guard, and to defend, and to deliver the prophet of God! The prayer of the prophet to God was not that he would send down the chariots and horses of the armies of heaven to the hills around Dothan. He knew they were already there. His eyes had had vision of the eternal world earlier than those of his servant. He only prayed that the eyes of the servant might be opened to see what he saw. Nor are those horses and chariots of fire from heaven unconcerned or unemployed spectators of the trials and conflicts of his people in our day. Oh, that they may come for our deliverance! and that, if it please God, the eyes of our faith at least may be opened to see them!

III. But Judah and Israel both enter the road downwards. They are upon the career of idolatry, of Sabbath-breaking, and of general disobedience, which led to captivity. God, the avenger and vindicator of his people when they are obedient, is their judge and punisher when they grow disobedient and unbelieving, reserving to himself, by sovereign power, an "election of grace" in every age, as in that of Elijah.

It is in the year that King Uzziah (or Azariah), the leper, died, and about a hundred and thirty years after the vision of the mountain full of chariots of fire to Elisha. The great prophet ISAIAH, the son of Amoz, has arisen in Judah, and to him the vision is sent. It is a vision of justice and judgment, wherein God is preparing for the doom of the people. It is another bright glimpse of his incessant government, but this time as awful as it is bright. It is nothing less than a vision of God upon his kingly throne, surrounded by the holy, celestial ones who do his bidding. "In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."¹ The celestial beings around him, and above his earthly temple

¹ Isaiah vi.

at Jerusalem, engage in a psalm of praise loftier and purer even than those inspired psalms, the legacy of King David, ordinarily sung by mortal lips in those earthly courts. "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." This psalm of the seraphim, brief as it is, may tell Jerusalem how unspeakably fearful is that career of sin and unbelief upon which they are advancing in so stubborn and hardened a spirit. "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Moses and Manoah apprehended death from a vision of God in like manner. But it was the Son of God whom Isaiah here saw, as it was he whom the fathers saw. We speak positively in this case. The present vision is expressly applied to the Lord Jesus Christ by the Apostle John: "These things said Esaias when he saw his glory and spake of him."¹ He comes not now as simply the angel of the covenant, nor yet in the lowly guise of a man, for the redemption of sinners, but for judgment and justice; and therefore he is clothed with glory and majesty. And as Isaiah is to be the messenger of his justice, he is fitted for his holy office: "Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."² This seems as if we might almost call it the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, administered thus, in anticipation, to the great prophet, to prepare him specially for the trying duty of denouncing the divine judgments upon his people. Much more of the spirit of Christ is needed by his ministers for that fearful task of denouncing his judgments than for their ordinary and more pleas-

¹ John xii. 41.

² Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

ing work of publishing his grace. They may not mingle their own wrath or their own passions of any description with the divine judgments. They are loftier and purer far than human passions, and often leave all human measures far behind. With the symbol of the touch of the live coal it cannot be doubted that a spiritual gift was imparted to the prophet, to purify his passions for the great task on which he was to be sent; and then first came the voice of the Lord himself in the vision: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. And he said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed."

This is the sore and dreadful judgment of God upon those who have slighted his word, wherein he makes use of that word further to harden the hearts of those who have first voluntarily and deliberately hardened themselves against it. The prophet, appalled by the just severity of that judgment, inquires how long it is to last. "Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate. And the Lord have removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land."

Then, except the Lord of Sabaoth had left them a seed, a very small remnant, they would have been as Sodom, and be made like unto Gomorrah. There was, therefore, to be a remnant according to the election of grace through all the season of their sore judgments: "But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten: as a teil-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves, so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof."¹

¹ Isaiah vi. 13; also Isaiah lxxv., and Romans ix. 29.

The great captivity comes in, in foreshadow, as a part of the divine government; but sovereign power and grace are beheld, mingled in the captivity itself, and saving a remnant of the nation.

IV. But let us look yet again at the eternal work of the government of God. Let us catch another glimpse of it from his word. Let us go with the miserable and guilty people into their captivity. Let us go to Babylon itself, the capital city of the enemy of the people—the type of all capital cities of the enemies of God's people in all ages. It is in the reign of King Nebuchadnezzar, a hundred and fifty years after Isaiah saw the vision of God in the temple at Jerusalem, less than ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem, the slaughter of the people, the burning of the house of God and the palaces of the people, and the carrying away of the holy vessels of the house of God from Jerusalem to the idol temple at Babylon.

Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, an immense image of gold, ninety feet in height and nine feet in breadth. He has gathered together all the dignitaries of his empire, the princes, the governors and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up. It was the king's command that, at a given signal, the whole vast multitude assembled together upon the plain should, in a simultaneous act of worship, fall down and worship the image which he had set up. He probably little expected opposition from the captive Jews. Their high-priest, Aaron, in days of old, had set up an idolatrous image, and led them in its worship. In later years they had worshipped Nehushtan, the brazen serpent made by Moses. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, had set up idolatrous images at Bethel and Dan, and caused Israel to sin. Ahab had been a fervent worshipper of Baal. Many of their kings were idolaters. It was one great cause of the captivity. It

is now to be seen whether the sore judgment of God is working its intended effect of leading them to repentance, even when obedience to God is so costly as it is now at Babylon. Will the Jews comply with the king's proclamation? It expressly embraces the different peoples, "nations and languages" of the vast empire, whoever of them may at that time be present at the capital city. The signal for the simultaneous act of adoration to the image is to be of the most imposing and inspiring character. It is to be a grand concert of music, in which were to be joined all the instruments known to the Chaldeans—"cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer"—whatever these may have been. When these together sounded, the prostration was to be performed. And so low did the adorers bow to their gods that it was not difficult for a jealous spectator looking out over them to tell who might refuse thus to worship. The penalty for nonconformity was of the severest description. Whoever should refuse to bow down at the grand burst of the music was to be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. Such was the decree of King Nebuchadnezzar. And King Nebuchadnezzar, the great conqueror, was not a man whose edicts might be lightly regarded. He had been about to put to death the Chaldeans, the magicians, and the astrologers, because they could not tell him both his dream and the interpretation of it. The prophet Daniel and three other children of Judah were in high favor with the king at this time, on account of the telling and the interpretation of that dream of the king. He had found them ten times better in all matters of wisdom and understanding than all the magicians and astrologers in all his realm. Daniel himself sat in the king's gate: he was a servant of the king, without a particularly designated office; but he had obtained it of King Nebuchadnezzar, as a favor to him consequent upon his interpretation of the dream of the great symbolical image, that offices should be given to his three friends, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon. They were set over the affairs of the province.

When the signal was given, and the vast crowd bowed in the worship of the image, the three holy children of Judah declined to bow in the idolatry. The Chaldeans, from whom they had taken away the royal preference, were not slow to accuse them to the king. Nebuchadnezzar, in rage and fury, commands them instantly to be brought before him; inquires if the accusation is true, and reminds them of the sore penalty; "and who," says he, "is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands." Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego answered and said to the king, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."¹

This is, indeed, a mighty faith. Their country lies far away to the west, captive and desolate. Their holy and beautiful temple, where their fathers worshipped, is reduced to a heap of ashes. The holy city is in ruins. They had some of the sacred books of the Hebrews among them;² but we know not how many, or what books they were. Probably they remembered some of the Psalms of David, which they had exulted to sing in other and happier days. But all looked dark and gloomy for helpless and captive Judah. They are among those who have not seen, and yet believed.

"Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the

¹ Daniel iii. 15-18.

² Daniel ix. 2.

midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace."¹

The government of God extends to Babylon as well as to Jerusalem. This fact will yet be seen in this world by a more signal proof than any ever yet beheld, when the shout shall rend the heavens that Babylon the great is fallen. King Nebuchadnezzar, looking into the fiery furnace, sees that which astonishes and appals him. His attention is not drawn off from it by the crisped corpses of the mighty men of his army, who lose their lives by the flame of the furnace. It is strange that they are consumed, and that the three holy children are not consumed. Yet it is not this which astonishes him. It is not this on account of which he springs up in haste, and inquires of his counselors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? who answered, True, O king. It was another vision which he saw. There was another form in the furnace with them. The Son of God, the Sovereign Majesty of heaven and earth, was there, and for a moment made himself visible to Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The earthly king had a glimpse of the ever-working government of that God whom he had defied. "He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."² There must have been a glory about the fourth form, which, even in the midst of the furnace, and amid the glow of its heat, marked him to the eyes of the king of Babylon as greater in dignity than the sons of men.

The series of the manifestations of God to men would have been incomplete if it had not contained this instance of God visible in the fiery furnace with the holy children.

¹ Daniel iii. 19-23.

² Daniel iii. 25.

It has not probably been visibly repeated since; but it has, in fact, been repeated a thousand times. The Son of God has given a special promise that he will be with his people in the furnace. Visible once for the eye of sight, he has subsequently been visible thousands of times to the eye of faith, in every Babylon of the earth in which furnaces are heated for God's children, whatever may be the name of the city among men. The vision glows with a beam of comfort through every sore affliction of his people. The type and the anti-type melt into one. It is itself both significant shadow and deep reality. And the furnaces of God's true Israel have often been literal, like this at Babylon; often figurative, but as severe to the suffering soul, or more severe than the tyrant intended this to be. Speaking in a still small voice to one prophet, encircling another with fiery chariots and horses, appearing in holiness and the pomp of celestial glory above the temple to another, he here appears in the richest of all earthly glory, so that the king of Babylon, accustomed to the gorgeous apparel of the East, and of royalty, and of those early days, did not think him a man; and in that attitude in which he will be forever looked back to by the hearts of his people, walking with these men in the fire, in almost as precious a sympathy as when burdened with their sorrows in the garden of Gethsemane.

“Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them. Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants

that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God."¹

Then he made a decree of an Eastern despot for the cutting in pieces of the bodies, and the destruction of the houses, of any who should speak a word against the God of these children of Judah. When the Son of God is in the furnace with his people, the heat has no power over them. They come forth unhurt, and his honor and theirs are both promoted by the fiery trial.

V. Let us give our attention yet once more to the land of the captivity, and behold the prophet EZEKIEL among the captives by the river Chebar, and the heavens opened to him, and visions of God displayed to his view, "in the fifth day of the month and on the fourth month, which was the fifth year of King Jehoiachin's captivity."² It is one of the grandest of all manifestations of God on record in the books of men. The approach of God to the prophet's view, in the vision, is transcendently sublime: "I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness about it, and out of the midst thereof, as the color of amber out of the midst of the fire."³

It is the coming of the God of providence to give Ezekiel his commission as a prophet, and is similar in some respects to that display of the glory of God to Isaiah above the temple at Jerusalem, already noticed, only there is no temple here by the river Chebar, in the land of the Chaldeans, from which Jehovah may speak with his prophet. The symbols of his coming are probably of far larger dimensions than the fire enfolding the bush, and the guiding pillar which Moses saw, or the cloud dwelling in the temple, which answered the prayer of Solomon. A great cloud comes out of the north, encircled by the self-enfolding currents of whirlwind and fire, with a bright glory around it, and issuing from the midst of it. It is thus that the most

¹ Daniel iii. 26-28.

² Ezekiel i. 2.

³ Ezekiel i. 4.

terrible powers of nature encircle and defend the terrestrial throne of God when he visits the earth. As he was attended by the seraphim, in the vision of Isaiah, so here also spiritual beings from other spheres attend him. "Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance: they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot; and they sparkled like the color of burnished brass. And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings. Their wings were joined one to another; they turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward. As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle. Thus were their faces; and their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies. And they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go they went; and they turned not when they went. As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning. And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning."¹

As each succeeding revelation of God takes up and bears forward the former and inferior revelations, so these living creatures who appear here as the doers of the will and the ministers of the providence of God combine within themselves, and take up and bear forward into their superior nature the powers of the inferior orders of beings. They have the likeness of a man and the hands of a man under their wings, to show that, as ministering spirits of the provi-

¹ Ezekiel i. 5-14.

dence of God, they are not without those vast and versatile powers conferred on man by the gift of the hand. They have also the face of a man, of a lion, of an ox, and of an eagle, to show that their superior order of being combines intelligence, power, endurance and speed, taken up from these lower orders of beings. They have wings also, the prerogative of the birds of the air, for they lose not the prerogative of the lower order of dwellers in air, though they have that prerogative of the higher orders, that they go wherever the spirit or will is to go. There is the illumination of bright fire going up and down among them, out of which goes forth lightning, to show that all their powers are directed by the bright light of a pure intelligence, and armed with quick and mighty force. They run and return, as the appearance of a flash of lightning, to show that the execution of the will, purpose, and decree of God, in his providence, will not linger when committed to them. That which *first* appeared coming out of the vast whirling cloud was the four living creatures. A *second* part of the vision now appears, the wheels.

“Now, as I beheld the living creatures, behold, one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces. The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl, and they four had one likeness, and their appearance and their work was, as it were, a wheel in the middle of a wheel. When they went they went upon their four sides, and they turned not when they went. As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about them four. And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went; thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them, for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. When those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood; and when those were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were

lifted up over against them : for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.”¹

The wheels show that God’s will is executed by all the power which men derive from swift chariots ; and in God’s chariots there is a wheel in the middle of a wheel, object within object, power within power, meaning within meaning, purpose within purpose, with a manifoldness of arrangement which the human mind cannot grasp. And though they had taken up the power of the rotary motion of a wheel from lower contrivances, yet they had with it the gift of the mode of motion of the higher powers ; they turned not when they went.

The schemes of God’s providence, denoted by the circumferences or “rings,” are so high, so far-reaching, so linking heaven and earth together, that they are dreadful. And around each of the four wheels the rings are full of eyes. A keen and piercing intelligence, full of eyes, pervades all the progressing works of the providence of God, to see which, in our day, would that God would increase our faith and make clearer our mortal vision. Then there is such a unity of spirit, of will, and of purpose, between the wheels and the living creatures, that they go, or stand, or are lifted up together ; the spirit of the living creature being in the wheels, showing that all intelligences, powers and means which serve God move in harmony and in the same spirit, possibly alluded to by the Apostle Paul when he says : “All things *work together* for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose.”

The *third* part of the vision is the firmament above the heads of the living creatures :

“And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creatures was as the color of the terrible crystal stretched forth over their heads above. And under the firmament were their wings straight, the one toward the other ; every one had two, which covered on this side, and every one had two, which covered on that side, their bodies.

¹ Ezekiel i. 15-21.

And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host: when they stood, they let down their wings. And there was a voice from the firmament that was over their heads, when they stood, and had let down their wings.”¹

The firmament supports the terrible majesty of God sitting above all these ministers of his. Their outstretched wings are their waiting attitudes of readiness and speed for his service when he shall command them. With their other wings they cover themselves in reverence. As they move, there is the noise of mighty and significant purpose and design; and the voice from above the firmament is God laying his commands upon them.

The *fourth* part of the vision is God the Son himself, sitting above the firmament, as the God of universal providence:

“And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. And I saw as the color of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw, as it were, the appearance of fire, and it had brightness around about. As the appearance of the bow that is in the clouds in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord.” See also Ezekiel x.

We may compare this theophany with that made to the elders of Israel of the sapphire-throned One; to that given to the prophet Isaiah; and to that shown to the Apostle John in Patmos. But this is the most sublime of them all.

Looking from captivity among the reeds and marshes of the Chebar, amid the solemn and half-sepulchral scenery of Central Asia, over to restoration, and to Palestine, and

¹ Ezekiel i. 22-25.

to the cheerful scenes of home again ; looking from judgment to the day of grace, and from the Old Testament to the New ; looking across the centuries and the continents, to the triumphs of his cross and of his grace in far other lands ; looking through the falling and rising of empires, and the countless, ever-revolving changes in society, it is most instructive that such a vision of the God of providence should be sent us, hanging, as it were, upon the verge of the light of inspiration in the Old Testament, to throw its light across the dark and voiceless abyss, and guide us to the New Testament.

Besides all this vast variety of types and shadows of a great Highpriest and atonement to come, and of a divine and almighty and protecting King over the world, there are in the Old Testament many sublime words of prophecy, never fulfilled in all its rolling centuries, leaning forwards over the dark four hundred years' silence, telling of some mighty One to come, with many descriptive signs and marks of his coming, of his priesthood and sacrifice, of his throne and dominion, which prophecies our plan has led us not hitherto to notice. We shall look back to some of them from future chapters. For the present, we leave them singing on in sublimer than earthly strains, in the ears of God and good angels, of men and devils, a mingled choir of the purest, and holiest, and gravest voices ever heard on earth till then, calling for the great One of all ages to be born and to arise upon earth.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS AT BETHLEHEM.

WHEN the earth had been inhabited by man about four thousand years; when the ashes of the patriarch, Abraham, had slept in the cave of Machpelah a thousand eight hundred and fifty years; when it had been a thousand years since the daughters of Jerusalem had heard the gay and proud summons, "Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart"; when it had been seven hundred and seventy-six years since the conquest of Olympia, when the gaining of a prize in some heroic games there by the conqueror fixed the date of the first Olympiad as the era of Greek history; when it had been seven hundred and fifty-three years since the founding of the city of Rome, and in those seven centuries and more the rich classics of Greece and Rome had chiefly been produced, and their grandeur and glory had passed the meridian splendor, and were descending to the west; when it had been a hundred and forty-seven years since the Roman consul, Mummius, had burned the city of Corinth, and reduced Greece to a Roman province; when it had been sixty-five years since Pompey the Great had reduced Syria to a Roman province, and terminated the Macedonian empire; when it had been four and forty years since Brutus and Cassius had stabbed Julius Cæsar in the Senate-house at Rome; when the throes attending the dissolution of the great Roman republic were over, and the successful despot, Octavius Cæsar Augustus, was taking a census of the people through his vast dominions, preparatory to a uni-

form system of taxation; when the famous and guilty old King Herod, the son of an Idumean, having captured Jerusalem and repaired the second temple, still lingered on the Jewish throne in a haunted and remorseful old age; when, some say, the temple of Janus was once more shut at Rome, to announce the reign of peace over the Roman world; when the voice of prophecy had been silent in Judea for four hundred years; when spiritual darkness covered the earth, and gross and almost unbroken moral darkness lay upon the people—then some shepherds were, one night, seated on the ground, watching their peaceful flocks in the fields, near the little city of Bethlehem, in the land of Judea. This city had even then a great antiquity. Its neighboring fields had been the scene of the beautiful pastoral of the gleaning of Ruth, the Moabitess, in the field of Boaz, thirteen hundred years before this. Here the prophet Samuel had anointed David to be king over Israel more than a thousand years before this. Here the youth of King David had been spent in the very occupation in which these shepherds are now engaged. It was still known as the city of David, and was distant from Jerusalem only six or seven miles to the south-east.

Bethlehem is crowded at the time with strangers from all parts of the land, who are of the house and lineage of David, whom the census of Augustus has brought together to claim their descent from their great royal ancestor. Among them is the carpenter, Joseph, whose residence is away up between Mount Carmel and the sea of Galilee, in the city of Nazareth, and province of Galilee, with his young wife, Mary, both of them of the house and lineage of David, and brought here on this occasion by the decree of Augustus, or of Cyrenius, governor of Syria, that the people should be enrolled each in his own ancestral home.

There are, no doubt, persons who have been studying the prophecies, and are hoping for the birth of the great Deliverer about this time; but neither Augustus Cæsar, who made this decree, nor Cyrenius, governor of Syria, who en-

forced it, nor these simple shepherds of Bethlehem, are probably those students of prophecy. These shepherds are "abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." In such mild and balmy weather and season, and freshness of pasturage (hardly "in the winter wild"), as would explain the position and employment of the shepherds, with the silent hills around them, and the pure and tranquil stars above, it would not seem unsuitable for the visions of heaven to appear to mortal eyes if more of the visions of heaven, so long shut up, are to be granted to mortal eyes.

As they sat, "lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid." Visions from eternity awake ever the deep, mysterious fears of the human heart. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."¹

Thrice before this, however, the messenger of God had visited this world in connection with the birth of this child. Some months before one who said of himself, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of the Lord," had appeared in the temple, standing on the right side of the altar of incense, to the priest Zechariah, as he was burning incense there in his lot, and announced to him the approaching birth of a son, to be named John, who was to be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb, and to go before the Lord God in the spirit and power of Elias. At another time, six months later, the same princely angel had been sent from God to the city of Nazareth, in Galilee, to announce the birth of this child to his virgin mother herself, to tell her that she should conceive by the Holy Ghost, and by the overshadowing of the

¹ Luke i.

Highest; that the name of the child should be JESUS; that he should have the throne of his father David and an endless kingdom, and that he should be called the Son of God. And in the dreams of the night, probably not long before their journey to Bethlehem, an angel of the Lord had appeared to Joseph, while he was yet only betrothed to Mary, and had satisfied his mind on one of those nice points of honor upon which satisfaction is not easily given, concerning the nature of the introduction of this child into the world; telling him to call the child's name JESUS, because he should save his people from their sins.¹ So far as we know, the impression made by the message of God on the mind of Mary, that on the mind of Joseph, and the message to the shepherds, were independent of each other. Hitherto but a single angel at a time has appeared. But, while the shepherds are seated on the ground, the child has actually entered upon his abode on earth; and, as all "the sons of God" shouted for joy at the creation of the world, there were now to be seen a larger company of the heavenly ones, along with the angel who had spoken to the shepherds. These simple men become aware that the vision has become manifold, perhaps by the fanning of a thousand soft wings, and the murmur and the melody of a thousand sweet and low voices, and the gleaming in the starlight of a thousand celestial forms. "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."² The shepherds immediately repair to Bethlehem to see whether that which they have seen in the fields is a mere ecstasy of the imagination without anything corresponding to it in the world of realities, or whether the sign given them by the angel shall be found to be actually exhibited; and, on arriving at Bethlehem, and finding the sign exactly made good, and Mary and Joseph there, and the new-born child lying in a manger, they freely publish what they have seen and heard

¹ Matt. i. 21.² Luke ii. 14.

concerning the child, and return to the fields glorifying and praising God.

While in Judea the angels of God are leading the shepherds to this child at Bethlehem, and the Spirit of God is leading devout persons to him in the temple at Jerusalem, a star had announced to the people of the East that the King of the Jews had just been born somewhere in that land. It was a most appropriate sign for those lands of clear skies and bright stars, and of gazers into the glories of the night for objects of adoration, whether the star was seen in Persia, or Arabia, or Chaldea. It has been observed by some, and may not be without significance, that it was Balaam, a man of the East, who had prophesied in the days of old: "There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."¹ It is believed that this is the only case of the prophecy of a star in the Old Testament which may be applied to Jesus. Perhaps, therefore, it was the peculiar prophecy of the East for the East.

There were many of the children of Israel scattered over those lands. The Roman biographer Suetonius tells us that a constant and steady conviction had spread through the whole East, that it was fated that at that time persons springing from Judea should obtain the sovereignty among men. (*Percrebuerat oriente toto, vetus et constans opinio, esse in fatis, ut eo tempore, Judea profecti rerum potirentur.*) This ancient and widely-spread oracle probably prepared the wise men to be guided by the newly appearing star. And then they were, no doubt, led by those deep and wonderful instincts which signs of this description often produce, in the providence of God, among a meditative people. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the

¹ Num. xxiv. 17.

east, and are come to worship him. And when Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him."¹ As we do not know of any custom among the magi of the East—for such is the word rendered wise men—as to come and worship the heir apparent to the Jewish throne at his birth, we must suppose they thought this king to be, in some way, higher and nobler than ordinary kings. Besides, Herod himself claimed and received that title, and they offer no worship to him that we know of. This Herod was the son of a foreigner, Antipater the Idumean. In his hands the sceptre had departed, or nearly so, from Judah. He was a skillful and unscrupulous courtier, and had trimmed to almost every wind of Roman fortune in his eventful life. He had been in favor with Julius Cæsar, then with Cæsar's most thoughtful and intellectual assassin, Cassius; then with Cæsar's partisan and avenger, Mark Antony; he had then been confirmed in his much-coveted title and rank of king by the dark and politic Augustus; and then he was a sort of Jewish Richard the Third. Among other atrocities, he had shed the blood of his own wife, the beautiful Mariamne, daughter of the old highpriest Hyrcanus, through whom was his only pretense of a hereditary title to the throne. The birth of a king of the Jews, as he understood the word, was the production of a rival to himself and his children, who would at once render worthless and abortive all the struggles, and the policy, and the crimes of his life. This was the source of his trouble at hearing the words of the Eastern magi. All Jerusalem was troubled with him, probably because all Jerusalem knew how ferocious Herod could be when the shadow of a doubt crossed the object of his life-long ambition. He proceeded with the singular duplicity in keeping with his hybrid genealogy, his half-Jewish and half-pagan life, and his half-believing and half-atheistic heart. He gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, and demanded of them

¹ Matt. ii. 1, 2, 3.

where Christ should be born. This proves that he believed the Jewish Scriptures, at least on this point; that he understood the king of the Jews, spoken of by the magi, to be the person whom the Jews were expecting as their Messiah, or Christ; and that he thought he was to be a temporal king. The answer of the chief priests and scribes to King Herod is worthy of special attention: "And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."¹ Herod seems to have made no doubt but that the chief priests could tell him, as they did tell him, correctly, out of the Scriptures, where the Christ was to be born. And the birth of Jesus occurred just where the unbelieving chief priests and scribes informed the jealous and dark-minded king that Christ was to be born. This is one of those deeply significant instances in which the worst enemies of Jesus are made the instruments of the Divine Providence in establishing the fact that he was what the Scriptures said the Messiah was to be. It is a fact which must have a powerful influence over a candid mind; and all the more powerful that none of them understood what kind of a king of the Jews Christ was to be, and what kind of rule he was to bear over Israel. Had Herod understood the spiritual nature of his kingdom, he might have felt little or no rivalry, and have failed to bring out this testimony of the Scriptures, or, at least, have had in it a much less hostile motive, and, therefore, have been less free from all suspicion of collusion in favor of the Lord Jesus.

"Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."²

¹ Matt. ii. 5, 6.

² Matt. ii. 7, 8-11.

The magi set out from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, probably having had the impressions made on them in the East by the oracle, and that produced by the star which led them, confirmed and strengthened by the reports of the priests and scribes at Jerusalem as to the teaching of the Scriptures. Their joy becomes exceedingly great when the star re-appears as their guide on their coming out of Jerusalem. Full of Eastern devotion and deep sincerity, near the end of a long pilgrimage, and bearing costly gifts, they are led by the star to the very spot where they find the young child and Mary his mother. They fall down at once and worship him, and open their treasures, and present unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Than the approach of the magi to the end of their pilgrimage, and the object of their devotion, few scenes, even in sacred history, are more sublimely significant; and probably none would better reward the painter who should fully conceive it, and could throw both the appropriate natural and moral colors around the persons and scenes. The early church saw, in the offering of the gifts of the wise men to the infant Redeemer at Bethlehem, in a beautiful symbol, the gorgeous East, which "showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold," bringing her wealth, learning, and philosophy, and laying them at the feet of the King of God's true Israel: a vision whose fulfillment is yet in the future, but, we may trust, is approaching, in the preparation of the way of the kings of the East.

Herod told the eastern magi to return to him when they had found the child, that he might come and worship him also. *Cultum pretendit, cultrum intendit*, as one has said. He pretended worship, he intended the sword. He intended to put the infant King of the Jews to death; although he appears to have admitted, by consulting the priests and scribes, that he was born in fulfillment of divine prophecy. But the magi, being warned of God in a dream not to go back to Herod, returned to their own country another way. And Joseph, also receiving similar warning, took the young child and his mother and fled into Egypt.

“Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.”¹

From the expression here used, “according to the time that he had diligently inquired of the wise men,” it appears that the star had been shining in the east for two years. The object of Herod’s diligent inquiry was “what time the star appeared.” Wicked men both freely and blindly fulfil the purposes of God. Two prophecies, constituting links in the chain of proof that this is very Christ, were fulfilled by this fearful atrocity: the one, that the Son of God should be called out of Egypt; the other, that in connection with his coming there should be weeping in Rama, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. When Herod was dead, and succeeded by Archelaus, Joseph, in obedience to a second divine warning, came up from Egypt, but went and dwelt in Nazareth, in which he had dwelt before the census of Augustus.

Christians believe this infant, born at Bethlehem, to have been the Son of God, thus born of a woman and made under the law; that thus, by his obedience to the law, he might pay the price demanded by the justice of God for the redemption of sinners, and that as man he might be capable of death, as a sacrifice, to ransom souls. He enters human life by infant birth, and not by immediate adult creation, as the first Adam did, that he might thus more fully condescend to a participation in human life. But they do not believe that this was the beginning of his existence. One of the four biographies of him which it has

¹ Matt. ii. 16-18.

pleased the Spirit of God to inspire and give us, shows him to us in divine, eternal, and blessed existence before that: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and 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."¹

And they believe that, as he is that only person of the three in the Godhead whom man can see and live, he was the Angel-Jehovah of the old times; that he was the Angel of the Covenant; that it was he who appeared to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Manoah, David, Solomon, Elijah, Isaiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel; that he is God the Revealer, or God the Word; and that in this incarnation at Bethlehem there is seen the beginning of the life of Immanuel, or God manifest in the flesh; and that, humble and lowly as it is in its beginning, it is the life of the only real Priest, the only real King, of God's spiritual Israel.

The proof that he is God is not full and complete at his birth, of course. But there is a grand and solemn air of truth and reality about these events which the fabulous mythologies of other virgin-born divinities can no more set aside than any other fabulous things can, or ought, to impeach the credit of any other genuine things. How infinitely they are above the style and tone of the gospel of the birth of Mary, the protevangelion, and the first and second gospels of the infancy of Jesus, in the Apocryphal New Testament!

But there is more than an air of truth and reality about the events connected with the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem. There are two different records of them, of which the words bear not the remotest trace of having been fitted together, but have every mark of independence. And there are most remarkable corroborations of one testimony by another, when these records are brought together, which seem to come out in the narratives without any sign of the full consciousness of the human pensmen of their vast weight.

¹ John i. 1, 14.

First, Joseph, a poor and virtuous tradesman, would have been disgraced by the condition of his betrothed wife, and would have divorced her at once, if he had not been satisfied in some way that the only thing which could satisfy one in his situation was true; that is, that it was a virgin conception by the power of the Creator. And few men have ever been found base enough to participate in an imposture at such sacrifice of the very strongest and most instinctive feelings of self-respect.

Second, Augustus Cæsar, afar away at Rome, upon his imperial throne, makes a decree, in the most utter ignorance of the Hebrew Scriptures, that the people should be enrolled according to their lineage and genealogy, which brings these indigent and obscure descendants of David to Bethlehem, where the Scriptures said that Christ was to be born; and which, so far as we can see, was the only species of urgent necessity which would have moved a woman from her home in Mary's situation.

Third, The shepherds, at the bidding of angels, but without a word of information from any mortal source, enter Bethlehem in search of One whom they have been told, though a babe newly born that day, is Christ the Lord, a Prince and a Saviour; and they find this mother and child, and are at once satisfied that these are they of whom the angels spake.

Fourth, There are two devout and holy persons frequenting the temple at Jerusalem, waiting for the consolation of Israel, to one of whom it has been revealed by the God of the prophets that he shall see the Lord's Christ before he sees death. Both of these persons, led by the Spirit of God, enter just as this child is presented before God; and, without information of any antecedent events connected with his birth, either from Joseph, or Mary, or the shepherds, receive him as the Christ of whom the Spirit of God has spoken to them. And one of them immediately perceives that his time has come to die, because he has seen God's salvation, which he was to see before his death.¹

¹ Luke ii. 25-38.

Fifth, Wise men come on a pilgrimage from the East, and announce that they have seen a star in their own land, which declared to them the birth of a King of the Jews, who was worthy of their worship and of their most precious gifts. They report themselves to King Herod; but the star does not stand over his throne. He is not the king of the Jews whom they are come to worship. The star forsakes them while they tarry at Jerusalem; but it appears again to guide them when they set out towards Bethlehem, and continues with them till it stops over the head of the newly born child of the Virgin Mary.

Sixth, King Herod himself is jealous even of an infant King of the Jews, because he does not understand that he is a spiritual King and Saviour, but thinks him a temporal king and rival of himself and his children. He inquires of the keepers and teachers of the books of the prophets, the priests, and the scribes at Jerusalem, where Christ was to be born according to the Scriptures. They tell him at Bethlehem, and recite the words of the Jewish prophet, on which they rely for the fact. And King Herod thereupon proves himself to be a believer in the words of that prophet by the commission of the most atrocious crimes in all history.

There does not appear to be any other way to escape the force of these considerations but to call in question the truth of the records; but to impeach witnesses, not because they show any sign whatever of being corrupt, not because they lack any feature, or element, or condition of veracity and honesty and credibility, but merely because we may not relish in our hearts the facts which they establish, or because those facts humble us, put our lives in the wrong, require us to repent of our sins, and lay our only hope of salvation upon another, owing to the greatness of our guilt and blindness—thus to impeach witnesses, or to question testimony, for reasons which are in ourselves, and not in the testimony, is a device which would not be admissible before any just tribunal.

It is only in the blindness of a guilty nature that we hide our faces from Jesus Christ, whether in the manger, in the garden, or upon the cross. Looking upon him is the way of eternal life. No man can tell how much he has been loved by the best and wisest and purest men and women of the earth heretofore. Especially will he receive a love immeasurable by human estimate in the days to come, when the veil of the covering shall be rent from the hearts of men, and they shall see him with eyes clearly opened thereto by his own power.

What a many-handed Providence is here brought to view; grasping the Roman emperor in the west, the magi in the east, and king and shepherd, saint and scribe, in Judea; employing the passions of evil men; sending the multitudes of the heavenly hosts on earthly errands; directing the small events of life to a single moment; ushering the Son of God into the world at an anciently-appointed time and place by the concurrence of persons and events from the ends of the earth!

Rightly did the prophet see the symbol of the Divine Providence with foot, and hand, and wing, and wheel, all instinct with the Spirit, and the living creature running and returning as a flash of lightning, and the rings of the wheels so high that they were dreadful, and full of eyes round about the living creatures.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LET us now endeavor to take a fair and candid view of the reputed Son of the carpenter of Nazareth, as a public teacher. His occupation until about the thirtieth year of his age has been the same as that of Joseph, his reputed father. He has been brought up at a place famous for its moral and spiritual darkness, even in that morally and spiritually dark age. We do not learn that he ever enjoyed any of the privileges of a public education. But we do hear the wondering question from his adversaries, when, in the midst of one of the great feasts of the Jewish religion, he taught in the temple, "How knoweth this man letters [learning], having never learned?"¹ The short time which he spent with the Jewish doctors in the temple, at twelve years of age, was not probably a period of much advancement in knowledge on his part. Considered as a mere man, he could have learned very little from them during the short period of a day or two, whilst his parents left him there with them. They could have taught him very little that was worth knowing in ever so long a time. It is a fact as clearly established as any in history, that at this time these Jewish doctors possessed very little learning of real value on any subject, and about none at all concerning the great moral truths of religion. Their minds were occupied with such questions as, Whether the inferior classes of the herbs of the garden—mint, anise, and cummin—were subject to the tax of the tithe for the support of the temple; how broad ought a phylactery to be; and whether the most trivial things were violations of the Sab-

¹ John vii. 15.

bath, and many similar things. And if the doctors had had ever so much to teach, the circumstances of his interview with them rather lead to the inference that he was confuting them than that he was learning from them.

Considered as a mere man, he certainly did not learn great moral and spiritual truths at Nazareth. There was then, there is now, hardly a spot in the whole civilized world where such things were less apt to be learned from human lips. Did he learn the deepest of all religious revelations from Joseph, a just and simple man, a day-laborer, utterly unheard of, and without pretensions as a teacher? Where, then, could he have learned those things as a mere man? They were not taught at that time, either by Gamaliel at Jerusalem, or by the Eastern magi, or by the philosophers at Athens. There was no place on earth at which they could have been learned at that time. There never had been a time since the world began when such things as he taught could have been learned at any place from the lips of any man. If so, when was it? where was it? and from whom?

If he was a mere man, a mere tranquil, rustic youth, a mere carpenter, a mere Nazarene, then the words which fell from his lips during the three years of his public ministry are the most stupendous miracles which ever were done on the face of the earth. It would not be half so strange to assert that an entirely uneducated ploughman of the obscurest backwoods of America composed that sublime poem, the "Paradise Lost"; or that a drunken ditcher from the County Cork, in Ireland, was the real author of the plays called Shakspeare's; or that a merchant's clerk of the city of Paris, or of New Orleans, had written the "*Mécanique Céleste*," attributed to La Place—as to assert that the words which fell from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, as a public teacher, proceeded from the ordinary human resources of an unlettered carpenter of that place, in that age.

I. To satisfy ourselves of this, let us hear him as he discourses with NICODEMUS, that ruler of the Jews who paid

him a visit by night, near the commencement of his public ministry.¹

He had thus early been attended by a sufficient display of miraculous power to convince Nicodemus that he was a teacher come from God. The Jewish ruler at once saw clearly that the power to change those laws of nature which God had enacted was a power no less than that which had originally enacted those laws. If Moses wrought miracles, it was because God was with Moses. If Elijah and Elisha and Daniel had wrought miracles, it was because God was with Elijah, Elisha and Daniel. If the magicians who withstood Moses in Egypt had wrought miracles up to a certain point, and if the Witch of Endor had miraculously brought Samuel up from the dead, in all cases of genuine miracles God is present; and the object for which they are wrought will appear in the circumstances attending them. Wrought by a teacher in confirmation of his teachings, they are God's visible ratification of his authority to teach. They give him the right to be heard among men as one speaking the word of God. As a matter of experience, they are in their nature very apt to produce that effect among men. Counterfeit miracles, and miracles wrought by the hand of God alone, and not sent in ratification of any words of those by whom they appear to be wrought, may raise difficulties in the application of the great principle in some singular cases. The principle, however, remains impregnable, that none but God can change nature; and where an honest man fairly and openly works miracles, to gain credence to his teachings as the words of God, he is entitled to be fully heard in those teachings. Then, if the teachings themselves, when heard, are attended by the self-evidencing Spirit of God; if, as moral sayings, they reveal the human heart to itself; if, as prophecies, they have a vast and wonderful fulfillment, entirely beyond the sphere of human contrivance, then his words are the words of God, and are to be taken as true. The teacher is what he claims to be.

¹ John iii.

Thus far Jesus and Nicodemus are agreed at the outset. The right of Jesus to teach is admitted; and Nicodemus presents himself, therefore, to be taught.

The subject immediately introduced is one of amazing depth and grandeur. He says nothing about his credentials; they are to be looked for in his mighty works. He tacitly assents to the reasoning of the Jewish ruler; and from the right to teach he proceeds at once to the great subject upon which it chiefly concerns heaven to teach the earth—the kingdom of heaven, and the way by which a sinful mortal man may enter that kingdom: “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”¹ This is an extremely different subject from those current in the Jewish schools of that day. Nowhere else could the discussion of it have been heard. It is the most important subject upon which the thoughts of men ever rested. All the profundities of Plato, of Confucius, of Zoroaster; all Grecian; all Roman, all Egyptian, all Oriental philosophy, fade to sheer insignificance in comparison. That one single utterance cut deeper into human life, character and destiny than all earthly wisdom put together. That single flash of the eternal light revealed at once the sinfulness of man, the holiness of God, and the deep necessity forbidding these parties from dwelling together in the same spiritual kingdom with such natures unchanged. It also showed the great and precious truth that, amid the plans of the government of God, there is a gate through which, with a changed nature, a mortal may enter, and behold and enjoy the kingdom of God. And the birth of a man into this mortal life was employed as a figure, illustrating the commencement of the spiritual life by the commencement of his natural life. Nicodemus did immediately what a man of worldly habits of thought is very apt to do; he seized upon the illustration, instead of the truth illustrated: “Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time

¹ John iii. 3.

into his mother's womb and be born?" He has not yet obtained a single glimpse of the spiritual nature of the kingdom of heaven and the change spoken of, although the old Scriptures, which it was his business to understand, spoke often and gloriously of that kingdom; and in them, and in the old earthly and temporal kingdom and dispensation of the Jews, a thousand types and shadows had been uttering prophecies of that kingdom to the eyes and to the ears and to the faith of men from the days of Moses until then.

But the Carpenter of Nazareth is ready with an answer to the great difficulty: "Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."¹

The spiritual nature of the second birth is clearly brought out in the distinction between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the Spirit. The perpetual objection from the unseen working of that power of God by which a soul is born again, and its mysterious nature, is answered for all ages before it is alleged by the profound analogy of the mighty powers of the unseen and mysterious wind. Nicodemus wonders. Jesus reminds him that these are things which masters in Israel ought to know; affirms that he himself speaks them as an eye-witness, and that he has seen the lofty things of heaven also when the time comes to speak of them, and that he, the Son of Man, is in heaven as to the mystic communion of his divine nature with the Father. Nicodemus becomes silent. And then the youthful Carpenter introduced a third profound illustration. The former two, the birth of the body and the power of the wind, had been drawn from material nature. This is

¹ John iii. 4-8.

one of the types of spiritual truth, slumbering upon the rich pages of those old Scriptures, with which, by virtue of his office, Nicodemus ought to have been familiar; awaiting its spiritual reality, like a body awaiting reunion with its soul in the resurrection. And it will give increased light to the inquiring ruler by showing the very door of entrance into the kingdom of heaven, the very act of faith by which men pass from death to life: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."¹

And that his duty and his interest to enter the kingdom of God by the gate which had been revealed to him might be still clearer to the mind of the ruler, he further shows him the condemnation under which men lie: "He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."²

Now, what mighty words these are to proceed from the lips of a laborer of Nazareth in the thirtieth year of his age! The practicability of a spiritual change in the heart of man, the impossibility of his entrance into the kingdom of God without it, the spiritual power by which the change is effected, the act of faith in which it is wrought, the love of God which opened the gate to sinners, and the condem-

¹ John iii. 14-17.² John iii. 18-21.

nation from which it delivers the soul of man! Were these things said by a mere mortal, a mere common laborer, brought up in the obscure and wicked society of Nazareth in such an age as that? So to affirm is a credulity as wicked as it is blind and weak. A mere mortal could as easily have drawn aside the curtain of the blue skies, and have displayed to the sight of mortals the throne of the eternal God, and the unspeakable scenes of eternity, and all the plans and purposes and thoughts of God towards man, forever rolling onward in their appointed times, to their appointed bounds, in the hands of the angels, by the power of his Spirit, and embracing all things in their resistless force. We drop for a moment the theory of our argument to cover our faces in his presence and adore. This is the very building, in our sight, of the ladder which the patriarch saw; and thousands of the wisest and best of men have found it a correct delineation of the path over which their souls have gone.

II. But let us listen again to what was probably the next great discourse of Jesus in his public life—that delivered to his twelve disciples shortly after their call, commonly known as the Sermon on the Mount: “And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and, when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”¹

Again the youthful Nazarene reveals the profoundest spiritual mysteries. He tells who receive God’s blessing,

¹ Matt. v. 1-10.

whose is the kingdom of heaven, who shall be comforted, who shall inherit the earth, who shall be filled with righteousness, who shall obtain mercy, who shall see God, and who shall be called the children of God. It is as difficult to suppose that one uneducated had, by chance, stumbled upon such declarations, as it is to suppose that he learned them at Nazareth. No impossibility is more complete than that this blessing upon the poor in spirit should have been the production of a mere human mind. It is the direct reverse of human ideas of blessedness in that age, and in every other age, except where this saying of his, and others like it from himself and his followers, have influenced men's minds. From what source was it that a young tradesman of Nazareth took his seat upon a mountain in Galilee, and poured forth, in the most sublime and simple words, blessings upon them that mourn, blessings upon the meek, blessings upon those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, blessings upon the merciful? From what imaginable source, considered as a mere man, did he derive that truth which rings like a silver trumpet through the moral world, with a clearness and dignity and majesty unequalled anywhere: Blessed are the pure in heart? How did the idea of purity of heart find its way into any mind amid the dark degradation of Nazareth? It is a strangely significant and instructive fact, that, so far as is known, no heathen religion contained that idea at all; no heathen philosophy or poetry could then show any such expression. Faith might have seen it dimly shadowed forth in the old Hebrew ritual in clean and unclean persons and things. But the shadows were fading, and such faith was scarcely to be found upon the earth. And how came a tranquil, home-keeping, and untaught Nazarene to hit upon that most radiant and beautiful of moral truths, that the pure in heart shall see God, that the visions of God to mortals draw near and become clear in outline and visible in forms of celestial glory only to those eyes through which a pure heart looks out to see them? The world, so far as we have

any knowledge of its moral condition at that time, was as incapable of that idea, and of so simple an expression of it, as it is now incapable of spreading a transfiguring veil of woven sunlight over its own midnight face. These beatitudes were at that time contrary to the opinions of all the world upon those subjects, and still more contrary to the inclinations, the pride, the prejudices, the maxims, the praises, and the popularities of the world. They are so still to a very great extent. But these sentences have been steadily revolutionizing the world ever since. The more holy, and wise, and pure the world becomes, the nearer they are to touching its orbit. But there are still immeasurable depths in them, above where the world yet is. And many men begin now to see that the golden age, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea, will simply be the times when these shall be its views and practices on these subjects. From whence, then, did a young mechanic of one of the most morally and spiritually dark and obscure cities of Galilee, in a fearfully dark age, derive these pithy and profound moral maxims, which have since spread themselves over all human life, have been thousands and thousands of times made good to unwilling eyes—never exhausted in their meaning, never ending in their applications, never shallow in sense, never fairly questionable in veracity, spreading from one wise and good heart to another, among all classes, nations, and generations of men among whom they are known, in all places and ages of the world? It is one of the clearest of certainties, that he who uttered these things was not a mere uninspired mortal. It would be more reasonable and probable to think that a mere mortal could explore all the deepest caves of the oceans, and find out the richest, and purest, and rarest pearls of those dark recesses, and bring them forth to human view, and set them on the brows of kings, and queens, and emperors, and czars, and sultans over the earth, and that these kings, and queens, and emperors, and czars, and sultans should, from day to day, be

changed by the brilliants which glittered upon their brows into something more than mere children of men, being transfigured into glorious angelic forms, natures, and powers, than to suppose that these maxims were brought to light, and set forever as seals upon the souls of the best of men, by a mere man of Nazareth, in that age of the world.

III. Let us examine another of the discourses of the young Teacher from Nazareth, also delivered at an early period in his public ministry. It was on the occasion of one of the great public feasts of the Jews at Jerusalem. There was a strange kind of pool, or mineral well, at that time, in that city, called Bethesda, with porches built around it for sick people to come and shelter in until they were healed. An angel came down at a certain time into the pool and stirred its waters, and then he who went next in was healed of his infirmities. It was another type of Messiah, the healer of the sick, and was standing there waiting till the antitype, the great Healer, should come. Jesus healed a man without sending him into the pool at all, who had been afflicted for thirty-eight years, and who had been lying there for a long time without being able to get to the water while it possessed its medicinal power. But it was done on the Sabbath day, and the more they had learned to neglect the great substance of the commandments, the more fanatical they were about the small minutiae of their own laws concerning them. When they accused him of a breach of the Sabbath, he distinctly called himself the Son of God, and made himself equal with God in honor and in power to raise the dead. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Verily, verily I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the

Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him. Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man. Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."¹

This discourse, and others from him to the same effect, have shed so much light on the subjects of spiritual death and spiritual resurrection, and of natural death and the future resurrection of the bodies of all men from the grave, that we do not readily see how dark the world was on these subjects before they were uttered—just as it is extremely difficult, in the bright morning sunshine, to conceive justly of the darkness of the preceding night, and the utter invisibility of objects in that darkness. Our minds have in either case become too much saturated with light to grasp darkness fairly, even for the purposes of comparison. The candid mind may approach a just conception by attentively studying the best hopes of Greeks and Romans, in their poetry and philosophy, concerning immortality, and the purest opinions of Jewish rabbis of this and preceding ages on these points, when rarely, indeed, they raised their thoughts to a sufficient dignity to touch these matters at all, or even to know and feel their need of light concerning

¹ John v. 17, 19-29.

them. It may be said that Jesus of Nazareth extracted these tremendous revelations from the scriptures of the Old Testament. And no doubt it is true that hints, types, prophecies of them, were there to be found, dark before their fulfillment came, bright afterwards. This is only to shift the argument to another ground. Why did no one else but the Nazarene see these revelations slumbering in the Old Testament? There cannot be a very great difference between the power which raises from their graves dead truths or dead souls or dead bodies, which have lived once upon the earth, and the power which creates new truths, new souls and new bodies to live upon the earth for the first time. But it is perfectly clear that the doctrine of a future state, if revealed in the Old Testament at all, was shrouded in deep darkness. A most eminent man, in the age after the life of Jesus, publicly declared that he had brought those things to light. So far as we know, that eminent man met with no contradiction whatever as to the fact, but with incessant opposition on account of the strangeness and novelty of the doctrine.¹

He here brings forward the mystery of the work of God in his incessant government and judgment of the world; the hearing of the divine word by dead souls; the procession of creative renewing power from God into those souls that hear his voice, to make them alive again; the passage of souls from death to life upon earth; that he himself is a fountain of life, as is the Father, and that therefore he maketh whom he will spiritually and bodily alive and whole again; that he, Jesus, is the Son of man, as well as the Son of God, and his peculiar authority to judge the earth is in connection with this incarnation of his; that the time of the resurrection of dead souls then was; and that a time was coming when the earth should witness the tremendous scene of the resurrection from their graves of the bodies of both the righteous and the wicked dead to a future life beyond the grave of either glory or damnation.

¹ Acts xvii. 18.

Will the unbeliever who speaks of the oracles of reason tell us what those oracles of the King and Master of the intellectual powers say in answer to the question, Where did a tranquil Nazarene mechanic of that age obtain these grand and awful truths? If reason is not bribed, and blinded, and cheated and robbed of his liberty, he will point his finger only up to heaven in answer to the question. There is no other answer to be heard in all his dominions. And these proofs seem to be enough for right reason. But let us advance further into the rich field of the revelations of Jesus.

IV. Let us hear him further unfold the events of the moral history of man, present and future: "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servant of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn. He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall

cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.”¹

These things are familiar to us from our infancy. They were known to our fathers. We can, therefore, form little correct conceptions how they sounded when they fell in perfect novelty and freshness upon the ears of men eighteen centuries ago; explaining other great facts of the moral world; declaring that righteous men are the spiritual seed of Christ; that there is a great unseen spiritual enemy of God and man, the devil, whose seed evil men are; that the angels are the servants of God in human affairs; that the delay in the execution of the righteous judgments of God upon the wicked is owing to the social relations of the righteous to them; that there is a season of moral and spiritual harvest appointed at the end of the world, at which time the angels of God will separate the righteous from the wicked, and gather the wicked, the seed of Satan, for the eternal burning, and the righteous, the seed of Christ, shall shine with glory in the kingdom of God.

We shall have a word to say, further on, concerning the works of almighty power wrought by the Lord Jesus. But in these miracles of moral and mental and spiritual light poured upon the world, we have as unequivocal proof of the presence of God with him who uttered them as any works of material power whatever could afford. They are, indeed, evidences of a nobler nature, of a purer essence, than the others; and, when viewed in connection with the moral darkness which then covered the earth, are entirely conclusive of the highest inspiration. A mere human being could as easily have peopled the earth, at a word, with the visible angels of God and the visible fiends of the Enemy, and showed the world the grasping schemes, and the far-reaching plans, and the fearful and gorgeous scenery, of the great conflict, from age to age, between the powers of good and of evil, as to have uttered these things without God.

¹ Matt. xiii. 24-30, 37-43.

But we do not affirm that this high inspiration proved Jesus of Nazareth to be the co-equal Son of God, the Messiah, the divine Redeemer; for St. John and St. Paul, with others, possessed very high inspiration, uttered very pure and unearthly truths, but they are not proved thereby to have been divine. Yet the inspiration which was given to Paul and John did not claim divinity for them, but did abundantly ascribe divinity to Jesus of Nazareth. The inspiration of God does by no means prove the inspired man to be divine, unless he himself, and other men, speaking by that inspiration, assert him to be divine. Then it establishes his divinity with the whole force of the divine authority.

V. We have, therefore, another most important, but simple and easy step to take in the argument. Jesus of Nazareth himself claimed to be the Son of God, the promised Messiah, the Divine Redeemer of men. All these miracles of spiritual light were uttered in proof of that claim of his. The voice of God from heaven bade men attend to that claim of his, and declared the assent of God the Father to it. In the nature of the case, his own nature and character, and the nature of his mission to the earth, were obliged to be declared by his own lips. The examples of John the Baptist, of Simon Peter, and of the sons of Zebedee, who all very imperfectly and falteringly understood him, show that no human being of that age but himself could, previously to his ascension, have declared his nature and character to men. His claim to be the Son of God was mingled with his other revelations in a rich variety of ways and modes of expression. If there is one moral quality which is brighter than the others, in the evidence we have, it is his perfect truthfulness, his thorough veracity, his moral honesty. If we examine all that he said in relation to human nature, and what is in man, we find that the more righteous and holy and happy men become, and the more they learn on such subjects, and the more they know of themselves, the more nearly do their views ap-

proach to the statements of his word, and the clearer is their consciousness of the truth of his word. If we take all his prophecies which lie upon the earth for their fulfillment, in the destinies of men and of nations, we find that ages have rolled away, and are rolling away, and not one jot or tittle of his word has ever failed, or is now anywhere failing, or is expected to fail hereafter, by any who have candidly attended to its fulfillment in the past. If we look at what he said about the entrance to the kingdom of heaven and the way of salvation, then every man and woman who has entered that kingdom and trod that way is a new witness to the truthfulness of his delineations exactly as far as the experience of that man or that woman has gone. Then we have the vast weight of his moral character as a man, which came unblemished and spotless through the fiery ordeal of his last days in the flesh, to entitle any claim which he set up to our credit. The highpriests condemned him for making himself the Son of God, and for a misunderstood prophecy of the resurrection of his own body in three days. If he was not the Son of God, their condemnation of him was just; but if he was the Son of God, then was he simply a martyr to the truth of that claim. Judas declared that his was the innocent blood. Pilate's wife called him "that just man." Pilate confessed that he found no fault in him. Herod mocked him for pretensions to a species of royalty to which he never made any pretensions; and Herod totally misapprehended, like the other men of that age, the species of royalty over God's spiritual Israel to which he did lay claim. Every act of his life, every circumstance of his death, the voice of God at his baptism, every voice of friend or enemy surrounding his path, establishes the awful and spotless purity, truthfulness, holiness of his moral character. That a man of such character, so attested and so sifted and tried on every side, and coming out of every ordeal so peerlessly pure and spotless, should through his whole life set up a claim among men to be their Messiah and divine Redeemer, and die willingly for

the truth of it, is the plainest, simplest, and sheerest of moral contradictions and impossibilities *if that claim is not true*. All men are judges, in some degree, of truthfulness or falsehood. It is wonderful what an atmosphere there is around a true or a false character, sensible not only to profound scholars, laborious students, great philosophers; but more especially to the deepest of all the instincts of the simple, lowly, and honest heart. Either, then, there is nothing in relation to which the human mind is capable of judging, or else Jesus of Nazareth was what he claimed to be, the co-equal Son of God, the promised Messiah, the divine Redeemer of men.

The things quoted from his lips abundantly prove that he spoke by the highest inspiration of God. But what he said was also the utterance of a free and perfect human nature, and has all the weight attending a character of the most perfect moral honesty and rectitude. These are the two witnesses to his Messiahship of which he himself speaks,¹ the Father and the Son. We are then fully warranted in saying that both God and man speak by his lips, and we humbly and heartily bow our souls to listen with adoring reverence to his voice when he tells the woman of Samaria, "I that speak unto thee am the Messiah, which is called Christ";² when he repeatedly tells the Jews³ and his disciples,⁴ and finally declares before the highpriest, to the sacrifice of his earthly life, that he is THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.⁵

We are in the presence of God manifest in the flesh. We hear with new pleasure his words: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad. Verily, verily I say unto you, before Abraham was I am."⁶ Awe and reverence blend with affectionate faith while we hear him say to Thomas: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and

¹ John v. 36, 37.² John iv. 26.³ John v.⁴ John xiv. 13.⁵ Matt. xxvi. 64.⁶ John viii. 56-58.

from henceforth ye know him and have seen him.”¹ And to Philip: “Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me, or else believe me for the very works’ sake.”²

Thus came the divine Redeemer into the world, a lowly, tranquil, patient man; repeating in more permanent form and with greater duration the visits of the Angel of the Covenant, in the sublimity of meekness and obedience, with nothing about him which marks the great ones of the earth, but with the fulness of the Godhead bodily to display itself in the appointed ways and at the appointed season in immeasurable light to those who willingly behold the light.

This is the divine Revealer of God’s word, and name, and nature, and justice, and grace, of whom all preceding law-givers, prophets, and wise men divinely learned, were but types and shadows, like the stars which illumine the morning sky before the coming of the sun. To him of all that ever were born of woman, Moses, and Solomon, and Daniel, with their wondrous gifts of wisdom, occupy inferior places, with no degradation to themselves.

The plan of this work does not allow us to examine the mighty discourses of Jesus towards the end of his life. He who wishes further to weigh his character as a teacher, may look not only to many brief sayings and parables, but to those great sermons on the love of heaven to sinners, in Luke xv.; the final damnation of the impenitent, in Luke xvi.; his great prophetic discourses, in Matthew xxiv. and xxv., and his profound and tender highpriestly discourses and prayer, in John xiv., xv., xvi. and xvii.

¹ John xiv. 6, 7.

² John xiv. 9-11.

THE TEMPTATION AND THE TRANSFIGURATION.

WE revert, for the present, to the period between the baptism of the Lord Jesus and his public introduction to the people as the Lamb of God. The temptation of Jesus by Satan in the wilderness occurred in that interval, and it is that to which we now attend: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards a hungered. And when the tempter came to him he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."¹

The transactions of this occasion take place between the prince of evil spirits and Jesus, considered as the Mediator. That he is the Son of God, is the fact which the devil seeks to overthrow. The union of the divine and human natures in his person is made clear. He must be a man to feel hunger, to be in danger of being dashed against a stone, and to be tempted by earthly ambition. But the power to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them is more than human. It was possessed, it would seem, by the arch fiend, as well as the Redeemer. It is Christ as Mediator who is tempted. The exalted powers of the mediatorial person are called into requisition to receive the temptation; but only the powers of a perfect human nature are employed to resist them, or human nature upheld for the purpose by the Spirit of God. The Spirit leads him to the wilderness for the purpose. His long fasting reminds us of the fasts of Moses and of Elijah in the ancient days. The first temptation of the adversary is

¹ Matt. iv. 1; Mark i. 12; Luke iv. 1.

addressed to his bodily appetite for food, thus increased by long abstinence. The words uttered from heaven at his baptism, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," are yet sounding in the ears of the adversary. "If thou be the Son of God," says he, "feed your hunger by commanding these stones to be changed into bread by creative power." His temptation contains that concession which the wicked Jews so often afterwards made, that the Son of God was God. He challenges Jesus to exert divine creative power, if he is the Son of God. But Satan had no right to prescribe the occasions on which the Mediator should exercise such power. God had ordered the method and occasions and nature of that proof. And, moreover, the working of a miracle to provide food for himself was not necessary, since his soul and body were both upheld in this long fast by the spiritual and providential power of God. There was an illustrious instance of this sort of supply of bodily wants, by silent and unobtrusive means, in the giving of manna to the fathers of old in the wilderness. So he replied to the temptation by quoting the remark of Moses on that subject:¹ "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Every word of God has power. And God can find more ways to take care of his children than man can imagine.

Then, with the power of an archangel, though fallen, yet mighty, as the prince of the powers of the air, the devil still taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Again Satan insinuates his insulting doubt whether Jesus is the Son of God—"If thou be." Again he prescribes the mode of proving it to be so, if it were so, which he had no

¹ Deut. viii. 3.

right whatever to do. Nor have any of Satan's followers any right to prescribe what ought to be the proof of Christianity. The proof of the divine origin of Christianity, as it stands, if understood, is far sounder and stronger, in all probability, than it would be were it what the infidels lay down that it ought to have been. If God had not appointed the casting of himself down from the pinnacle of the temple as the means of proving his Sonship to the world, Satan had no right to appoint that as a means of proof. His subsequent walking upon the water was a miracle of the same description, by the appointment of God, as that here demanded by the tempter. It was not the want of power to cast himself down unhurt which constituted the reason why Jesus would not do so, but that it was not a means of his manifestation appointed of God.

We are cheerfully to encounter danger in the path of duty. The dangers which lie upon that path are appointed for us, and we are far safer encountering than shunning them. But we have no right to make dangers for ourselves. There is no promise provided for that case. The passage of Scripture quoted by the tempter was misquoted. He artfully left out the words, "in all thy ways." They show that it is a promise of safety in duty, and not in temerity. The clipping and garbling of Scripture, to get rid of certain ideas which we do not like, is a work of Satan. True, Satan here quoted Scripture, as is commonly said; but Satan did not quote Scripture correctly. He stole away the words which did not suit him, and slipped them out.

But there is a strange and mysterious disposition in human nature thus to try conclusions with divine Providence, to make wild and perilous adventures. The temptation must have addressed itself powerfully in some way to the human nature of Jesus, or else it would hardly have been employed by the wily adversary. We may suppose that, besides the ambition of making a magnificent descent through the air into the holy city, the proposition appealed keenly and pointedly to the half-mystic and enchanted, and

half-panic and nervous inclination of our nature thus to cast itself down from precipices. "Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."¹ This quotation is exactly to the point. That he replies thus to the temptation, shows that he saw the guilt into which it would have seduced him, and reveals that guilt to us. It was a contest of one quoting the word of God correctly against one misquoting it. "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."²

We cannot tell what exceeding high mountain this was, nor is a knowledge of that fact necessary, or of any value to us that we know of; for there is no mountain-top so high that all the kingdoms of the earth could be seen at once from it with human powers and human laws of vision. The transactions occur in the use of a higher range of powers than human. They give us glimpses of the exercise of powers of whose laws we know nothing. The vision was common to the Redeemer and the fallen archangel. The powers of vision are, therefore, those which are common to the Mediatorial Person and the archangels: where the height of the being of the high angels terminates against the side of the being of God incarnate. Probably the kings and queens, emperors and empresses of the eastern and western kingdoms, were made to pass in visions the most gorgeous and entrancing to the imagination, in brilliant robes, as if on high days of civil or religious pomp, with crowns shining with jewels and gold, followed by brilliant retinues and large armies, in such a series of spectacles as those with which the tempter had allured the Cyruses, and the Alexanders, and the Scipios, and the Pompeys, and the Hannibals, and the Cæsars of the past ages. And to the very highest human natures, if mere human natures, such visions, seen even in the sleep of midsummer, had before

¹ Matt. iv. 7, 8, 9.

² *Ibid.*

that, and have since that, had the very highest power of influence. It is a sad and awful reflection that the proposition to worship Satan virtually as the price of secular favor, advancement and power, is one which has always been accepted by great numbers of public men in every age. Although the tempter does not expressly mention in this case, as he did in the others, that he is trying the question whether Jesus is the Son of God, yet this is as keen a trial of that point as either of the other temptations, and probably keener. If any earthly ambition had lurked in the bosom of the man Jesus, and if there had been no mediatorial union of the Son of God in that one person, although, especially under the influence of the grace of God, mere human nature has sometimes made very sublime sacrifices and self-denials, yet we cannot say that he would not have fallen. And as it was, the union of that possibility of falling which belongs to human nature, and which alone could give any point to the act of the Spirit in driving him into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, with that impossibility of falling which must belong to the Son of God as unchangeably holy, in one and the same person, is one of the deepest of mysteries to human thought. But it is but the old problem of the infallibility of divine purpose, divine plan and divine grace, existing in full consistency with the free influence of motives on the human will. It may be alleged that Jesus had the scripture, which he afterwards quotes in reply to the temptation, fully before his mind, warning him against all idolatry, much more such fearful idolatry as the worship of an evil angel. But every public man of these days who serves the adversary instead of God has those words also fully before his eyes; but they do not deter him from the sin. "Then said Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."¹

Again the scripture which he quotes is exactly to the point; and Satan is defeated, especially when he sees

¹ Matt. iv. 10, 11.

that he is known. The perfect, sinless human being is completely under the influence of the divine word. It is to him an end of all dispute, a deliverance from temptation, in this case of the second Adam, though the first Adam brought fearful consequences upon himself and the world by a different conduct. The second Adam shows the proper course through a temptation similar to that through which the first Adam trod the wrong path.

And now the lonely places of the mountain solitude begin to be trod by heavenly feet. "Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."¹ They had doubtless been invisible spectators of the great moral and mental conflict of the temptation. It was appointed to be endured fasting. Now that it is over, they are glad to come and minister to him, set food before him, the ending of his fast, heavenly food, purer manna. And as he eats that which they have ministered unto him, surrounded by their white and celestial forms, the scene gives sure token that the first great conflict of the Redeemer with Satan is ended in victory.

II. We now pass forward over events already noticed, to the time when his approaching death and resurrection began to be a topic of conversation between Jesus and his disciples. "From that time forth Jesus began to show unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."²

We know that the anticipation of the dark and fearful days with which his career in a mortal body was to close was a deep trial to the Redeemer. It is not possible always to see deeply enough into the mysteries of that adorable one Person in which two distinct natures were blended, in order to make him a mediator, to tell always when the divine almighty nature displays itself, and when the human nature is undergoing its full appointed temptations. And there is a species of difficulty in fully recognizing the

¹ Matt. iv. 10, 11.

² Matt. xvi. 21.

reality of temptations addressed to a human nature with which is united a divine nature, which might, if such had been the will of God, have lifted the being in whom it was above all sorrow, or suffering, or temptation. But we know that those temptations were real. They were appointed in the same eternal counsels in which the union of the two natures was appointed, and for the same object. And we know that the Redeemer was on those occasions perfectly human, and that the divine nature was present only to give dignity to his sufferings and obedience; and that it was not the will of God, because not in the plan of redemption, that the divine nature should lift him above sorrow, or suffering, or temptation. With the noblest and tenderest human feelings in full exercise in his bosom, he must therefore have felt it keenly that Peter, who had just confessed him to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God,"¹ at hearing him speak of being killed at Jerusalem, should take him and rebuke him, saying, "Be it far from thee, Lord; gently shall the event deal with thee; this shall not be unto thee."²

The time is nearly come for the shedding of his blood in sacrifice for sin. To that sacrifice he is firmly devoting himself, with what mingling of the foreknowledge of God and of the dread of foreseen deep suffering of a man, we cannot describe, or even fully know. The desertion of friends is to be a part of the darkness that his soul is to encounter at the last. And this rebuke of Peter shows the approach of that cloud. It shows that Peter did not yet know, or conceive, of the manner in which Christ should purchase redemption. His hopes are yet fixed upon the temporal throne and kingdom of Christ the Son of David and the Son of God. And Satan, the tempter, fostered this mistake, sat on Peter's thoughts, and spoke by his lips. It was not the divine plan, but the human plan, not the thought of God, but the thought of man, which Peter expressed. It shows us how far only his previous confession went, and how little it cost him. The temptation was

¹ Matt. xvi. 16.

² Matt. xvi. 22.

repelled in much the same terms as those he had used in the last temptation of Satan on the mountain: "But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."¹

And then he announces the cross as a part of his gospel, and lays down, both for himself and his followers, the great principle of self-denial in this life for the sake of salvation in that which is to come, in language which cuts sharply through human life forever: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"²

III. As this dark cloud of the guilt of this world begins to fall on him, it was thought good in the divine wisdom which laid the plan, that for a brief space of time the radiance of the divine glory should also fall upon him in human view, like the briefly-worn robe of light at sunset with which the earth is sometimes clothed just as the darkness of night begins to creep down from the hills. That is the TRANSFIGURATION.

"And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings he took Peter and John and James, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart [went up into a mountain to pray], and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light; and, as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening."³

He puts on in human view the very robes of that God who covers himself with light as with a garment; and this light is not a mere cloak temporarily thrown upon his shoulders from above. It springs from the fountain of the divinity within him. The transfiguring process commences

¹ Matt. xvi. 23.

² Matt. xvi. 24-26; Mark viii. 34-38; Luke ix. 23-25.

³ Matt. xvii. 1, 2; Luke ix. 28, 29.

with his prayer—that deep communion between Father and Son and Spirit of which the most perfect communion and oneness of the saints is an earthly likeness. The glory first shows itself upon his face, then upon his raiment. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the skin of his face shining from his recent protracted interview with God, it was a light as of the moon, and was intended to be represented as reflected. A veil would hide the light on Moses' face from the view of the people; but the face of Jesus shone from within, and as the sun. It was primary light. And his raiment, instead of shutting in and hiding the divine glory, caught it, and spread it forth to view. Peter, in the Gospel of Mark, seems to have been greatly impressed with the lustre of his raiment. He says: "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can whiten them."¹

The three disciples, Peter, John and James, whom Jesus took with him to the transfiguration, were an interior circle of witnesses and friends. They were also with him at the raising of the daughter of Jairus and in the garden of Gethsemane. But there appears to be no reason whatever to believe that he communicated to these disciples any mystic and esoteric doctrines which were not made known to the others of the twelve. They were the earthly witnesses of the scene, the representatives of the church militant, the church of the present and of the future, when the whole twelve would have been too many. The mountain tops have been the scenes of some of the richest of the true romance of sacred story. From one Abraham offered Isaac. From one Moses looked over and saw the earthly Canaan. On one Elijah triumphed by fire from heaven over the prophets of Baal. On one Satan tempted Christ. On one Jesus continued all night in prayer to God. On this one he was transfigured. In the middle ages Mount Tabor was held to be the place of the transfiguration, on account of the extreme beauty and fertility of a level area at the top and the extraordinary exuberance of grass and

¹ Mark ix. 3.

flowers upon it, as reported by Sacwulf and Maundrell, as if a spot among the most beautiful of the earth had been selected for the scene, or as if the glory of the scene had made a common spot fertile and beautiful ever since. In modern times Tabor is thought to be too far from Cæsarea Philippi, where Jesus and his disciples were last before the transfiguration, to be the scene of it. The dispute is entirely useless, for nothing depends on our accurate knowledge of the place at which the glorious scene occurred.

There were also present representatives of the church of the past, the church triumphant in heaven. "And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."¹

It is not said why these two men were selected in preference to others to witness the transfiguration. Some think that Moses was there as the founder of the Jewish dispensation, and Elijah as its restorer. But quite as much eminence is attributed to father Abraham in the Scriptures, if not more, than to Moses. And one would think that Daniel, who was faithful for a long time at Babylon, stood as high, if not higher, in the sight of God than Elijah; and so probably did King David. We believe the ground of the selection of these two to be that their bodies had been glorified. Concerning Elijah, this is of course known. A chariot of fire had conveyed him alive to heaven. He had crossed the spiritual as well as the literal Jordan, through the parted waters. We believe it to be implied that the body of Moses was raised from death and reunited to his soul in paradise, in the hiding of Moses' sepulchre in the land of Moab from human knowledge forever,² and in the dispute of Michael, the archangel, with the devil about the body of Moses.³ If that is so, these representatives of the church triumphant were here in glorified bodies. And there was but a single other such being in heaven: the patriarch Enoch. If, as many think, this scene was in the night, it was as gorgeous a vision of glory, standing thus distinctly

¹ Luke ix. 30, 31.

² Deut. xxxiv. 6.

³ Jude, 9.

before them, contrasted with the darkness of the bosom of the air around, with its figures walking in glory, and their low voices speaking of that deep and sacred mystery of his approaching death, as ever the eyes of mortals beheld. It completely fascinated Simon Peter. But as the celestial glory stood before them, shining upon the darkness of the night, the intense excitement, to which it is probable that every human being would be subject in beholding the visions of eternal things, overcame them for the time: "But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said."¹

It was here the glory of the scene which made them heavy with sleep. In the garden of Gethsemane they were heavy with sorrow, and slept there also. Peter's proposition was not a selfish one. He proposed no tabernacles for himself and his fellow-disciples; but only for Jesus and Moses and Elias. We know not how long the celestial vision abode there. Peter's proposition was to detain it if he might. Yet he had not considered what he said, and spoke much at random.

But as he spoke there came another vision of transcendent splendor to the spot: "While he thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them; and they feared as they entered into the cloud."² It was a cloud of brightness, seen by contrast upon the dark spaces of the night, and not itself a cloud of darkness. It was the old symbol of the presence of God, with which Moses was familiar all his earthly life, and which was in the temple at Jerusalem during the earthly life of Elijah. There was, as the cloud approached, a visible theophany of two persons of the Godhead, the Father and the Son. The object of the whole transfiguration probably was to show the divine Sonship of Christ to

¹ Luke ix. 32, 33.

² Luke ix. 34.

the eyes of men, and to show that there were two distinct persons in the one God, between whom was made the covenant of redemption, now soon to be carried into execution by the appointed sacrifice being paid by the one to the other. There came also the voice of God out of the cloud addressed to the earthly witnesses as representatives of the church of the present and the future: "And behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."¹ At the baptism of Jesus this voice had come from heaven attesting him. Now at his transfiguration, in the supreme glory of the scene, it is also heard. Once afterwards, when, near the end of his career, his soul was entering into trouble, and he prayed, "Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father glorify thy name; then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."² And Jesus himself announced on that occasion that the voice from heaven came for the sake of the people who stood by.

These utterances of the eternal Father in testimony to his Son during his earthly career, probably make a smaller figure in treatises on evidences than they are entitled to do. They are themselves alone perfectly conclusive of the Sonship and Messiahship of Jesus, and of the existence of more than one person in the Godhead, to those who have not the conscience, as few persons calling themselves Christians have, and none ought to have, to shuffle off, or impeach, or in some way to evade, perfectly unexceptionable and conclusive testimony.

"And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only."³

The bright vision was ended; the bright cloud, and Moses and Elias, and the glory which shone from the face and the raiment of Jesus, were all gone. The shades of night alone remained upon the mountain. He charged them not to

¹ Matt. xvii. 5.² John xii. 28.³ Matt. xvii. 7, 8.

speak of this vision till after his resurrection, and then opened their understandings in regard to the Elias which was to come before the Messiah, as being John the Baptist, and not the literal Elijah from heaven, whom they had just seen in glory.

It is a beautiful and profound remark of the German commentator, Olshausen, that "in the Bible narrative we have a history of God amidst the human race, in which everything appears actually carried into effect, which human fancy, springing from the real longings of the soul, has arranged in mythic forms and as a beautiful garb around the history of other nations." But it would be very poor and feeble reasoning to assert that, because the beautiful fables of the nations show that the heart naturally thirsts after bright visions of celestial things, therefore the true revelations of God ought to contain no such things, and cannot certify them to us if it does contain them. The better and the true reasoning is the reverse of this: that so many mythic shadows show that there ought to have been, and therefore that there has been somewhere, a reality to satisfy the longings of the human mind for visions of un-earthly things. The Apostle Peter, in his subsequent career as a witness for Christ, and minister of the gospel, appears to have designedly rebutted the charge that these were fables because they so precisely suited the longings of the eye and of the soul: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty: for he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with him in the holy mount."¹

He declares the beautiful vision to have been a sober reality, and appeals to the other persons who saw it with him, one of whom at least was still living at the time when he wrote his second epistle.

¹ 2 Peter i. 16-18.

VISIONS OF STEPHEN, PAUL AND JOHN.

AFTER Christ's unspeakable humiliation he was to have an unspeakable exaltation. From lowliness of life, and sorrow of spirit, and the death of the body, and the sleep of the grave, he was to take his human nature to a divine throne, and the blessedness of the Godhead, and the exhibition of his sacrifice in the holy place above, and to an eternal seat on the right hand of the majesty on high.

Thus the eternal counsel ran: "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us."¹

Appearing thus in the presence of God for us, he exhibited, in some unsearchable pomp and grandeur of a divine and triumphant Highpriest, the sacrifice of himself, just offered near the holy city of the earth, for ever "to put away sin." And the eternal Father, seeing the law for righteousness fully accomplished, and the prophetic voices and actions of the former ages made good, and justice satisfied, and the curse removed, on his part proceeds to accomplish the remaining provision of the covenant of grace—the sending down of the Holy Spirit of God upon the souls of men.

In those discourses of our Lord concerning the interior truths and powers of religion, recorded from the fourteenth to the seventeenth chapters of St. John's gospel, he had told them that there was a consequence to follow his bodily departure from them, which would be more for their advantage than if it were in the divine plan for him forever

¹ Heb. ix. 24.

to remain in bodily presence with them upon the earth : “It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you ; but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment : of sin, because they believe not on me ; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more ; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth ; for he shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak ; and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.”¹

There had been a very extensive use made of water in the religious observances of the people during the sojourn of Jesus upon the earth, in the frequent ablutions of the Jews, in the numerous baptisms, both of John the forerunner and of the immediate disciples of Jesus. In his last interview with his disciples before his ascension, our Lord commanded them to remain at Jerusalem and wait for the promise of the Father which they had heard of him. He also reminded them of the prophetic meaning of baptism, and assured them that the prophecy would soon be fulfilled : “For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”² When they questioned him whether he was about to restore the kingdom to Israel at that time, he replied that it was not for them to know the times or the seasons, “but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you ; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.”³

It is one of the most beautiful things in history that the descent of the Spirit of life and power from heaven upon the hearts of men, as the purchase of Christ's death, should

¹ John xvi. 7-14.

² Acts i. 5.

³ Acts i. 8.

have occurred on the day of Pentecost. That festival was celebrated in honor of the giving of the law to Moses on Mount Sinai. The descent of the Holy Spirit on that day might seem to be the voice of heaven to the earth, saying, that since the returning Redeemer had arrived in heaven, and shown his sacrifice there, the stern obstruction which the curse of the law had interposed was now removed, and streams of spiritual life may again flow from God into the souls of men.

But Pentecost had also another meaning in the Jewish economy. It was the feast of thanks for the ingathering of the harvest. And the descent of the Spirit on that day was a speech from heaven to earth that the fishermen of Galilee were to become fishers of men, and that then began the great ingathering of the souls of men—the harvest of eternal life.

The old types burst open, and revealed the golden ear of the blessed reality, which is to last till the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, which filled the house where the disciples were gathered, was also virtually the voice of God out of heaven, declaring that the sacrifice which Christ had offered there was fully accepted, and that, accordingly, he would proceed to pour out spiritual life and power upon men, agreeably to the covenant of grace. It gives us all but a vision of the arrival of Christ in heaven. We surely hear from his advent to the heavenly places in the sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind. With adoring hearts we look up after him, and say, in the musical words of the royal poet, his ancestor according to earthly lineage :

“Thou hast ascended on high,
Thou hast led captivity captive,
Thou hast received gifts for men,
Yea for the rebellious also,
That the Lord God might dwell among them.”¹

¹ Psalm lxxviii. 18.

And when there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them;¹ and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance; and the multitude of Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and Mesopotamians, and all the children of the many-tongued East, heard the apostles speak, every man in the tongue in which he was born, though the speakers were all Galileans, then it was that the New Testament stood, as it were, at the Holy City of the earth, and pointed backwards into the distant realms and ages of the Old Testament, even as far backward as to the plains of Shinaar and the tower of Babel, and declared that the curse of the confusion of the tongues of mankind, and the dispersion of their tribes, the breach of their unity, and the alienation of their hearts, was here beginning at length to be reversed; that harmony should be restored to their tongues, their unity restored in a higher method, and the alienation of their hearts removed to give place to the universal brotherhood and intelligence of heart by heart in the kingdom of Christ.

I. The sermon delivered by Simon Peter shows that there had been a powerful influence of the Holy Spirit on his mind. He clearly shows that the ancient Scriptures foretold the resurrection and ascension of Christ. There hardly needs to be sought anywhere a clearer example of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that the Divine Spirit, by his direct influence, prepares the hearts of men to understand the word, than is afforded in a comparison of this man's mind before this time and at this time. He clearly testifies now that the outpouring of the Spirit is the result of the ascension of Christ and his exaltation at the right hand of God. The kingdom of God then began under the new dispensation to make its way into the hearts of men. Three thousand souls received baptism on profession of repentance on that day. There was great power of God upon the hearts of the people. "With great power gave

¹ Acts ii.

the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all.”¹ Annas had now become highpriest. He rekindled the malice of the priesthood against the apostles. They imprisoned Simon Peter for preaching the gospel; but he is liberated from prison by an angel of God. A daily provision was set out on common tables for the poor, and especially for the widows of the believers. It was not to be expected that the ministers of the word could leave their sacred labors to serve these tables. The office of the deacons was instituted for that purpose, and to take that labor off the hands of the ministers of the word. Of these was STEPHEN, a man full of faith and power, who did great wonders and miracles among the people.² The order of the apostles to the brethren concerning the choice of these men was that they should be seven in number, of honest report, and full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom. From their names and the circumstances of their appointment, they seem all to have been Greeks. It was the Grecian widows who were said to be neglected in the daily ministrations. It was to supply that want that these men were appointed. But there arose a dispute between the Grecian Christians and the Grecian Jews. The Jews of those synagogues at Jerusalem which were attended by persons from Asia the lesser, Cilicia, Alexandria, Cyrene, and the Libertines, or captive Jews, taken by the Romans and afterwards freed, zealously disputed with Stephen; but he was too powerful for them in this conversational argument. This greatly excited their malice. They stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him before the Sanhedrim, and set up false witnesses, which said, “This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us.” And all that sat in the Sanhedrim, looking

¹ Acts iv. 33.² Acts vi. 8.

steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.¹ Instead of wearing the dark face of guilt, as he stood before the Sanhedrim, when they looked upon him, a sunbeam appeared to rest on his face, and it seemed the face of an angel. The two points of the accusation were that Jesus should destroy that place and should change the customs which Moses delivered to them. The speech of Stephen before the Sanhedrim was a direct and powerful defence of himself against these two charges; or, rather, a confession of both, and a conclusive proof, drawn from the annals of the past, that it was not wrong, either to dissolve the connection of God's covenant with the temple, or to change the customs of Moses. As to the dispensation of God's grace being indissolubly connected with the temple, he shows that God appeared to Abraham in Mesopotamia; then Abraham dwelt in Charran; then in Canaan as a mere sojourner; then his seed had a long sojourn in Egypt; that the fathers were buried in Sychem; that Moses was a stranger in Midian; that the church was then in the wilderness; and that it finally came into Canaan again under Joshua. A more conclusive argument could scarcely have been uttered against the superstition that the grace of God was tied to one single holy place. Then, as to the change of customs being lawful in the course of the dispensations of God's grace to men, he shows that God gave the covenant of circumcision to Abraham; that then afterwards there was a church in the wilderness, receiving the lively oracles by Moses; that first a tabernacle of witness was erected in the wilderness; that the temple had not been erected till the days of Solomon; and that even during the times of the first temple one of the prophets² had said that the Most High was not confined to a dwelling made with hands. He fully vindicates himself from guilt under either charge by an appeal to the history of God's dealings with his people in former days. The Holy Spirit had led to the changes. Not he who accepted the changes,

¹ Acts. vi. 15.

² Isaiah lxvi. 1, 2.

but they who resisted them, were guilty before God. He retorts the guilt upon them: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye."¹ Precisely on the same ground stood Luther and Calvin, Cranmer and Knox, in their day, in their argument against the immutability of a corrupt hierarchy, and the power of that hierarchy to suppress the word of God by appointing successors like themselves. The work of the Divine Spirit is ever a living work on the earth; but uniformity and continuity are frequently full of dead works.

Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost. The power of the Spirit guided his tongue, while his thoughts were thus discursive over the former ages; but this was not all. He was there standing before that highest spiritual court of the chosen people. He was not only a confessor of Christ, but of the rightful and living authority and power of the Holy Spirit in the church. He was to be the first of the noble army of martyrs who should thus acknowledge Jesus Christ in the face of the pomp and dignity of his enemies upon earth. It appears accordant with the holiest dictates of human reason and those revealings of the imagination which are least under the influence of the darkness and unbelief of this world, that to such a man, in such a place and under such circumstances, heaven and glory and the visions of God should not be shut up. And so it seemed good in heaven itself. He who had visibly ascended to heaven from Bethany, and had been heard from in the rushing mighty wind of Pentecost, is now to be seen in heaven by mortal eyes in one of the most beautiful of all theophanies that mortal eyes have ever seen, and in such a manner as to show how the outward visions of celestial glory and those inward to the soul are gradually coming to coincide as the days of miracles are approaching their close: "And he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and

¹ Acts vii. 51.

Jesus standing on the right hand of God.”¹ The remark of some of the wisest of the Christian fathers, that Jesus, standing on the right hand of God in the vision, was exhibited in the act of perpetual government and providence, and not in royal majesty, as would have been the case if he had appeared *seated* at the right hand of God, is certainly beautiful, and probably correct. No example of courage superior to that of Stephen is remembered. He at once, as if forgetting where he was, or lifted in spirit above the things of earth, declares his vision before that fearfully wicked Jewish Sanhedrim: “Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.” The Sanhedrim did not rightfully possess the power to put any one to death, as appears very clearly in the case of the Saviour a few weeks before this; but such a storm of malice burst upon the proto-martyr, Stephen, when he declared that he saw Jesus amid the divine glory in heaven, that he fell a victim to their lawless and sudden fury: “Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him.” By the Levitical law the hands of the witnesses were to be first upon the head of him who was stoned for blasphemy.² The better to perform this, they drew off their loose upper garments. “And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man’s feet, whose name was Saul.” Either as a member of the Sanhedrim, or as a passing spectator, attracted by the spectacle of the stoning of a follower of Jesus, the young man Saul stood and looked on, and approved that which was done. When the heavy, stunning blows began to fall upon the head of Stephen, instead of repenting of the worship of Jesus as idolatry, he appears still to see him standing in glory, repeats his worship of him, and, calling on God, he says, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” And then, when he feels the hand of death to be upon him, he imitates the Saviour on the cross in a prayer for his enemies: “And he

¹ Acts vii. 55.

² Lev. xxiv. 14; Deut. xiii. 9.

kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this he fell asleep."¹ Thus fell Stephen, the first follower of the Lord Jesus through the sharp agonies of a violent death, seeing Jesus in glory, committing his spirit to him, imitating his forgiveness of his enemies, and thus falling asleep in him. And devout men laid him decently away in death, and made great lamentation over him, as if a glory and a crown of manhood had departed from the earth. And if men ask why it was that the broad and certain evidence of the resurrection of Christ, displayed on one occasion to above five hundred brethren at once,² did not quell the malice of the chief priests and elders, the Pharisees and Sadducees, and make them fear to rage thus still against his holy name, it may be replied, that it is the nature of all truth to place itself before the human mind in such manner that the will of man shall still be unforced and free, and the truth may be received or rejected, as the passions may blind the heart, or the Spirit of God enlighten it. There is no such thing as the dry light of spiritual truths, and the evil passions can always furnish men with pretexts to persuade them that the worst of their deeds are to be boasted of.

II. The persecution of the Christians at Jerusalem now became fierce and general. Both parties were highly excited and inflamed by the martyrdom of Stephen. The young Saul no longer kept the attitude of a passive and approving spectator. He became an active and zealous participant. He made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison.³ There was now a great dispersion of the Christians from the Holy City. Only the apostles remained at Jerusalem. The other leading Christians went everywhere heralding the truths of the gospel, even as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch. But it was not yet fairly burst out to be a universal gospel. In this dispersion, grow-

¹ Acts vii. 57-60.² Cor. xv. 6.³ Acts viii. 3.

ing out of the persecution which arose about Stephen, they preached the word to none but unto the Jews only.¹ And this state of things continued until a vision of God sent Simon Peter from Joppa to Cesarea, to the house of Cornelius, and the Spirit of God was there poured out in a Gentile pentecost, and baptism was granted the Gentiles by logical necessity, as they had received the Holy Ghost.² Samaria received the word of God first by Philip the deacon, now become an evangelist,³ and then by Peter and John. Philip also sent the first fruits of a Christian church down into distant Ethiopia, by converting to Christ and baptizing an eminent officer of the Ethiopian Queen Candace, the chief officer of her treasury, as he was returning home from an expedition for religious worship up to Jerusalem.⁴

Young Saul was a native of the city of Tarsus, but of pure Hebrew blood, of the tribe of Benjamin, regularly admitted, by circumcision, into the Jewish church on the eighth day of his infant life, a Pharisee among Jewish sects, and very punctilious and exact in the righteousness of the ceremonial law.⁵

The flight of the Christians from Jerusalem did not quell his hostility to them. If they fled he intended to pursue. It was probably his purpose to pursue them into all the neighboring provinces whither he heard that any considerable number of them might have congregated. He began with Damascus. His increased rage may have been owing to the flight of the Christians and his feeling that he had been eluded and mocked. But even before this he had often inflicted punishment on Christians, thrown them into prison, compelled them to blaspheme, and voted for their death.⁶ Breathing out threatenings and slaughter against them, he went unto the highpriest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might

¹ Acts xi. 19.

² Acts x.

³ Acts viii. ; xxi. 8.

⁴ Acts viii.

⁵ Phil. iii. 5, 6.

⁶ Acts ix. 22, 26.

bring them bound unto Jerusalem to be punished in that focus of acrid hatred against Jesus of Nazareth. It is believed that there was another thing which increased Saul's hatred to the Christians at this time. He had heard Stephen's speech before the Sanhedrim. He had probably seen the angelic brightness of Stephen's countenance during that speech. He had seen that holy man look up to heaven, and declare that he saw Jesus of Nazareth in the divine glory; and he had heard the Christ-like words of Stephen's dying prayer for his enemies. These things had deeply entered into the soul of Saul. They had probably, by the power of God, produced deep convictions in his mind. Stephen's argument had, by fair logical power, undermined Saul's position, as a conscientious Jew, in refusing to advance into the new dispensation. But these convictions in the mind of the persecutor were as yet dressed in robes of mystery. They were unseen by his own eye. They were but the advance couriers of the great purpose of God in relation to him. They were the secret divine preparations for his conversion to Christ. Men tell us, probably truly, that they can find traces of Stephen's speech in the writings of Paul the apostle. But the passions of Saul, like those under which many an arch persecutor probably finds himself, were but the more maddened as the great error and guilt of his life crept into his mind as a secret conviction. As the support of reason gave way, that of the passions had to be increased to prevent his heart from yielding to the claims of that which he was persecuting. It was several days' journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, even for a mounted company like that which now attended Saul. They were approaching the end of their journey about the hour of noon, and seem to have had a clear sun and a fair day to see the environs of the beautiful Syrian capital.

Men call Rome the eternal city, but Damascus had existed more than eleven hundred years before the era of the foundation of the city of Rome. The founders of the Italian

city may, if they travelled to the East, have heard of the fame of the Hebrew prophets, Isaiah and Micah, or even have heard the living voices of those reverend men. But the founders of Damascus lived before the sons of Noah passed away from the earth, and Shem and Japhet may both have been seen in its streets with their century-laden forms and their mighty frames, built for such a life of ages. Rome is situated in those mild regions of Europe to which sick men go, that the soft winds and the warm sun may restore them to health. Damascus lies where "the timeliness of its seasons, the limpidness of its fountains, the volume of its waters, and the richness of its soil,"¹ seem as if nature had done what might be to shake off the original curse upon the ground. Rome has had her kings, consuls, decemvirs, tribunes, triumvirs, emperors, and popes. Damascus has seen kings before Benhadad, and Christians after Constantine, and caliphs after Mohammed, and Noureddins, and Saladins, and other great conquerors of the more modern East. Rome may have been the spot where Æneas and his Trojans landed to build a new and more beautiful Troy in the West. We may almost persuade ourselves that Damascus, with its beautiful scenery of groves, and gardens, and bright waters, is left lingering in the wilderness in the East to remind men by ocular proof, that somewhere around old Eden may have lain in primeval and unfallen beauty. When it is viewed from one of the neighboring hills, there is said to be a lower level of the most luxuriant foliage of the citron, the orange, and the pomegranate, of mingled green and brown and yellow leaves, and above them the loftier trees, uniform in their own ranks, making a higher level of orchards, and wonderfully refreshing the eye with varying colors and hues, and lights and shadows. It is as if there were a carpet fifty miles broad, checkered with orchards, and gardens, and groves unnumbered. And the stream at whose fords one of the travellers tells us Damascus lies drinking, is of such bright

¹ Julian Epis. 24, Kitto.

waters that the Greeks called it Chrysorhoas, or golden water. And much of the scenery of social life within the city of Damascus has ever been such as to please, by its gorgeousness, the eyes of the children of the East, accustomed to the gorgeous scenery of nature around them.

This scenery, bursting upon the eyes of Saul and his company in the clear and angular atmosphere of the East, and under the radiance of a noonday sun, might have made them pause to behold it, had they been Grecian poets, or travellers in search of the beauties and wonders of the world; but for such a company as his, upon such an errand, the fiery passions which brought him thither, and the thought of the fiery work he came to do, would revive in his bosom at sight of the city. We would think, knowing only what went before, that if this man, at this time, was to see any supernatural vision, it would be the fingers of some angel's hand, writing doom upon the sky; or a flaming sword, waving above the tree-tops; or some giant minister of divine justice appearing in the way before him to resist his advance.

But "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven," says Luke in his narrative.¹ "Suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me," says Saul himself in his speech afterwards on the stairs at Jerusalem.² "At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me," says he in his apology before King Agrippa.³ It is not the gulf of darkness which opens beneath to devour him, but light from the opening heavens. And in the opening heavens, and the great light from heaven, it is certain that on this occasion he saw the form of Jesus of Nazareth, the ascended Redeemer. Ananias, the minister of the gospel who afterwards visited him in Damascus, told him that the God of their fathers had chosen him to see that Just One.⁴ And he himself declared to the Corinthians, that last of all

¹ Acts ix. 3.

² Acts xxii. 6.

³ Acts xxvi. 13.

⁴ Acts xxii. 14.

Jesus Christ was seen of him also, after the resurrection, as of one born out of due time.¹ And that vision of the risen Saviour to the natural eye, which was necessary to constitute an apostle, as a witness of the resurrection of Christ, which Paul ever affirmed that he had had, must have been seen on this occasion.² In his own narrative, he says, "And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest."³ No such conversions are to be expected nowadays as that of Saul of Tarsus, because it was attended by miraculous circumstances. The fact of Saul's blindness afterwards, in consequence of the excessive light which shone around him, shows that it was more than a mere mental vision which he saw, as do indeed several other things. But the approach of outward visions to coincide with the visions of the mind before remarked may be discovered here also. No doubt there is a class of conversions to Christ in which the mental processes are so gentle that the subject of them cannot tell the precise time of their occurrence. But there is another class of conversions of which this of Saul is a type, except the miraculous circumstances, in which Jesus Christ is brought suddenly and vividly before the vision of the soul. It is seen at once that he is divine: that the sins of a guilty and opposing life are against him; and that that resistance to him is for us a hard and hopeless work. Though he appears not to any outward eye in these days, yet a view of him to the eyes of the soul is involved in so many of the scriptural directions for our faith, such as "look," "behold," "come," that, at some stage or other of experience, it is to be regarded essential to the commencement of spiritual life in the soul. And this theophany near Damascus is probably to be considered as a pattern, in some respects, of his per-

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 8.² 1 Cor. ix. 1.³ Acts xxii. 7, 8, and xxvi. 14, 15.

petual appearings to his people to the end of the world, as the Sun of Righteousness, to bring the dawn of their spiritual life.

Those who were with him saw the light and were afraid. They also heard the sound of the voice which spoke to him, but did not hear the articulated words, and they saw no man.¹ They stood speechless. Enough passed before their senses to convince them that they were in the immediate presence of Almighty God. "But he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." "Rise and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of the things in the which I will appear unto thee: delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in me."² For the remaining steps of his conversion to Christ and initiation into the church, he is sent to a minister of the gospel in the city of Damascus. But he is not sent to any human being to receive his commission as a minister of the gospel, and an apostle of Christ. That is given him here at once. He hears the divine Saviour claim the power to commission him as his witness, the power to open men's eyes, to enlighten their minds, to convert them from Satan to God, to give them part in the inheritance of the saints, and declare himself to be the object of saving faith. This is distinctly his commission as an apostle. In writing of it afterwards to the Galatians, he himself lays emphasis on the fact that he neither received it of man, neither was he taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ, and upon the fact that he did not go up to Jerusalem to those which were apos-

¹ Acts ix. 7, and xxii. 9.

² Acts xxvi. 16-18.

ties before him.¹ The principles of Stephen's speech before the Sanhedrim are forcibly illustrated in his office, and deeply impressed upon his mind. His whole apostleship is by himself declared to be a testimony to the great principle that the Holy Spirit of God "changes the customs," and originates new ecclesiastical and spiritual authority in his church when he will, and that he, the Eternal Spirit, is the rightful source of all ministerial and ecclesiastical authority, as a present, and not as an absent, Ruler.

When the heavenly voice has ceased to speak and the heavenly vision has faded away, we may imagine that we see Saul slowly arising from the earth, rolling his sightless eye-balls, to which Damascus and the desert are then all the same, and finally seeking to be led by the hand like some poor Bartimeus, or some smitten Elymas, and thus entering as meekly as a lamb that Damascus to which he had approached with such fell purpose. Lodging in the house of his countryman, Judas, in the street called Straight, and praying for three days, sightless and without food and drink, Ananias is sent to him. The minister of Christ, whose fears of the persecutor have been quelled by the voice of his God, goes to him, lays his hands upon his head, and calls him his brother. "Brother Saul," he says, "the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou comest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; and he received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized. And when he had received meat he was strengthened."²

From as credible history as is to be found anywhere, on any subject, we know what Saul of Tarsus was before his conversion. He was under the common blindness and the common envy by which the Jews of the Holy City were moved, only he was more conscientious, more gifted, and more decided in his temper than most men. We know

¹ Gal. i. 12-17.

² Acts ix. 17-19.

what he was after his conversion by the records of the most illustrious career of any known among men, save that of his divine Master, and by writings the most profound and sublime of any with which the Spirit of Inspiration has enriched the world. There must, therefore, have been a change of his heart, a change of great power, extending to his opinions, prejudices, passions, desires, affections, purposes, and ends in life. It is utterly absurd to pretend that any other power than that of Almighty God could effect such a change of moral nature. Human skill may convert iron into steel, and copper into brass, and so there are analogies to be seen in human life of partial changes of character by some sudden impulse, or some sad accident, which prove that conversion is not beyond the laws of the human soul when adequate power is applied. But as we never see a bar of iron transmuted into a bar of silver, or a bar of lead converted to a bar of gold, by human skill or power, so there is no human skill or power which can effect a radical moral change in a human heart. We say a radical change, but not a perfect change. We do not mean a change of heart which at once converts a bloody persecutor into a perfect saint; but we do mean a change which is radical in the sense of reaching to the very depth of the desires and motives, and purposes, and causing them to flow in the opposite direction from that in which they formerly flowed. That such a change converted Saul of Tarsus into Paul the apostle of Jesus Christ, is a fact as evident upon the pages of this world's history as that Alexander the Great ever crossed from Europe into Asia, or that Cicero ever gained a cause in the forum, or that Julius Cæsar ever died. And the conversion of Saul necessarily involves the truth of the whole system of Christianity—the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and divinity of Jesus; the sovereign power of the Spirit of God over the human heart, and the steady working of the power of the divine grace in the human heart, from the infancy to the maturity of godliness. And evidence and power which change a

leading, bitter, and most decided enemy, into a leading, most devoted, and most decided friend, are surely, of all others, that evidence and power least liable to any suspicion of weakness, collusion, or hypocrisy.

III. On rolled the sound of the gospel over the world; and attending it everywhere was heard the dragon's hiss of persecution. In many a land the seed of the woman, with holy energy, sets his heel upon the dragon's head to bruise it; and almost in as many lands the dragon bruises the heel of the seed of the woman. Peter, James, Jude, Paul, and nearly all the rest of the twelve, have passed over the stage of this life, have sealed their testimony with their blood, and are gone. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Their bodies mingle with the dust ignominiously in unknown places, beneath the gibbets, the scaffolds, and the crosses on which they have suffered for the faith. Their souls mingle with the just, made perfect around the heavenly throne. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. At the time to which we now pass forward, there is but a single one of the twelve left alive upon the earth. It is, of course, JOHN, the son of Zebedee. He is supposed to have been among the youngest of them all, and to have been about the age of his divine Master and Friend. But now the scenes of the earthly life of Jesus have glided so far into the past that even John has attained a great age. Like traditions of primitive Eden, and a golden age beneath its bowers lingering in the purest dreams of the poets, so linger in his memory the sacred days of his youth when he was with Jesus in the Mount of Transfiguration, at the Holy Supper, in the garden of Gethsemane, in the palace of the highpriest, and near him on the cross and in the resurrection.

Amid the active labors of the apostleship, still he has led a contemplative life. He has ever taken a peculiarly inward and spiritual view of the gospel. Light and life and love are the key-notes of the gospel as he views it.

Less fitted by nature than Paul to display to men the objective and historical grandeur of the covenant of grace, as laying its power over death, and life, and angels, and principalities, and powers, and things present, and things to come, and compelling them to work altogether for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose, he yet appears to think and write with thoughts looking back into the depths of that love wherewith God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life, and into the wonders of the new spiritual life which Christ creates in the new-born souls, and into the depths of Christ's highpriestly love and prayer, and into the wonders of the eternal light. The gentlest and least obtrusive and dogmatic of men, even this man does not escape the tooth of the serpent. He is in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.¹ This is a sterile island amid the Ægean waters. To the south is the island of Crete, from which Dædalus and Icarus are said to have flown from Minos on waxen wings. The sun melted the waxen wings of Icarus, the legend runs, and, falling and being drowned in these waters, his sad fate gave them the name of the Icarian Sea. On the mainland to the east lie ancient Lydia and Caria, with the cities and the churches of western Asia Minor. To the west, across the blue waters of the Ægean Sea, lies Attica, with its classic capital, Athens, with all its monuments and memories of poets and philosophers and patriots. Still further west, at Rome, the Emperor Domitian (with some doubt, we adopt the later, and not the earlier date) sits on the throne of the Roman Empire, embracing nearly the whole civilized world. After the labors of the Apostle Paul and his son, Timothy, have ceased at the city of Ephesus, the Apostle John has probably been uttering the testimony of Jesus at that place during some years of his old age. But the Emperor Domitian, pretending to

¹ Rev. i. 9.

detect some deficiency in the tribute of the provinces, and making no distinction between the Christians and the Jews, institutes a severe persecution against the Christians. And the civil authorities of Ephesus have sent the venerable apostle into this lonely banishment for being a Christian; but banishment does not make him forget the Christian Sabbath when it recurs. When the light of the Lord's day shines around, he is in the Spirit on the Lord's day.¹ He remembers at least two sacred meetings of the Lord himself with the disciples on that day, and probably many precious seasons of joy and gladness on the same day in company with the friends of Christ after the "other Comforter" had taken the place of the ascended Redeemer. Now hapless Jerusalem, in whose upper chambers were his first meetings with Jesus Christ on the Lord's days, is perished. She has been crushed beneath the iron heel of the Roman. But neither Domitian's sentence of banishment nor the Ægean waves which kept guard around the shores of Patmos could shut out the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost from his heart. By his being in the Spirit on the Lord's day is probably meant that his mind is placed, by the supernatural influence of the Spirit of God, in such a state that it may receive communications from the world of spirits without a confusing self-consciousness or panic fear. In this mental condition he hears behind him a voice loud as the sound of a trumpet, yet not an inarticulate voice like that of a trumpet, but a voice uttering such words as befit that majesty of utterance. The voice first announces who it is that speaks: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."² A little later, when John fell at his feet as dead, and he would again cheer and reassure him, he told him more fully who he was: "Fear not: I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore (Amen), and have the keys of death and of hell."³ It was he that had a past eternity, and was to have a future eternity. It was he who

¹ Rev. i. 10.² Rev. i. 11.³ Rev. i. 17, 18.

had once tasted death as the great sacrifice for sin, but was now again alive from that sacrificial death, and had no more to suffer death, but was to sweep on in eternal and divine life forever. And, connected with that circumstance that he had once been dead, he adds that he now has the keys of death and hell. As God, he holds those keys by virtue of his divine authority; as Mediator, he bears them as a sign of his victory over death and hell in his own resurrection. That this was Jesus of Nazareth, the risen and glorified Redeemer, and that he was entirely above a mere glorified or deified creature, such as the Roman Catholics make Mary, and the Unitarians make Jesus, is too plain for serious argument. The poor expedients by which it is attempted to be shown call simply for our compassion; but, if persisted in, in the face of the everywhere-recurring and overwhelming testimony of the word, they ought to receive at our hands the firmest disapprobation.¹

He also declares to John that, as the God of the prophets, he is about to commit to him a revealed message to the neighboring churches: "What thou seest write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia, unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea."² The aged apostle immediately turned—to use his own expression—to see the voice that spake with him. Having the evidence of one of his senses that he has been thus addressed by this majestic voice, he turns to confirm it by the evidence of another; and, being turned, the golden vision of glory which gives its sacred and lasting memorial to lonely Patmos, and their highest charm to the classic Ægean waters, burst full upon him.

"I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of these seven candlesticks, one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a

¹ 2 John x.

² Rev. i. 11.

flame of fire ; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace ; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars : and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword : and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.”¹ He has placed around him, in still and shining magnificence, even before his aged servant turns his eyes to look, these seven brilliant emblems, drawn from the rich symbolic treasury of the Jewish economy.² He is still opening the ancient mysteries, producing the realities of the ancient shadows, binding together the two covenants. He is himself discovered standing in the midst of the golden candlesticks. Again, and now for the last time, he is upon the earth, in bodily form ; and that disciple whom Jesus loved is again, after long years of faithful service and love to him unseen, in the immediate bodily presence of Jesus. The form he wears is still recognized by John to be like unto the Son of man. It is still a true human body. But he is not now in humiliation, as when in Gethsemane, or as when, overhung by the dark shades of midnight, he stood before Caiaphas, or as when crowned with thorns he stood before Herod, or as when in the womb of natural and spiritual darkness he hung upon the cross. Now the holy light of the Sabbath is around him, commemorating that resurrection with which his humiliation terminated ; and the shining splendor of the heavenly world breaks out from his head and his feet and his countenance. He wears the robe and the girdle of a highpriest. His eyes have a flaming lustre, which pierces all mysteries. And his voice, like the sound of many waters, murmurs of the deep secrets of time and eternity. There are seven stars in his extended right hand, which no less holds and guides the spiritual stars which illumine the darkness of this world than it holds and guides the sweet influences of Pleiades, and the bands of Orion, and Mazzaroth in his season, and Arcturus with his sons. That he is that eternal Word which was in the beginning

¹ Rev. i. 12-16.

² Exod. xxv. 31-40 ; Zech. iv. 2-6.

with God, and which was God, is shown by the symbol of a sharp two-edged sword proceeding from his mouth. The seven stars now in his right hand may, when placed upon the candlesticks, give light to the air without; but they do not give light to him. He gives, but borrows none; his countenance is as the sun shineth in its strength. Notwithstanding that St. John was in the Spirit when this vision occurred to him, yet the manifest God, in all this glory, for awhile overwhelmed his senses, and he fell at his feet as dead. But the Lord laid his right hand upon him, saying, Fear not; and again told him who he was; and informed him that his business with him was nothing affrighting or terrific; that he came to commission him as a prophet, and to disclose to him himself as walking among the churches, and holding the ministers in his right hand, and to draw the curtains of the future ages of the world to his vision. "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter; the mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches."¹ A full exposition of the epistles of Christ by St. John to the seven churches of Asia Minor would not be in place here, as the subject of this book is the various manifestations of God to the senses of men in the past ages of the earth. The messages seem to be given first to those churches which are nearest in location to the place in which they were: beginning with Ephesus and Smyrna, which lay upon the western coast, and ending with Philadelphia and Laodicea, which lay further inland towards the east. And there is no message at all to the Galatians or the Colossians, to either of the Antiochs, to Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, or to the neighboring island of Cyprus. Many interpreters have regarded the seven apocalyptic churches as representatives of seven different ages of the world; so

¹ Rev. i. 19, 20.

that Ephesus would stand for the church everywhere in the apostolic age, the other churches for the whole church and its spiritual condition in the succeeding ages, and Laodicea for the spiritual condition of the church at the second coming of Christ. This interpretation gives great depth and grandeur of meaning to these seven messages or epistles of our Lord. But the other and ordinary interpretation gives them greater personal directness and practical point and power. It is not believed that the arguments relied on to prove the allegorical sense are at all conclusive. Our Lord's directions to the apostle were to write: (1), what he had seen, his vision; (2), the things which are; (3), the things which shall be hereafter. But if the epistles to the seven churches be assigned a future and prophetic and allegorical meaning, there is no revelation left to be applied to the second division, the things which then are. It may be replied that they had both a present and prophetic meaning, as had many passages in the Psalms of David. Still, that gives too little to the present; too much, these seven epistles, and all the succeeding apocalyptic visions which follow in the magnificent series of the whole book, to the future.

In writing to the church at Ephesus, he calls himself "He that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks;" in writing to Smyrna, he calls himself "The first and the last, which was dead and is alive;" to Pergamos, "He which hath the sharp sword with two edges;" to Thyatira, "The Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire, and his feet like fine brass;" to Sardis, "He that hath the seven spirits of God and the seven stars;" to Philadelphia, "He that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth;" and to Laodicea, "The Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God." We may be cheered in dark hours to meditate on these attributes of his own with which it pleased the Son of God to distinguish himself as the living Head of the church, the Disposer of events, and

the God of perpetual government and providence in the affairs of men.

Let us also observe the various promises which he then gave to *him that overcometh*. In the Epistle to the Ephesians he says, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God;" in that to Smyrna, "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death;" to Pergamos, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it;" to Thyatira, "He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers, even as I received of my Father; and I will give him the morning star;" to Sardis, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels;" to Philadelphia, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name;" and to Laodicea, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Nearly all the titles by which he calls himself, as "He that walketh amid the golden candlesticks," "The first and the last," "He that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand," will be readily seen to be taken from the circumstances of his appearance on that occasion, showing that those circumstances were not mere casual and meaningless revealings of divine ornament, but deeply significant symbols of his power and government, from age to age, as Head over all things to the church.

And nearly all the objects of promise to the overcoming faithful, as access to the tree of life, deliverance from the hurt of the second death, the new name, power over the nations, the white garment, the book of life, the New Jerusalem, the sitting upon the throne, and the hidden manna, reappear later in the book,¹ where the circumstances of their bestowal on mortals are unfolded. To the readers and to the writer of this book may overcoming grace be given!

Thus has the entrance of the Lord Jesus into his glory been clearly attested by the senses of his servants Stephen, Paul and John.

¹ Stier's *Words of Jesus*, ix. 128.

GLIMPSES OF IMMORTALITY.

WHEN he first spoke to St. John in the Apocalypse, the Lord Jesus commanded him to write "the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." We have interpreted the messages to the seven churches of Asia to be the things which then were. We believe that Patmos is the earthly scene of the whole book of Revelations; that is, that the writer was there when they began, and there when they ended. Whether he was ever borne aloft bodily during the progress of those sublime visions, we see neither any ground to affirm nor any necessity to deny. But the nature of the transition, after the close of the messages to the seven churches, is clearly that of a transition from the things of the present to those of the future: "After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven; and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me, which said, Come up hither, and I will show thee *things which must be hereafter.*"¹ No doubt, many of the things then exhibited, which were future then, are past now. They were a gorgeous show of the great events of the spiritual history of this world, from the days of the apostles until the end. Some of them are unquestionably still future to us. In sublimity no human production has at all approached them. And the sublimities of the Hebrew prophets of the earlier ages seem to be preparations and steps in advance towards these crowning and closing sublimities of the inspired volume. It is as if the veil was drawn away which mortality interposes between our sight and the eternal world, and

¹ Rev. iv. 1.

we could see the sublime acts, not of councils, or senates, or kings, or emperors, but of the Ruler of the universe, the King of kings and Lord of lords, made intelligible to us by well-known and significant symbols, and revealing the fates of souls and of empires; the decrees of the just judgments of heaven and their execution; the bindings and loosings of Satan, the reign on earth of the Prince of Peace, his sitting on the throne of judgment, and the descent of the New Jerusalem from heaven to earth. The ancient Latin church has hardly left a brighter little jewel as a memento of her better days than that in which she speaks of the writer of these visions :

“ Volat avis sine meta
 Quo nec vates nec propheta
 Evolavit altius.
 Tam implenda, quam impleta
 Nunquam vādit tot secreta
 Purus homo purius.”

I. The outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of men at the day of Pentecost was an answer from heaven to the world that the sacrifice of Christ for human guilt was accepted in the holy place above, and therefore men might lawfully then have the gift of the Spirit of life from God. In his appearances to Stephen, Paul and John, already related, Christ appears enthroned in heaven as the Divine Ruler and Head of the church. But another consequence of the great atonement is now to be exhibited in heaven. It is to be shown that the Lamb that was slain had the right to open the seals of the fearful books of future events and scenes to the end of earthly history. “And immediately I was in the Spirit, and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.”¹

This is believed to be an emblematic vision of the eternal

Father who had written the book of all earthly fates, and affixed the seven seals to it. He sits in heaven upon the throne of the universe. Christian faith sees him there for ever. Christian hope expects actually to see him there with the eye of sight hereafter. The forebodings of the guilty consciences of the wicked point to him there, while they denounce his judgments, and speak in awe of his almighty power, and point to his all-seeing eye. Imagination sees him for ever seated there. The poet's creative thought places him on his throne. The tranquillity of our daily life requires us to conceive of him there. As the fragments of the material world would fly, crushed and crushing, through the void immense, if the cord of attraction which holds them in their orbits and places was cut, so would the elements of the moral, intellectual and spiritual world fly into vast ruin but for the thought of the throne in heaven and him who sits upon it. These, we concede, are emblematic visions. But as the risen body of Jesus of Nazareth, raised to heaven and glory by indwelling divinity, with the wounds of the cross still upon him, is a more glorious object than a mere literal lamb that has been slain, so we infer that the realities far transcend in glory even the glory of these emblematic scenes. And if the glory even of the emblematic visions is so dazzling and overpowering to our poor weak thoughts, what indeed must be the glories of that eternal world where God dwells in all the glory of his real presence!

There are no features seen, or lines of the form of him who sits upon the throne. The sparkling faces of jewels, the clear bright colors of precious stones and of the rainbow, of which the very incarnate spirit of idolatry itself could hardly make graven images, to be revealers of God and rivals of the Son of God, are all that are given. The mind versed in the Holy Scriptures, and deeply pondering its bright and wonderful things, will revert to the occupant of the sapphire throne in the visions of Ezekiel, and to the ancient of days in those of Daniel.

Around the central throne appear men from the earth, representatives of all holy generations who have lived upon the earth, filling subordinate thrones: "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats (thrones); and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold."¹ This is the church of all the earth in glory. Twelve elders represent the Jews, twelve the Gentiles. It is a vision cheering to our souls. As the departure of dear friends into the invisible world of glory draws our hearts up to heaven, and affection, following the track of its object, strives to paint out the scenes of glory, that it may tread them still in company with the loved and gone, so the vision of these men and brethren, who once toiled and were tried here below, as we are now, brings us nearer in heart to heaven, and makes it wear the appearance of a more friendly and familiar place. Their seats were thrones, so says the original. They wear crowns of gold upon their heads. They are kings. They have entered into the promise that they should reign in glory. They have been made kings and priests unto God. They wear white raiment; that is, they are with God in glory, because they have been clothed in the righteousness of Jesus Christ. "And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunders, and voices."² Discords, divisions, commotions and convulsions among men are the bitter fruits of sin; they bear their place in the great scheme of God's purposes, in a certain sense, but so as that God is in no way the author of the deep and bitter sins from which they spring; they proceed out of the throne of God. "And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God."³ The writer had mentioned the seven spirits of God twice before in this Book of Revelation; once in the salutation at the beginning, where he wishes to the seven churches which are in Asia, grace and peace from him which is, and which was, and which is to come, and

¹ Rev. iv. 4.² Rev. iv. 5.³ Rev. iv. 5.

from the seven spirits which are before his throne, and once in the message to Sardis: "these things saith he that hath the seven spirits of God." And later in this same vision the seven eyes of the Lamb are said to be the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.¹ Great honor is put upon the number seven in these revelations of Patmos, we pretend not to say upon what grounds or with what meaning. There are seven spirits of God, seven golden candlesticks, seven stars in the right hand of the risen Redeemer, seven churches in Asia Minor selected to receive messages, seven seals affixed to the great heavenly book of the decrees of God, seven trumpets sounded by the angels, and seven golden vials full of the wrath of God poured out on the earth. Rudolph Stier mentions that the number seven is stamped upon the laws of music and of light,² as if they were things from heaven. And it surely is a seal from heaven upon the days of the earth, that every seventh day is a day of holy rest dedicated unto the Lord. The seven spirits here probably denote the illumining power of the Spirit on earth. "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal; and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts [*Zoa*, lives; not *thêrion*, the bestial word indicated by the translators], full of eyes, before and behind. And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face like a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."³

The crystal sea appearing in the vision sets forth the great fact that the covenant of grace, in all dispensations, as administered in the earthly ages, embraces a power to cleanse the souls of men from sin, by the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the Holy Ghost. The spirits of the just are to be made perfect before they join the wor-

¹ Rev. v. 6.² *Words of Jesus*, ix., 105.³ Rev. iv. 7, 8.

ship of the heavenly host. The soul of the godly often sighs for that full and perfect deliverance from sin by the almighty grace of God which is reserved for him in heaven. The vision of the sea of crystal waters before the throne of God may cheer his heart with a vision of the certainty of his full deliverance at last, and encourage him, in the fiery trials sent to try his faith in this world, to be faithful and hope to the end. The four living beings we take to be here, as in Isaiah and Ezekiel, the cherubim and seraphim, the higher order of angels, the peculiar and glad witnesses of redemption, chosen from among the heavenly hosts, as the apostles were chosen from among men, to be special witnesses of the great scheme, having appearances of the forms of lower orders of beings, to show that they have taken up and borne forward into a higher sphere all the advantages of the typical forms of ox, and lion, and eagle, and man; and that their being is, so to speak, builded upon that of the orders below them, as man is builded upon the orders below him. And as the nature of man combines all the advantages of the lower orders, and advances higher still than they, with peculiar advantages of his own, so these heavenly intelligences combine the advantages of the typical forms of the lower orders and those also of man, and advance upon them all to still higher prerogatives of existence. At the eastern gate of Eden they were witnesses of the justice of God in the expulsion of the guilty sinners from the happy garden and from access to the tree of life. Through the ages of Moses' tabernacle and Solomon's temple they were, by divine authority, represented as witnesses of the acceptance of sinners with God through the sprinkling of blood on the mercy-seat. In the vision of Isaiah they were witnesses of the justice of God in sending judicial blindness upon a stiff-necked, disobedient and gainsaying people. In the vision of Ezekiel they were to display the wondrous ways of the providence of God in preserving his cause even when his people were in captivity. Here they are to behold the Redeemer of sinners opening the

seven seals of the decrees of God concerning the affairs of all time on earth. And their triple ascriptions of holiness to God can hardly mean less, coming from them, than that they have surveyed and witnessed all the grand and fearful acts of his government and providence since time began, and have found them holy, ever holy, and expect to find them still holy in the time to come.

“And when those beasts give glory, and honor, and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever, the four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power : for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.”¹

In sublime concert of adoration, the representatives of Jew and Gentiles, and the cherubim and seraphim, who have witnessed the governing and judging acts of God in all ages, here unite in his worship.

The book of the purposes of God, upon the pages of which the destinies of the world are written to the end of time, and the opening of which extends to the end of these sublime revelations, now appears in the hand of him that sits upon the throne : “And I saw in the right hand of him that sat upon the throne a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon.”²

No created being can read the book of the future. In a voice loud enough to be heard in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth, the strong angel is heard challenging any reader of the book. None was to be found worthy to open

¹ Rev. iv. 9-11.

² Rev. v. 1-4.

it, to read it, or even to look upon it: neither the arch fiends below can read the book of future human fates; nor good or bad men in human life; nor the elders clothed in perfect righteousness around the throne above; nor common angels; nor thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers among the angels. None was found able to do it. Such a man as Edmund Burke may seem to approach very near to prophecy by an attentive study of the passions of men, and by catching the more intricate threads of deduction, and employing the finer of the human sensibilities and perceptions. And, peradventure, among things now grossly overlaid with juggling and superstition, we are approaching a period of advancement in knowledge which will develop perfectly natural instincts and powers of man's mixed nature, connecting him with the inner world more intimately than has been hitherto known. But it is a consideration conclusive for the deliverance of the Christian from the fetters of daily and nightly superstition, whether of Delphic oracle, or Sibylline leaves, or midsummer night dreams, or nervous prophetic sympathies, or Jacobin auguries of fate, or superstitious necromancy, or any other fortune-telling or soothsaying whatever, that spirits from eternity, good or bad, human or angelic, do not know the future, even if they were permitted to come to this world, and were then willing to come to this world to reveal that future in necromantic circles. Surely good spirits have nobler and higher employment, which they must prefer; and the revelations of evil spirits are not to be believed, and would not tend to good even if they were true.

It seemed to the Apostle John as if light prepared in the hand of God, to be cast down upon the ways and minds of men, was about, at last, to fail to find its way to the earth, because there was none found worthy to loose the seals. He wept much to behold that failure. He was yet mortal; yet to return to be among those still living in the body. His sympathies are still tenderly enlisted for the children of men. And even among the children of men, he is of pe-

cularly tender and loving nature. But he receives comfort from one of the glorified spirits of men around the throne: "And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof."¹ Himself one of the representatives of the Jewish church, the language in which this elder speaks looks back through long centuries of the earthly history of his people to find the extraction of the Redeemer from Judah and David, in terms which show him to have been their Lord, though he was their Son. The language of the elder is not the language of pride, but of holy joy and gratulation. And now the central part of the vision, that for which all the rest was set forth, appears in heaven: "And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns, and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne."²

He is in the midst of the throne, as co-equal with God the Father. He is in the midst of the Holy living Intelligences, and of the elders, as an object fully entitled to their worship. Though he is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, as leader and captain of all the hosts of God, Root of David, as greater king than David, and by whom David and all other kings reigned, yet he appears in the throne as a lamb that had been slain, the crucified Redeemer, in whose name and in type of whose person lambs died upon human altars from the time that redemption began to be unfolded upon the earth.

The seven horns and seven eyes are the symbols of the divine omnipotence and omniscience, the all-searching sight by which he reads the hearts of the children of men, and sees the things which are done on the earth, and the far-reaching and all-prevailing power by which he executes

¹ Rev. v. 5.² Rev. v. 6, 7.

the purposes of God. Besides the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost, this is another consequence of the great atonement exhibited in heaven, the right and power to open the seals of the book of the future. Redemption by a crucified Mediator is the one subject of all Scripture. All former revealings bear some relation to that great theme. All seals of the future can be opened only by the crucified.

And now commences the sublime adoration of the Lamb, which spreads in wave after wave until it embraces every creature: "And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors [incense], which are the prayers of saints. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."¹ This is the first wave of the great adoration. It is that of the witnessing angels, and of the representatives of the Jewish and the Gentile church. They have harps to help their praise, that music, which seems on earth to be the echo of heaven, may appear living in her native realms, and reaping, in this song, her highest honors. And by him also the prayers of the saints are seen to have access to God; and, with reference to the service of the temple, they come up to the divine throne over the propitiation for sin. They make mention of his redeeming blood. They speak of his having gathered them by his grace out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. They extol him for the high privilege they have received of being made kings and priests unto God, and they speak of that which has, as is yet to be seen, a deep reality in the purposes of God, though wretchedly abused by fanatics, and coarsely derided by sensualists, and but dimly believed in by the people of God,

¹ Rev. v. 8-10.

and pushed away from view into utter darkness by the wise men of the world, the reign of the saints on the earth.

The second wave of the adoration of the Lamb embraces the innumerable company of the angels around the throne, the native children of the realms of the blessed: "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."¹ They do not, of course, speak of their own redemption, as they were never the bond-slaves of sin; but long ago the angels desired to look into the plan of salvation. These have looked into and admired it. They have been often sent forth as ministering spirits upon the earth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. They have many a story to recount, of suffering patience, of unconquerable hope, of triumphant faith, and of sufficient grace. They heartily join in the adoration of the Lamb of God.

And now, in its third wave, this sublime adoration becomes universal: "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever."² How fearfully dark and false is that religion of which the crucified Redeemer is not the central object! How deeply blessed this world will be when every creature in it shall join this eternal song of glory and honor to the Lamb! How fearfully deep must be the shame of those who denied him in humiliation when they thus see him in his heavenly exaltation! Oh, that our poor tongues

¹ Rev. v. 13, 14.

² Rev. v. 13, 14.

may bear a part in this great chorus of adoration to the Lamb! How illustrious a Saviour and how great a salvation God has provided for us!

The Lamb then begins to open the seals of the book one by one, and to reveal the contents of the mighty scroll. The seventh seal again divides and unfolds itself into the seven trumpets, and the seventh trumpet into the seven golden vials. To narrate these visions in human language the book of the Apocalypse is devoted.

After the opening of the seven seals, and the sounding of the seven trumpets, bringing the course of events, as is commonly supposed, down to the times just preceding the Protestant Reformation, we have the vision of a lamb standing on Mount Sion, surrounded by an hundred forty and four thousand having his Father's name written on their foreheads.¹ This is believed to be an exhibition of the hidden ones, those who remained faithful to the word of God in the dark ages when the Romish apostacy appeared triumphant over Christendom. Mount Sion is thought symbolically to mean a pure church. The crucified is standing in an ancient sacred place, surrounded by the congregation of his faithful ones. At first, one thinks that this reminds him of a glance of heavenly day, a glimpse of the heavenly glory, revealed to some aged and ripe saint, in holy dreams, as he approaches the confines of the heavenly world. But then we remember that it is just that itself, and not a mere analogy to it. We have nothing higher than itself, for deep and holy beauty, to which we may compare it. The blessed meaning of the old sacred mount in Jerusalem comes more fully out than ever before. The spiritual purity of that flock is expressed in terms of earthly purity—they are virgins. The holy name of God is written in their foreheads, indicating the completeness of their dedication to the service of God. A great song of praise, as the voice of many waters, as the sound of a great thunder, and mingled with the sound of

¹ Rev. xiv. 1-4.

the harp so often heard of old from the psalmist of Israel on the literal Mount Zion, arises from the vast crowd. Suddenly the throne of God appears in the vision, as if that throne, of which the throne of David of old was a type, had risen out of the earth on which its type had mouldered down to dust, or had descended from the skies to where David's throne had stood in other days. The song of the chosen ones is heard by the four living spirits and by the elders. It is new to them. It is a new song of glory, even in that presence where the highest songs of praise to the Lamb have before been heard. It is a song which does not come appropriately from any but those who have been pure when the whole world around them was impure, and faithful when the whole world around them was unfaithful. No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.¹

There is another of these visions of solemn celestial pomp and glory, of which we must recognize the principal figure as the Son of God; it occurs after the pouring out of the seven golden vials full of the wrath of God, and after the solemn judgment of Babylon: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS."²

¹ Rev. xiv. 1-4.

² Rev. xix. 11-16.

Some of the just judgments of God are deferred until the world to come. In reference to them this life is altogether a life of faith. God sits above in silence, and waits until the measure of life and that of iniquity are at once full, and then suddenly calls for that man's soul to appear in eternity. We see no sign in this world of adequate divine justice in such cases. Sin was bold and prosperous as long as life lasted, looking at mere external things. We must leave that life in the hands of God in eternity. Some other of the divine judgments are postponed from generation to generation, like that of the great Babylonian monster of iniquity described in the chapters of the Apocalypse just before this. Other judgments of God commence in this world, and the object of them is pushed out of our sight into the bosom of eternity, just as the glittering sword of the Nemesis is uplifted to strike the blow of justice, as the scene falls, in some gorgeous drama, just as the vials of retribution are about to be poured upon some intricately deep, dark and artful culprit. The curtain of eternity, in this case, compassionately hides the scenes of execution from human eyes. But in other cases the administration of just judgment must take place in this life. This is the case with national sins, which must be punished here, and which history shows us have been signally punished in this world. Before the time of them men often doubt the faithfulness of his word and the truth of his promises. But when he comes his name is seen to be FAITHFUL AND TRUE. Men doubt whether he can or will decide earthly questions of right. But in righteousness does he judge and make war. They may doubt his omniscience, but his eyes are as a flame of fire. They may fail to appreciate his power, but on his head are many crowns. He is Lord of the natural and moral, the material and spiritual worlds. He is Lord over the evil spirits and over the good spirits. He has the keys of death and hell. He is God over pestilence, famine and war; over the flames, the winds, the floods and the earthquakes. He has more ways and means with which to

do justice than man can conceive. The armies of heaven follow him, and the breath of his mouth is a sharp sword. These are his favorite weapons. He rules with a rod of iron. When justice bids, he treads the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. Justice is executed even to the flow of vast human blood. Though it is a white horse on which he rides, as are also those of the armies of heaven which follow him, and although those armies are themselves clothed in fine linen, white and clean, to show that all the power, both of Leader and of armies, is wielded in execution of pure, manifest, spotless justice, yet his own vesture is dipped in blood, spotted with the slaughter. His name is called, as it was in the beginning, the Word of God, while engaged in the work of executing this fearful earthly judgment. Yet, on his vesture and on his thigh it was written that, thus employed in earthly judgments, he was King of kings and Lord of lords. And still he wore another name, that of his unsearchable divinity, that no man fully knew but himself.

And soon in the course of these awful visions the final and eternal judgment comes: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged, every man, according to their works; and death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."¹ Nothing is more observable in these apocalyptic visions than the strict and sober conformity of even the most stupendously sublime of them, with the truths

¹ Rev. xx. 11-15.

and principles of the gospel. Here is a fulfilment related in the clearest terms of Christ's prophecy of judgment as given by St. Matthew. Its language is so distinct, the doctrine is so fundamental, and so often expressed, and so clearly implied in the whole field of the written word of God, as scarcely to need comment here. The chain of the visions of the Son of God to mortal eyes has been pursued until we see him on his judgment throne. Then even justice shall be declared and administered to all souls of all lands and all ages. All questions of right will then be adjusted. Righteous men will be vindicated as righteous men; and evil men, in spite of all their wars against eternal truth and righteousness, must then appear as evil men. The chain of the visions of the Son of God to mortal eyes approaches its end. There is but one single other link; but one single other vision of him has yet appeared. His last appearance is as the MAKER OF ALL THINGS NEW: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters,

and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."¹

This is that restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.² That earth which bore the thorn and the thistle, and the crawling serpent and the poisoning adder, and the avenging wolf and the fierce tiger upon its bosom, is removed. The restoration of the ruins of the fall is now complete. Those things which came with the fall must disappear with the restoration. The creature itself is delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.³ The skies, which had been loud with thunder, and blazing with quick and fiery lightning, and deformed with tempests, and dark with clouds, and hideous with siroccos, must also be changed. The first heaven and the first earth, these old sin-marked heaven and earth, were passed away; and a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelt righteousness, appeared in their place. In the great restitution, the sea, with its storms, and its waves, and its engulfing abysses, was forever gone. It had no sufficient relation to eternal life to be retained. There was no more sea. The whole earth would thus be a happy garden. Eden and Canaan would be restored to the world, and much more than Eden and Canaan. Then, instead of the ancient Holy City, the earthly Jerusalem, the new and supremely grand Holy City, the New Jerusalem, is seen coming down from God out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. In her celestial and bridal array, she can barely be conceived of, with any approach to accuracy, under any other earthly simile than as a continent of palaces, streets, groves and fountains, with walls and palaces of pearls and precious stones, with streets of gold, with groves of the tree of life, and fountains of the waters of life. There is a restitution of both Jerusalem and Eden. In the fall of man, God withdrew his presence from him; and the want of God's dwelling among men, his

¹ Rev. xxi. 1-8.

² Acts iii. 21.

³ Rom viii 21.

absence from their hearts, the lack of his companionship in their daily walks, has been the great source of weariness, and unrest, and tedious, tasteless hours, since sin began. But in the scenes of restitution, a great voice out of heaven is heard, saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Death, sorrow, weeping, and pain, and tears, and dishonor, curse and night had come into the world with sin and the fall. They have swept over the earth in every age since the fall. He who finds himself tempted to think sin a small evil may find a corrective, if he be wise and thoughtful, in endeavoring to compute the sum of human agonies in every age of the soul and the body as the natural and legitimate offspring of sin. In the restitution there shall be perpetual life upon the earth, but there shall be no more death. The sad romance of cold clay, and inexpressive countenance, and grave clothes, and funeral pomps, and mausoleums, vaults, tombs, graves, epitaphs, and elegies, and black robes, and bereavements, and mourning, shall have passed away forever. There will be nothing to grieve the soul, or to pierce the body; and so sorrow and crying and pain shall have passed away. On his cross Jesus Christ had borne the curse and dishonor due to sin. In this restitution the real results of his death are shown in complete and full effect. For the curse there is the blessing; for dishonor, the glory of God; for night there is eternal day; for sorrow and pain, everlasting joy; for death, eternal life; for the hidings of God's face, the eternal vision of his face; for pilgrimage and wandering in the wild desert of this life, the eternal monuments of the walls of the new and heavenly Jerusalem.

Thus will the Son of God fulfil the covenant of redemption; that "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so

might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.”

These blessings are for those who are victors, who overcome, in all the trials of their faith in God, through the scenes of this life. But it will be found that in every stage of the progress of the covenant of grace, there were stubborn unbelievers, filthy beings in mind and body, incorrigible sinners, who beheld and despised the work of God in their day. To them the presence of the holy God and his angels, and of the spirits of the just made perfect, could give no true pleasure. With fearful and solemn sentence they must go to their own place, that it may go sweeping down the immeasurable courses of eternity, that justice, slow, patient, long-suffering justice, but at last, equal and perfect justice, was done to those who came from that favored orb, the earth—by whatever name it may be known in the converse of heaven—that favored globe on which the blood of the divine Messiah was shed; and yet came away still at enmity with him, after all his infinite condescension, his faithfulness to his covenant, and his dying love.

And now unto Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, the KING of kings and LORD of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath fully seen or can fully see, to HIM be honor and power everlasting. Amen.

VICTORY!

OR, THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES.

REVELATION XV.

AND I saw another great sign in heaven,
A great and marvellous sign,
Seven angels to whom seven vials were given,
Which fill up the wrath divine.

And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass,
And upon it the sheen of flame:
And thick o'er that sea as the vast prairie grass,
A countless multitude came.

They came and stood with the harps of God
On the waves of that bright sea,
From many a land and on many a road,
But they all had the victory.

Victory over the beast they had won,
Over his image victory:
They had conquered his mark in ages gone,
And the number his name may be.

Some came from the Caucasus far to the east,
With antique robes around:
Some died on the Alps by the fangs of the beast,
Some in dungeons under ground.

And some in the Smithfield flames had died,
And some at St. Andrew's cross,
And some, like the Lord, had been crucified:
Some were beggared and starved for his cause.

And great was the number, and vast was the crowd,
And they sang a high melody:
And sweetly they sang, and majestic'ly loud,
For they all had the victory.

And I heard and would learn what the song was they sang ;
 'Twas of Moses, the servant of God ;
 And from Moses the praise of the Lamb loudly rang,
 Who redeemed them from sin by his blood.

How great are thy works, and how marvellous deep,
 Oh ! Almighty, our God and our Lord ;
 Just and true are thy ways, and thy faith thou dost keep,
 Thou art true to thy once uttered word.

Oh ! Sovereign of saints, who shall not fear thee,
 And sound out thy true and just fame ?
 Thou only art holy, all nations shall see,
 And manifest make thy great name.

And then I looked up to the awful heaven,
 To the temple not made with hands,
 To the tabernacle of witness to mortals given,
 Which hard by the sea of glass stands.

And the door of the tabernacle stood open wide,
 And out came seven angels in white :
 They in pure linen robes and gold girdles did glide
 In a gorgeous procession and bright.

And the wonderful four living beings stood by,
 Where lay the seven angels' bright path,
 And one of them gave, as the angels came nigh,
 Seven golden vials of wrath.

Of God's wrath were they full, who forever endures,
 And the temple grew thick with the smoke
 Of the glory of power which to his truth inures,
 Which never on earth can be broke.

Then vial on vial, and wrath upon wrath,
 Came down from the skies upon men :
 And no man could tread on that mystical path
 That entered the tabernacle then.

Then the counsel of God was a secret to be
 Until the last vial was done,
 And then all be seen as one great victory,
 Won by faith in the blood of his Son.

PROGRESS TO TRANQUILLITY;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR TRUTH.¹

THE AURORA.

IT was the evening of one of the early days of spring, in a pleasant village of Eastern Virginia. There had recently been some very plain and powerful preaching by the Presbyterian pastor who resided there.² That preaching had made a deep impression on my mind. I had chiefly heard a worthy but illiterate class of preachers before this time. It now seemed a rich privilege to have spiritual things brought to view clearly and with solemn dignity, without being tempted to irreverent fun and criticism by the uncouth rhetoric of some uneducated good man.

Some of the fruit trees were in bloom. There was that well-known haze in the atmosphere which makes the sun appear red at rising and setting. It was that still hour between sunset and darkness, when the oar of the day's business has just been dropped, and that of the night not yet put in motion. One may be sometimes nearer to the world of spirits at midnight, alone on his bed, than at other times. But that twilight "close of the day when the hamlet is

¹This article forms the first two chapters of a treatise having the above title. The manuscript bears a dedication as follows: "To DR. MCGUFFEY, from whom I have learned more, in less time, than from any other living man, this book is dedicated with the highest respect and most fraternal regard of the author."

²Rev. Jesse S. Armistead, D. D.

still," ever seemed a peculiar period of such nearness with me. The glow in the west, which sometimes attends the sunset, looks like light around the gateway into eternity. One's thoughts often pass through and roam in the regions beyond. Sin! salvation! the Redeemer! the basking of the soul in pure bliss through eternity! My thoughts were now very earnestly pondering those mighty subjects. Suddenly, in the course of a few days, I had become aware of the presence of a deeper meaning in human life than ever before had exhibited itself to my thoughts. It now appeared as a circumscribed space, an arena, on which human beings wrestled with various antagonists for prizes in eternity. It seemed sometimes as if I could almost see the faces of the circling tiers of spectators in the evening clouds—the "cloud of witnesses"—who looked with interest on the contest from their happy seats in eternity.

And I began to feel myself to be under a deep, but just and righteous condemnation in the sight of God. It was becoming clear to my view that the prevailing spirit and temper of my mind were not, and could not be, the spirit of heaven. Even at that early period of life it was very clear that I should feel alarmed at the thought of the holy eye of God scrutinizing my soul within, and the records of such parts of life as were past. That deep sense of a guilty nature which makes one's heart almost equally sick, and fills his imagination almost equally with just forebodings, whether he looks at the past, the present or the future, had taken possession of me. It was a consciousness much similar to that which one experiences in dreams, when he finds himself at the world's end, and falls sheer off, and welters through endless and bottomless space, falling and sinking. So I felt myself to be morally and spiritually falling and sinking. Like the "baseless fabric of a vision" everything upon which my conscience had formerly erected any comfortable reliance had disappeared. Every natural principle, viewed by the clear though lurid light of that state of mind, was manifestly an unsafe thing on which to stand before

God. It was as clear to me that nature could not save me as that my powers of body did not enable me to spring up and leap into eternity through those golden gates which opened at sunset, and walk into the fields of the blessed with the mere powers of an earthly and mortal body.

My mind then turned in vain to every quarter to which it had been accustomed to look for objects of moral trust and reliance. Every region to which the eye of the soul had access seemed empty and dim.

Travellers tell us that the long avenues which led the Egyptians of old to the temple of their Jupiter at Karnak were lined on each side, through their whole length, with richly-carved statues of sphynxes, facing inwards, so that he who walked along one of those sacred avenues must have often felt as if there were double ranks of mysterious intelligences looking upon him, one on each side. When we are first treading the ways of life, we do not realize that our life is such a spectacle to a "cloud of witnesses." But as we look back to it, we see abundant proof that, at least here and there in life, numerous ranks of the dwellers in eternity looked on, and that God was the ever watchful. No matter how insignificant one may be, he has a soul in his body, and that is worth ten thousand worlds. Looking back now far to the rearward, along the way of life, it seems as if there must have been some significance, some meaning, some warning, or some cheering hopefulness in the countenance of every sphynx which the spirit passed by at such a time. And there lies a mystery and a meaning in some parts of the past of our lives which makes the task here undertaken, of tracing some threads of thought which ran through it, a pleasant, but deep and momentous one.

I was reprov'd and convinc'd of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; felt honestly and thoroughly convinc'd of being guilty before God for many sins of my own, among which was a guilty nature, in which, after the most thorough inspection, I could not lay a single stone for a foundation on which to build self-salvation. Every part of

my moral nature appeared either positively sinful or else piteously and worthlessly neutral. Motives, rules and plans of life came under review; maxims, principles, reliances, ends, aims, objects of hope and desire. It was plain that I could trust none of them, nothing within me, and nothing that I could do or had done. As if one were walking in a wide orchard of what he thought ripe and luscious fruit, and suddenly should discover all, all, every one, to be an apple of Sodom, so was it with me now. I cannot describe my state of mind at that time better than to say that there was a pall of darkness over my spirit, dyed in the colors of guilt, but thrown over by the hand of justice.

In that state of deep sadness, I stood looking from the window of a friend upon the springing bloom of the peach trees. I had seen reason to think that his feelings were much the same as my own, though there had been no conference between us on these matters.

"Are you aware," he said, "that these people whose preaching you have been attending, strenuously hold the doctrine of predestination?"

"No, I was not aware of that."

"It is certainly so," said my friend.

"Indeed," said I, "then the community will arise, and ought to arise, *en masse*, and put them down."

"But," said my friend, "they allege that it is most plainly taught in the Holy Scriptures, and bring proof to sustain themselves which looks awfully clear and strong."

Some other subject was introduced. The testimony of the Scriptures on the subject was a point on which I could say nothing, not having examined them with that view. But the very suggestion that any such thing was in the Scriptures shocked me like a torpedo. I earnestly hoped that there might be some mode of interpretation devised which would escape the "gloomy and repulsive dogma." But, even then, I felt as if the mode of interpretation to which one ought to resort, in order to escape even so repulsive a thing as that appeared, ought to be a thoroughly

honest interpretation. Otherwise, man might just construe it out, but God would construe it in; and the only result of the interpretation would be, that man would practice a shallow deception upon himself.

But many thoughts concerning the fearful power and rightful authority of the living God were awakened by the very suggestion.

Soon afterwards another friend and associate, a professor of religion, spoke to a servant-man, who was doing some little office in the room, about his soul. He assured him, that if the Holy Spirit deserted him, he was as certainly a lost soul as if he were already in perdition. I afterwards learned that this remark was intended for me, though addressed to the servant. It struck me like a dagger, and I left the room in restless agony of mind.

The privilege of plain and powerful preaching from day to day again came; and with it came the inquiry-meeting. With the most resolute firmness, I accepted the first invitation to withdraw to a separate room for private conversation with the ministers of the gospel. Many others went at the same time. One of the ministers approached my seat, and asked me how I felt in relation to the subject of religion. The instant reply was, "I fear, sir, that I do not feel my situation at all." To my surprise, the minister instantly left me.

That night, in the dead hours of the night, as if newly revealed from heaven, as if bursting into view on the top of the mountains, as if just then first made known by the trumpet of some herald angel, JESUS CHRIST came fully, distinctly, clearly to my view. The tempest-tossed spirit instantly became calm. The thirsts of the soul were satisfied. Fears of the judgment and the holiness of God were stilled. For the first time my heart felt satisfied. It saw nothing else but Jesus Christ. It wished to see nothing else.

It is now long ago since that night. Supernatural vision there was none; nothing was seen but those representa-

tions to the mind which its own more powerful exercises make—which are almost *as if* things appeared to the outward senses.

There was ever a sort of fascination to me in being out of doors upon those hours after midnight, which, some of the Germans say, approach nearer to the verge of eternity than any other hours of time. Not, however, that it was a special pleasure. I had rather been oppressed with awe whilst standing unsheltered beneath that solemn and be-spangled canopy, as if from a consciousness that the multitudes of stars looking down from heaven were a wisely ordered type of the myriads of the eyes of God which watched all things, and especially all souls, upon earth.

An occasion of thus looking at the starry heavens again occurred soon after the revelation of Jesus Christ to my heart. The awfulness was, in a great measure, gone, and a sense of friendliness had taken its place. The mighty vault of diamonds seemed now but the roof of my Father's house. There was some pleasing change in the spirit of the gaze with which the starry heavens looked down upon me. It is thought by some that we can feel when another is looking intently upon us, though we do not see his eyes directed to us. My spirit felt that the myriad eyes of God, of which these stars were types, had become friendly eyes. The inexpressibly happy conviction slowly crept into my mind, that for the stars, as for other things, I had a NEW HEART.

When it was noised abroad that a number of young persons had professed conversion, myself among the rest, an upright and obliging man in the neighborhood drew up warmly to me in social intercourse. He very soon made an opportunity to have a conversation with me on religious subjects. In the progress of the interview, some remark escaped me which he chose to consider as having a Calvinistic bearing. If so, it was an unconscious opinion, for the subject of parties and schools of opinion had not been

seriously brought before my mind. This was almost the first time it met my thoughts. With compressed lips, and that air of intense preparation which instantly seizes an opportunity, he remarked, "Now, sir, I perceive that you are a Calvinist; will you allow me to show you a certain passage of Scripture, that you may judge how it agrees with the views which you have adopted?"

He took up my pocket Bible and, after a considerable search, found the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, in which he directed my attention specially to the twenty-fourth verse: "But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doth according to the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned; in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sins that he hath sinned, in them shall he die."

If I had, at this time, the slightest Calvinistic leaning at all, it was produced simply by the consciousness that whatever change was wrought in my nature, was, meritoriously and efficiently considered, solely the work of the Divine Spirit, not my own. This I felt deeply, but knew not, and did not inquire, whether it was Arminianism or Calvinism. The verse from Ezekiel, in my view, denied only the final perseverance of the saints. That it did seem fairly to deny. But my friend insisted that it contradicted Calvinism. This I could not comprehend, and so kept silence; supposing that I had either missed the exact positions which the scripture was invoked to demolish, or had missed the proper sense of the scripture itself.

In an eager perusal of the Scriptures, I soon afterwards came across the words: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." And soon afterwards these words: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

These appeared to be direct affirmations of the perse-

verance of the saints. How to harmonize the prophet with the Saviour and the evangelist became a grave question. But the New Testament scripture, that of which the point and connection were the clearer of the two, was against the class-leader; the Old Testament scripture, that of which the point and connection were doubtful, was in his favor. And, after thinking of these scriptures for a long time, I came to the conclusion that the famous declarations in Ezekiel are principles of God's outward government, as civil magistrate, and as the head of an established church; while those of the New Testament are evidently principles upon which he administers his spiritual government and dispenses the gifts of his Holy Spirit. The passages which represent true grace as a settled and durable state of mind have a clear reference to grace in the soul. The passage which represents the position of the soul before God as changeable, transient, and unsettled, has no reference to inward grace at all, but to a public and outward attitude, and to the public and outward administration of justice. It became very clear to me that different language was true, concerning these two different points of view from which life was contemplated in the word of God, from exactly similar differences in the manner in which the Apostles Paul and James speak of justification. Paul speaks of the sinner's inward, real, legal justification in the sight of God; and consequently he pronounces it to be effected by "faith without the deeds of the law." James speaks of a man's justification in the sight of beholders, the justification of his public profession of faith; and consequently he pronounces "that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only."

In a very fairly analogous way of interpreting them, Ezekiel and John could be harmonized on the subject of the saints' perseverance. I was not a Calvinist before this little investigation, nor was I a Calvinist after it. What chiefly commended to my favor the view adopted was that it harmonized scriptures which seemed otherwise in jar-

ring conflict. And on that one doctrinal point, a thorough reverence for the written word—on that one—almost alone of those which were among the controverted points in that region of country—my mind was fully made up.

I ascribe it to the agency of the Divine Spirit, that this point of the authority of the written word, so much mooted since, was settled in my mind from the beginning of my Christian hope. But the Divine Spirit employed instrumentalities in that matter as he does in others.

It would be long to recount the agitations through which I had gone, during the years of a wild, unsteady youth, upon that very question, whether to accept these scriptures as the word of God or not. Sometimes I would go from listening to the conversation of witty, gay, and hardened men, to my deep-hearted, pious mother, and tell her that it appeared as if I should have to relinquish the Bible, for I could not believe in its divine authority. She would not argue the point at all. That she never once did, that I remember. But her countenance of calm silence, in which pity for me, and honest and righteous indignation for my words, were equally blended, would haunt me for weeks after such an avowal. That look drove me from the dark caverns of youthful infidelity. If her deep and loving spirit, from its seat in the beatitudes of eternity can trace these words, let her now know that, as one among many things for which I daily send up thanks to the God of my life, it is ranked as a chief one of an earthly sort that I was born of her; and I shall ever carry with me the remembrance of what a whole-hearted witness for Christ she was to her children.

It began then to be a matter of noticeable experience to me, that in certain company I received the Scriptures; and that certain definite and well-remembered frames of feeling were produced by a reception of them as the word of God; while in or under the influence of certain other companions, I did not feel inclined to receive the Scriptures as of divine origin; and certain other equally definite and

well-remembered frames of feeling were produced by the refusal to accept them thus.

It was very natural to an honest mind, sincerely inquiring, to compare these two classes of company with each other, and these two frames of feeling consequent upon the two different positions, accepting or rejecting the Scriptures.

After some months' investigation, I had arrived at the definite conclusion that those were decidedly better influences under which I believed than those under which I did not believe the Scriptures. The men whose company prompted to belief were, on the whole, more conscientious, sober and virtuous than those whose company prompted to unbelief. They were less reckless and hardened, more candid and more disinterested. The memories of those frames of feeling connected with the rejection of the authority of the sacred Scriptures, which could be most clearly recollected, presented them as haggard, ghastly, and cheerless visions. The memories of those connected with the acceptance of the Scriptures presented them as grave forms, bearing fearful sanctions and tremendous issues, but exhibiting, among their solemn groups, the only form of good and well-founded hope that could anywhere be seen.

Thus it was that on professing conversion my mind was fully made up to thorough reverence for the written word of God.

About this time I went with a walking party, to a preaching place, a mile out of town. This was a small wooden house, unpainted, and pervious to the wind in many places, placed on a knoll of white flint stones, surrounded by thickly clustered oak trees of a stunted size, and called Mount Tabor. There was something pleasing in going, upon a day of the week, to one of these unpretending Tabors, or Bethels, or Ebenezers. It looked like giving another day to God, over and above the Sabbath day. It looked like the plain

man's gospel. The people appeared to bring a worshipping frame of mind, a devout air, with them.

The text was selected from the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amoz, came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die and not live. Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, and said, Remember now, O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight: and Hezekiah wept sore. Then came the word of the Lord to Isaiah, saying, Go and say to Hezekiah, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years."

A few minutes were employed in bringing the history connected with the text to the recollection of the audience. The preacher then proceeded solemnly to the main purposes of his discourse. "In the first place," said he, "we see from this passage of Scripture that there is no truth in that doctrine called Calvinism. Although God expressed his decree in the first verse that King Hezekiah should die then, yet in the fifth verse he alters that decree, in answer to Hezekiah's prayers, and grants him fifteen years more of life."

The preacher then went on to argue, at considerable length, and with the fire rapidly kindling in his countenance as he proceeded, that indeed God purposes, determines, decrees nothing, in all his moral government over man, which is not liable to be changed in the same manner as this decree in reference to the death of King Hezekiah was changed.

This discourse affected me very painfully. I had rarely heard the word "Calvinism." I had seen positively nothing before of the fierce antipathy to that word and thing so often met with afterwards. I felt resolved to resist Cal-

vinism if the Scriptures should, on the whole, appear to be against it. But I had been reading on my knees the Epistle to the Ephesians. My heart and imagination were full of the deep glories of that epistle. This preaching sounded very tame. It did not seem altogether conclusive to draw doctrines from historical records, except on matters on which the doctrinal parts of Scripture were silent. It convinced me thoroughly that some of the purposes of God in history were conditional, like the threatenings in the gospel, and that the condition, "if he repent not," was constantly implied. But the sermon did not convince me that there were no other purposes of God but conditional purposes. It did not convince me that the repentance of Hezekiah "took his Maker by surprise," as the preacher alleged, and induced him to change one of his most fixed decrees. I could not think with any comfort that God was thus dependent on human actions, a tide-waiter on the ebbs and flows of the human will, a servant of conditions wrapped up in the tangled imbroglios of the changing purposes of inferior beings. If the acts of the divine government are in all cases dependent upon conditions in the acts of the creature, and if the divine government has no means of controlling those conditions, I could not see how the Almighty could be sufficiently certain of any future event to venture to foretell that future event. But he had clearly foretold many future events. The future, therefore, did not take him by surprise, and induce him to repeal his decrees.

The sermon at Mount Tabor did not make me an Arminian. The investigations into which it led did not make me a Calvinist; but they certainly did leave my judgment leaning that way for the time. The preacher's proof for Arminianism was taken from historical Scripture. I came across a passage soon after in historical Scripture also which struck me as going in the other direction. It had an advantage over his passage. It was from the New Testament. His was from the Old. It was on the very sub-

ject of faith in Christ. His related to civil history. It was the passage in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which relates the history of the planting of the church at Antioch in Pisidia. It was this: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." This really looked as if the historian meant to imply that there was an "ordaining to eternal life" among the people of the Pisidian Antioch before they believed, and that this ordaining showed itself in their believing; and if those who "were ordained to eternal life" had not believed, none would have believed. All would have been left where the remaining unbelievers were left when the apostles shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came to Iconium to despise and wonder and perish. The whole narrative bore the proof that along with these unconditional decrees of God all the men of that city acted with unconstrained and voluntary freedom of choice.

Up to the adamantine walls of that grand and deep mystery, how God rules the free, I then for the first time distinctly approached.

A sermon by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., on "the doctrine of election," was now put into my hands by the Presbyterian pastor, on my asking him for something to read on that subject. This discourse cleared away my difficulties for the time. Though I would hardly have acknowledged myself a Calvinist even then, yet I began to admire the God-fearing moral courage of the Presbyterian Church in stoutly professing a tenet so unpopular as this, simply, as it then seemed to me, because it was in the Scriptures, while others eagerly and zealously made capital against them for holding it. The appeals which I heard against it were sometimes to Scripture, such as the two above narrated. But they were more often made simply to the *odiousness* of the thing, irrespective of the question whether it was in the Scriptures or not. These appeals generally made impressions on my mind in favor of the *odious thing*. I reasoned this way: if "the carnal mind is enmity to

God," of course it will be enmity also to those descriptions of his ways and dealings which are the clearest reflection of his character.

After a few months' calm deliberation I connected myself with the Presbyterian Church, receiving adult baptism, by affusion, kneeling in the church.

EMBLEMS AND DIAGRAMS.

THERE was still in my mind an intense dislike to predestination, as it was described in many books and conversations. Many spoke to me about "that horrible doctrine." And when they did so, smothered feelings within my own bosom, which were not distinctly analyzed, deeply sympathized with their abhorrence. Could I have seen clearly that this revolt of feeling was in my better nature, in the conscience, in the right reason, it would have speedily prevailed with me to renounce the doctrine, and all who did not renounce it. Of this, however, I doubted. One circumstance connected with my dislike of predestination I thought at length I could see into distinctly; that is, that the dislike was spontaneous, and not a dictate of reason. It came from the heart, not the head.

My dislike was not founded on the want of sufficient scriptural authority for the doctrine, for it did honestly seem that a fair, unbiased interpretation of Scripture disclosed the "hateful dogma" in many places, especially in the fourth chapter of the Gospel by St. Luke, and in the Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians.

Nor was my dislike founded on the idea that these words, "election," predestination," were human words inaccurately applied to things in Scripture. I never could think this fearful tenet a human invention. It is so disagreeable to the natural heart that no man would ever have invented it. Human inventions in religion all seem to be of a totally different type, flattering, agreeable, soothing to the natural

man. Some said that Augustine, Calvin, the Westminster divines, and President Edwards were the inventors of these gloomy slanders upon the Almighty. It honestly did appear to me that the Apostle Paul ought to be included in the charge. Plain and clear language in his writings struck me as being fully as stout and strong in the assertion of the doctrine as anything I had seen from either of the others. After a perusal of the Epistle to the Ephesians, on asking myself, Does the Divine Spirit, who inspired these chapters, feel on this subject, as our Arminian brethren do, an eager and fierce dislike to these words and things? or does he probably feel more nearly as Augustine, Calvin and Edwards felt? my conscience, against my will, was clearly and positively constrained to reply that the Divine Spirit employs language more nearly like that of Augustine, Calvin and Edwards. From the first I wished not so to believe, but was constrained to doubt the correctness of impulses which led me in other directions, and so to pause.

Nor was my dislike founded on my being unable to reconcile predestination and free-will. That argument always seemed to my mind, unsound and inconclusive. If these doctrines were both taught in the Scriptures, then they were both true. The difficulty of reconciling them was no greater than the difficulty concerning the Three persons in one God. They might be capable of reconciliation by more gifted and exalted minds than ours. To reject one because we could not reconcile it with the other, was to my mind a severe reflection on the inspired writer who taught it, and a severe reflection also on the Divine Spirit who inspired it. He could reconcile them if he taught them.

But the dislike experienced was a spontaneous impulse of the heart. On close self-inspection it appeared, indeed, as strong, or stronger, when the very inspired words themselves were sounding in my ears: "Therefore he hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth"; "Predestinated according to the purpose of

him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," as at any other time. My dislike was to the doctrine itself, not to any imputed unscriptural origin or support of it. It was from the natural heart, not from the conscience or right reason, so far as appeared to me. Therefore I constantly hesitated about renouncing it, and yet constantly felt prompted to renounce it.

A strange light and a strangely-born joy would, about this time, steal into my heart, when the following hymn was sung in the devotional exercises of the congregation :

- "In songs of sublime adoration and faith,
 Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.
- "His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
 Broke forth and discovered its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- "Oh! had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosom his love had ne'er felt ;
 You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- "What was there in you that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight ?
 'Twas 'Even so, Father,' you ever must sing,
 'Because it seemed good in thy sight.'
- "'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
 While others were suffered to go
 The road which by nature we chose as our way,
 That leads to the regions of woe.
- "Then give all the glory to his holy name,
 To him all the glory belongs ;
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs."

This hymn breathed the very same breath as the first chapter of the Ephesians. It, the human composition, did not mention the objectionable word. The inspired chapter did mention it. Both were full of the election of grace.

Two verses from one of John Newton's hymns produced the same impression on my feelings :

“Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee :
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

“Yes : though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.”

For months these words flitted like living shadows through my thoughts—

“For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still,”

and produced the impression that the reason why my heart had chosen the Redeemer, which I now gratefully felt to be becoming a clearer and clearer fact, was that he had first chosen me. And the apostolic remark, “God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us,” strengthened the impression in an indefinite kind of way.

That is a grand and deep sentence with which John Foster begins his defence of modern Christian missions against the attacks of the witty unbelievers. “It is a remarkable and evident fact,” he says, “that there is a certain principle of correspondence to religion throughout the economy of the world. Things bearing an apparent analogy to its truths, sometimes more prominently, sometimes more abstrusely, present themselves on all sides to a thoughtful mind. He that made all things for himself appears to have willed that there should be a great system of emblems reflecting, or shadowing, that system of principles in which we are to apprehend him, and our relations and obligations to him. So that religion, standing up in a grand parallel to an infinity of things, receives their testimony

and homage, and speaks with a voice which is echoed by the creation.”

How he applies this magnificent sentiment, and the echoing universe he saw and heard, to the purpose which he had in hand, the reader will best see in the discourse itself. It met my eye early in my career as a professing Christian, and led me to look out more than I should perhaps have done for the gospel of nature—not the religion of nature, nor the light of nature, nor any other such a thing, in which, under shelter of a well-sounding phrase, unbelieving men have shown a disposition to flee to the backward abyss, to renounce the light of revelation, and to take place with Socrates and Seneca among the desirers of a revelation, as if none had been given; but the echoes and responses and correspondences of nature to the scheme of revealed religion.

I was sent to college in a Northern State, so far away from home that the vacations were spent in rambles in the vicinity of the institution, instead of at home. Once during a winter vacation I rambled into one of the most north-westerly townships in the State of Massachusetts, hard by the frontiers of Vermont, as they told me, and boarded in the house of the Congregationalist minister of the parish. During the dreary night of the year there came snow after snow upon the earth. How deep the snow was none knew exactly, or cared much to inquire. It was said that the wheels of heavily loaded wagons did not cut near to the ground. Their tires appeared bright, but never muddy. There was a very high hill eastward from the house of the clergyman at which I boarded, covered with unbroken snow from two to three feet deep, and without trees or even shrubs to any great extent to vary the cold white monotony. The distance to the top was counted at one mile; but from the top, if you were there about sunset, the clergyman's excellent and accomplished wife informed me, there were some very sublime sights to be seen at that season of the year. Among them she mentioned an occasional glance of

Mount Monadnock—I think that was the name—one among the highest peaks of the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

On an evening when there seemed a fair probability of a clear sunset, with stout Calcutta boots, and pantaloons well stuffed therein, this walk, which was indeed a tough one, was undertaken. It lay through snow sometimes up to the knees, sometimes up to the waist. Accumulations of the white and crisp incarnate cold were made every now and then before me, so that the progress must be by a leap and then a pause and a rest, and a leap again. Ever in my early years, when alone, as was the case that evening, and struggling with the little physical trials of faith which belong to boyhood, the deeper difficulties and perplexities of life and of faith were often present in my mind, as if appearing under the small and present difficulties as their types and symbols, and waiting and expecting to be wrought out and solved and unfolded by the issues of the small present trials. It so chanced that there was a fair sunset that evening. The sun was leaning far to the southwest, as if compelled to retreat by the mighty power of the cold; and thus it was that his rays fell just into an avenue among the clustering hills around, swept unintercepted through that avenue, and struck fully and fairly upon Monadnock.

This, however, was not the case when I first saw it. A cold dun-colored cloud was over the sun for a few minutes; and turning the eye across the lesser hills, standing as if they were waves of the sea suddenly frozen in some great tempest, there, farther off than they, stood the monarch mountain, the "royalest earth-wave of them all," with its long, full robe of snow, its blue and purple tinge of a few scattered evergreens, and its slight gauzy gleam produced by the reflection of the sky in the pure white snow surface. There it stood thus in full view for a few minutes without the light of the sun. White with snow, purple with the shades of the evergreens, and coldly and slightly radiant with the reflections of a sunless sky, there it stood as the throne of

the kingdom of cold. There it stood, the aptest image of the cold and gloomy and un radiant heathen dogma of fate. The world lay an orphan at its feet. The sunlight was wanting to them both. In the vision of each there was no sign of any place for life to spring up. The sunless and snow-robed mountain struck those intricate perceptions of my mind by which we catch analogies, as the very image and emblem of that atheist fate, that changeling child for which divine sovereignty is so often mistaken and abused.

But presently, just before the actual setting of the sun, the dark cloud glided away from the western horizon, and disappeared. Silently, and in an instant, a flood of golden light was poured over the whole region, monarch mountain and all. In that instant the world seemed to me to have ceased to be orphan. That "golden evening light" in realms and seasons of unbroken snows, and mingled with the purple shades of evergreens, is in itself one of the most glorious of the natural brightnesses of the earth. There is at times a sort of air of promise in its hues, a hint almost of millennial prophecy in the voices it utters in the ear of faith.

There stood the far-famed Monadnock itself, fully robed with snow, but radiant with a golden sunlight, which looked warm, even there and then, in the "very hour and power" of the chill demon. It looked almost like another Mount Sinai, ready and waiting to receive and bear the burden of the Godhead, descending for some other visit of awful majesty to the world. The golden light just flashed over it was as if it were the bright young aurora of his speedy coming. There it was, the very image of the divine sovereignty, first apprehended in clear light, not yet in the warmth of summer, nor with the fruits of autumn, but in the golden and purple hues of light and spring. And in the two spectacles of the giant mountain I saw the difference between cold, blind, heathen brute FATE on the one hand, and the golden light of the divine sovereignty on the other.

My host for the vacation had studied theology under Dr. Taylor of New Haven, and was a zealous *new-divinity* man, as the phrase then went. He freely indulged the metaphysical style of preaching common among the men of that school; their bold attempts to solve the mysteries of all time, the very riddles which surround the origin of human life; their sneering contempt for a religion which admits unsolved riddles; and their daring spirit of innovation. There was frequently manifest in this man the calm assumption that those who thought as he did were the peculiar favorites of heaven in that whole age and generation; to whom and through whom, almost exclusively, the grants of revivals of religion were to be made to the world; he did not exactly say on account of their superior edification and general excellence, but he very forcibly *innuendoed* that idea. He also exhibited their small regard for the pastoral office, their contempt for religious stability, and their common practice of showering ridicule upon all *heresy-hunters*, by which they meant all who thought sound doctrine of any account, or raised the cry of caution, sobriety, orthodoxy, temperance in speculation, or any other voice of restraint upon the wild career of their newistic speculations.

Yet there was a show of very ardent, devoted piety about this man, and he exerted, for the time, much influence over my mind.

But a kind providence soon presented to me an antagonist influence in the person of a singularly modest, deep-minded, and pious physician of the same village. This good man soon afterwards removed to the college-town, where we boarded at the same table, and often communed together about the religious speculations which were then so stirring the popular mind in New England.

The merits of a once famous book called *Whelpley's Triangle* came upon the tapis one day. That work was a racy satire, keenly and piquantly executed, at the expense of the deep, grand, solemn self-denials of the theology of the Reformation. It was the first pulsation of the spirit of the

new divinity. Various replies to the book came from the friends of the old doctrines. Among others, he related the following, as having occurred at Andover Theological Seminary:

There was much talk in the Seminary, at the time referred to, about *Whelpley's Triangle*. No little derision of what was called "the old triangular theology" grew out of it. The three points of the triangle, as well as my memory serves, were: the total depravity of man, his moral inability of will to turn to God, and the sovereign electing prerogative of God. This whole scheme was beginning to appear to many of the brave young lights of the age, to be too hard on man, too strict and austere, too illiberal, for the spirit of those enlightened days, and for the better, and fresher, and freer auspices then dawning upon Christendom. The revolt of man from the yoke of this austere theology was spoken of as a right and a duty of the age, just as the revolt of the thirteen united colonies from the sceptre of George the Third had been a right and a duty in a preceding age. It was felt that man had borne the yoke of that deep, austere, gloomy, sour, unflattering style of opinions long enough. The old questions of the deep-thinking ages which preceded: what is true? what is salutary? what is justly and wholesomely humbling to man? what is honorable and glorious to God? had gone almost entirely out of vogue. The questions then were: what theology do you like best? what is the most liberal to man? what is the most favorable view of human nature?

One evening, about this time, the public exercises of a speaking class came off in that institution, at which professors and students met together. One of the young men arose, when his time came to speak, and remarked that it was one of the pleasing novelties of the times that geometrical terms had been introduced into the language of theology. According to this pleasant fashion of the day, he should employ a few simple geometrical figures on the present occasion. These he had inscribed upon a black-

board, to which he begged leave, occasionally during his speech, to direct their attention, as it stood distinctly in view. He had drawn a few simple figures upon the board: a triangle, \triangle ; an open square, \square ; a semi-circle, \cup ; and a straight line, $—$. As the first of these figures, the triangle, was then much in use to designate a certain close and severe system of religious faith, the use of the other characters to designate other systems, in a similar manner, could hardly be objected to.

I. The *triangle*, as the audience well knew, represented a system the most illiberal towards the dignity of human nature. The roar of man's depravity seemed forever in its ears, as if all the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart were only evil continually. The most crimson colors of the deceitfulness of all things were constantly searing its eye-balls with visions of dismay and horror, as if the heart of man were deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The most incessant discredit was heaped by this sour and severe system upon the natural man and his spiritual imaginations, as if the natural man received not the things of the Spirit of God, but found them foolishness to him. The most constant caution was exercised towards the promptings of the carnal heart, as if it was enmity to God, and was not subject to his law, neither, indeed, could be.

This system made nothing of man's natural goodness; nothing of his spiritual ability to ascend from the dust of the earth to mansions in the skies. It stretched man, dead in trespasses and sins, at the feet of his God, and then represented God as having a right to do what he pleased with man. Total depravity, moral inability, and the sovereignty of God, were the three angles of the triangle. Man was totally depraved. Then his will was represented as violently against Christ. He would not come to him. And so thorough was this "would not," that it was deemed to amount to a "could not." And though this "could not" did not consist in the want of any faculties or capacities

for the service of Christ, yet so fully was it the very genius of this system to be unfavorable to man that it represented his will as freely choosing sin; so he was accountable for his choice; the blame was all on him at last; it laid him low completely. Of course, if man had no power to save himself, as this system represented, then God must save him. He was completely at the mercy of God. And if man possessed no good powers of merit to earn any credit at all in his account with the Almighty, of course then it was all left for the Almighty to do with him as he pleased. The audience could see how these two sour dogmas of human depravity and divine sovereignty supported each other; how the three points of the triangle were braced together. If man was depraved so deeply, his will might still be free. It was of the nature of the human will always to act freely, but still in its freedom, because of its depravity, it ever turned away from God. This laid the foundation for the sovereignty of God, and for the monstrous doctrine of election, as if God had chosen individual souls in Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy; as if he had first predestinated them, and then called them, and then justified them, and then glorified them in a regular dependent train and series of events.

This system was far too illiberal, austere and gloomy for the more cheerful auspices of the present times. It ascribed all power, right, authority, and dominion to God. The liberal Christian philosophers of the times did not think it well to be placed so completely under the sceptre and right hand of Jehovah. The finely-touched spirits of the land did not so well relish it, that the upper end of the chain of causes of events here below should be bound around "the throne of the eternal." They preferred, by far, in many cases, that the ultimate link of the chain of causes should be in the will of man, or in the blind fortunities of life, or wrapped around the caduceus of the Goddess of Chance.

As yet, indeed, they admitted the argument from second causes up to a great first cause in the material universe, as proving the existence of a God. They were yet willing to allow the reign and prevalence of that severe logical deduction in the material world. But they could not allow the sovereign power and rights of God by parity of reasoning in the moral and religious world. The great defect of this hard, severe, sour, austere, puritanical system, was that it brought too much of God down into the human life. The sphere of theological opinions on this scheme was, like the heavens in the tremendous vision of the psalmist, bowed beneath the burden of the Godhead. That might do for men in the deep and bowed-down ages of the past. It will not do for his free spirit in these liberal and enlightened days. All such iron bands of authority were about to be wrenched off from the cramped, "cabined, cribbed, confined" human spirit, and that spirit was about to free itself by native force, by its own indwelling vigor, from the bitter fangs of that remorseless logic. It was about to emancipate itself from the narrow and miserable confines of that wretched procrustean triangle.

II. The Pelagians and Arminians had broken open the triangle at the upper corner. They had gotten rid of the divine sovereignty. They presented the Christian world with a system represented by the open square, \square . That was a decided improvement. They taught human depravity like the triangulists, but the angle was not as sharp on that side, in their system, as in the old one. They thought there was something spiritually good in man. They taught an aversion of the human will from God—some slight aversion produced by the fall—but much less than the triangulists. There was some inclination of the will to good. The angle was not so sharp on that side either in their system as in the triangle. They were more friendly to man; more liberal to his character; more in harmony with the spirit of this enlightened and emancipated age.

It is true that the triangulists still speak of a fair and

grammatical interpretation of the epistles of St. Paul as favoring them and their scheme. But whatever might be said of grammatical interpretations, the doctrine of election was contrary to human reason, and could not be true. No clearness of Scripture declarations could make it credible. It was unreasonable and unjust in itself; consequently the Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians were becoming as obsolete passages of Scripture in enlightened pulpits of the present day as the genealogies in the books of Numbers and Chronicles. Vainly did the antiquated triangulists, with their odious ideas of doctrinal austerity, hint that, in those epistles, the Divine Spirit made his statements of Christian doctrine to the church more than elsewhere. It was all in vain. Such were not tolerated now. Divine sovereignty was regarded as divine nonsense. Men were becoming free, in these liberal days, of that old galling necessity under which they used vainly to conceive themselves to lie, of entertaining unpalatable opinions. The neck of Christendom was getting free, along with other abolished strictnesses, of that old strictness of a grammatical interpretation of the Scriptures. It was one of the very considerable blessednesses of the new order of things, that men did not feel their faith bound by these express declarations of the Scriptures. The triangle had been broken open at the top. The religious atmosphere had ceased to be surcharged with the burden of Godhead. Divine authority was not permitted to gall the necks of men in liberal Christianity half as much as it did in the triangular system. It was one of the most delicious privileges of the new order of things, one of the most important attainments of the new gospel, that men felt themselves at liberty to believe that which they liked to believe, to think that true which they wished to have true, and not to believe (whatever might be the evidence for it) anything which was not agreeable to their feelings and reason. John Wesley had made it quite clear that God does not foresee future things at all. It is always one eternal now to God. He

sees all the future standing clearly before him as present. He cannot, therefore, foreordain anything. The friends of the hideous dogma of previous divine purposes and appointments had made so bold as to say that to see the future as present was the strongest description of foresight. The man who at sea should clearly discern an approaching ship while it was yet five miles off, would foresee it in the sense of the triangulist. The man who should see the same ship at the same real distance, but discern it as plainly as if it were positively at hand, would foresee it in the Wesleyan sense. The triangulists had dared to say that there was not a great deal of logical difference. One represented God as seeing future things just as they really were, that is, *as future* things. The other represented God as seeing future things as they were not, that is, *as present* things. But most evidently God could preordain future things just as well, it might be better even, when they appeared as present than when they appeared as future. Yet it was one of the royal immunities of the liberal *regime* that it did no more feel itself bound by strict logical concatenations, which all men knew had always been the galling tyrannies of the world of thought, than they did by strict grammatical interpretations of Scripture. They bravely snatched a due amount of freedom of will from both.

Dr. Adam Clarke had also invented another pair of scissors, of strength fully sufficient to clip the iron cheeks of the stern triangle. He had shown how easily God might choose not to know some things, and thus rid himself of the trouble of forming plans and purposes for the future involving those things which he did not wish to know. It was true that here, too, the harsh, sour, severe logic of illiberal triangularity had thrust itself in unbidden. It had said that he was a strange God who could prefer ignorance on any matter of fact. If he could not trust himself with the knowledge of such facts, that looked like self-distrust, which was blasphemy. If the knowledge gave him pain, that showed weakness and imperfection, which was also blasphemy.

And then the God of Dr. Adam Clarke would have to know all things before he could know which things were agreeable and which were disagreeable things. He would have to know all things before he could pick out the disagreeable things, and choose not to know them, and then pick out the agreeable things, and choose to know them. In other words, Dr. Adam Clarke's deity, who did not choose to know some things, was inconceivable in any other way than as a deity who had first known all things. He could be thought of in no other way than as a deity who had been once perfect in knowledge, and then after that, by the application of the sponge of oblivion, and the cup of Lethe, had voluntarily chosen to become imperfect in knowledge. In other words, Dr. Clarke's deity was a deity who had become imperfect, mutilated, and undivine.

But no matter for all these carping objections. They were but the expiring agonies of triangular illiberalism.

It was vain also to show that the "eternal now" system of the one great coryphæus of reasonable religion was inconsistent wholly with the "choose not to know" system of the other; that he who saw all the future as but the bright shining and illumined and closely brought page of the present, must be a very different being from him who covered over certain spots of the distant future, so as to add the cloud of a covering to the dimness of distance which hung over them.

Vain were all the Scripture and the reasoning of the triangulists. They had a bad cause. They were bound to be defeated. They were always trying to draw severe pictures of human nature; always trying to take away the honors, the dignities, the immunities, and the prerogatives of man, and transfer them to the list of the honors of their God. It was all in vain. The coming age was a liberal one. Men intended to assert the rights of their nature, to dissolve and dispel all severe systems, and show full-handed liberality to themselves and their children. The triangle must and would remain open at the top.

III. But the expansion of the upper corner of the triangle was not the only improvement in its shape determined on by the liberal spirit of the times. After that improvement was made, there was still too much contraction in the angles at the sides of the figure. The Wesleyan Arminians themselves had too much remaining of the old sour dialect of triangulism for many of the best minds of the present day. They yet gave too much importance to the aversion of the heart from God, and the gloomy and bloody dogma of the judicial murder of the innocent for the guilty, that hideous and gloomy tenet known as the atonement. There must be yet farther liberality to suit the tastes of so refined and admirable an age as the present. The open square, with its inheritance from the old triangulism of partial depravity, and some alienation of the will from God, and some need of the grace of the Holy Spirit on the heart, to help the man work out his own salvation, was fast giving way. The diamond thought of the present pure and bright age is coming to view Jesus Christ as a pure, benign and gentle teacher of ethics, the last and the most illustrious of the splendid course of stars of the first magnitude—Moses, Solomon, Elijah, Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Jesus—which have irradiated the skies of the earth. Of course, the old triangular doctrine of an atonement for sin by bloody sacrifice was to be discarded. So also of course was that riddle of the mystics, the regeneration of the human heart by the Holy Spirit of God. That was a mere figment of the old illiberalism. These are days when the dark vaults of theological strictness and severe orthodox logic are to be thrown open and ventilated by the free-will and the unfettered reason of man. This liberal Christianity takes the  for its symbol, because it believes in a God, but not in any Son of God nor Spirit of God. It is an important step in advance in the march of liberalism. It employs a curved line, the line of grace, on account of the favorable estimate which it fixes upon the human character, denying the depravity with which the sour old triangulism slandered man.

IV. "There is yet one more remaining march in advance to be accomplished in this progress of liberalism," said the youthful speaker on the stage at Andover Seminary, growing more deeply solemn and intense in manner. The worthy doctor himself, who related the speech to me, grew more animated at this part of it. You could see the gravity of his face begin to brighten in places, like laughter beneath gravity, showing itself to reveal a joke, as he thought the keen, terrific satire was growing more and more transparent. His manner became more impressive and demonstrative; his voice grew more rotund and emphatic. "There is yet a change in the shape of our line remaining to be accomplished. It is a grade of liberality for which the minds of our countrymen, even in their most enlightened seats, can hardly yet be said to be quite ready. But it is an attainment to which the laws and the rapidity of their present progress must infallibly and inevitably lead. It is the age of improvement which lies next in advance of the golden age. It is therefore to be called the diamond age. It is the final labor of the Hercules of liberality. It is the consummation of liberty of mind. It is the bold revolt of the human mind from all the harsh and severe ideas of future responsibility and future accountability. The emblem of this perfect liberty is the straight line —. It is known among its enemies by the name of Atheism, upon which name they make vain efforts to heap up odium. It is the sponge of the invisible world. It rubs out from thence the vision of the invisible, immortal and omnipotent Judge. Its priests raise their noble heads in history here and there, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*: MICHAEL SERVETUS, whom that vile fellow Calvin burnt to death; BENEDICT DE SPINOZA, the enlightened Jew of Amsterdam; AROUET DE VOLTAIRE, the splendid luminary of France; and DAVID HUME, the no less splendid luminary of Scotland, both of the eighteenth century.

"This, and this alone, can give perfect liberty to the mind of man. This, and this alone, is thorough and genuine and

consistent liberality. This shall deliver the spirit of man from those gloomy incubuses, those awful invisible tyrants of the spirit world, the ideas of true and false, of right and wrong, of good and bad, of sinful and holy, which have been the favorite weapons of the old triangulists, the Scripture-men, the conscience-men, the deity-men, in all ages. Then, and then only, when emancipated from the idea of a God, and freed from the galling fetters of duty and obligation, and delivered from the horrors of the ideas of right and wrong, will the times attain to their utmost charm of liberality. Then will the song of liberty first utter the perfection of its melody. Then will the diamond age be developed and appear. *EX AVANT!* Let us hasten onward. Such is the goal to the joyous race which we run."

This little story made a deep impression on my mind, as the traces of the keen, inimitable satire became clearer and clearer. It especially bereft of all plausibility the cry of liberality by which the new divinity chiefly sustained itself. I found more and more reason, as life wore away, to suspect everything which came with the cry of liberal Christianity. In the sense in which these enemies of a strict creed use the word liberality, the Scriptures are the most illiberal of tribunals, save and except probably the judgment bar of Christ. And yet this wild scheme of ruin, this cry of liberality of creed, was and is fearfully captivating. We shall probably meet it again.

THE OLD WAR.¹

THERE is a certain war which has been raging among mankind for thousands of years. The parties do not use javelins, nor bows and arrows, nor firearms. They do not use carnal weapons, but spiritual weapons. They fight each other with doctrines, principles, speeches, books, tracts, lives. The one party is God and godliness among men. The other party is corrupt human nature. The grand maxim of the one party is faith in God. The grand maxim of the other party is faith in man. The watchword of the one party is, *Trust God*. The watchword of the other party is, *Trust thyself*. This is the old war, the revolutionary war of all ages; and it must and will go on in this age also.

This war began in the happy garden of Eden, when man and woman refused, at the suggestion of the serpent, to trust God for the future exaltation and glory of their souls, and desired to be, that very day, as gods, knowing good and evil. God then even hinted a promise of pardon to the rebels. His divine Son was then "by him in heaven as one brought up with him. He was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing, too, in the habitable parts of the earth; and his delights were with the sons of men." He rejoiced to think that the mountains and plains, that the hills and valleys of the new made earth might be peopled with a race of beings who would reflect some of the eternal rays of God's glory. He came forward and offered an interceding prayer for man. "Deliver him from

¹ This article was published in *The Presbyterian Magazine* for November, 1851.

going down to the pit," said he; "I have found a ransom." And he offered himself to be born of woman, and to undertake to bruise the serpent's head. God accepted his proposition, and spoke comfortably to man, hinting the covenant just made. Man could never have found out such a scheme of mercy. He had trusted himself, and was ruined. After that, Abel and Enoch, and all the righteous, constantly cried out, *Trust God*. Noah's watchword was *Trust God*, and in his time the thing was fairly tried. The rest of the world cried out *Trust thyself*; and they were destroyed, while Noah was saved. That strange, wild man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, we believe, calls himself a pantheist, cried out but yesterday, in Massachusetts, *Trust thyself*; and probably supposed that he had invented something new when he said so. But instead of being something new, it is something as old as Osymandias, king of kings; something as old as Belshazzar, king of Babylon; as old as the builders of Babel; as old as Nimrod, the mighty hunter; as old as the serpent who spoke to the woman in Eden. And if Mr. Emerson had not made that great achievement on which he so felicitates himself—got rid of the testimony of God's word and the "Calvinistic judgment day," as he says, still some one else would have revived the old maxim, *Trust thyself*. That maxim will always exist on earth, reviving from time to time, until God and man are fully reconciled. There can be no Emerson on earth after that. And, until that, the fight must go on, blazing through the spiritual world, like the old fight of the Persian fable between Ormuzd and Ahriman. While it lasts there must always be Emersons in the world.

There is a fine old legend, in which one particular tone of sound is represented as having a peculiar power over the soul of a dreamy boy. Sometimes he could hear that particular tone in the whistling of the wind; sometimes he could hear it in the songs of the birds, and sometimes in the mazy multitude of sounds on a clear morning in the country. He had gotten hold of old Plato's idea that the

planets send forth sounds of music as they roll in the sky, and he called that particular tone which had such a mysterious influence over him, *the music of the spheres*. He said there was a tone in his nature, somehow, which *accorded* with that tone. One night he lay alone upon a sick bed. At a dead hour of the night he screamed aloud in a wild ecstasy, and said that he could hear, even then, that strange key-note come ringing down from the stars, reverberating round the roof of the house and the ceiling of the room in which he lay, as the last stroke of the hammer sings in silvery reverberations round the bell of the clock. On the bringing of lights into the room he was found to be dead. His spirit had passed away in that strange ecstasy. It had fled away on the wings of that kindred music.

Whether this singular and beautiful legend of the Alleghanies has any foundation in fact or not, we do not know. We give it as we have heard it. But the principle of faith in God is like that. It descends from heaven; yet it may be recognized everywhere. And there is a tone within the soul of every righteous man, of every age, which more or less clearly accords with that sound from heaven. "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering," said old Abraham, when just about to lift his knife against the son of his love. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," said Job, seated on the ground among the ashes, scraping himself with a potsherd. "I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever," said David, when he arose and fled that day for fear of Saul, and went to Achish, the king of Gath. "In the Lord put I my trust;" "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me," said David on other occasions. "Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," said Paul from his prison in Rome, after he had been brought a second time before the Emperor Nero. When anything disturbed Martin Luther more than usual, he would say, "Come, let us

sing the forty-sixth Psalm." The German version of the first two stanzas is very powerful. Dr. Watts' is perhaps hardly less so :

" God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

" Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear."

Such were the sentiments on which the German Reformer rallied in his times of trouble. "The crafty serpent has endeavored to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But, blessed be God, who has enabled me to quench the fiery dart, by suggesting 'what hast thou that thou hast not received? By the grace of God I am what I am.' 'Not I, but the grace of God in me.'" "Wherefore I give thanks to God through Jesus Christ that he hath strengthened me and given me the victory," said John Knox as he lay dying. Richard Hooker expresses himself on the subject of faith in Christ in these words: "Howsoever men, when they sit at ease, do vainly tickle their own hearts with the wanton conceit of I know not what proportionable correspondence between their merits and their rewards, which, in the trance of their high speculation, they dream that God hath measured, weighed, and laid up, as it were, in bundles for them; notwithstanding we see by daily experience in a number even of them that, when the hour of death approacheth, when they secretly hear themselves summoned forthwith to appear and stand at the bar of that Judge whose brightness causeth the eyes of angels themselves to dazzle, all those idle imaginations do then begin to hide their faces; to name merits then is to lay their souls upon the rack; the memory of their own deeds is loathsome unto them; they forsake all things wherein they have put

any trust and confidence; no staff to lean upon, no ease, no rest, no comfort then but only in Christ Jesus." So wrote the great and eloquent Episcopalian. When Halyburton was dying he was in great and singular bliss. Yet he said: "All that I enjoy, though it be miracle on miracle, would not support me without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, that God is altogether full; and that in the Mediator Christ Jesus is all the fulness of the Godhead, and it will never run out. My peace hath been like a river." Whoever will read the diary of David Brainerd will find one continual burning record of faith and trust in the power of God. At one time he says: "I went on, confiding in God, and fearing nothing so much as self-confidence." And of Richard Cecil it is written: "The spring of all his Christian virtues and the master-grace of his mind was *faith*. His whole spirit and character were a living illustration of that definition of the apostle, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' He was convinced and satisfied by all the divine declarations and promises, and he left himself with unsuspecting confidence in God's hand. This divine principle quite realized and substantiated to him the things which are not seen and eternal. It was absolutely like another sense. The things of time were as nothing. Everything that came before him was referred to a spiritual standard. His one great object was fixed, and this object engrossed his whole soul. Here his foot stood immovable as on a rock. His hold on the truths of the Scriptures was so firm that he acted on them boldly and unreservedly. He went all lengths, and risked all consequences on the word and promise of God."

Such is the key-note to which the souls of the people of God are *set in accord* in all ages and countries of the world, from Job upon the Arabian sands and in the primeval ages, to Cecil in London and Brainerd in America. And often, as we have seen, this music rings around them when they are dying; their spirits pass away in an ecstasy

of faith in God; they ascend on the wings of that kindred music. Think of Noah, and Abraham, and Job, and David, and Paul, and Luther, and Knox, and Hooker, and Halyburton, and Brainerd, and Cecil, with all the other saints of God, prophets, apostles and martyrs, assembled together to testify that they have found it safe and blessed to have faith in God, to put their trust simply in him; how immensely would that holy and reverend conclave be illumined with new spiritual wisdom, should the illuminated wise man of Cambridge, New England, put his head over the wall of their city, and cry out, as he now cries out to the men of America, "*Trust thyself!*"

"Trust thyself," says the Cambridge pantheist. After all, then, when we come to find out what it is, this new *ism*, which has "gotten rid of the Calvinistic judgment day," may not be so heretical and monstrous in form as it would seem. For what, according to it, is this *self*? Pantheism, we believe, represents God as a sort of Grand Total of the human souls in the world. Says Mr. Emerson: "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles; meanwhile within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the Eternal *One*. That is, the only deity which pantheism acknowledges, their Eternal *One*, sleeps in wise silence within the human soul; and in telling men to trust themselves they point them to the only God whom they profess to know. What more could pantheism do? Whom else but self could it bid man to trust? The pantheists, however, differ from the patriarchs, the pious kings, the prophets, the apostles, the brave saints of God of all ages. These latter had not made the wonderful discovery that the "wise silence," the "Eternal One," was essentially in man. They worshipped the King Eternal, Immortal and Invisible, the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which *no man can approach unto*, whom no man hath seen nor can see. What Bayle

says of Spinoza, the great prototype of the modern pantheists, may probably be found true of Mr. Emerson: "It is not true that his followers are very numerous. Few people are suspected of adhering to his doctrines, and among those who are suspected of it, few have studied it; and among the latter few have understood it, and most of them are discouraged by the difficulties and impenetrable abstractions that attend it. The same thing happened to Spinoza which inevitably happens to all those who frame impious systems; they secure themselves from some objections, but they lie open to others that are more perplexing. Of all atheistical systems, none is less capable of deceiving than that of Spinoza, for, as I have said before, it is contrary to the most distinct notions of our minds. Objections throng in upon him, and he can make no answers but what are more obscure than the assertions he should maintain, and therefore his poison brings a remedy along with it." Thus wrote even the French skeptic concerning the great leader and Coryphæus of pantheism. To the Christian this late form of infidelity will not seem very formidable while it dwells in the doubtful ambages of the Cambridge seer, alone or nearly so, in this country. But the cloud that now wraps Germany in mental darkness may come hither. And it may come in a more definite shape. That spirit of darkness may humble its dialect, the better to persuade. It may, by greater humility, acquire considerable powers of deception. We will risk an utterance, however, of the prediction, that if it come, every Christian of clear mind and sound judgment will be able to know it by its *shibboleth*. It cannot frame to pronounce the Christian centre truth—TRUST GOD. It will surely say in some form or other, "*Trust thyself.*"

SAINT PAUL'S VISION OF VICTORY.¹

IN such times as those in which we live, greater supports than ordinary are required by the children of God. And those greater than ordinary supports are provided for them in the treasures of the divine word. They enjoy those supports in proportion as those treasures of the rarer and richer and more recondite descriptions are unlocked to them by a providence, a prayer, an experience, a beam of the illuminating power of the Spirit of the Lord, however or whenever imparted.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. It is not asserted that all things, in all their workings, especially in their separate workings, promote the good of the elect. For then there would be nothing with which to wage a conflict, nothing over which to be conquerors. But it is asserted that all things, considered as in coöperation and concert, promote the good of God's chosen people. Each of the individual things which are enumerated: tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, sword, is an evil thing in and of itself. But as these things are embraced in the great scheme of redemption, as they take place in a world which is not an orphan and atheist world, but is governed by the sovereign power of God, and as they have all been touched by that controlling power of God which is exerted because there is a scheme of redemption, and whose purpose and object is that all things shall bend to that scheme of redemption, therefore, contrary to their original and direct nature, these things work together for good to the lovers of God.

¹ This article was published in *The Southern Presbyterian Review* for March, 1866.

There is another list of things, not in their nature friendly: death, life, angels, principalities, powers, things present, things to come, height, depth, and every other creature. This latter list includes the former, and much more besides. The former was a muster-roll of enemies upon the arena of time, and of things seen and temporal. The latter is intended to bring together into the sublime vision all things which may affect the destinies of an immortal soul. The former things—tribulation, persecution, peril—may be regarded as specifications under the head of one or two of the latter—life, death. And the grandeur of the victory will begin to appear, if it be true that the second list is a list of heads, each containing many particular things over which God's people shall triumph by God's blessing. The former, or particular list, is a list of positive foes. The latter is a far deeper and grander list of things, in which the sirens of temptation dwell. In the first place, the apostle exhibits the march of the power of God through all human destinies: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Here is a chain which runs from before the foundation of this world, till after the termination of this world; from foreknowledge before the process of human salvation began, to glory eternal after the process of human salvation shall be consummated in heaven. It bears a light along all the paths of salvation in company with those whom God foreknew, going with them through the intermediate stages of appointment to conformity with Christ, of effectual calling, of justification, and thence to that final victory and glory which it is the main object of the context to foreshow. And it substantially affirms, that they are the same persons who go through all these successive gates, one after the other, on the way to heaven. Every succeeding process is affirmed concerning those who were

the objects of the immediately preceding process. It attends all who enter, all the way; and affirms them, at every step, to be the same persons whom we just before saw at the earlier stage. It is a great misfortune to any soul to be trained to feel prejudice against these teachings of God's word. Some think the true reading is, "predestinate conformed to the image of his Son." They say, that the verb "to be" is in italics in the English Bible, and that that shows it is not in the original. And it is true that the words "to be" are not in the original. But it is a mere grammatical ellipsis, which the English translators have supplied with entire propriety. It is hardly to be supposed that any mind which undertakes faithfully to interpret Holy Scripture could be satisfied with saying that men are predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ after they have already been so conformed. That is a post-destination, and a contradiction in terms. If it be further alleged that men are predestinated to salvation after they are conformed to the image of the Son of God, it is replied, *first*, that the power which conforms them to Christ is expressly placed after predestination: "Whom he did predestinate, *them* he called and justified." It is replied, *second*, that a predestination after conformity begins *in the middle*, where it ought not to begin, and not *at the beginning*, where it ought to begin and the true does begin. And it is replied, *thirdly*, that it is impossible to show how the elect became conformed to the image of Christ before they were justified. Such a thing is not in Saint Paul's statement of the processes of salvation. It is a mere evasive expedient, and does not require further attention. It is a part of some other strange gospel.

Now, all these processes in the work of man's salvation are distinctly attributed to God himself. He foreknew them. He predestinated them. He called them. He justified them. He glorified them. The chain is as distinctly "bound around the throne of the Eternal" as language can bind it. That is not all. The eternal God is represented

not only as having hold of the chain at that end which runs back into the gray abyss of the past, but as taking hold of it anew at every step. He is present to give the call, the justification, and the glorification. He attends as a present God all along the line of the career of his people. This is, indeed, a very pure ecclesiasticism. We do not have to search for divine authority by supposing the validity of doubtful acts through dark and distant ages; or to reach the ratifying hand of the Lord by relying on the most complete of earthly uncertainties; or to trust in traditions, ordinations, and successions for eighteen hundred years, in a chain very often dipped in the deepest moral depravity of Christendom. But the Spirit of God is the living and present executor of affairs in his own church. He is a present and not an absent God. The grace displayed in calling, justifying, and sanctifying sinners, is immediately from God at every step, and is invested with direct and immediate divine authority. He calls. He justifies. He glorifies. The theory of derivation by succession is a mummy which men assert to have been a living being in the days of the apostles. The church system of the Scriptures is a life, a soul, a spirit, the breath of the Spirit of God, at the present time.

Now, the plain reason why all things work together for good to them that love God, is, that all things have been, by heavenly hands and heavenly power, wrought into the scheme of salvation, from the early aurora of foreknowledge to the full meridian of ultimate glory. Many things are in their nature inimical to the lovers of God. In the Old Testament and in the New it is written, and the children of God have often had to take up the lament, "For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." As fearful a thing as it is, and as luridly as the light of heaven and the eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ will one day flash upon it, yet it is a thing sometimes done upon that earth upon which Christ died that man might live, that those who love him are killed for

his sake. And it is because the course of this world is, in and of itself, opposed to the Lord Jesus. Else, without an enemy, there could not be that VICTORY of which he afterwards speaks. But that power of God which conducts the work of salvation and upholds the frame of nature till redemption be completed is laid upon all things. Christ is head over them all to the church. The Spirit of God lays his power upon them every one, and safely leads every one of his children through them all. The power which the divine Spirit throws over them is as all-embracing as the great magnetic currents of the earth, or as the currents of gravitation through the universe. It is a universal providence, causing all things to work together for good to them that love God. It is also a particular providence attending the fall of a sparrow, the decoration of the lilies of the field, and the winter repasts of the birds of the air. In its vastness it measures and maps out the dizzy track of oriental history, sketching and figuring, under emblems of the different parts of a man's body, or different wild beasts rising from the sea, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman ages. It sings the "burdens" of Babylon, of Damascus, of Egypt, and of Tyre; the "dooms" of Dumah, and Ariel, and the crown of pride, and the land shadowing with wings. In its minuteness, it touches the shaking of a viper from his arm by the Apostle Paul, and the leaving of a cloak and some parchments at Troy, and his vision of a shadowy and beckoning man of Macedonia inviting him to Europe. In its vastness, it comprehends the series of seals, and trumpets, and vials of the Apocalypse, "dark with brightness all along," disclosing the destinies of modern nations, till the New Jerusalem descends from God out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband.

The scheme of redemption commenced at the very beginning—"before the foundation of the world." The power of God has therefore from the beginning been laid upon all things, even those most hostile to grace and to

God, in a most wise and powerful bounding, ordering and governing them, in a manifold dispensation, depriving them, or any of them, of any power, when they touch the scheme of redemption, to alter or abolish, to destroy or to harm it in any wise whatever.

All gloom, all despondency, all unbelief, are in their nature atheistic. The spell and charm from God compelling things which would otherwise be adverse to work together for good to them that love him, must embrace all things if it embrace anything, because it is from God himself. He announces himself everywhere in nature by wonderful fitnesses, and adjustments, and adaptations of moral and material things, which seem to say he was here but now, and is just gone away. Rhythmic numbers and measured proportions, and laws which almost speak his name aloud, announce him everywhere. The traces of his hand in nature are forever fresh and recent. He wrought yesterday, he will work to-night in silence. The intelligent eye to-morrow will

“Through worlds and races and terms and times,
See musical order and pairing rhymes.”

This universal presence and power of God is on behalf of his people wherever it appears. And if God be for us, who can be against us? If, then, this is no atheistic world, howling fatherless through its annual orbit, and if the power of God is both general and special, vast and minute, and if the traces of the presence of God are as clear and legible in men's spiritual histories and experiences and inner life as they are in the material world, who and what is the other power of which we are to be afraid, finding it to be against us?

Three things appear as possible evils. First, the failure of the gifts of God to the souls of his chosen people; such gifts as may be needed, and on the occasions on which they are needed. But all probability that gifts will be withheld is forever removed by the fact that the greatest of all gifts has already been bestowed: “He that spared

not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" A second possible evil is the falling of the elect into new condemnations as they go through the deep waters of this life. This is met by the fact that, in the plan of justification brought to light in the gospel, the justifying act is an act of God: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" And the third possible evil is that at some critical period of our existence, and of our trials, and of our soul's need, it may come to pass that there shall be found to be in heaven no one to intercede with the Disposer of events on our behalf. But the Intercessor is immediately exhibited, and the path which he trod through the grave and the resurrection to reach his place above: "It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us."

If God has given his own Son to die for us, if God has provided the means of justifying sinners by the precious blood of Jesus, if he has raised Jesus triumphantly from the tomb, if he has exalted him to the place of power at his own right hand in the heavenly places, to be the perpetual and divine Highpriest interceding for his people, how can it be for a moment supposed that with Christ he will not also freely give us all things? He has given us the great propitiatory sacrifice—his own Son—to justify us; will he withhold from us grace to continue in a justified state? He raised Christ from the dead by his mighty power; will he withhold from us the same mighty power to raise us to newness of life in Christ Jesus? He has exalted our divine Redeemer to be also our perpetual Intercessor; will he let that Intercessor plead in vain when asking for that very grace to be faithful which is the thing we chiefly need? How can it be for a moment supposed that, having delivered up his own Son, having made that Son a victim of the law, and for a time the subject of even ghastly death itself, and then having recognized that Son

as lawful Intercessor above, he will withhold from those who are chosen in the Son awakening grace, grace to believe in Christ, self-denying grace, persevering grace, grace sufficient for them through life, and grace for the final victory over all enemies?

What has already been done in pursuance of the wonderful plan clearly shows how certain to be done is that part of it which as yet we see not, which is hidden by the veil of mortality that dims our sight, and which yet remains to be done. But we are not to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease; not to be translated to heaven from the castle of indolence; not to make our way to unspeakable glories, without great struggles; not to go from a flower garden, but from a battlefield; nor from the piping times of peace, but from fierce spiritual wars, hardly-fought fields and divinely-bestowed victories. The lovers of God have always met with opposition in the world: "As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." The quotation comes from a psalm which throws into light, from the golden days of the fathers of old, the memorable fact that they "got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them." It is not to be pretended that it is a good thing in itself to be accounted as sheep for the slaughter, or to be killed all the day long, or that tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, are in themselves things either good or friendly to the children of God. Nor is it to be pretended that death and life, and angels and principalities and powers, and things present and things to come, and height and depth, have no tendency in themselves to separate us from the love of God; or that victory is easy and can be won by any unaided arm that ever lived. But the precise thing that is said is, that a secret omnipotence proceeds from God, and flows over all things, and among all things,

and through all things, depriving each of them severally, or all of them together, of all power whatever to separate a single soul from the love of God, and confirming our souls into a thorough and complete certainty on this great point by a consideration of all the grand facts already recited and already having occurred, by the extreme preciousness of the gifts already bestowed, and the manifest purpose of the divine mind to give the plan of salvation a thorough and complete execution. In all things we are to obtain the VICTORY. We are, indeed, to be MORE THAN CONQUERORS; not indeed through our own strength, but through him that loved us, and through that secret exercise of omnipotence, everywhere, over all things, depriving them of the power to separate us from Christ, or, in their combined result, to produce anything else but our good.

DEATH separates us forever from the prizes and treasures of this world; separates us from the love of living men, even those who have been dearest to us in this life; separates, for a time, our very souls from our bodies. At first view, it looks as if it separated us from everything; as if it entirely terminated our being; as if it cut us sheer off from all work, device, knowledge, or wisdom; as if it sent us irrevocably into the hideous kingdom of nothingness. Sometimes he is a fearful dragon, having a sting; sometimes he is a warrior-knight, riding on a horse of paleness; sometimes the king of all ghastly terrors, which stride in gloom and darkness around the gate of departing human life. But the dragon with the sting, the pale warrior-knight, the king of terrors, is restrained by the power of God from separating a single soul of one of God's chosen people from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Such is the uttered word of God, and the facts sustain it fully. The love of God in the soul is stronger than death or the grave. We are told that if we believe not that Jesus is the great anointed One, we shall die in our sins. Death, then, will not separate between our souls and their sins. Death will no more separate the saints from the love of God. Death

never does separate the soul from its own moral character. When we come to look a second time, and more attentively, at death, the first appearance, as if it separated us from everything, has changed. Sometimes people meet death in deep, submissive tranquillity. Sometimes they are overawed by their approach to the pure and holy majesty of God. Sometimes they are quite absorbed with the splendor and glory of visions which they seem to behold somewhere near to them. Sometimes they look forward and cry, "Glory!" Sometimes they say, "O how beautiful!" The love of God is *in the soul*. Its seat is in the immortal part of the nature of man. And it is not the soul which is dying. It is only the dissolution of the bond which binds the soul to flesh and blood which is taking place. The soul is "secure in her existence." She turns away from earthly things, springs across the fearful abyss, clears the congregation of the dark and shadowy terrors on the shore, attains the shore of the better land, and has borne with her the love of God as a part of herself. There is nothing like separation. That love is the moving principle which leads her bravely, cheerfully, hopefully, joyfully on. The visions of the high, eternal shore, of the pure, perfect and immortal forms of things, and of the holy and eternal light that sleeps on things in that world, make the love of God doubly precious, pure, and strong. Dragon, with the fiery, envenomed sting! most terrible of things which are feared among men! in every such scene thou art vanquished! The children of God are more than conquerors over thee through that Son of God who is also Son of man. Thou goest forth, no doubt, conquering and to conquer those who obey not the gospel of Christ. But among the chosen of God thou goest not forth any longer thus. Thy sting, O fiery dragon, has been extracted. Thy crown, king of terrors, is faded. Thy form is dim; thine own countenance pale. Among those who are the called according to God's holy purpose, thou canst do no mighty works. Thou mayst dissolve, for a while, the mystical

union between soul and body, for that is a union in material nature ; but thou canst not separate a single soul from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. For that is another mystical union of a higher, purer nature, of which one party is divine, and of which the other party, though in themselves mortal and perishing, are no victims of death, because they are "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." And there, around the bed of the dying saint, where the eyes of carnal men see nothing but thee, Pale Rider, there indeed art thou conquered, and more than conquered, by the overleaping love which binds the redeemed soul to its Redeemer.

Nor shall LIFE be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Of course, life embraces tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness and peril. And these things include hours of very sore temptation. But life also fairly embraces temptations of the opposite description, times of temptation from prosperity, as well as from adversity. Life embraces times of smooth sailing, happy auspices, abundance of the good things of this world, good name, and high and unassailable immunity from peril. And these things are often found to be even less friendly to the love of God than tribulation, and distress, and peril. It is on this side probably that life includes the keenest temptations. But on this side life will not be able to separate us from the love of God. For if we consider God's plan from of old to save his chosen people ; if we look at what has already been done ; if we consider what a gift it was when God freely delivered his Son up for us all ; what a power it was which he exercised when he raised up Christ from the dead, and what a grant it was to the cause of his redeemed people when he set up Christ on the right hand of the majesty on high, ever to live as our Friend, our Advocate, our Intercessor, we must come to the conclusion from consistent reasoning, to which we are here brought by this authority of the inspired word, that even life, on its fair side, will not prevail to undo us.

It must be plain to every understanding how unsound it is, and how frivolous, to tell us here that life and death cannot separate us from the love of God, but that we can separate ourselves; that these things cannot separate us *if we remain faithful*, but that these things will separate if we are not ourselves faithful. But that is the very question in hand, whether we ourselves shall be faithful. That is the only matter of any importance on the subject. To make the apostle leave that point, of our own fidelity, out of view, is to accuse him of empty and tantalizing nonsense. Every one sees at once that that is the very point aimed at all through the chapter—that point that the carnal mind is enmity to God, and is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be, and so could not remain in subjection and persevere in that state, if it were even once in it; but that the spiritual mind is a different thing, has the Spirit of God dwelling in it, has within a source of life, is led by the Spirit of God, is an heir of God, has the Spirit to bear witness within it, and to intercede for it with unutterable groanings. The very leading and grand idea of the whole passage is, that the true child of God is so much under divine influence in every way that he does not desire to separate himself from the love of God, and that nothing can separate him against his own will and against God's will. What can be said on the other side? Does that powerful arrangement to save souls, planned before the foundation of the world as a remedy for the fall of man, fail after all to embrace the main thing, that is, the grace to keep man's heart and will true and faithful to God? Is the very point of danger, our own fidelity, mockingly and derisively left unguarded? Has God, in the treasures of his gifts, no grace to "make and keep us pure *within*?" Can Christ's intercession bring down no help for the inner man that we may persevere? Cannot God himself lead us freely along the whole of the narrow way? Is the certainty of his perpetual and eternal holiness any cause to call in question the freedom of the will of the Son of God?

To every one of these questions the answer is certainly clear. The powerful arrangement to save souls, planned before the foundation of the world as a remedy for the fall of man, does *not* fail, after all, to embrace the main thing which the mutability of Adam and Eve in paradise showed to be the main thing, namely, grace to keep man's heart and will true and faithful to his God. The very point of danger, the fidelity of the renewed heart, is *not* mockingly and derisively left unguarded and unprovided for. The treasures of the divine grace embrace this grace chiefly and specially, the grace to make us pure within, that is, regeneration; and the grace to keep us pure within, that is, sanctification and perseverance. Christ's intercession for us has for its object this point chiefly, as it is personal love, and not a mere abstract love. Clearly, God can and does lead us freely along the whole journey of the narrow way, our preservation from falling being in a rational course and by the use of means. And clearly, no beings in the universe can be more perfectly free of will than the adorable Son of God and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, though they are absolutely under the full and undisputed dominion of holiness and purity and love, and are absolutely and forever secure from falling into sin.

Many-sided Form, who lookest every way, and goest everywhere, basking in every mild sunbeam, cooling thyself in every fragrant west wind, sitting round every fireside, trampling with thick-falling step every crowded city, sailing in every sea-going vessel, holding consultation in every council chamber, shouting upon every battlefield, mistress of a thousand curious arts, possessor of all terrestrial secrets, traveller in all human pathways, LIFE! where goest thou, or where goest thou not, to work? Thou spreadest temptations for the children of God on earth, at sea, in air, in the stars, in the realms of nature, in those of thought, and in those of imagination. Thou temptest men from early dawn to the late hours of night, by the light of the sun and by that of the moon and stars, in the outward and

in the inward world, by the appetites, the passions, and the reason. Thou streamest in all thy carnal power down the currents of this world. Thou hast a charm for souls whose depth outmeasures all earthly things. But work where and as thou wilt, Life, thou wilt be able to separate not a single one of the chosen children of God from the love that is in Christ Jesus.

Having taken the measure of our earthly existence in one of its dimensions, life and death, the apostle next looks through the separating veil which interposes between us and the spirits in the immutable and eternal state. Nor angels nor principalities nor powers shall be able to separate us. Neither shall the angels of common rank and dignity; nor those whose more exalted nature and gifts have invested them with positions as conspicuous as principalities among men; nor those who "excel in strength" by the possession of divinely-given powers. Holy angels do not desire to accomplish such a fearful purpose, for it is they in whose presence in heaven there is joy over one sinner that repenteth. Neither shall the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, and who now roam this world seeking to devour souls, be able to separate the children of God from the love of God. Some of these fallen spirits must still be very powerful. No doubt, they lost, by their sin and fall, much of that pure immortal vigor which moral rectitude had given them. They have lost much of the force of nerve and power of wing with which a sound conscience endowed them; much of that high and dauntless moral courage which the light of God's countenance bestowed. But the word of God represents them to be still foes not to be despised for skill, ingenuity, and daring. One of them is called the god of this world. Another, or the same, is spoken of as the prince of the power of the air. Others still, as principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickednesses in high places. They deceived and ruined Adam and Eve, and with them their posterity. They pushed and

inflamed the world before the flood to such a pitch of wickedness as to bring down that awful perdition of the flood upon them. They drove guilty Sodom on to its fiery doom. They disputed with Michael the archangel about the body of Moses, probably with the design of corrupting many generations of the Hebrew people with the idolatry which would proceed from haunting the shrine where the ashes of the great lawgiver were interred. They stood at the right hand of highpriest and prince in the days of old, to resist him when he interceded for the people. They sorely pierced David's soul with sin. They dragged down Solomon's glory into grievous darkness. With ever-ready foot and willing wing, they rioted in the chambers of the souls of such priests as Hophni and Phinehas, such kings as Jeroboam and Ahab. They hurled the chosen people into captivity. They filled the air, in those dull ages which rolled away between the two Testaments, with the clash of swords and the clank of fetters. Seven of them beclouded and poisoned the soul of one woman of Magdala. A legion poured themselves into the afflicted spirit of a man of Gadara. Abroad over the earth they revelled in the spiritual ruin of the soul of man. The demon of lust inflamed souls in the high places of idol religion, and on the thrones of kings. The demon of murder danced in the abundance of assassinations, conspiracies, and proscriptions. The demon of ambition bade the drum beat and the trumpet sound to arms over the civilized world. When Christ came, they assaulted him with deep and fiery temptations, in all probability much more real and sharp than a cursory reading of the narrative supposes. One of the apostles falls temporarily under Satan's sifting power. Another of them tells us that we need the whole armor of God to encounter these spiritual wickednesses. He enumerates the girdle of truth and the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and then all prayer and supplication in the Spirit. And this great array

of spiritual weapons, and the midnight anxieties and the noonday doubts, and the protracted conflicts of many a soul, show the combat to be a fearful reality. It is a great wonder that these mighty and malicious beings are not able to separate the children of God from his love by some ingenious device, some cunning plot, some artful contrivance stretching from age to age, some transformation of fiends into angels of light, some inflaming of the carnal nature of man into open hatred of all holy things, some deep moral intoxication of a whole race, some fearful blinding of the eyes of a whole generation to truth, duty, right, holiness, justice, humanity. But they are not able to do so. The children of God, who may be found to exist among all doomed races, at the pouring out of all vials of doom, will find all the applicable promises fulfilled to them in every time of trial. The reason is, that a scheme was laid before the foundation of the world for their salvation. An omnipotence which touches all things, everywhere, executes that scheme. When wrapped in the folds of that omnipotence, all things work together for their good. And if it be denied that such a holy, wise, and powerful bounding and governing of all things, in all their workings, so as to keep them within limits, to deprive them of power to hurt the security of his people, and to cause them to work together in their final result for the good of the chosen, is a legitimate part of omnipotence, it may be replied, that without such power he would neither be supreme as Prophet, as Priest, or as King; nor supreme in the natural, nor in the moral, nor in the spiritual universe.

Next, we have another measure of our whole being, by another of its dimensions: Nor shall things present, nor things to come, be able to separate us. In the category of time all things for us are comprehended in the past, the present, and the future. The past did not separate us from the love of God. It brought us into it. In the past, God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. In the past, Christ died and rose again. In the past, Christ

ascended up to his place of intercession on high. In the past, we were appointed to salvation, called, and justified. In the past, the apostle had had, and we have had, many sharp tribulations which did not separate us from the love of God. In the past, life, and angels, and principalities, and powers, and all of every category that had any foothold in the past, did not separate us. The past, then, contains only auguries of good. It has witnessed the extinction of the hopes of many a mere professor of religion. But it has never witnessed the separation of the soul of one single true child of God from the love of God. It has witnessed their being foreknown, their election, their justification, their conformity to Christ. There is the same reason for hoping and believing that we shall persevere in the future as there was for such a hope when the past was future. Nothing but the grace of God has kept us faithful to our God and to ourselves heretofore. There is that same power promised and pledged to us for that same thing hereafter. If it has been adequate heretofore, where is the ground on which it can be expected to prove inadequate hereafter? The opinion of one great and influential leader of opinion, on this chapter of the Romans, is this: "The whole of the preceding discourse will show that everything here is *conditional*, as far as it relates to the ultimate salvation of any person professing the gospel of Christ; for the promises are made to *character*, and not to persons, as some have most injudiciously affirmed."¹ If it be true that everything here is conditional, as far as it relates to the ultimate salvation of any person professing the gospel of Christ, if there be no promise to Christians personally, that they shall have grace to be faithful to the end, then it is probable that the eye which does not see such a promise here does not see such a promise anywhere. Then, according to that view, there is no such promise of our persevering in the love of God anywhere to be found in Scripture. If, then, these promises are conditional, the condition on which they de-

¹ Dr. Adam Clarke.

pend is to be performed by the human will, unaided by a promise, or by grace conferred according to a promise. Then "the ultimate salvation of any person professing the gospel" depends on a capricious, or accidental, exercise of the human will, which no promise can reach, no gift of grace can touch, no divine omnipotence can secure. And if this conditional scheme were true, this very passage of Scripture, of all others, is rendered senseless and nugatory; for the great object of this passage is the security of believers. What a great parade the apostle is making on the subject of the security of believers here, according to this scheme of interpretation, when, after all, their security depends on things not here alluded to! In fact, the whole goes to show that everything here is *unconditional*, as far as it relates to the ultimate salvation of every true child of God. The promises are *not* made to *character*, but directly to persons. If they were made to character, they would be of no avail to any Christian to assure him that God's grace would help him to be faithful. But that is obviously the chief aim of the passage. The evidences that these promises are personal, and not to *character*, appear all along the current of the discourse. The persons intended in it are those who truly profess Christ, and not those who make an empty profession. They are called "them that love God, who are called according to his purpose"; "those whom he foreknew"; "those whom he predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son"; "those whom he justified"; "those whom he glorified"; "God's elect"; "us," who are inseparable from the love of God. A mere unconverted "professor of the gospel of Christ" has no promise at all, in this or any other connection that we know of in the Scriptures. A true child of God has in this place the most positive, personal, and unconditional promises of victory over all enemies. And a species of divine grace which is unable to keep the children of God faithful to the end is not that grace which is the subject of this passage. It is not the grace of any of the promises. It is not the

grace which we need in the conflict of life. It is not the grace promised in the inspired word of God. It is not the grace whose promise is cheering to the tried believer. It is not the grace which Christian hearts universally seem taught of God to expect at the throne of grace, and for which they all ask at that throne.

So we may stand within the door of the present, and look out upon the whole fearfully seething and boiling springs and fountains and currents of things to come, and retain our full persuasion that things to come will not be able to separate us from the love of God. And the reason is, not that things to come are any more friendly to the children of God, in their intrinsic nature, than the things past were, but that the secret omnipotence of God, in pursuance of a very ancient and very deliberately-formed and very sublime plan, in reference to the elect, has touched the things to come, as it has all other created things, and taken away their power to turn away the hearts of the children of God from the love of God. And that their election is long before *character*: that *character* proceeds from election, in fact, as well as for other ideas advanced here by the apostle, we have at least one very conclusive testimony from the lips of our blessed Lord himself: "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."¹ None but a prophet's vision can see things to come in all the various and unexpected forms and shapes which they may wear when they shall arrive at their existence and due place within the bounds of time and space. And it was a problem to be solved by the Divine mind itself alone, what should be the effect of things to come upon the perseverance of the children of God in his love. But

¹ John x. 26-29.

it is by the sovereign omnipotence of God over all things, that power is taken from them to overcome the children of God. And it is by the unsearchable omniscience of God, exercising itself in the most immense, yet the most minute, the most wide and general, yet the most special and particular, of all the deeds of the providence of God ever foretold on the pages of prophecy, that that future restraining omnipotence of God over all future things is here announced. Not one single child of God is ever to be beguiled away from his love, either at murderous Jerusalem, or at beautiful Damascus, or at shrine-worshipping Ephesus, or suicidal Philippi, or at learned Athens, or at elegant Corinth. Unknown, strange things to come shall not prevail with a single soul brought to Christ by me, Paul; or one brought to him by any other of the apostles of the Lord; or one brought to him by his ministers of any other age; over none brought to him in these eastern climes, and realms, and places, and over none brought to him in any other climes, realms, or places.

After that view of our nature which lies in the category of existence, as death and life; that view comprised in the category of the influence of superior orders, as angels, principalities, and powers; and that view expressed in the category of time, as things present and things to come, there is, to be perfectly exhaustive, another still—the category of position, of elevation or depression, of high or low: neither height nor depth shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

It may be that the language is primarily strictly physical and material. But it is natural to think of man's spiritual prosperity, his wearing of the robes of the imputed righteousness of Christ, his procession through deliverances, and triumphs, and divinely-bestowed glories, as above the earth, as pictured and resplendent in the height above, as things with which the realms of light are yet to be figured and adorned. And if any of the triumphal processions and gorgeous visions of the Bride of the Lamb, arrayed in

white, should be permitted, even then, just before the day of judgment, to draw us away from the love of God, vain would be all the past scenes which that love had given us eyes to behold.

It is natural to think of final doom as in the depths below. There would be fearful visions to be seen in the abyss, day by day, had we eyes which were not fettered by the laws of the material world. The tumbings of guilty souls into ruin, the wailings of the spirits in prison, the lurid atmosphere, and the hideous forms of that world,—of which this world may be something of a type, in those years and months when battle, and malice, and rapine, and desolation reign in it—might peradventure separate us from reason and sanity and the love of God at once, if they were not now hidden from our view. And if the chariot which shall bear our spirits up to God shall, in its final exode from this world, go in sight of those fearful scenes of the abyss, it is not in vain that a promise from God should span that abyss also: that depth shall not separate us from the love of God.

If height be such a power in the government of God as that which once caught the apostle to the Gentiles up to the third heavens, to hear unutterable things and to be puffed with spiritual pride; or if depth be such a power as plunges men's spirits down, from day to day, to converse with gloomy forebodings, and to walk with the damned in imagination, or to try in vain the power of a mortal mind to endure "the eternal blazon" of that dark world: neither shall be able to separate one single one of the children of God from his love. And no other creature shall be able to effect that separation, because he that appointed them to salvation, and who called them here below, and spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for them all, and who justifieth them, and has in many ways expressed his purpose to glorify them, is the eternal God, out of whose hands nothing can pluck them.

There is a custom much in vogue on some occasions, of throwing off the whole authority of these things as being in

the revealed word of God, by saying that they are contradictory to other scriptures. The scriptures to which they are said to be contrary are such as this: "Whosoever will, let him come, and take the water of life freely." The plain inference is that the objector thinks the divine Spirit *did very wrong* in revealing both predestination and free will. And had he been such a spirit as that of the objector he would not probably have revealed both these two things as he has done. Now, either the divine Spirit has inspired men to write contradictory things, one of which is necessarily false, or else they are not contradictory. But the only thing the objector has a right to say, is that these things do not appear to him to be reconcilable. Of course what *appears to him* to be reconcilable, and *what is* reconcilable, are not always the same thing. The plain truth of the matter is that the decrees or purposes of God embrace the acts of man's free will. Those acts are parts of God's decrees. That is the way in which the Scriptures treat them. That is the clear and proper philosophy of the subject. They are the links in the chain of appointed events in human life and human history. There is no other kind of a chain of events in religious life but one connected by free causes. When a man says that free causes cannot produce infallible results, he speaks simply as a materialist, and is forgetful of the action of spirit upon spirit. Nothing is clearer in Scripture than that the acts of man's will are both entirely free and appointed of God. The acts of Joseph's brethren in selling him into Egypt; the acts of Judas and Pilate in betraying the Lord Jesus and delivering him to be crucified; the acts of as many as were ordained to eternal life, in Antioch in Pisidia, in the days of Saint Paul, in believing the gospel; and the acts of those in the days of Saint Peter, who stumbled at the word, being disobedient, whereunto also they were appointed, were all evidently free, and as manifestly appointed of God. So also are all the acts of all men, both free and appointed of God. Every answer to prayer is a case of God's putting

his own appointed will into execution by means of free agents. So is every act of providence. So is every fulfilment of prophecy. Indeed, the whole staple of the representations of human destinies by human genius, is found in the divine appointment of events on the one hand and the free human fulfilments of destiny on the other. They all go upon the two wheels of divine destiny and human freedom. Such are believed to be the dramas of the three illustrious Greek tragedians. Such are all the deeper of the dramas of Shakspeare. Such must every true picture of life be, in order to be felt to be true and exhaustive. The tendency of the objection is utterly to subvert the government of God over men. And it is armed with no more forcible weapon than the weak assumption that all divine things must be level to every prejudiced mind.

But it is often affirmed that such exhibitions of the safety of God's chosen people have a tendency to lead them to loose neglect, or to bold presumption. We firmly believe that the proper way to deal with this objection is a simple denial, and an appeal to the facts. The difference in the effect of cordials on the regenerate and on the unregenerate mind is the point involved. Grant that these powerful cordials do highly intoxicate the unregenerate mind which has been betrayed into a vain and empty profession of faith in Christ. We concede nothing whatever to that consideration, as a reason for withholding the cordials which they need from the true children of God. That vain and empty profession ought, if possible, to have been avoided. The distinction between the regenerate and the unregenerate condition ought to have been carefully unfolded and faithfully maintained. There would then have been little need for that *fearful tenet*, the final apostasy of God's true children. God's people are extremely sensitive to danger, easy to be warned, generally in a state of trial, and often terrified by the fiery darts of the adversary. For Christ's sake they are accounted as sheep for the slaughter, and are killed all the day long. They, therefore, manifestly need the strong

cordial of these great and precious promises to keep them from sinking into despair, as from time to time they obtain fresh flashes of the peril of the great pilgrimage. Those cordials it has pleased God the Holy Spirit to decide that they ought to have; and they have them accordingly, as they certainly need them all. These precious assurances belong not to any who do not see in their lives, and their spirits, the evidence that they are children of God. If others apply them to their own intoxication, it is an abuse for which, as far as we can see, the word of God and the true use of it are in no wise responsible.

A precious vessel floated in air before the entranced eyes of the Knights of the Round Table, in the middle ages, which was said to contain the real blood of the Lord Jesus, caught in a hollow jewel, and thus borne through the ages and the climes. But it was another vision which the entranced eyes of the holy apostles saw, to cheer them in their arduous labors in that adulterous and sinful generation. It was the vision of a precious book, a mighty volume, inscribed thickly with the names of the saints. It was "the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." In it were written the names of persons, souls, ransomed sinners, blood-washed saints; and not merely the names of characters. Saint Paul saw, by inspiration, the names of "Clement and other his fellow-laborers," inscribed therein. Around it clustered thick and ample rays of power and glory to prevent the erasure of any name from its awful pages. To be therein inscribed was the prize for which they strove. And around that book they saw all the storms of death and life, and angels and principalities and powers, and things present and things to come, and height and depth, and every other creature, rage in vain, to erase a solitary name, even that of the lowliest child of God, from its record.

THE DIVINE PURPOSE IN THE CLASSICS.

HOMER and Hesiod flourished, probably, near the time of the prophet Elijah. That was about nine hundred years before the Christian era. Sappho is placed by the chronologists three hundred years later. That was about six hundred years before Christ. Then come Anacreon, Æschylus, Pindar, and Herodotus, in the sixth and fifth centuries before our era. Then come Socrates and his successors, and with them the real commencement of the classic epoch, about four hundred years before the birth of Christ. This is just about the date of the prophet Malachi. The voice of prophecy ceased among the Hebrews just as the light of letters began fully to shine among the Greeks. At the time of the birth of Christ, when the light of the New Testament was about to dawn upon all nations, the classical epoch was approaching its sunset. Whatever is most valuable in Greek literature, with the poems of Virgil and Horace among the Romans, had already been produced. The classics seem to be an interlude between the two Testaments.

If we regard the rise of the nations of the world as arranged in a great scheme of divine providence, it is difficult to believe that this exquisite classic culture, which arose in Greece and Italy during this period of the significant silence of inspiration, had no meaning in such scheme of divine providence. Among the Hebrews, a vast and splendid system of types, shadows, and prophecies had been long preparing the faithful among that people for the reception of the Redeemer. True, the Hebrews were the chosen people. The Greeks were not. But all nations

then, as now, rightfully belonged to Jehovah, whether he dwelt among them seated between the cherubim in the most Holy Place, or whether they ignorantly worshipped him as "the unknown God." If the Spirit of God employed the language of the Hebrews for the Old Testament, he employed that of the Greeks for the New. It is difficult to believe that a literature thus elegant, chiefly developed after the Old Testament was ended, which was well-nigh completed when the New Testament began, which furnished the language in which the words and works of the Saviour and his apostles have their permanent record, had no more meaning in the scheme of divine providence than is usually ascribed to it, and was no step forward in preparing the world to receive its Redeemer.

Among the Hebrews an illustrious line of kings pointed steadily forward to the crown and sceptre of a Divine King. A gorgeous succession of highpriests indicated the coming of a Highpriest of nobler nature. A sublime series of prophets gave assurance, both as types and by express prophecies, that the prophetic mantle was to fall on a Divine Prophet in the latter day. Among pagan nations, other than the Greeks, the blood of sacrifices was perpetually flowing on their altars, as an involuntary prophecy of the Redeemer. Did Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Euripides, Pericles and Demosthenes, mean nothing in the world's great chant of prophecy and of preparation during that four hundred years?

The operations of rural life were so ordered as to be mirrors, ready for the great Teacher when he came, in which he showed the form and lineaments of the truths which accompany man's redemption. A sower goes forth to sow his seed, and as it falls into its various places, gives us a picture of the preaching and reception of the gospel. A merchantman seeks goodly pearls, and shows us how a wise man understands the worth of his own soul. By hiding a little leaven in three measures of meal, a woman exhibits a picture of the spread of the gospel through

society. Men go fishing in the Sea of Galilee, and draw a picture of the church of Jesus Christ. An enemy sows tares in a ploughed field, and we are thereby shown the mixed state of things in this world, awaiting the fearful searching of the great judgment day. A shepherd followed by his flock is an image of the Good Shepherd and his chosen people.

Not only were these common operations of life employed in the structure of parables for the illustration of religious truth; almost precisely the same use is made in the Scriptures of the objects of nature around us. The sun is an image, in a certain sense, of Jesus Christ, on the pages of one of the prophets: "Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." The rain, also, speaks him forth, when it descends to refresh the ground: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." Before those whose hearts do not love him he shall "grow up as a tender plant, as a root out of a dry ground." To those who see something of his glory through his lowly guise he is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. The power of his Spirit in the regeneration of the hearts of men is like the wind which "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."

As has been remarked by John Foster, there seems to have been established around us a great system of things of various descriptions, adumbrating to us the things which concern our salvation. Some have understood as applying to this parallelism of the world without and the world within us, that deep, dark saying of the wise man in Ecclesiastes: "He hath made everything beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart;" as if there were within a man's soul just such a reflection of external things as there is of the stars in the sky on a clear night in the surface of a tranquil lake. We do not understand that every fulfilled prophecy of the Old Testament must neces-

sarily be quoted as such in the New Testament; that every thing that was really a type of Christ in the Old Testament had to be mentioned as a type in the New, before we would be justifiable in recognizing it as such; that every operation of human life which throws light on divine truth is introduced in the parables of our Saviour; or that every object of nature is mentioned in the Scriptures which may properly be made an illustrative image of Christ, or of his grace. Nor do we believe that the Old Testament, the operations of common life, and the natural objects around us, are the only sources from which inspired truth may receive illustration. Ample room and verge is left for the pulpit and for uninspired literature. We have hardly heard richer, more appropriate, or more effective illustrations in the pulpit than those drawn, if skillfully and pertinently drawn, from the classic mythology and history. We utter no hint against the delightful and instructive practice of illustrating Scripture by Scripture. We only plead for a wider range of thought, a field of illustration richer, because embracing that and something more besides. And we feel that this is some good, at least, which the Greek and Roman culture have done to religion in the providence of God.

Because some deists have formerly, in the blindness of unbelief, turned away from the clear light of the Christian revelation, and attempted to construct for themselves a religion made out of the crudities and superstitions of the ancient philosophies, therefore, too often Christian writers have adopted a strain of jealous depreciation in their reviews of the Greek philosophy, and have fallen into the temptation of treating Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Seneca, as if they were rivals of Jesus Christ, or of John, or of Paul. We do not think that this is to magnify the Redeemer and his apostles, but to degrade them in fact.

The mistake is simply a misconception of the reason why divine providence has put the ancient classics into our hands. It is only by regarding them as revelations of

moral and religious truth that they can be made, in any sense, rivals of the Scriptures. Such a pretension is set up for the Greek classics in these days, we should imagine, by extremely few thinking minds. On that ground we should have to make battle even with grand old Plato himself, but the victory would be extremely easy. Yet the result of such battle usually is, that the Christian combatant loses sight, by means of false issues, of the real object of the divine munificence in transmitting the classic authors from age to age; that is, the culture of the human mind in the forms of natural and beautiful thought.

Let us a little further explain what we mean.

A Christian apologist, of severe metaphysical temper, meets with a cold deist, who asserts that "the Christian fathers received their notions of the Trinity, not from the New Testament, but from Plato." The remedy is that easy one, to prove that the doctrine of the Trinity *is* taught in the New Testament; in the forms of baptism and benediction, for instance, and clearly enough otherwise also; to say, in fact, as one of the Christian fathers said: "*Abi Ariane, ad Jordanum, et vide Trinitatem!*"

But such apologist sits down thoroughly to search the magic pages of the poet-philosopher, not for those beautiful conceptions of nature with which they abound, but to prove that his tenets on morals and religion are not to be compared with those of our Lord, or those of the apostles Paul or Peter or John. He concludes his search, like Dr. Enoch Pond, by saying: "Such is the religion, the philosophy, the morality of Plato. And now who will venture to bring a system like this, contradicted at a thousand points by the decisions of reason, conscience, and truth, into comparison with the Christian Scriptures? Could Platonism endure such a comparison for a moment? And yet Plato was a learned man; and most of the writers of our Scriptures were illiterate men. Plato was a noble Greek, trained in the very focus of ancient wisdom, while the writers of our Scriptures were poor, despised Jews.

How, then, did these Jews attain to their superior, incomparable light and knowledge?"

Of course, by speaking and writing as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The triumph is easy and complete. But we feel as if it was not much more complete after this depreciation of Plato than before, and we feel doubtful whether Dr. Pond has done as much good by winning over again a battle so often fought and thoroughly won before, as he has done harm by trying Plato upon an erroneous issue. Not one man in ten thousand, we should suppose, searches the Greek philosophers now-a-days for opinions to be embraced as religious doctrines, or sets their teachings, as sources of truth, into comparison with the clear certainty, the pure sanctity, the self-evidencing majesty of the Holy Scriptures. But how needlessly unjust to the Greek this Christian apologist permits the deist to make him! Did not the Lord Jehovah raise up Plato in this world, and send him into life, for his own wise purposes, just as much as he raised up Pharaoh, and Cyrus, and Darius? He had a purpose in the life of these kings. So he had in the life of Plato. But it certainly was not as revealer of correct views of morals, religion, or theology. One of his purposes may have been to show that unaided human wisdom cannot attain correct opinions on these subjects. But we submit that, in that point of view, it is not the proper logic to decry and depreciate Plato, but to extol him as the very acme and crown of the Greek culture. But Dr. Pond has weighed him in balances which were never intended for him, or he for them, and has only, therefore, found him wanting. For all that he has shown, Plato was, and was splendidly and gloriously, another quite different thing; inferior, indeed, but a good thing, and a beautiful thing, which the Lord Jehovah purposed that Plato should be. Why not depreciate Bonaparte, because he could not preach like Massillon? or Washington, because he produced no philosophical works equal to the *Novum Organum*? or Chalmers, because he could not have written

Hamlet or *Paradise Lost*? It may be said that Plato *dealt* in discussions on moral, religious, and theological subjects. True. But no one who had so little light from revelation ever sighed for such light more earnestly than did he; as may be seen in the Second Alcibiades, where he pines for a heaven-descended teacher to dispel his doubts and darkness, till we almost think we hear the echo of the voice of Isaiah: "O that thou wouldest rend the heavens and come down." And, for all that we know, had he been on Areopagus when the great Apostle to the Gentiles stood there to declare to Athenians the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped, he might have enrolled his name with that of Dionysius the Areopagite, as a ready receiver of that heavenly revelation which he so coveted. Surely, Plato is no rival of the apostles, except in that blind and half-demented species of unbelief which made the "Lord of Irony," Edward Gibbon, after sneering for a life-time at the purest and most sacred truths, declare himself a Montanist! a believer in one of the most vulgar corruptions of the early centuries!

In the exordium of his sublime oration for the crown, the Athenian orator, Demosthenes, prays to all the gods and goddesses that the Athenian people may bear such good will to him in that fearful contest as he has ever borne to their city and to themselves. Plato, in his ideal republic, sets up the Fourierite doctrine, that wives shall be in common, that all children shall be the property of the state, and, of course, that no man shall know his own offspring. The Greek poems are all more or less imbued with their pagan religion. Probably one of the most consummately beautiful productions in existence is the first ode of the chorus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* to the Delian Apollo. Now, when a Christian father, justly solicitous what reading falls into the hands of his gifted, imaginative, susceptible son of eighteen years of age, sees that son devote himself with almost a passion, to the pages of Demosthenes, of Plato, and of Sophocles, does he fear that that son will im-

bibe from those pages the worship of the thirty thousand divinities of the Athenians embraced in the appeal of Demosthenes, or the Fourierite doctrine taught by Plato, or the special adoration of the Delian Apollo as the god of sooth-saying, so beautifully praised in Sophocles? When his son reads Homer and Virgil, does such a father fear that he will adopt the views of the unseen world given in the accounts of the descent of Ulysses and Eneas into Tartarus, and their visions of the miserable *dantes poenas* in those doleful regions? We never heard of one single instance of either description, among all the youths who have been engaged in the study of the classics among us.

What book takes a deeper hold upon a thoughtful mind advancing to manhood than Horace? How many passages of his calm, stoic philosophy we bear away from school with us! How the "*Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi;*" the "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;*" the "*Æquam memento rebus in arduis;*" the "*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum;*" and the "*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni,*" sing themselves through our minds in after years! But none of us, we venture to say, can mention a single instance among the companions of our years at school, of a youth converted to the creed of what Milton calls "the budge doctors of the stoic fur," by the perusal of the odes of Horace. And we can name many instances in which more of the life of the stoics would have brought them more within sound of the voices of the inspired apostles.

"But there is nothing of Christ in the writings of the Greeks and Romans. Augustine could not relish his before so much admired Cicero, because he could not find the name of Jesus in all his pages." Our hearts warm towards him who says this. We feel towards him like Cowper towards the man whom he saw singing a hymn very heartily in a church close by him: "Bless you for praising him whom my soul loves." It would be an overwhelming argument, and would not leave another word to be said, if we

brought forward the classics as books of doctrine, or of devotion, or of tenet of any kind, on any kindred subject which we expected or feared to imbibe. And in reference to books which the Christian fondles and admits freely to intercourse with his inner emotions, it has a proper weight, and ought to be permitted to exert its influence.

Precisely the same objection, however, may be substantially raised against Shakspeare, Thomson, Byron, and Walter Scott. There is nothing like godliness, or true Christian spiritual life, in the works of either of them. Perhaps Thomson's "Hymn to the Seasons," might be uttered by a Christian heart; but one would wish to see something of Christ in it before accepting it as Christianity. We verily believe that Sophocles and Euripides were every way as good men, and as near to the kingdom of heaven, as Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. If Tyre and Sidon shall rise up in the judgment against the men of highly favored generations, because those heathen nations would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes, and have entered into the kingdom of heaven, if they had enjoyed such privileges, we see not why the Greek tragedians may not stand up in the judgment against the English misanthrope and scoffer, and the Scottish caricaturist of religion, and condemn them, on the same grounds of judgment. And we would a thousand times rather see a son, if gifted, imaginative, susceptible, and eighteen years old, devote himself to Sophocles and Euripides, than to Byron and Scott. And we solemnly believe that there is verily little more idolatry taught, and not half as much apt to be imbibed, from the pages of these two Greeks as from those of these two Britons.

But the objection will lead us too far. There is nothing more of Christ in the lofty mountains, the clear lakes, the green meadows, the swift rivers, the mighty ocean, the gorgeous clouds, and the blue sky of heaven, than there is in the Greek classics, except as the eye of faith may see him in them all, as the Author of all the works of God.

We mean to say, with the author of the Epistle to the Romans, that it is only "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world" which "are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." But of the incarnation, death, and resurrection of Christ, and of salvation through faith in his name, there is nothing revealed in the natural works of God. This life and immortality through our Saviour Jesus Christ is that which is "brought to light in the gospel."

The principle, therefore, which would lead us to deny our children the riches of the classic pages, would not only lead us to keep from them the writings of all unregenerate men in their own language, however splendid their genius or instructive their thoughts, but if we have fairly apprehended it, it would also commit Paley's *Natural Theology* and the *Bridgewater Treatises* to the Ephesian fires, as mere worthless implements of those who "use curious arts."

Nor is this all. If it is not allowable for our sons to read, in the pages of Plato and Sophocles, descriptions of Mount Hymettus, and of the plane-trees on the banks of the Ilissus, and of the twitter of the cicada, and of the calm discourse of the philosophers amid the beautiful scenery of Athenian summer, it is hard to see how it can be allowable for them to see our own mountains, to seek our own shade-trees, to listen at home to the chorus of the summer bird and bee and insect, or to live amid the beautiful air of our own summer scenery. So, then, the wonderful variety of hues and tints and shades of colors around us, in the mountains, and the fields, and the meadows, and the orchards, are made in vain. They are to be held as forbidden and ungodly luxuries. The splendid pictures which the sunbeams draw with colors of ray and shadow, and mild light, and deep shade, on the hills, in the valleys, in the morning and in the evening; the countless different faces of the sky, in summer and in winter, in sunshine and in storm, in the fair day and in the starry night; all the

sublimity of the ocean, in calm silence or amid the wild roar of the storm, are to go for nothing. We must teach our son to shut his eyes and stop his ears to these things, because they do not directly teach the story of redemption! Christianity is a more independent, a broader, a more benign, and a more fearless thing by far than this narrow principle would make it.

We believe we might safely venture the remark, that the religion of few generations of men anywhere has been injured by their excessive perusal of the Greek classics. The only probable exception remembered to this remark is to be found at Alexandria, in Egypt, during the time of the New Academy, under Ammonias Saccas and his successors. There arose there a hybrid mixture of Christianity and the monstrous oriental cosmogonies with the philosophical opinions of the later Platonists. But it is as unfair to call Proclus, and Plotinus, and Iamblichus, followers of Plato, as to call Carlstadt, and Boehmen, and Münzer, followers of Martin Luther, or to consider Hymeneus and Philetus followers of the Apostle Paul.

There is said to have been a large and valuable collection of books, chiefly Greek and Roman writers, made by King Ptolemy Philadelphus in Egypt, which might have been of incalculable value had it been preserved. It was, however, burned. The pretext for this stupid act of vandalism is reported to have been, that if what was in those books was in the Koran, then they were useless; and if what was in them was not in the Koran, then they were false. There were, at one time, Christian men in this country who indulged, even in the pulpit, in wishes that all the books in the world, except the Bible, were burned. They indulged freely, and apparently with the full approbation of their hearers generally, in flings and sneers at the ungodly pride of those "who had rubbed their backs against college walls," in the peculiar phraseology of that day. For a while they exerted a powerful influence. There was a great show of godliness about these utterances. They

actually generated a pride of ignorance, far more thick-skinned and incorrigible than the pride of learning against which they spent their thunderbolts. "They read nothing but the word of God, not they." (Some of them that with difficulty.) "They knew nothing but the word of God. They did not want to know anything. They did not believe in book-learning to preach from. They believed in religion in the heart as the qualification of a preacher. And for their parts, when they preached, they went into the pulpit and opened their mouths, and God filled them." (Nonsense and all!)

Who could argue against such great devotion to the word of God? Who could maintain that a preacher ought not, above all things, to be devotedly and experimentally a pious man? It was all in vain to plead for piety *with* education. That was a contradiction in terms in their logic. There may be some of this leaven still lingering among us. Probably not a great deal avowedly. Increasing light has made it rather an object of amusement than of serious combat. These were, in all probability, conscientious men, who may have honestly thought they were doing God service. It was an error which had to die by the logic of events. Probably a good deal of a similar feeling, not so gross, lingers, unperceived by its possessors, in many minds. With all its outward appearance of peculiar zeal for the word of God, it was a thoroughly false position. Intelligent men dropped off from church. The minds of those who did attend were sadly uninstructed in both the doctrines and duties of religion. And the very infidelity to which it intended to place itself in direct and special antagonism grew rank and thick around its path.

"The classics are very seldom referred to by the inspired writers." True. But the only one of them whom we know to have been acquainted with classical literature, the Apostle Paul, twice quotes the Greek poets, once in his sermon at Athens, "As certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring;" and once in his Epis-

tle to Titus, "One of themselves, even a prophet (*vates*, poet) of their own, said, The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." In both cases it is for his own support, and not in condemnation of the books, that he makes the quotation.

The great revival of classical learning in Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century, just as the Reformation was about to break forth, is an act of Providence to be deeply pondered. The name of Desiderius Erasmus cuts a very poor figure in the history of those times, if we think of him as to the voluntary influence which he exerted on the great religious struggle of the day. He appears to be a sort of centaur, of half-human and half-bestial form. He is half reformer, and can laugh heartily at the superstitious prayers of the ship-load of papists to their saints when they are expecting shipwreck. But he still adheres to the papists, it would seem, from a mere disinclination to move. He can by no means advance with Luther to the full light of a simply scriptural religion. But considered as an involuntary instrument of Divine Providence to introduce classic learning just at that time, as a means of education and as a preparation for the inspired word, just as a faithful company of those that publish it were about to spring up, Erasmus played a most important part. We can give him but little honor in the matter, except that he had the good taste to love and to patronize elegant letters. But he had little intention of benefiting Luther or the Reformation thereby. Never was there a figure in the drama of providence who saw less himself what he was doing, or who acted more for an end which he neither intended, desired, nor perceived.

The rise of the classic learning in Europe at that time was a most important and valuable preparation for the bursting forth of the word of God, and the outpouring of his Spirit, at the Reformation. If we have judged correctly, the classics, in the hands of Melancthon, Calvin, Lady Jane Grey, and a host of other eminent classical

scholars of that day, of whom these are specimens, served exactly the parts which they were designed by Providence to serve in the plan of redemption, that is, as instruments of the culture of the mind, to bring it to a higher and clearer and nobler ground of thought, and so nearer to the gospel of Christ.

We should by no means shrink from a comparison of those writers who are the most classical with those who are the least so, or who are little so, as to all good influences on the human mind from their writings respectively. In the great seventeenth century, Howe, Owen, Bates, and Baxter, were the princes of the pulpit of the one party, as men were then divided in religious opinion; South, Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson, were the princes of the pulpit of the other party. Baxter was too deeply awed and impressed by the visions of eternity to deal much in literary charms, Tillotson was too much bent upon soothing the tempers of men, and withal too much of a politician, to be a very profound classical scholar. But the other three, on each side, are astonishingly replete with the riches of the classics. They have been found in many a library and in many a hand, in this generation, solely on that account. "South tells the truth with the tongue of a viper," as Richard Cecil says of him. Owen is devoted to the establishment of doctrinal truth by patient and persevering study, by all holy labor, and the deepest personal experience. Taking the other two, on each side, as more appropriately the writers of that day for after ages, Howe and Bates, Barrow and Taylor, what a wealth of classic learning they have embalmed by binding it about the sweetest and purest Christianity! How their lofty genius, especially that of John Howe and of Jeremy Taylor, revelled with the Greek philosophers and poets! How they lead the kings of the west, as the star led those of the east, to lay the richest of their gifts at the feet of Jesus Christ! Their pure religion is no doubt the highest element of the life of their writings. But their classic wealth lends no unimportant aid to their immortality.

As to the poets of our language, it may be questioned whether, in general, those who are most purely religious are not also those who are most thoroughly classical—Spenser, Milton, Cowper. Some one has said that Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is a bridge over the gulf which divides the ancient history from the modern. So Spenser's *Faerie Queen* is a bridge, with festoons of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers hanging over the parapet all the way, between the ancient poetry and the modern, leaving no one long to doubt that the poet is a Christian, even when he most luxuriates in the antique and the mediæval Romances.

The exhaustless classic wealth of Milton in the productions of his youth, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Arcades*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, can have escaped no attentive reader. To do the proof justice by quotations would be to cite nearly the whole of these poems. There is, however, a passage in the *Arcades*, probably not so hackneyed to the common eye, which may be cited for its peculiarly Platonic spirit. It is in the speech of the Genius of the Woods, where he is telling what his business is in this world :

“ But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound ;
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the daughters of necessity,
And keep unsteady nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurgéd ear.”

If it be thought that he does not carry his classic spirit with him into the productions of his riper age, and into those places where he speaks more distinctly of the things of revealed religion, we shall give two proofs to the contrary (taken almost *ad aperturam libri*), which might be

indefinitely multiplied. The one is from the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where he is describing the Garden of Eden. He says :

“Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian Spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea’s eye.”

The other is from the *Paradise Regained*, when he is relating the setting of the Saviour on the pinnacle of the temple at Jerusalem by Satan, and the failure of that temptation :

“But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth’s son Antæus, (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Jove’s Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined :
Throttled at length in air, expired and fell :
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults amidst his pride,
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall :
And as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devoured :
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep :
So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend.”

Indeed, a pretty thorough classical reading is requisite to understand Milton’s poetry. Admit that he says that

“The Ionian Gods, of Javan’s issue, held
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents,”

were the fallen angels, come up to this world to escape their prison-house, and to obtain, after a sort, that worship

as gods to which their wicked ambition led them to aspire in heaven; admit that he puts into the mouth of Satan that splendid eulogy on the city of Athens, in the *Paradise Regained*:

“ Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts;”

though the poet saw and admitted “the trail of the serpent” over all classic letters, as over everything else here below, he put them to their proper and beautiful uses, to praise and to adore the higher truths of God. The classics are, no doubt, the productions of fallen human nature. Shall we reject them for that? We might as well refuse to admire the spring bloom of the orchards, because there is a worm at the root of many a tree; or the green forests in their thick robes of leaves, because in some rocky cliff beneath their shade a rattlesnake may lurk; or the smooth enamel of the meadow, because in some spot the grass may cover a viper; or the endless gorgeous glory of atmosphere and cloud, because there the quick cross-lightning is bred; or the ocean in its solemn roar, because sometimes its shores are lined with shipwrecks.

For the bard of Olney, all his readers know how he refreshed his tried and holy soul by a translation of Homer and of pieces from Horace, and even by renderings of the cricket chirpings of Vincent Bourne.

The opposition of good men to the classics has probably sprung from confounding two different species of education—the natural, or secular, and the religious education. These two species of education flow side by side, while they are both located in the family. It is necessary to teach a child to spell and read, in order to teach him properly “the principles of our holy religion as contained in the Scriptures and in the Catechisms.” But when they leave this first divinely-constituted seat of education, the Christian

house-hold, then they part, and go to two other divinely-constituted seats of education, but very different ones. The natural education goes into the hands of the state, or the civil authorities ; or, which is about the same thing, into the hands of voluntary neighborhood associations of parents, united to sustain particular schools. The religious education of the child, when he ceases to be under family training, goes to the church, with its Bible class and its pulpit.

It is the duty of natural education to teach our children all wholesome knowledge, such as will both discipline and inform their minds—the civil authorities being ever conceded to have their eye on those things chiefly which will train up good and enlightened citizens—the mathematics, the classics, the practical sciences, all arts of reasoning, and all philosophies of life, or of truth. It is the duty of religious education to teach our children whatsoever God, in his revealed word, has commanded us—no more, no less ; or, to express it otherwise, she must teach the “principles of our holy religion as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, of which the Catechisms are recommended as summaries.” The church has no right to control natural education ; or, if she has a right at all, it is just such a right as she would have to control the food which a man might give his children. She might arraign him for inhumanity and barbarity if it could be proved that a parent under her authority gave his child a stone for bread, a serpent for a fish, or a scorpion for an egg. But it would be a gross act of immorality, such a one as she ought to punish in connection with any other duty which the church would judge of in this case. It would not be a particular scheme of education of which she assumed to judge. It was the obvious and radical mistake of the parochial school movement to assume for the church a control over natural education except as she always has controlled it, by breathing a healing breath and diffusing an enlightened atmosphere around it. She has as much right to err

by defect and refuse to teach the Epistle to the Romans, as she has to err by excess and teach mathematics, or sciences, or classics. The church, it is believed, actually suffered by the parochial movement. She has ever had an indirect and just proper influence on natural education, as she has a deep interest in it. Much of this she lost by the appearance of a spirit of open sectarian defiance in that movement. She can never be indifferent to the cause itself. The more education, other things being equal, the more peerlessly comes the word of God before the minds of men. The wider the circle of motive the greater the power of truth.

Christianity, as it seems to us, abstains everywhere in her revealed oracles from meddling with the sphere of natural education. She does not teach the sciences. She gives no system of rules for the secular training of children; she commands them to no special trades or vocations. The truth is, that she takes the whole thing for granted, as the business and the duty of men acting in secular relations. She takes it for granted that every Christian parent will give his child the very best natural education which his means will command, just as she takes it for granted that every good and wise parent will guard the pecuniary interests, or the sight and hearing, or the general bodily health, of his child. She leaves the parent himself to be judge of the best means of each.

The providence of God was preparing a wondrous and precious gift for man during the four hundred voiceless years between the cessation of the voice of the prophet Malachi and the awaking of that of the Baptist in the wilderness. It was, in another sense, preparing the way of the Lord. It was producing the best means of natural education, the most valuable ally of the sciences which were to rise after many centuries. It was giving birth to Euclid of Megara and the mathematics. It was rearing the gorgeous edifice of the Greek tragedy, in which that great cross to the proud mind, the coëxistence of divine predes-

tion and human freedom, receives a stronger corroboration than almost anywhere else in the grand and stately march of events on their predestined way upon the wheels of the freest human choice, the merest human contingencies, the most unconstrained of human actions. The beautiful mythology was forming in that four hundred years. The philosophers were dreaming dreams which, though they contained very little objective truth, would yet enrich the imaginations of men for ever. Statues and pictures came into existence, which elevated the spirit of man, and have given it ideas of perfect beauty of form in all subsequent ages.

We deny the church the right to legislate directly on the subject of secular education. But, so far as she can speak to her people as citizens, she ought to let her voice be heard at this time calling aloud for a deeper infusion of classical learning into the mind of the coming generations.

There was an education meeting held at Augusta, Georgia, one evening during the sessions of our General Assembly when it was held in that city, to discuss the subject of a higher education among our people. It was not a meeting of the Assembly at all, but of such friends of education as might and did willingly come together, chiefly composed of persons brought there by the sessions of that body. Nor was it a meeting held on the subject of the education of indigent students for the ministry. The plans of the meeting seemed to crystallize in the form of a university for the South, and to give a more thorough education than those now in existence. The adjourned meeting was not held, as appointed, at the next General Assembly, for obvious reasons. We hope it will not be forgotten when future opportunity shall offer.

The Presbyterian Church can say, with far more truth, and with a far deeper meaning than the ambitious poet:

“I must run glittering in the sunshine, or I am unblest.”

Learning must ever be her indispensable ally. She has never undervalued piety in the ministry. "The Bible, the Bible alone, the religion of Christians," has ever been her maxim. She has maintained the importance of sound doctrine to a holy life with a faithfulness quite as strenuous as has been shown by any of her loved and respected sister churches. But she has never slighted the classics. She never dreaded that her children would be wiled away from the great and dread Jehovah, and his loving and dying and glorified Son, and all the holy grandeurs of revealed truth, by the beautiful toy Jupiters and Apollos and Minervas of the classic mythology. She has ever nurtured herself deeply and richly with the Grecian letters. We trust that she will continue to do so; that she will make her escape from all fanatical ideas on the subject of education. We trust she may revise several of her plans in this general connection, so that when she presents herself to God for a renewed and richer baptism of the Holy Ghost, it may be that both then and thereafter she shall purpose and resolve a deeper possession of all valuable and all elegant human learning with which to serve him and to adorn his doctrine.

THE INSTRUCTED SCRIBE:¹

A PLEA FOR THOROUGH MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

THE scribes among the Jews seem to have been aptly compared by Josephus to the philosophers among the Greeks. It was their business to acquaint themselves with the law, civil and religious, and to teach it to others. In short, they were, to a great extent, the living souls which God placed as instruments of communication between his written word and other living souls. They were then what ministers of the gospel are now, in the nature of their office. And the Saviour's description of an instructed scribe: "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old" (Matt. xiii. 52), is for all times and all testaments, ancient times and modern times, Old Testament and New Testament.

We have then, on divine authority, the principle that every living soul which is placed as an instrument of communication between the written word of God and other souls, should be a CULTIVATED SOUL—an instructed scribe—one capable of bringing out from his treasure, like a provident householder, things new and old. And the Apostle Paul seems to base his rules for the ministry on this rule of his divine Master, taking it as the foregone foundation, and adding another stone, when he says: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

¹ This article was published in "*The Home, the School, and the Church; or, the Presbyterian Education Repository*," a periodical published in Philadelphia, of date 1851. The Editor in a note remarks, in reference to it: "The article by Mr. Boccock was demanded for publication by the West Hanover Presbytery, and at our request is printed in this magazine."

A poetical antiquity tells us of "the pipe whose virgin gold befits the lip of Phœbus." But the pipe through which the God of revealed religion will discourse to lost man is a living soul, fitted by thorough instruction in knowledge, human and divine, to speak the word of God. And on this simple principle, of the highest authority, and of a very wide and decisive practical application, we base our present plea for the thorough education of the Christian ministry.

It seems time, indeed, to discuss this subject with all plainness and candor. No denomination of Christian brethren, here known, are opposed to it. All the denominations now have some men who bring the learning of the instructed scribe to the aid of their piety and their principles. In maintaining this cause we are not now placing ourselves in a sectarian attitude, as might have been thought some years ago, but we are only placing ourselves shoulder to shoulder, where we would wish to be, with at least some friends of Christ of every name.

A prophet was one into whose mouth God put probably the very words he was to utter. And it would seem that the prophet himself did sometimes no more understand the meaning of those words than other persons. To the prophet the necessity for a cultivated mind was not probably so great. But the scribe's office was different. He was to read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and give the sense, and cause the people to understand the reading, as we see in the case of Ezra, the distinguished scribe after the captivity. As prophet, man seems sometimes to have been little more than the articulating voice of God. As scribe, human thought came in. A human mind was intercessor between the mind of God as written in the book and the minds of the audience. The piety and the cultivation of that human mind, in the case of the scribe, became of more importance. Perhaps something of the same difference is to be discovered between the inspired man and the preacher in the new dispensation. It was the apostles' work as *in-*

spired men to write as God dictated, though it is clear that divine inspiration in them did not set aside the qualities and peculiarities of their individual thoughts. It was the apostles' business as *preachers*, and the business of all who are successors of the apostles in the uninspired part of their office, the work of preaching, to read distinctly in the Book of the Law and give the sense, and cause the people to understand the reading. Wherever, in all God's dealings with man, a human mind has come between the lips of God and the soul of man, as an instrument or vehicle to convey from one to the other the words of salvation, that human intercessor has been required to be a CULTIVATED SOUL, a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven so that he could teach others also.

It will be necessary to meet at once an objection to this great principle, which perhaps occurs to some readers on the very announcement of the principle. It is that the apostles were not learned men, though they were the chosen preachers of their times; and as they found piety without learning sufficient for their work as preachers, so piety without learning may be held to be sufficient for the work of the ministry in our day also. But it is a syllogism not more safe than modest, to say the apostles did thus and thus, and therefore I may do the same. Modern men are under a mistake in more respects than one about their equality with the apostles. It is about as if the gentle knight of the sham tournaments beginning to be held at some of our watering places (the Fauquier and the Huguenot springs), should become smitten with their own glory in the deeds of chivalry, and should imbibe the swollen conceit that they are the true successors and equals of the grim iron horsemen of the olden time, the successors of Roland and of Oliver, of Tancred and Rinaldo, of Godfrey and of Richard of the Lion Heart—a conceit which would justly end in their becoming the legitimate heroes of some new Virginian Don Quixote.

But the objection is founded on a mistaken view of the

facts of the case. Those very apostles who are made shields for modern ignorance had three years' regular training in the school of a Master who spake as never man spake. The verses accompanying the passage above cited, from the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, show the apostles in the very act of receiving that training. The Master had been speaking and explaining parables. "Jesus saith unto them, have ye understood all these things? They say unto him, Yea, Lord. Then said he unto them, Therefore, every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The only exception to this remark is the Apostle Paul, who did not enjoy this instruction; and in introducing a man into the apostleship under his circumstances, one who had not enjoyed the benefit of the Saviour's personal teachings, the providence of God, as is well known, selected a man well versed in Hebrew and in Grecian learning, and upon that learned man thus selected, as one born out of due time, far greater honors were conferred than upon any other of the apostles.

But there is a yet deeper mistake in the reasoning which alleges the apostles as apologies for a modern uneducated ministry. It is of Peter and John that the remark is made in Scripture. Of those two apostles it is said, that the priests saw that they were "ignorant and unlearned men." This may be intended to express the view which the priests took of their character, because they knew but little of the vain inanities of the Jewish traditions. But who were these men—the Apostle John and the Apostle Peter? We are not dependent on the opinions of the Jewish priests, their enemies, for their characters. One of these men is the author of one of the Four Gospels. It is that one of the four which contains most doctrinal discussion, and pours most light on the subtleties of the Greek philosophy. He is also the author of three of the epistles of the New Testament, and he is the author of the final book of the canon—

the sublimest of all prophetic revelations. The other of the two apostles is the author of two epistles of no small force and sublimity. And, as was before said, we must admit that inspiration to write did not abolish or change intellectual character. We could have much patience with unlearned men in our days who bore such fruits as these. These very men, Peter and John, whom the Jewish priests called "ignorant and unlearned men," were specially favored, too, in the personal teachings of the Saviour. The very priests themselves, on the same occasion from which the objection is drawn, "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Men who could write as these men have written, and who had the school of divine instruction which these men had, were not the sort of "ignorant and unlearned men" they are sometimes thought to have been; they are not the apostolic apologies for stupidity they are sometimes represented to be.

We find, then, no stumbling-block in the cases of Peter and John in the way to the great principle, that whatever living soul stands as an instrument between the written word of God and the living souls of other men (especially if he be charged with the duty of explaining the word and giving the sense) should be a *cultivated* as well as a *pious* soul, able to bring forth from his treasure things new and old.

We may now proceed with the direct proof and illustration of that great principle.

I. THAT THE INSPIRED SCRIPTURES ARE IN LANGUAGES WHICH ARE NOW DEAD LANGUAGES seems to be some fair argument for an educated ministry. That Spirit which gave the apostles utterance on the day of Pentecost, to speak with other tongues, so that Romans, and Jews, and Parthians, and Medes, and Cretans, and Arabians, and the men of other nations then assembled, heard them speak each in his own tongue, in all the various languages there represented, that Spirit could as easily have given them the inspiration of tongues to multiply *written* translations of the

Bible as he could do what he did that day. He could have taught men to *write* with other tongues as easily as he taught them to *speak* with other tongues. But he did not see fit to do so. He has left us the Old Testament embalmed and enshrined in the Hebrew, and the New Testament in the Greek language. These, and these alone, are the inspired Old and New Testaments. There are many excellent translations of these, it is true, among which one of the best is admitted to be that racy stream from the "pure well of English undefiled," the English Bible. Still it is but a translation, and not the very words of God. Those words which are the very words of God are old hallowed Greek and Hebrew words, locked up like ancient coins of precious metal and of curious inscription in the closets of profound learning, requiring the keys of deep study to open them to inspection. He who has not read these old and hallowed words has not seen the inspired word of God in its native form. He has not seen the original portrait of God's will as drawn by the finger of God himself. He has only seen a second-hand copy, a man-made copy of that portrait. He who has not read, and cannot read the original Scriptures, has, strictly speaking, never heard the word at God's mouth, as the guide of souls is required to do; he has only heard it attempted to be exactly stated in other words by a translator who was human like himself. He has not heard the oracle itself; he has only heard a repeating voice at the door of the temple express in another tongue what meaning he deemed the oracle to have.

That Providence which has locked up the very words of inspiration in old, hallowed learned languages, does look like a Providence which patronizes learning and not stupidity among those who are to be the guides of the souls of others. It does look like a Providence which patronizes the great principle, that the living Spirit which intervenes as an instrument between the written word of God and the living souls of other men ought to be a *cultivated* as well

as a pious soul—a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven.

In our Lord's description of the instructed scribe, already referred to, two things are required: 1, The ability to bring forth new things from the treasury of the mind; and 2, The ability to bring forth old things.

II. The *second* point in this discussion is based expressly on the authority of that text; it is this:

1. CULTIVATION IS NECESSARY FOR THE MAN WHO IS TO BRING FORTH PROPERLY FOR CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION THE OLD THINGS OF THE TREASURY OF TRUTH.

The scribe so instructed as to be able to bring forth both the new things and the old things, rightly divided and distributed, is the scribe whom Christ there approves.

It has been said that repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ are things so simple in their nature that it requires no human learning to utter them from the pulpit in the ears of the people; and that these are the main things after all, as they are the old and sacred and unchanging terms of salvation, and that a ministry which plainly utters these things in the ears of the people is a ministry sufficient for the salvation of the people. This appears to be about the amount of the common reasoning on the subject. But it is reasoning which dispenses with the Christian ministry altogether. The simple *reading* of the Bible alone would announce to the people repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And the simple reading of the Bible to the audience would probably be better than an uneducated ministry. But this reasoning sets at naught the divine wisdom in the appointment of a living ministry, the divine wisdom in sending us the news of salvation by a living voice, the divine wisdom in pressing our eternal interests upon our attention by the medium of our brother man, with all his common interests, his living sympathies, his kindred affections, and his repeated persuasions. The counsel of God in the appointment of his ministry was to bring into his service, not only

the voice of the ministers in the mere utterance of truth, but also their powers of persuasion, their sobriety of character, their soundness of speech, their knowledge of the means of influencing others, their sense of propriety in rightly dividing the word of truth; in short, all that constitutes them *men*, and not mere *voices*.

The rules laid down in the Bible clearly show that such was the divine counsel. They are rules for the formation of a human character, and not mere rules for the emphasis and modulation of the voice: "A bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God; not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre, a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers."

These are requirements which certainly go farther than the mere power to stand up and repeat the same threadbare tale from Sabbath to Sabbath, however precious and important may be the fundamental truths thus monotonously repeated. The Scripture rules for the ministry seem designed to form and govern the whole man, with his whole intellectual and moral nature, and to bring all his powers, of all descriptions, into the service of the Master. He is to serve God with his head and his heart, his memory and his imagination, his sensibilities and his passions, as well as with his lungs and his lips. He is solemnly bound to testify repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But he is also as solemnly bound "to study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He is bound to use line upon line and precept upon precept, ever adhering to the great fundamental truths of the gospel, which time and place and circumstance can never change. But he is as solemnly bound to use "sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of him."

He is bound for ever to preach repentance, and faith, and good works, and the sovereignty of God, and the divinity of Christ, and the power of the Divine Spirit. There can be no true religion without these foundations, any more than a Gibraltar could exist without the foundation-rock on which the fortress stands. But he is bound forever also to lay these foundations together with skill, and clasp them with links of illustration and argument, and make them acceptable by their fitness and their polish, as far as is consistent with their eternal moment and importance. There is hardly any acquirement that can be stored away, after profound research into the richest treasures of human learning, which may not, peradventure, be of great use, at some day or other, and to some audience or other, in stating the simple doctrines of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A scribe instructed in the kingdom of God will have no treasures of learning to spare, even in the statement of the old fundamental truths. Even the most thoroughly cultivated spirit will have none too much cultivation for his use, as he stands, in one sense, mediating from Sabbath to Sabbath between God and man.

Who, indeed, is sufficient for these things, however thoroughly cultivated he may be? Who is not constrained to feel that his sufficiency is of God at last, though he may be a model of close application to study, or may rival Paul or Apollos in zeal and eloquence? The promise of divine assistance is made, in general, to such as diligently use the means, and it is not made to those who neglect the means. Who, then, can be found so sufficient for these awful responsibilities as to rush under them without having employed the means of human cultivation, and therefore without a clear right to appropriate to himself the promise of divine support? No man on earth is sufficient to preach from the pulpit from Sabbath to Sabbath the oldest points, the simplest foundation-truths of the gospel, who is not a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, and even with that, it is of God that he has any sufficiency after all.

Moreover, there are some things in the Bible which can never be rendered pleasant to the taste of fallen man. Some of the simple fundamental doctrines are offensive and humiliating to the carnal mind. Just as surely as Christ himself hung on the cross, just so surely there is a cross amid the doctrines of the gospel, which must always remain there; or else man must change, or else the gospel will be spoiled. When the offence of the cross ceases to be heard from the pulpit, then the benefit of the cross ceases also, in a great measure, to be derived from the pulpit. There are things in the Bible—which every one can see to be there, as clearly written as a sunbeam could inscribe them—which filled men with anger when Christ himself preached them, which provoked from man replies against God when an apostle wrote them, and which must always be offensive to the carnal mind of man. These things are a part of God's message to man, and must be delivered from the pulpit in their proper times and places. Yet, at many a time and place, a sharp trial of his fidelity and a hard struggle with his love of ease must be encountered by the preacher in bringing out the offence of the cross: Much wisdom and discretion are oftentimes requisite to know what is *unnecessary* offence, and therefore ought to be avoided, and what is *necessary* offence, and cannot be avoided; to know the times and seasons when to avoid offence and when to abide by offensive truths; to understand the moods and vagaries and epidemics of the human mind. No ordinary skill and prudence are sometimes requisite to know how to *become all things to all men*, in the just sense of those words, when the circumstances do not demand the crossing and humbling power of offensive truth, and yet when the offence of the cross ought to be felt, to know how to utter it with calm confidence in him whose omnipotence will cause the heavens and the earth to pass away before one jot or one tittle shall fail; to know how to trust unshaken in him who says, that "though the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing, though the kings of the earth set them-

selves, and the rulers take counsel together, yet he who does not do things to be undone has set his King upon his holy hill of Zion." And when the unbelief of men has been borne with until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, there is awful need of great wisdom in the minister of God to know when to throw himself upon the hidings of God's eternal power, who will "break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

Surely if cultivation in the most perfect schools of mental discipline be necessary, as all admit it to be, to furnish the statesmen and heroes who are pilots of the civil state with the calm judgment, and the tenacity of right, and the fortitude under adversity, which are demanded by the weighty trials which they must encounter in life, then at least as much, if not more, is cultivation in the most perfect schools of mental discipline needed by the man in the pulpit, that he may understand the signs of the times in the spirits of men, and that he may wisely shape his own course, in every mood and tense, between the gentlest dealing with the smoking flax on the one hand, and the sternest rebuke of the independent God against the stiff-necked reprobate on the other.

2. According to the Saviour's account of the instructed scribe, he must know how to bring forth from his treasure NEW THINGS ALSO. *The instructed scribe*, he says, *bringing forth out of his treasure things new and old*. We have here divine authority for both the old things and the new things. The old things have been spoken of; the new are now to be spoken of.

These new things which the instructed scribe is to bring forth are not new schemes of doctrine, or new speculations, or new inventions of his own in rivalry of the revealed will of God. But he will have an acquaintance with the richness of the Scriptures, as an ever fresh and unexhausted treasury of instruction, which the smatterer cannot have. He will trace the endless variety and beauty of the figurative language of the Bible, and its wonderful fitness

for illustrating truth from ever novel and striking points of view, as if that figurative language was a wardrobe of the best and most fitting and most shining garments for all the forms of thought into which divine truth may be moulded. The instructed scribe will have his spirit deeply impressed also with the solemn majesty of the *scenery* which the Bible brings to view: the creation, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the judgment, the marriage-supper of the Lamb, the grand assemblies, the striking transactions, and tremendous pomps and processions and triumphal splendors of God's government as it advances in its mighty march through time and eternity. He will also acquaint himself with the ever new and varying modes of contact between the human mind and revealed truth, as these modes of contact show themselves in society. He will observe under what circumstances truth and the soul are most willingly wedded together, and under what circumstances they repel each other, examining diligently the keen and minute sensibilities of the soul, and the keen and minute pungencies of the truth, to discover all modes of promoting the alliance between the two where offence can be avoided. Such things as these, and not the vain novelties of speculation, are the new things of the instructed scribe. And they are things which do now require, and must always require, the best and most thorough culture of the mind.

But our scribe must deal in future with yet other new things besides these.

Recent discoveries and inventions have so much stimulated the spirit of human science, that she is now stretching forth her hand to grasp the secret wonders of nature, whether they are found in the wide spaces and revolutions of the starry heavens, or in the fossil records of primeval ages in the earth's bosom, or in the caves of the invisible forces which float over the earth's surface, with a bold audacity of grasp of which past ages never dreamt. Men are obstinately and fiercely questioning nature in their laboratories, with their exploring hammers, and with their tele-

scopes, in a spirit which is and will be independent of religion, whether it ought to be so or not. If religious education will go hand in hand and step for step with secular and scientific education, then secular and scientific education cannot refuse the companionship of religious education if it would. But if religious education fails in its duty, and does not go hand in hand and step for step with secular and scientific education, then it is a fact which has been several times proven by experience, that secular and scientific education will turn against religion her telescopes, and exploring hammers, and laboratories, which might have been the allies of religion.

What may be called an expansion of the mind of society has also taken place around us recently, growing out of the speed and facility with which men travel from place to place and from continent to continent. We may devoutly hope that the prophecy of Daniel, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," has its fulfilment, in part, in the great enterprise of colportage combined with the work of missions. But it has certainly another fulfilment also in the great increase of common current knowledge, good and bad, which passes from mind to mind, where so many meet and mingle in the highways of life, to be inflamed by the excitements of the day. In such an age of roving, the range of the common thought of society widens; men's expectations rise; their ambition is inflamed; the demands which they make of those who would instruct them advance. The men of one region of country quickly discover the advantages of their more favored neighbors. They speedily demand similar advantages for themselves; they speedily require the same things to influence them, by which those favored neighbors are influenced.

Even should it be granted that an ignorant ministry answered a good purpose in days which are past, yet, for all that, it may be true, and seems really to be true, that in the times to come, an ignorant ministry would be treason, and

in its consequences the worst of treason, to the cross and the crown of Him whom we serve. There is too much thought awakened in the popular mind by the increase of knowledge, too much of the love of intellectual triumph engendered by the past achievements of science, too much of a wilder and keener than Grecian curiosity awakened by the speed, the romance, the wonders of travel; the spirit of civil life is becoming too vehement and too vivid in the festive gloryings and rejoicings with which it marks the events of senate-halls and battle-fields; there is too much of the zest and wine of social existence among our people; their demand for cultivation in their teachers of all descriptions is too certainly and too justly on the rise, and the causes which have produced this rise are too certain to continue, and that too with increasing force, to leave one sprig of hope for the days to come from a ministry which does not keep fully abreast with the advancing wave.

And whenever there is a class of men in the pulpit who are ignorant men in comparison with those in other professions, so that the men of the world can look down upon the feeble herd with patronizing pity mingled with contempt, then farewell to genteel respect for divine worship, and farewell, sacred majesty of truth as it is in Jesus, and farewell, reverence for the bleeding Lamb of God among men of other educated professions. The dignity of religion will be judged of by the dignity of her ministers; and on the hustings, in the representative chamber, and at the printing press, she will receive a patronizing smile for a time from men who see that that smile is but the forerunner of a more effectual method to dispose of her. We shall see infidel clubs composed of a new spawn of reptiles of the Paine and Voltaire species, again banded together to *crush the wretch!* (as they may again presume to speak of the Son of God) and to crush him, too, with scientific and religious tracts wrested from the feeble hands of his own friends. Close behind that pitying smile of contempt for the ministry we must again expect to see infidel profes-

sors in our seats of learning, infidel editors in our editorial chairs, infidel representatives in our halls, and infidel judges on our benches, brooding like cormorants around the tree of knowledge. In that day, if it come, we cannot hope that there is any way in which Christ can be dishonored, in which his honor along with that of his ministers will not roll in the dust beneath the feet of a wicked and adulterous generation. That generation will be made doubly wicked by the belief that it has achieved a SECOND GREAT VICTORY OF INFIDELITY over religion. The first great apparent victory of infidelity, in the times of the French Revolution, seems to have been intended to teach the need of *piety* along with learning; for it came at a time when we do not know that there was a special lack of learning; but it was also a time when Moderatism and Liberalism, and Latitudinarianism, and Formalism had eaten out piety, and spread death over the purest churches of Christendom. A second great seeming triumph of infidelity may be necessary to teach men the need of *learning* along with piety, and may come when men are trusting too entirely in their religious and missionary zeal and activity, so that the volumes of sound and thorough scholarship are strangers both to their daily and their nightly hands.

Let those who live in that day, if it come, look sharp for things which may well "sear the eyeballs" of the Christian world.

In these days we do not fear that the sacred things of our Zion will be turned into mockery at any such feasts as that of Belshazzar in his palace at Babylon of old; we do not trouble ourselves with the fear that the streets of any of our American cities may witness scenes like that which Paris presented on the famous night of St. Bartholomew; we do not realize that there can ever be hunted Covenanters on our mountain-sides, fleeing from the dragoons of a Sadducean tyrant, because our present liberty seems to go before us, like an eagle, and sweep such things out of our future path, and because the invincible prowess in arms of

this land of freedom appears to be an eternal protection from the iron heel of the despot. But let our liberty be once lost, as lost full well it may be, amid our tangled politics and from the constant, imperceptible revolutions in the spirits of the people, and let the church of Christ lose its power to command respect and exert influence over the popular mind—then we may see Covenanters hunted by dragoons, and staining with their blood the strongholds of mountains nearer to us than those of Scotland; we may see martyr-blood flowing in torrents down the gutters of cities nearer to us than that in which

“Good Coligny’s hoary head was dabbled with his blood.”

We may see feasts of mockery at the holiest things of Zion celebrated in palaces nearer to us than the palace of Belshazzar in Babylon.

And when that dark day shall have come, and Zion shall be suffering, through the neglect of her friends, the evils which she fondly thought she could suffer only through the malice of her enemies; when her liberties are gone, and her enemies are her own countrymen; and when she shall look back with sighs of regret for the blessings she enjoyed even in the ancient days of despotism, and could almost pray for their return over all the world, that some Queen Elizabeth or some Protector Cromwell might again champion her cause the world over—*then* it shall appear that the very invincible prowess in arms in this land of ours, in which we now feel so much security, as it protects us from foreign *harm*, will be her most dreadful evil, because it will erect around her a wall of iron to imprison her from foreign *help*. And the myrmidons of sin and perdition will then shout aloud, with a bolder note of triumph than ever, that Christianity has been, as they think, fairly tried in a land of complete freedom, and found wanting.

CONCLUSION.

1. Will not fathers and brethren, who hold the keys of ordination to the sacred office, permit these things to stir

them up to new purposes of fidelity to that trust? Is there not too much involved in the character of the ministry in coming years to leave any excuse for slovenly examinations, or unconstitutional liberality, or any other feeling or conduct which may be easy to the shrinking flesh at the moment, but which is to produce evil effects hereafter?

2. It would seem that any hand which is ever opened at all in Christian liberality ought to be opened in this cause. It would seem that any heart which ever indulges itself at all in the luxury of good deeds may find that luxury here; that whoever feels for the generations who are to succeed us in this land, that deep and wise anxiety for their spiritual health which the Christian must feel, or that deep and wise anxiety for their social well-being which the patriot ought to feel, could find no better, no more rational, and no more hopeful way to express that anxiety than by employing his substance to promote the thorough education of the Christian ministry.

OUR ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.¹

IT is not certain to us that the right idea of a Christian book for wide circulation, addressed to the more cultivated minds of the country, has yet been clearly seen. And we stop not to clear ourselves of the charge of arrogance, which illiberal minds might be tempted to impute, while we undertake to contribute some small share of suggestion to facilitate the production of so excellent and desirable a work.

A book ought, in fact, to be a work of art just as much as is a marble statue of Washington, or a painting of the Declaration of Independence. It must not only handle an important subject in an able and intelligent manner, with sound doctrine, and in a pious spirit, but must so handle that subject as to win favor with the reader, and array his reason, his judgment, his conscience, his tastes, and even his imagination if possible, against sin and in favor of the cross of the Lord Jesus. It is of no avail how excellent the matter may be, and how pious the spirit, if the manner of the composition be not such that it will be read and respected. A good book, coarsely, carelessly, loosely written, will not be much read, and will soon pass out of notice; while a bad book, replete with the charms of bold and high intellectual processes, adorned with the elegances of a rich and classic style, and coming down broadly to the daily feelings and impulses of human nature, with elegant and insidious falsehoods, will be read and will do manifold mischief. We cannot think that a Board of Publication, ap-

¹ An article published in *The Southern Presbyterian Review* for January, 1853.

pointed to provide (at least a supplement to) the religious literature of a people, is in the performance of its whole duty if it does not enter into a competition with wicked books for influence over such minds as can be influenced only by elegance and taste. It is much desired by the writer that he may speak without dogmatism on this point, and with submission to the judgment of those who may be better acquainted than he with the exigencies of the country and of the times. But to him it does seem that among the ruinous mistakes of the times concerning religious writing is the opinion that style, and manner, and maturity, and classic finish, are less to be regarded there than in other productions; the error of being in a great hurry in the production of a religious book, of skimming off the mere froth of religious meditations, convictions, and impulses, and calling the records of them literature. It is not every thought of a strong mind, nor every impulse of a pious heart, nor every conception of a gifted imagination which is worth being recorded, or of which the record is worth being read. Do not undertake to serve me on the printed page, any more than in the pulpit, with a strain of mere extempore thought which you have not yourself deliberately examined and pondered to see whether it is indeed true, appropriate, and in good taste. The great musician, Haydn, was a long time employed in the composition of his masterly oratorio, the "Creation." When some friends urged him to bring it to a conclusion, he replied: "I spend a long time upon it, because I intend it to last a long time." The same remark will hold good in the production of a book. This is conceded. It is true in the production of a religious book. This is not so generally conceded; for it seems to be thought that the soundness, the truthfulness, the piety of a literary production will attract readers to it, let its artistic merits be what they may. There would be a certain propriety in this reliance if all persons for whose perusal religious books are designed were lovers of soundness, truth and piety. Even then there would not

be a complete propriety in it; for the more finished and beautiful work would make a deeper impression on the minds of its readers while it continued extant, and it would continue extant a longer time to make that impression. And, according to this plan, the board which issues books irrespective of their artistic excellence must suppose itself to be publishing only, or mainly, for those who are already pious. In other words, it must yield the aggressive and missionary feature in its organization. There is little propriety in such a rule as applicable to persons not pious, and not piously inclined. If we may suppose a crudely and hastily written book, and a classic and elegant one, to be published, side by side, by the same press, to be bound in the same style, with the same soundness of matter, and to be borne through the country in the hands of agencies and colportage, with the same zeal and with equal commendations, it is but a truism to say, that the latter would be by far the more valuable 'of the two. And as soon as the experience of perusal came out in relation to them both, the value of the one would wax, and that of the other wane, indefinitely to the end. We believe solemnly, that a majority of readers of all classes, and a vast majority of irreligious readers, are now, and are to be in a much greater degree hereafter, attracted to the perusal of religious books by the taste, and elegance, and maturity of finish, and power of thought displayed in them.

We do not choose to place in doubt at all, in this place, the ardent piety, the intellectual mightiness, the eagle-eyed visions of the truth as it is in Jesus, of those men of other days whom the lying tongue of detraction has been compelled, by an overruling and divine Nemesis, for once to speak truth in calling PURITANS. They stamped their greatness so deeply upon the things of earth and of time that the pen of malignant history has not been able to murder their good names among men. And while God shall dwell in immortality on high, and shall continue to send out upon this earth from his lofty throne the messages of

that Nemesis, to raise up the struggling truth, and crush down to dust the crested lie, their memories will continue to flourish among pious men on earth. On that dependence their good name has long rested. There it may safely still be left to rest. We do not acknowledge any band, or any section of modern fanatics, to be their legitimate successors, or their true spiritual children at all. We shrink not from the duty, we claim the right, to cut deeper their records on the crumbling stone, and to twine their tombs with honors ever green. It is as much as could have been expected of them to uphold truth and liberty against tyrants and Sadducees in their generation, as they did. Let that generation make light of them that has done a greater work than they did, and has done it more nobly. If they rest in peace till then, they will sleep long in peace.

But the Puritans did not see all things correctly. It is not given to any generation of men to be free from all error and mistake. Their great mistake was an attempted separation of the spirit of pure religion from the spirit of the beautiful. We do not quarrel with the Ironsides of Cromwell for breaking out the idol-images of the Virgin and Son from the cathedral windows of England; for it was probably designed as an insult to the Protestant feeling of the country when Laud and his semi-papists had them put there. Nor do we quarrel with John Knox for such destruction of the cathedrals in Scotland as was necessary to drive away from their nests the lazy and iniquitous monks of that day. But simply, we do dissent from all men who think that there is sin in things beautiful of themselves, and when disconnected with superstition, with carnality, and with pollution of manners. We say no word in favor of the theatre, the circus, the mass, the gaudy and superstitious procession on the days of the saints. Yet it is astonishing how large a part such things as these continue to bear, even in the literature of the present day, which is devoured with greed by many of the people of the United States. *Mankind run after false beauty in literature, for want of the proper exhibition of the true.* Look, then, into

the Bible, and behold how beautifully the finger of God has written it. Look, then, into the pages of the visible creation, and behold how much that is beautiful the hand of God has fashioned in it. Look, then, upon the pages of the book of history and of providence, and see how many things noble and beautiful are in the records of the moral world, wherever the waves of sin have been, in any degree, beaten back from its shores. If man will never give me another book in which pure religion is mingled with the light of cheerful hope and sinless joy, in which not only have righteousness and peace kissed each other, but truth and beauty have embraced in ever-during wedlock—still I have one such book, at least, and that book is the WORD OF MY GOD. I have another such a book, in fact. We may read solid and sacred truth in the mountain and in the forest, on the earth and in the sky, in the face of the day and in the face of the night, and around them all there hang the wonderful robes of beauty in which their Maker dressed them. The living and holy God is no enemy of the beautiful. He stretched the robes of glory over the work of his hands, and he breathed into man the power to enjoy it. Most devoutly do we wish that our ecclesiastical literature might be fashioned after such models as these. We believe it would be one considerable step in advance towards the spread of a sound and sober religion over the continent of America, if we could make our ecclesiastical literature graceful and elegant.

It would be another mighty step in the same direction, if we could diffuse a broad light of *cheerfulness* over it. Neither the piety of the Protestant world, nor the record of that piety in religious biographies, is yet free from fanaticism. Men have not yet entirely escaped the influence of the ancient mistake, that it is the nature of religion to be sour and distressing. We do not seem yet to have learned as effectually as it would be well to learn, that a gloomy and morose temper of life is not to be attributed to the influence of the grace of God upon the soul of man, but to a deficiency of that influence. That first great and

necessary effect of divine grace and truth upon the soul by which it is awakened to its own lost condition and convinced of the aggregated guilt of sin, of course marks a gloomy period in the history of the soul. So far from thinking that deep impressions of demerit in the sight of God is a mark of fanaticism, as some ungodly writers, who are enemies to the cross of Christ, use the word in modern times, we believe that there can be no sound religion, ordinarily, but that which has its foundation in such a conviction. "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came sin revived, and I died." And that remarkable period in Christian life ought to have a very distinct and ample place of record in a complete religious literature. But the records of the soul, even at that time, are not altogether gloomy. The darkness is intense, it is true. The conflict is often severe. But the Lord Jesus is at hand. The hideous forms of horror which the law sets upon the soul stop their pursuit, and drop their murderous implements, when the soul finds refuge in him. Every Christian probably looks back to that period with deep, earnest seriousness of feeling. But is it a feeling of gloom and sorrow with which he looks back to that period of his life? Did any man in his senses ever sit down and grieve over the fact that a knowledge of the divine law, and knowledge of himself, had scourged him out of all self-dependence, and stripped him of his own miserable self-righteousness, and driven him, by fierce and relentless pursuit, to take refuge in God's own appointed stronghold? Certainly not. That period of Christian life is not gloomy to subsequent contemplation. It is the foundation of the soul's eternal thanksgiving, the birth of eternal life, the dawn of hope, the first of many days of the triumph of victorious, sovereign, electing grace.

There are often periods of gloom in Christian life, it is admitted, which are to be recorded in Christian biographies. But they are records of imperfectness, and ought to be so treated. We have no right to describe such periods as patterns for the experience of others. A greater

portion of the sacred Scriptures is devoted to the comfort of God's people than probably to any other single practical subject, except their duty to keep clear of sin. A Christian life, therefore, which is gloomy, is either one which does not rest with a proper faith upon the promises of God, or it is one upon which there rests the guilt of some undiscovered and unrepented sin, or it is owing to some physical cause. Upon this deeply interesting point, upon which we could wish to dwell for a greater space than it is proper here to occupy, we could wish our ecclesiastical literature not to take Jonathan Edwards, or David Brainerd, or even Henry Martyn, for their models. They are books which, excellent in many respects as they are, we never lay down without some gloom, for which we do not think religion is responsible. We may not be able to say exactly what that gloom is owing to. We think, however, that it is this: that such books leave with the reader the impression that the struggle of the church, to bring this world to the allegiance of the Lord Jesus, is a more hopeless and desperate struggle than the Scriptures represent it to be. There is not in them enough of the light of assured hope, which the revealed purposes of God fully justify. We could wish rather to adopt, as models, the grand intellectual and spiritual joyousness of John Howe; the earnest, glad, hearty piety of Samuel Rutherford; and the wonderfully placid and happy genius of John Bunyan.

Refreshing indeed it would be to see now and then, at least once in a lustrum, or a decade, some sacred classic, as finished and elegant as Hall's sermon on *Modern Infidelity*, as thoroughly religious as Cecil's *Remains*, or Newton's *Cardiphonia*; freely opening itself to all the innocent emotions, all the sweet charities, on every side, which cluster, like a choir of Graces, around social Christian life; and employing with thankfulness every ray of joy, spiritual or natural, which God has made to shine upon the pious heart; a cheerful book, without vanity or pride; a happy book, without carnal sensuality; an attractive book, without reckless and blaspheming ungodliness; a

pious book, without fanaticism; a classic book, without a stoical or heathenish spirit; an American book, without crude and slipshod haste.

But you are setting up a mere ideal standard of perfection to which the mind of man never did attain, and to which it never can attain! says some ever-ready oracle of despondency. We do not believe this oracle of despondency to be true. We believe that the oracle *Philippizes*, as Demosthenes charged the oracle at Delphi with doing during the struggle between Athens and Macedon. We believe that its tongue twists to the side of the strong despotism of *common-place*, which is gathering the whole republic of religious letters in its grasp; and that it does not speak from the inspiration of heavenly or of terrestrial truth.

The American mind is not really imbecile, effete, or worn out in any respect. With all the recklessness of party rage, too often attributable to literal drunkenness, which shows itself in the American Congress, we still firmly believe that there is as much of genuine intellect, in the aggregate, in the two houses of that body, as there ever was at any former period of our history. Speeches have been delivered there during the session which has just closed, which would have done honor to any session which has been held since the formation of the Federal constitution. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Letter-writers go about at the seat of government, to scrape up news for papers of all descriptions, who are not specially opposed to the retail of defamation, because that spicy article is admirable seasoning for one of the epistles in which their occupation consists. Especially when one of these epistles is threatened with that disease of vacuity, which nature and news-mongers both abhor, they occupy the space, and blacken the fair sheet, with lamentations over the follies of Congress, and the degeneracy of the times. It is true that the mighty men, whose light has been in those halls for forty years,

and who belonged, in fact, to a foregoing generation, have nearly all passed away. The great Carolinian and the great Kentuckian both sleep in the soil of the States which so loved and honored and cherished them while living. And the great man of the North, their contemporary and their rival, who, like either of them, would have been *facile princeps* of any other three men of the times, yet lingers on the stage, obviously but for a short time,¹ while they in whose giant wars he has borne his part have nearly all passed by. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." Their successors, we do not rashly say, their equals, have sprung up, and are springing up, and will spring up, in the broad States.

There is not a single sign extant upon the horizon that the God of nature intends to stint his gifts of wisdom and of worth to the generation which now is, or to those which are to come, of the human race. Freedom of thought and action is one thing which brings out strong minds, and that we have. Objects of real magnitude and importance constitute another circumstance necessary for the development of the highest mental gifts; and they are here to an extent which exaggerating rhetoric itself cannot hide from view. And another circumstance adapted strongly to contribute to the vigor of the human mind is a natural form of civilization, not encrusted with artificial distinctions in society, or with the soulless traditions of a ceremonial religion; but one which sets the powers of man to work with natural and real force, that he may strive, and his strength may grow, from conflicts which necessarily belong to the mystery of this life. These great elements of a powerful literature are not wanting in this country. When the era of emigration shall have, in a great measure, passed by, and the intellect of the country shall have gone steadily to work with the circumstances around it, it will then be seen, if we mistake not, that these conditions of a high mental development are to be found here more than they have ever been found elsewhere.

¹ Gone! before this sentence could be issued from the press.—*Eds. So. Pr. Rev.*

If the mind of any European race, or of all the European races, is *effete*, that is still not a reason to conclude that the American mind is so at all. We employ the English language chiefly, it is true, and our earliest colonies were from that island; yet we are not simply a scion of the English stock. Nor are we a French race simply, even in our Huguenot settlements. Nor are we a pure Scotch-Irish race, even in Western Pennsylvania and the Valley of Virginia. Nor are we a Dutch race, even on the Hudson river. Nor are we a Spanish race, even in Florida and Texas. We are simply an American race—such a mingling of all those races as will secure us, for many generations to come, from either physical or mental degeneracy. We are rapidly losing all similarity to those who remain in our aboriginal seats in Europe. We are fast assimilating to each other, and assuming one or two definite types of character. The world has never witnessed circumstances of this description better adapted to, or more requiring, high intellectual gifts, a high, pure, powerful, evangelical literature.

When the habits, manners and customs of our people become formed and settled in a definite type, befitting the institutions of the country, there must be about them much of that republican simplicity, in all the deed and speech and thought of life, in which nature prevails and shows itself, more than under other forms of civil government. We have not the ruined abbeys and the haunted castles and the traditionary ghosts of the European countries. We have in our annals no Montrose, no Dundee, no Wallenstein, fighting for false principle, and embalming the memory of corrupt superstitions by a wild and picturesque chivalry. We have, on the other hand, no Prince of Orange, no Gustavus Adolphus, no Cromwell, maintaining with sword and pike the truth of God, at periods of time picturesque beyond all others in their outward shows, and with a pious heroism worthy of eternal record. Yet we have some history of our own, which is not mean in heroes and heroic deeds, of which Fourth-of-July orations speak

but too much, and of which there is not time here to speak. Only it has not in it the worship of kings, nobles, and bishops; it gapes not after palaces and pomps, abbeys, castles and cathedrals. That is, it is natural and republican. And we have the hand of God's providence, working its own wonders in human life, public and private—showing nature at work in her eternal freshness, and leading us more deeply into those wonders of human nature which are really worthy of study than would be possible under the antiquated and artificial systems of Europe. And it is not crowns, coronets, ribbons, garters, or hoary superstitions, which render the providence of God interesting. It is how his hand leads the noblemen of his own creating, with genuine piety and true heroism and unsullied purity, through a life of wise and practical usefulness on earth, shining with many good and noble deeds, to an honorable and worthy close of life, and a death of real glory, and a sure entrance upon a happy immortality. We trust that by and by we shall see such things recorded in graceful and classic books, full of the spirit of a pure gospel, in an American language, addressing itself warmly to American hearts. To this we may add the hope that spiritual religion may get the start of the hierarchical spirit, in consecrating to itself the scenery of our country, by a classic literature, breathing its spirit around cascade and cave, lake, bay, river, and mountain, and all notable objects of the land; and the further hope that religious literature may not continue to neglect, as it has done, the peculiar political phenomena of the country, but that it may utter its voice of instruction and warning, stating the principles of Christian morality, irrespective of political parties, which apply to presidential canvasses and all electioneering contests, and to the proceedings of legislative bodies, and to the judgments of the judicial bench, and to the deliberations of the executive chamber, and to all the actions of man—his interests, his duties, his hopes, and his fears—as the citizen of a free republic on earth, and the subject of a sovereign God in Heaven.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.¹

WE have found the new volume of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné to be even a more readable one than either of the preceding volumes. It contains some preliminary notices of the early British Church, its "oriento-apostolical formation," its "national-papistical and royal-papistical corruption," the lingering of the truth on the island of Iona, the teaching of St. Patrick, of Columba, of Oswald, and of Aidan, and the recognized equality of the office of bishop and presbyter in those earlier and purer times, which will doubtless be new and refreshing to many of the thousands of readers which the volume will attract. This volume comes down only to the death of Cardinal Wolsey, in the year 1530. It will be apt to suggest to many of its readers, who have also been readers of the former volumes of the series, a comparison between the Reformation in England and the Reformation in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Scotland. How was it that the results in England differed from the results in all other countries? We make use of the occasion of the appearance of this volume, when the subject will be in many minds, to present the solution of this question as it appears to us, without confining our view to the small period of the strictly reforming era which the volume covers.

Out of the glowing furnace of the Reformation there came, generally speaking, one single unique stamp of personal character, and one single unique stamp of view and practice on the fundamental principles of church govern-

¹ This article appeared in *The Southern Presbyterian Review* for October, 1853, reviewing *History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century*, Vol. V. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D.

ment. This is a general, not a universal, remark. There is apparently a very prominent exception in the Reformation in the kingdom of England. It is an exception, not as to the stamp of the theological doctrine, nor as to the stamp of personal character, but as to the fundamental principles of church government. A Calvinistic theology was the universal theology of the Reformation. Intense activity, and yet a thorough dependence on God, was the universal type of personal character at the time of the Reformation. And the equality of the Christian clergy, in rank and order, was the universal principle of the Reformation—church government, without any exception that we know of, save that which is to be found in the kingdom of England.

Now, if we will correctly conceive of the state of things as it was in the sixteenth century, that the word of God had been long buried; that it then had an extensive, if not general, resurrection; that it struck upon the hearts and consciences of men with a sharpness, a novelty, a freshness of impression unknown in Protestant Christendom in our day; that there were then among Protestants no such historical roots of bitterness as there are now, lying backward in the struggles and the principles of their ecclesiastical ancestry, among the heats and the quarrels of former times, as sources of perpetual division; but that the spiritual men of that day were a company of the new-born sons of the Spirit of God, cotemporary brethren in Jesus Christ, *owing* obedience to his sovereign word, and *owing* it to nothing else,—we shall see that there was then the best chance which has occurred in the church since the days of the apostles for “simple conviction,” for upright conscience and unbiassed judgment on the great matters of Christianity, about which men have been, ever since, so prone to differ and divide. The harmony of theological opinion among the children of God in England and his children elsewhere at that time, and the harmony of that noble personal character exhibited in England, with the noble spirits of other lands, towards all of whom the Christian reader’s heart must go out in deep ven-

eration and ardent affection, are things which may well set us to look into the circumstances of the English Reformation to find the cause of the variation which did arise on the other subject of church government. If there ever was a generation of uninspired men whose names deserve to have weight as authorities on party questions, it is the generation of the Reformers of the sixteenth century; from the absence of sinister motives, the freedom from traditional causes of quarrel, the freshness of the word of God to their minds, and the deep and faithful subjection with which they yielded themselves to the divine guidance.

Looking at the Reformation from this point of view, we have an unbroken testimony to what has subsequently been called, from the name of the greatest thinker among them, a Calvinistic theology. In this sense of the word, Luther was a Calvinist, Zwingle was a Calvinist, Cranmer was a Calvinist, Knox was a Calvinist, Farel and Vinet were Calvinists, Melancthon and Gualtier were Calvinists, Melville and Buchanan were Calvinists, Hooper, Bradford, Jewel, and Parker were Calvinists. The only alleged exception to the remark is old Father Latimer, a good man and a good preacher, of popular talents as an orator, but no great thinker—the George Whitefield of that day, of whom the most that can be said is, that he left a doubt upon the question whether he was a Calvinist or not, which none of the other Reformers did.

Looking at the Reformation from this point of view, we also get an unbroken testimony to the great practical truth, that the doctrine of the divine sovereignty is not the same thing as fatalism; that it does not legitimately produce a lazy and indolent character, or an inactive life, or a guilty tempting of Providence by waiting for his sovereignty to accomplish its purposes without human agency and the diligent appliance of human instrumentalities. Luther trusted in God's sovereignty—we may almost say that he *utterly* trusted in God; yet Luther was a diligent and in-

cessant worker, an earnest employer of all human means and appliances. So also did Calvin trust in God and work. So also did Zwingle trust and work. So did Knox. So did Cranmer. So did Hooper, and so did Jewel. So, indeed, have all men of any note, from the days of the Apostle Paul to the moment of the present writing, refuted the great calumny of fatalism brought against the doctrines of grace, by the shining actions of their lives speaking louder far than by the professions of their tongues. Looking, for further example, at the lives of such men as Jonathan Edwards, and John Witherspoon, and George Whitefield, and Samuel Davies, men who were as much alike in the deep and earnest labor of their lives as they were in thorough trust in the sovereign power and purpose of God, the charge against Calvinism of being the parent of an inert fanaticism is crisped and consumed as thoroughly as the other unveracities of time and earth will be by the searchings of the final day. There was no variation, either of sentiment or of practice, on this subject worth speaking of during the times of the Reformation.

The question very naturally arises, then, did the Word speak with a forked tongue on the other subject, the subject of church government and the kindred topics, in the ears of the Reformers? In their honest investigations, and with their faithful consciences, how came they to be divided on this subject any more than on the others? How did it happen that the Church of England parted company with the churches of other countries on the subject of church government, as they came out of the furnace of the Reformation? Some investigation of that question is proposed in the present article, and a consequent vindication of the word of God and the English Reformers from the charges respectively of not having given and not having received impressions homogeneous with those of reformation in other lands. If we shall be successful in this undertaking, we submit whether the result will not be one of the most signal of all proofs which the course of human

events has furnished in the flight of time of the right which the sceptre of Jesus Christ—that is, his word—possesses to rule the opinions and to bind the consciences of men, in the fact that nations far apart, speaking different languages, of different national habits, starting under different circumstances, and with different traditions, yet all looking into the eternal word with unbiased judgments and faithful hearts, drew from thence the same stamp of theological doctrine, the same type of practical character, and the same fundamental principles of church government.

Three things came out of the Reformation in England which did not come out of it in other countries.

I. The ROYAL SUPREMACY; that is, the principle that the king or queen of England is the head of the Church of England.

II. The EPISCOPAL ORDER OF MINISTERS; that is, the principle that important power of government and discipline are exclusively vested in an upper and superior rank of pastors, to whom other pastors of the church are subject and inferior in rank, order and office.

III. The LEGISLATIVE POWER ON EARTH; that is, the doctrine that the church of Christ has the right to decree and enact rites and ceremonies for itself, which are not to be found in the word of God; and this doctrine so put into practice as to resolve itself into the other and still more flagrant doctrine, that the *civil* legislature has the right to make such decrees and enactments for the church of Christ.

These three things mainly distinguish the Reformation in England from the Reformation in other countries.

Our purpose is to show that the newly uttered voice of the word of God did not produce either of these peculiarities of the English Reformation; that the Divine word really spoke to the Reformers in that kingdom on these points with the same sound and voice with which it spoke to the other Reformers; that it was actually heard and understood by them as it was by the others; that the

causes of the variations of that church are to be looked for entirely apart from the consciences of the chief servants of Jesus Christ at the time; that the testimony of the men of that time is, in fact, one, single and simple, on *all* the points mentioned, and that we have, indeed, as we might suppose we should have under the circumstances, the unanimous voice, the homogeneous views, of all the men of that great era, in all countries, and with all their various antecedents, to certain great principles of faith and practice drawn from the word of the living God. And if ever that fond vision of many good, enthusiastic men of modern times—the union of Protestant Christendom into one really pure and truly Catholic communion—shall ever assume any shape of probability worth attention, it is hard to see a more eligible basis of such union than is to be found in the general consent of those wise and holy men, the Reformers of the sixteenth century.

It is obvious that we must distinguish, at the outset, between the will of the Reformers and the acts of church construction; between what those men would have done who consulted the word of God, and put themselves under its guidance, and what those men did do who set up the English Church; between what the judgments and consciences of the spiritual men dictated, and what the civil authorities decreed and established in the church.

I. The ROYAL SUPREMACY, which was established in the English Church at the time of the Reformation, and continues in it to this day, being at once a great ecclesiastical blunder, and a great hindrance to the correction of ecclesiastical blunders, comes first to be looked at.

It was about the year 1521, the year in which Luther was arraigned at the great Diet of Worms, that King Henry VIII. of England, being a very zealous papist, and a special admirer of the angelical doctor and eagle of divines, Thomas Aquinas, hearing that Dr. Luther was exciting a great ferment in Germany, and that, among other strange things, the heretical Doctor was hotly assailing his favorite

Aquinas, wrote, with his own royal hand, a book against Martin Luther, entitled *The Seven Sacraments*, sent an elegantly bound copy of that book to Pope Leo X., as a proof of his royal zeal for holy mother church, and in reward for the zeal and the book, and in compliment to his right royal and orthodox wisdom, received from Pope Leo the title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, which his successors on the great heretical throne of Europe have ever since proudly worn.

But about the year 1527, there appeared, for the second time, among the maids of honor of Queen Catherine, a young woman of remarkable beauty, who had been, for five or six years previously to that time, receiving her education and accomplishments in the city of Paris, and in the retinue of Queen Claude of France. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire, grand-daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and great-grand-daughter of the Earl of Ormond, and of Sir Geoffery Boleyn, Lord Mayor of London. She had been a short while at the English court, five years before this time, and had then been contracted in marriage to young Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland; but Wolsey, in whose train Percy was then a follower, broke off the engagement; and as Percy was very soon married to Mary Talbot, Anne did not find England a pleasant place, and returned again to the French court. By all accounts, Queen Catherine was one of the most charming women of her day. She had been the wife of the short-lived Prince Arthur. Henry had been married to her for eighteen years. But with the young and beautiful Anne Boleyn, who was to be the mother of a great queen, and of a great revolution, he now fell very suddenly and very violently in love. It is a question which has never yet been settled to the satisfaction of observing minds, acquainted with royal human nature, whether King Henry VIII. had already begun to have scruples about the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow before the year 1527, or whether those

scruples did not originate exactly coterminously with the appearance at the English court of Anne Boleyn, the great aristocratic beauty with the bright eyes and the Parisian accomplishments. If we are to believe the word of the proud, jealous and uxorious Defender of the Faith and author of *The Seven Sacraments* himself, some scruples had arisen in his mind before this time. But if we credit the sternest probabilities, especially those drawn from what he afterwards proved himself to be, then we cannot quite give implicit credence to the Defender of the Faith on that point. At least, we must allow that, though his scruples about the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow had previously grown very slowly, and been very manageable, through a wedded life of eighteen years, they now grew very rapidly, in the sight of the sweet face and the bright eyes and the Parisian accomplishments of the aristocratic beauty, and came quickly to maturity in a few months.

In the year 1528, on application of the Defender of the Faith, the Pope sent Cardinal Campeggio into England, there to be joined in commission with Cardinal Wolsey, as legates of the Holy See, to try the cause of the king's divorce from Catherine of Arragon. But Catherine of Arragon was the aunt of the great Emperor Charles V., and was therefore strongly befriended in Europe; and so the Pope directed Campeggio to avoid an issue of the cause, and to seek delay above all things; and finally, after long temporizing, recalled Cardinal Campeggio from England. During the sluggish length of time, when the king of England was knocking as a suppliant at the door of the Pope of Rome, the Royal Tudor was heard occasionally to drop threats which might have alarmed any other Pope than one who had the terrible fear of Charles V. before his eyes; that "he would do what he wished *of his own authority*." — "We must prosecute the affair in *England*." "No other than God shall take her (Anne Boleyn) from me." "If I am not allowed to have my way in that affair, then Eng-

land shall no longer remain a Popish country." But the Pope could not bring himself to believe that there was danger of the Defender of the Faith himself turning heretic; and so, to please Charles V., he issued an avocation of the cause of the divorce to the pontifical court, and cited Henry and Catherine to appear in person or by proxy at Rome, that the cause might be tried. This was a great blunder of the Pope of Rome, for Henry VIII. had already begun to dislike the idea of a head of the English Church, or of anything else English, having to be sought for out of England, or, indeed, out of the doublet and hose of the Royal Tudor himself.

In the month of July, 1529, King Henry, wearied and fretted with the unending trickery and manœuvring of the court of Rome, rode out of London for a summer airing in the country, attended by Gardiner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and Fox, afterwards Bishop of Hereford; and when he stopped for the night, these two courtiers were quartered with a Mr. Cressy, at Waltham Abbey. This Mr. Cressy had two sons of an age to be getting an education, and so there was a young scholar from Cambridge, a relative of the family, domiciliated in Mr. Cressy's house at the time, as tutor to his two sons. This young Cambridge man had been diligently studying the newly printed Scriptures, like Tyndale, and Frith, and Barnes, and Stafford, and Bilney, and Latimer. He was to return to the University. He was absent from there now only on account of a severe sickness prevailing about Cambridge. He was always a rather timid man—this Doctor Cranmer. Fox, Gardiner, and Cranmer sat together to supper at Mr. Cressy's hospitable board, and the conversation turned upon the king's divorce, the all-absorbing subject in England at that time. On being politely asked his opinion, Mr. Cranmer replied that he saw no end to the Papal negotiations touching that matter; that the real question was, what does the word of God say about it; and he did not see why that question could not be solved as well by the

learned men of the English Universities as by the Pope and his counsellors. When the two courtiers rejoined the king, they of course at once reported to him the novel suggestion of the Cambridge man; and the king instantly cried out, in the true Tudor dialect: "Where is this Dr. Cranmer, for I perceive that he has the right sow by the ear." Dr. Cranmer had made his fortune by this suggestion. He was immediately sent for to London, located in the house of the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the fair Helen, and directed to write out his opinion concerning the divorce. Then came the sudden fall from his dizzy height of that once great son of fortune, Cardinal Wolsey, who

"At last with easy roads did come to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words: O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed."

Dr. Thomas Cranmer now became the king's favorite adviser instead of Wolsey, and not long afterwards was made Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England.

Now, let us mark the course of events, and what point of reform it is which they signify. In the year 1530, a royal proclamation was issued, forbidding the introduction into, or publication in, England of any bull from Rome, under pain of the royal displeasure and of legal penalties. In the year 1531, the clergy of England were indicted in a body in the Court of King's Bench, for having acknowledged the legatine authority of Wolsey in the affair of the divorce. In the year 1532, an act of Parliament was passed abolishing the payment of annates, or first fruits, to Rome. In the year 1533, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn were married at Whitehall, and Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1533-'4, acts of Parliament were:

passed declaring it to be no heresy to speak against the bishop of Rome, otherwise called the Pope, and that the clergy of England should hereafter be subject to the king's majesty, and not the Pope; that there should be no appeal taken thereafter from England to Rome under penalty of a præmunire; that bishops and archbishops should be elected under the king's letters patent, and not presented by the Pope, as formerly, and that Peter's-pence, and all other taxes hitherto paid to Rome, should be abolished. In the session of November, 1534, the king was confirmed, by the advice of Thomas Cromwell, in the office and title of Supreme Head of the Church of England on earth, with the sole right to reform and correct all heresies by his own authority; and the first fruits, and also a yearly tenth of all spiritual livings, were made over to the crown.

This is the first chapter of the English Reformation, so far as it consists of those acts of public authority by which the church was constructed. It is very plain that it was of the earth earthly, almost simply and only a revolt from a pope at Rome to a pope in England; from a priest-pope to king-pope; from a pope who might not have any lawful wife at all, to a pope who would have for wife whom he would have for wife. It is equally plain that the doctrine of the king's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters originated with the king and the Parliament, and from the quarrel with Rome and the supposed exigencies of the times, and not from the word of God.

It is true that the under-current of a spiritual reformation had began to flow in England, by means of Erasmus's Greek Testament and Tyndale's English Bible, and the teachings and expositions of Bilney, and Frith, and Stafford, and Latimer; but this true reforming work of the divine word and of the divine Spirit had very little to do with those who were working out the English visible church. The two movements were totally different things. They met only in Cranmer and in some of the laymen of the House of Commons. In the session of Parliament of

November, 1530, acts of Parliament were passed leveled at the exactions of the clergy for the probate of wills, mortuaries, non-residences, and for their practice of being farmers of lands. But it was with the laymen in the House of Commons, who were believed to favor Luther's doctrine in their hearts, that these bills originated. They were strenuously opposed by the spiritual peers in the House of Lords, and as strenuously advocated by the temporal peers; and the king gave them his royal assent much as a traveller in the east thrashes his valet, to *strike terror* into the Pope, by letting him see what the Royal Tudor could do if the Royal Tudor should be driven to extremities. They were as strenuously opposed by the clergy out of Parliament as they had been by the clergy in Parliament.¹

It was fourteen or fifteen years after this time before any change was made in the Romish Common Prayer Book of the kingdom of England. The king retained his papist convictions concerning other matters of religion besides the supremacy. And we have the authority of Bishop Short, in his *History of the Church of England*, his own church, for asserting that that church could not be called a Protestant church at all under Henry VIII. in any other respect than that the king was the head of it, and not the Pope. In fact, the Church of England, visibly considered, received its stamp much more from the royal mind than from the word of God, through the whole four reigns of the Reformation period. Henry VIII. was an English Roman Catholic, and so the Church of England was an English Roman Catholic church under Henry VIII. Edward VI. was a strong Protestant in inclination, and so the Church of England inclined strongly to Protestantism under Edward VI. Bloody Mary was thoroughly popish and Romish, and so was the vast mass of the Church of England in her day. Elizabeth was half popish and half Protestant in heart, with the strong necessity, from her political position, of taking the Protestant side, and such also was the Eng-

¹ *Burnet's Hist. Ref.*, Vol. I., p. 134.

lish Church under Elizabeth. In fact, if Queen Elizabeth had not been the daughter of that Anne Boleyn, to find the way to whose arms the King of England had quarrelled with the Pope of Rome, so that both the splendors of the throne and the honors of legitimate birth conspired with whatever of filial affection she possessed to throw her upon the English side of that dispute, there is not wanting some good ground to think that, at one time during her reign, she was willing to make the same sort of return to Rome that her sister Mary made before her.

The student may find at length, in Burnet (Vol. i., pp. 229 and 230) the arguments by which the supremacy of the king was attempted to be justified at the time when it was established; where he will be amused to find no distinction made between the king's civil supremacy over the ecclesiastics and his ecclesiastical supremacy over them; a total confusion of the rightful authority of the king over them in civil cases, when they are regarded as citizens of the country, with the king's authority over them in spiritual matters, when they are regarded as members of the church of Jesus Christ. One of the grossest abuses of Rome had been to deny that churchmen could be punished by the civil authorities of England, even for the most aggravated offences against social good order and public morals. The arguments for the royal supremacy do fairly meet that assumption, and fully refute that monstrous piece of popish arrogance. They are totally irrelevant and impertinent to prove that the king, or any one else, is, or can be, head of Christ's church on earth in spiritual matters, and considered as a church: that great point of spiritual freedom which the Church of Scotland has in all ages shown so much true valor and won so much true spiritual glory in vindicating. Nor are Rome and Scotland to be placed side by side in the same condemnation with any truth or justice, as was sometimes done by the tame and sorry Erastianism of the *Via Media*, so called. Had Rome asserted that the word of God was of higher authority in matters ecclesiastical

than the Parliament of England, as Scotland asserts, then Rome would have been right, as Scotland is right. Rome claimed exemption from the civil laws for the crimes and violence and outlawry of her hordes of shaven myrmidons, as well as their religious independence. Scotland claims freedom from the laws of man for the consciences of her Christian men in purely spiritual matters, and under the guidance of the divine word and the administration of her own constitutional religious tribunals.

The lower House of Convocation in England passed the act of supremacy with a bad grace, and put in a proviso: *quantum per Christi legem licet*—"as much as may be by the law of Christ." And if the authority of *Le Bas*—an Episcopalian—is to be taken, then that cowardly good man, the reforming Archbishop Cramer himself, in a speech on the subject of a general council, delivered in the House of Lords in the year 1535, when scriptural opinions had been making much progress in his mind, distinctly asserted and maintained that Christ had left no head of the church on earth.¹ The doctrine of the king's supremacy over the church sprang from the king's divorce. It never did spring from the word of God. It was never nurtured by the word of God. It never will or can be. The doctrine appears, indeed, in a very mitigated form, in the thirty-seventh of the Articles, which were framed in the year 1562, after the translated Bible had begun to teach the people of England spiritual truth. In fine, it is sufficient to make good the position that the royal supremacy grew, not from the word of God, to quote the admission on this point of Richard Hooker himself, one of the ablest advocates with the pen that any church polity ever had, and withal a most thorough-going partisan of the Church of England, when he says: "As for supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs, the word of God doth nowhere appoint that all kings should have it, neither that any should not have it; for which cause it seemeth to stand altogether by human right,

¹ *Le Bas's Cramer*, Vol. i., p. 88.

that unto Christian kings there is such dominion given."¹ The royal supremacy, therefore, never could have been established by men putting themselves solely under the guidance of the divine word. The other churches of the Reformation required a positive warrant from Scripture for what they set up, either in their polity or their worship; but the Church of England adopted the very different principle that silence gives consent; that they might do whatever was not contrary to the word of God. On the same principle, they might have introduced, as parts of church government or divine worship, a voyage with Gulliver to Lilliput, or a slumber with Endymion in the Grecian woods, or an aeronautic expedition to the moon, or anything else about which the Scriptures are totally silent, and which they cannot therefore be said to forbid.

II. We come now to consider the second variation of the Reformation in England from the Reformation in other countries, namely, *the episcopal order of ministers*; or the principle that important powers of government and discipline are exclusively vested in an upper and superior rank of pastors, to whom other pastors of the church are subject and inferior in rank and order.

The republican tendency of a church government by synods of clergy of equal rank, mingled with the representatives of the people, is admitted by every writer and thinker of any account on such subjects in modern times. It is admitted by David Hume (*History of England*, Harper's edition, Vol. iv., pp. 141, 385 and 572), an authority utterly worthless, indeed, on any religious question, except where he praises contrary to his own prejudices, as in this case; by Sir James McIntosh (*History of England*, Vol. ii., p. 126), a much higher and purer authority; by Macaulay (*History of England*, Vol. ii., p. 13, and many other places). It is constantly admitted, charged, and insisted on, in that work of great research, and of a very impartial bitterness toward all religion, the *Pictorial History of England*, re-

¹ *Ecc. Pol.*, Book viii., chap. 2, sec. 5.

cently published under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (Book vii., chap. 2, pp. 461-464, *et passim*). It is admitted by Edmund Burke (*Policy of the Allies*, Works, Vol. ii., p. 130); by Bishop Short, in his *History of the Church of England*, p. 223; by Sir Walter Scott himself (*Old Mortality*, p. 7), who is probably the worst enemy to republican liberty and to spiritual religion of modern times, because he is the most thoroughly prejudiced, the least fair, but the most specious, the most tinselled with a coat of affected and almost canting liberality, over a heart of the cruelest hatred to some of the noblest of his country's dead, and the most gifted and influential of modern romancers. The same thing was vociferated by King James I. at the Hampton Court conference, in his famous saying: "No bishop no king." And the same view of church government is well known to have been entertained by an English civilian of far higher and nobler name than even the high and noble names of Burke, McIntosh and Macaulay,—the highest and noblest name, indeed, in all the manifold lustre of the British annals,—JOHN HAMPDEN, who declared when dying, and dying on a battle-field fought for republican liberty in church and state, that though he thought the doctrines of the Church of England in greater part conformable to the word of God, yet he "could not away with (tolerate) the governance of the church by bishops." (*Pictorial History of England*, Book vi., Chap. 1.)

Now, it is very easy to see why such a church government should not have been adopted, scriptural or unscriptural, in England, in the sixteenth century, under the sceptres of Tudors, and those sceptres invested with supremacy in affairs ecclesiastical. A Tudor king, and his daughter, a Tudor queen, the two most despotic monarchs of England since William the Conqueror, with servile parliaments at their heels, amid the sunset rays of mediæval Europe, in a kingdom having an aristocratic rank in the civil state, set to work to make a church to suit their own tastes, to fit in

beneath the throne, and to correspond with the civil state, and finding an aristocratic order of preachers, Lord Bishops, ready made to their hand in the Roman Catholic Church, where it had naturally grown up, amid the monarchical and feudal institutions of the middle ages, they simply permit it to remain untouched in their English establishment. It was not even intended to throw out the Roman incumbents of the bishoprics, if they would take the oath of the royal supremacy. Many of them did so with a ready facility. We actually find such a wretch as Bishop Bonner taking the oath of supremacy, and taking out a new commission for his bishopric from Henry VIII. ! And of Kitchen of Llandaff—a very prominent Dugald Dalgetty of the English Reformation—it was remarked that he always believed according to the last act of Parliament: English Catholic under Henry VIII., Protestant under Edward VI., Papist under bloody Mary, semi-Protestant under Elizabeth, he kept *his place* through all the changes, and died Bishop of Llandaff in the sixth year of Elizabeth!

But where were the truly spiritual men of England on this subject all this time? Did the word of God speak a language to them on this point different from what it spoke to the other renewed souls of the Reformation? Let us see. Columba, upholding the early Christianity on the island of Iona, had taught that “bishops and presbyters are equal.” (*D'Aubigné*, Vol. v., p. 27.) John Wickliffe, in another day and time, drew his reforming doctrines simply from the living word of God, and John Wickliffe declared it to be his opinion, that by the institution of Christ, “priests and bishops were all one.” (*Le Bas's Wickliffe*, p. 300.) In the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the more spiritually-minded bishops published a book, entitled *The Institution of a Christian Man*, designed for the instruction of the people, in which it is declared that bishops and priests are the same order, and that diocesans are of human appointment. (*Short*, p. 83.) A revised and enlarged edition

of this work was published soon afterwards, with a somewhat different title, but it contained the same statement on this subject. (*Burnet*, i., 586.) There was a celebrated brief confession, which Burnet says that he had seen, (i., 585,) signed by Cromwell and the two archbishops, by eleven bishops, and twenty divines and canonists, containing the same declaration, that bishops and priests are the same order. Crammer's opinion to the same effect is admitted by Bishop Short, and might be very easily proven if it were not. In a celebrated sermon delivered in the year 1588, on a public occasion, Dr. Bancroft undertook to maintain, for the first time, so far as is known, from the mouth of a spiritual man in Protestant England, that bishops were of a different order by divine right from ordinary pastors; but this was too good news to Archbishop Whitgift to be at once received, and that prelate remarked that he "rather wished than believed it to be true." It did not so well please others of the clergy and laity; and Dr. Raignolds, Professor of Divinity in Oxford, came out with strictures upon it as follows: "All that have labored in reforming the church for five hundred years past have taught that all pastors, be they entitled bishops or priests, have equal authority and power by God's word; at first the Waldenses, next Marsilius Petavinus, then Wickliffe and his disciples; afterwards Huss and the Hussites; and, last of all, Luther, Calvin, Brentius, Bullinger, and Musculus. Among ourselves, we have bishops, the queen's professors of divinity, and other learned men, as Bradford, Lambert, Jewel, Pilkington, Humphreys and Fulke, who all agree in this matter; and so do all divines beyond sea that I ever read, and doubtless many more whom I never read. But why do I speak of particular persons? It is the common judgment of the Reformed Churches of Helvetia, Savoy, France, Scotland, Germany, Hungary, Poland, the low countries and *our own*." So speaks an Oxford Professor of Divinity, about the year 1588, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And he settles the question as to the views of the spiritual

of his own and other countries, and this vexed point of church government. Among others, he sweeps away in his full train the supposed great Anglican champion, Bishop Jewel. But we will not delay on this point, as it is a subject usually attended by much more of warmth than of doubt—of doubt, there is just none at all; of warmth, yet much. On this subject the word of God made no different impression on spiritual minds in England from what it made on such minds in other lands.

Two parties were speedily formed in the Church of England, as might have been expected; the one the party of court divines, who took their impulses from the civil authorities, and consequently were stout upholders of what the royal will had set up; the other party was the party of the Puritans, who insisted on further reformation, in obedience to the word of God; and they were unquestionably, as a general remark, the men who, of all their generation, imbibed most deeply the love of the word of God. These two parties grappled in dire conflict for a round hundred years from this sermon of Dr. Bancroft. Star-chamber and high-commission were swept away, as the small devourings of the coming power. The head of king and prelate rolled in the dust. Throne and cathedral vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. The whole moral world trembled with the power of the rising spirit, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind. It is true that hypocrites from elsewhere crept in, and put on Puritanism as a cloak, and thereby defiled the good name of that sacred cause; just as baseness and hypocrisy are often seen to render a very solemn homage to truth and righteousness by borrowing some of the most awful of their robes. Yet still, out of that mighty struggle for freedom and purity in church and state, blessings have descended to the Anglo-Saxon race, the dominant race of the modern world, for which that race will never cease, while they are free and sane and wise, to give thanks to Almighty God, and under God, to the Hampdens, Crom-

wells, and Vanes, puritan, covenanter, republican, and all the circle of strong men who stood up for truth and freedom in those grand old days. Out of the furnace of the Reformation in England came just what came from it in other lands on the subject of the Christian ministry. The word of God spoke with no forked tongue on this subject anywhere, to spiritually-minded men.

III. The third and last variation of the Church of England which we have to consider, is its *claim of legislative power on earth*; that is, that the church has a right to establish rites and ceremonies not found in the word of God; and this doctrine so put into practice as to resolve itself into the other and more errant doctrine still, that the *civil legislature* has the right to make these decrees for the church of Christ.

The first clause of the twentieth Article of the Church of England, which asserts that "the church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith," is a piece of palpable Romanism. It certainly was not to be found in the original draft of the Articles, as signed by the bishops and archbishops, in 1562; but it is said to have been added to the Article by the right of the royal supremacy, and, indeed, by the very hand of Elizabeth. It is hardly necessary to waste time to show, what is to be met with in all books on the subject worth reading, that the taste of Elizabeth ran very strongly in favor of a gaudy and splendid and striking religious service; and that she followed her own taste, without much reference to the question whether such things as she desired to have set up had any Scripture warrant or not. In fact, she had about as strong a taste as any character known in history for gay and gaudy sights of every kind; that fond passion for pictures, painted, carved or acted, which is the characteristic of the immature years of the life either of an individual or a nation, in reference to which the reader of Scott's romance of Kenilworth will see what excessive pomps the great favorite, the Earl of Leicester, employed

to please his royal mistress, and which peculiarity of taste made her the most fitting mother of a religion of pomp and show, and of the holiness of dress and attitude, that had been seen in a Protestant church in any age. The silence of Scripture was made to serve as good a purpose as the warrant of Scripture. In the third book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, the student may find a bold and frank and manly defence of the right which that very zealous partisan, and very able man, thought the church possessed to establish rites and ceremonies for herself, without warrant of Scripture. The necessities of Elizabeth's position made her a Protestant. She was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, of the divorce, and of her father's quarrel with the Pope. So she gave effective aid to the Reformation in Scotland. She championed Protestantism in Europe almost as gallantly as Oliver Cromwell and William of Nassau did after her. But at the same time, she kept enough of popery in the chapel in which she personally worshipped; she never did become reconciled to the marriage of the clergy, and was as imperious as Henry VIII. or William the Conqueror himself. She once issued an ecclesiastical mandate to Cox of Ely, which that prelate hesitated to obey, and she sent him a short note thus: "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by G—d, I will unfrock you." We tremble to indicate by consonants the awful oath which was customary in the mouth of the head of the English Church. If this "good Queen Bess" were now alive, she would be apt to be thought the queen of viragoes, without a particle of what Protestants call religion, very little of what ladies call refinement, and about as little of regard for the word of God as either.

The protest of the word of God against the garments and the pomps of the English Reformation had already commenced before "good Queen Bess" came to the throne. It was as early as the year 1550, during the brief reign of

Edward VI., that Dr. John Hooper, one of the ablest and most evangelical men of that day, on being elected to the see of Gloucester, refused for a long time to take upon him "the feathers of the mass," as he called the vestments and ceremonies of consecration. Much has been written about this man's (so-called) obstinacy, in scrupling to submit to things admitted to be indifferent. But such arguments prove with treble force the usurping guilt of the tribunals, in changing the nature of things indifferent into things indispensable; and Hooper himself spoke in true prophetic strain on the subject when he said: "*If these things are kept in the church as indifferent things, at length they will be maintained as necessary things.*" The political authorities thought it very strange that Hooper should plead conscience about things indifferent, while Hooper's position was that of the Scriptures, and what he scrupled was the change of things indifferent into things necessary. Hooper, with better reason, thought it strange that the civil authorities should admit such things to be *indifferent*, and yet so pertinaciously insist upon them. After years, which are the best witnesses, have shown that Hooper was right, and that such things do come to be maintained with more tenacity when once brought in than far more important things about which Scripture is not silent. With Hooper agreed the no less famous and excellent Bishop Jewel. "They tell us," says he, "of a golden mediocrity; I wish it may not prove a leaden one." "They hoped," he says again, "to strike the eyes of the people with those ridiculous trifles. These are the relics of the Amorites: that cannot be denied." He wishes that at some time or other all these things may be "taken away and extirpated to the very deepest roots." (*Burnet*, iii., 434.) Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, was of the same mind. You can almost hear him groan when, in writing to Gualtier of Zurich, he says: "I confess we suffer many things against our hearts, groaning under them. We cannot take them away, though we were ever so much set on it. We are under authority, and

can innovate nothing without the queen; nor can we alter the laws. The only thing left to our choice is, whether we will bear these things or break the peace of the church." (*Burnet*, iii., 475.) Jewel even went so far as to say that "in the days of Queen Mary, Christ was kept out by his enemies, but in the days of Queen Elizabeth he was kept out by his friends." (*Life*, p. 12.) We love and honor these faithful men the more when Burnet tells us (Vol. iii., p. 476) that they themselves acknowledged that it were better for the church that these ceremonies were laid aside, and affirmed that they (the bishops) "*had often moved in Parliament that they might be taken away, that so the church might be more pure and less burdened.*" This entirely unexceptionable testimony of Gilbert Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, would of itself suffice for our present purpose, to vindicate the pious men of the English Reformation. But there is much more to the same purpose. The English Church very narrowly escaped a reformation on this point, and a paring down to something like the Puritan model, at the hands even of a convocation, in the year 1562, when forty-three of the members present voted for such a reformation and thirty-five against it; but when the proxies were called for and counted, the vote was said to stand fifty-eight for and fifty-nine against Reformation. (*Burnet*, iii., 455.)

Then came the teachings of Thomas Cartwright, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; boldly and ably advocating simplicity in worship, until he was deprived of his office by Cecil, the minister of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1570.

In 1579, Mr. Strickland moved in Parliament for a further reformation of the church, boldly asserting that some superstitious remains of popery might be removed without danger to religion. But her majesty the queen took this movement of Mr. Strickland's in such high dudgeon, that she sent for him into the council and there severely reprimanded him, and forbade his future attendance in Parliament, in which purpose she would in all probability have

persisted, but that the Commons, growing stout, and assuming for a time the tone of freemen, took fire at this invasion of privilege; and then, by one of those tricks of policy by which she always yielded when there was real danger, she very gracefully and graciously set Mr. Strickland at liberty.

In 1582, the House of Commons, getting pretty full of pious men, resolved to go to the Temple church to open its session with religious worship and prayer for the Divine guidance on their deliberations. This event warms our hearts, as a type, through which we can see at some distance yet the approaching era of 1643. The queen heard of it, and sent her vice-chamberlain to express her surprise to the Commons, that they should make such an innovation as to hear preaching and to pray together without "her privy and pleasure first made known unto them." The faithful Commons humbly acknowledged their great fault and humbly craved her gracious majesty's forgiveness. (*Pic. Hist. Eng.*) The time was not yet come. 1581 could not be 1643. Not a Stuart, but a Tudor, was on the throne. John Pym was not to be born for yet three years. John Hampden's life was thirteen years in the future. Oliver Cromwell would not be born for eighteen years; nor Sir Harry Vane, the younger, for twenty-seven years. The time was not come.

So, then, this variation of the English Reformation, its decreeing rites and ceremonies for itself without warrant from God's word, does not lie at the door of the spiritual men any more than do the other variations. They would gladly have complied with the word of God on this point, but were not at liberty to do so. The divine word spoke with no forked tongue on any of the subjects which have been named; it spoke in the same accents and was heard with homogeneous impressions as a general remark by men everywhere at the great forming era of the Reformation. Everywhere there came out of the furnace of the Reformation, more or less clearly developed in the minds of spirit-

ual men, that doctrine which is the very corner-stone of religious freedom, that Christ alone is head of the church; that other doctrine, dreaded as the hammer of despotism everywhere, that all pastors are of equal rank and authority under him; and that other doctrine still, which guards the purity of his prerogative, that he alone is Lawgiver in Zion, and is to be worshipped as is prescribed in his own word.

We have already seen how universally a Calvinistic stamp of doctrine came out of the Reformation, and how as universally no man then waited for the divine sovereignty to accomplish its purposes without the use of means, and the diligent appliance of all human instrumentalities.

And if the present attempt has been successful, then we have the authority on *all the points* mentioned, of the most favorable period of time since the days of the apostles for "simple conviction" and unbiased judgment. We have the unanimous voice, the homogeneous testimony, of all the men of that remarkable era, in all countries, under all circumstances, and with all their various antecedents and traditional influences. We submit whether this result does not furnish one of the most signal of all the proofs which human events have anywhere exhibited, in all the flight of time, of the right which the sceptre of Jesus Christ (which is his word) possesses to rule the opinions and to bind the consciences of men.

In our humble sphere, it has long seemed to us that such a vindication as is faintly shadowed forth in the foregoing pages, was due to the spiritual men of the English Reformation, that we might see how thoroughly one in spirit were all the principal men among the new-born sons of God at that great era; and that we might still deeply cherish the memory of the noble-spirited children of God in that nation at that time, even when we are compelled to feel so little of real respect for the Reformation as it went on in divorces, royal edicts, acts of Parliament, star-chamber sentences, and high-commission fines and imprison-

ments. No better or purer specimens of individual piety were exhibited in any country than in England at the time of the Reformation. There are no purer or holier names on the modern rolls of spiritual honor than the names of Bilney, Tyndale, Stafford, Latimer, Hooper, Bradford, Ridley, Jewel, and Cartwright. There are no more refreshing records of deep faith and holiness in the whole of modern religious annals than those which contain the personal history of the English Reformers, when the word of God first beamed upon their minds and the Spirit from on high was first poured upon their hearts. They are not the ecclesiastical ancestors of such men as Laud and Sacheverell and Pusey. We see them stand deservedly at the head of those rolls whereon are inscribed, lower down, the clear and venerable names of Owen, Baxter, Howe, Bates, Charnock, Flavel, Alleine, and Bunyan. They are ours. We will not give them up.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

THE martyr age of Scotland begins with the restoration of Charles II. to the thrones of England and of Scotland, in the year 1660. This king was a free-thinker in regard to the authority of the sacred Scriptures, a Sadducee in regard to a hereafter, and a mixture of the epicurean and the satyr in relation to the moralities of the present life. He became reconciled to the Church of Rome before his death. He was never its very bitter enemy in his life.

The atheist Hume gives a pleasing *resumé* of the character of Charles II., part absolutely laudatory, part apologetic, and all thoroughly fallacious, as might be expected. And he actually snorts with contempt at the pious character of such men as Guthrie, Argyle, Warriston, and Carstairs. The great wonder is, that all men have not seen that Hume speaks of Charles just as a man standing where Hume stood might be expected to speak of a man standing where Charles II. stood. That must, indeed, be a dull eye and a blunt sense which does not see the ever-visible leanings to despotism and to infidelity in *Hume's History*. His praise of Charles, therefore, throws almost as clear a light on what that king really was, as do the filthy records of *Peppys' Diary* itself.

It was in the reign of this king that two thousand illustrious and holy men, the old non-conformists, were put out of the pulpits in England, on the sad Bartholomew's

¹ Selections from an article published in *The Southern Presbyterian Review* for April, 1857.

day, for disagreeing with the king on the point of church government. It was in the reign of this king that Vane and Russell and Sydney were judicially murdered for being the friends of constitutional liberty in church and state. It was in the reign of this king that the mountains and the mosses and the moors of Scotland were made red with the blood of eighteen thousand of her holiest men, and those same mountains and mosses and moors made sacred forever by the glory of those martyrs, because they would not take this king to be the head of their church, the lord of their consciences, their earthly pope and spiritual father.

That we may have a better view of the times, we must have patience, therefore, to call up the various witnesses to the character of this king, that we may clearly see what right he has to expect his people to bend their religion and their consciences to his command. Who, and what, was this head of the Church of England?

First witness—David Hume: “If we survey the character of Charles II., in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear various and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive; his propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it; his wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself a good judge (the Marquis of Halifax), could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated (qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company), as to be a plain, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And although he talked, perhaps, more than strict rules of behavior might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves.

“This is, indeed, the most shining part of the king’s character, and he seems to have been sensible of it, for he

was fond of dropping the formality of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

“In the duties of private life his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover (!) a civil and obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a sincere affection. He believed them to have no motive in serving him but self-interest; and he was still ready in his turn to sacrifice them to present ease or convenience.

“With a detail of his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was, indeed, so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality and economy in the former, was profuse, thoughtless and negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether destitute of virtue, was in the main dangerous to his people and dishonorable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, sparing only of its blood, he exposed it by his measures, though he ever appeared but in sport, to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign conquest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed in a great measure to the indolence of his temper; a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.”

This is, indeed, an important witness—a significant testimony. The private life of Charles II. is then the exemplification of what Hume thought “in the main laudable,” and deserving of “panegyric!” We call a

Second Witness—T. B. Macaulay: “On the ignoble nature of the restored exile, adversity had exhausted all her discipline in vain. He had one immense advantage over most other princes. Though born in the purple, he was far better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life and the

diversities of character than most of his subjects. He had known restraint, danger, penury and dependence. He had often suffered from ingratitude, insolence and treachery. He had received many signal proofs of faithful and heroic attachment. He had seen, if ever man saw, both sides of human nature. But only one side remained in his memory. He had learned only to distrust and despise his species, to consider integrity in man and modesty in woman as mere acting. Nor did he think it worth while to keep his opinion to himself. He was incapable of friendship; yet he was perpetually led by favorites without being in the smallest degree duped by them. He knew that their regard to his interests was all simulated; but from a certain easiness, which had no connection with humanity, he submitted, half-laughing at himself, to be made the tool of any woman whose person attracted him, or of any man whose tattle diverted him. He thought little and cared less about religion. He seems to have passed his life in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and Popery. He was crowned in his youth with the covenant in his hand; he died at last with the Host sticking in his throat; and during most of the intermediate years was occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics. He was not a tyrant from the ordinary motives. He valued power for its own sake little and fame still less. He does not appear to have been vindictive, or to have found any pleasing excitement in cruelty. What he wanted was to be amused, to get through the twenty-four hours pleasantly without sitting down to dry business. Sauntering was, as Sheffield expresses it, the sultana queen of his majesty's affections. A sitting in council would have been insupportable to him, if the Duke of Buckingham had not been there to make mouths at the chancellor. It has been said, and is highly probable, that in his exile he was quite disposed to sell his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. To the last his only quarrel with the Parliament was, they often gave him trouble and would not always give him money. If there was a person for whom he felt a real regard, that person was his brother. If there was a point about which he really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honor, it was the descent of the crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion bill for 600,000 pounds; and the negotiation was broken off only because he insisted on being paid beforehand. To do him justice, his temper was good, his

manners agreeable, his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was sensual, frivolous, false and cold-hearted beyond almost any prince of whom history makes mention."

Such is the picture of Charles II. drawn by the pen of the prince of modern historians, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1835, upon Mackintosh. This, too, is just such as might have been expected from a witness intending to be fair, but occupying Macaulay's point of view. It is a first principle of the Christian religion, very often strangely overlooked in hearing the testimony of historians, that he that is not heartily under its spiritual influence does not comprehend the nature of its power, but is actually averse to its spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." This is as true of historians as of other men. Mr. Macaulay never has professed, but often laughed at, evangelicalism. He understands almost as little, and seems not to care much more than did Charles II. himself, about the tremendous inward and outward workings of the spiritual powers, and that grand era of conflict between Jesus Christ as rightful Head of the church, and the world's prince who claimed to be head of the church. Some say Macaulay is not to be trusted at all, because he is superficial, flippant and obstinate. We think this judgment too severe. He appears to us to be unreliable only when the very actings of the religious principle, in its deep, grave, unearthly moods, is the matter in hand. Of religious loyalty, faith and conscience; the deep struggles of renewed souls for immortal principles, and of the peculiar conflicts and trials, and gifts from the throne of the divine grace, to religious souls to die martyrs for inspired truths, he comprehends little more than David Hume himself. Of course he failed to see the true nature of the conflict between the English dragoons, to execute the decrees of Charles II. as head of the church, and the Scottish Covenanters maintaining that the Lord Jesus was Head of the church. This he failed to see; and no man can be much surprised at it, but one who

thinks that historians are not fallen men, or one who thinks that the veils on men's minds, which are woven out of their own spiritual condition, do not apply to writers of history.

The Third Witness—The Pictorial History of England, by Craik and Macfarlane :

“When the crawling and foot-licking age of royalty succeeded with the Restoration, there was exhibited by right reverend and most learned prelates a fanaticism less fervid indeed, but far more profane and mischievous, than that of the commonwealth; and God, the church, and the king, became their Trinity, while it was hard to tell which person of the three was the most devoutly worshipped. Then, too, the duties of non-resistance and passive obedience were inculcated as the golden rule of Christian practice, while opposition to monarchy was represented as a crime, in which, if the sinner died, his salvation was hopeless. In the same way, Charles and his brother were fanatics, who vibrated to the very last between their confessors and their ministers; and those gay and guilty courtiers were fanatics, who, even amid their excesses, would sometimes fast and pray, and be visited by superstitious impulses more ridiculous than the worst that have been fabled of Cromwell himself.”

This witness speaks from the point of view of that liberal feeling in Great Britain in modern times which gathered chiefly under the lead of the conductors of *The Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, and Mackintosh, to put down religious persecution. The work seems, in the main, impartial. But failing to distinguish between the persecuting spirit, the lamentable error of almost all Christendom in the seventeenth century, as it is the fault of all other religions, and even of mankind at large, before the benign principle became known that man is not lord of the conscience, these writers seem impartial only in the hatred of all spiritual religion. It appears entirely fair, therefore, to give full credit to this witness in reference to all matters not connected with the personal experience of spiritual religion.

Fourth Witness — *Wilberforce*, Lord Bishop of Oxford; taken from his Introduction to Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, published in 1847. (See *London Quarterly Review* for September, 1847.)

“In the reign of Charles II., that revulsion of feeling which affects nations just as it does individuals had plunged into dissipation all ranks on their escape from the narrow austerities and gloomy sourness of Puritanism. The court, as was natural, shared to the full in these new excesses of an unrestrained indulgence, while many other influences led to its wider corruption. The foreign habits contracted in their banishment by the returning courtiers were ill-suited to the natural gravity of English manners, and introduced at once a wide-spread licentiousness. The personal character, moreover, of the king helped on the general corruption. Gay, popular and witty, with a temper nothing could cross, and an affability nothing could repress, he was thoroughly sensual, selfish, and depraved; vice in him was made so attractive by the wit and gaiety with which it was tricked out, that its utmost grossness seemed, for the time, rather to win than repulse beholders. Around the king clustered a band of congenial spirits, a galaxy of corruption, who spread the pollution on every side. The names of Buckingham and Rochester, of Ethridge, Lyttleton, and Sedley, still maintain a bad preëminence in the annals of English vice. As far as the common eye could reach, there was little to resist the evil.”

The wild young Phaëton of the classic fable could as easily have driven the horses of the chariot of the sun; Pan and his satyrs could as easily have drawn up a system of orthodox, living, evangelical divinity, as this king and this court could play the part of head of such a deep, grave, and vitally religious church as that of Scotland. The witness is unexceptionable, too, on the points on which we have heard him. He is of that church of which monarchs and ministers of state are still controlling potentates.

Keeping our attention still fixed on the great quarrel in Scotland, which we are endeavoring to approach understandingly, one more witness must be introduced. His

testimony relates more specially to the subject-matter of the quarrel, that is, the determination of King Charles II. to compel the Scottish people to become Episcopalians.

When Sir Walter Scott was called to account for his singular misconceptions of Scottish church history, in a series of articles by McCrie, in *The Christian Instructor*, he defended himself by reviews of some of his own works, published in *The Quarterly Review*, in London. In those defences he quoted *Kirkton's Church History* as his authority. We will therefore take Sir Walter's witness in relation to the ecclesiastical character of Charles II. :

Fifth Witness—Kirkton : "The king (Charles II.), even as his father, was resolute for bishops, notwithstanding his oath to the contrary ; he knew well bishops would never be reprovers of the court, and the first article of their catechism was non-resistance. They were men of that discretion as to dissemble great men's faults, and not so severe as the Presbyterians. They were the best tools for tyranny in the world, for, do a king what he would, their daily instruction was, kings could do no wrong, and that none might put forth a hand against the Lord's anointed and be innocent. The king knew also he could be sure of their vote in Parliament, desire what he would, and that they would plant a set of ministers which might instill principles of loyalty into the people till they turned them first slaves, then beggars. They were all for the king's absolute power, and most of them for the universal propriety, and to make the people believe the king was lord of all their goods without consent of Parliament; and for these reasons—and such as these—they were so much the darlings of our kings that King James was wont to say, 'no bishop no king.' So bishops the king would have at any rate.

"Meanwhile, the king's character stood so high in the opinion and idolatrous affections of the miserable people of Scotland (they were far away and knew him not), that a man might more safely have blasphemed Jesus Christ than derogate in the least from the glory of his perfections. People would never believe he was to introduce bishops till they were settled in their seats, and there was a certain man had his tongue bored for saying the Duke of York was a papist, which the priests at London would not believe

upon his coronation day; and that day he first went to mass, fourteen of them choosed for their text, Psalm cxviii. 22: ('The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner,') making him the corner-stone of the Protestant religion.

"As for Charles, many times did the ministers of Scotland, and even many godly men among them, give the Lord hearty thanks that we had a gracious Protestant king, though, within a few years, he published it to the world that he lived a secret papist all his life, and died a professed one with the hostie in his mouth." (*History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 132.)

If the reader has in his mind a picture of the character of Charles II., then we are ready to proceed to the real thing before us, that is, the forcible alteration of the Scottish church government from Presbytery to Episcopacy by the authority of the king's supremacy in church as well as in state. Charles' II. was the acknowledged head of the Church of England. All her Protestant monarchs had been so acknowledged since Henry VIII. Why the Church of England never complained of her head when he was such as this man, let those answer who have the means and inclination so to do. It seems to us to be a most biting reproach to the English bishops, that they never once recalcitrated against Charles II. as the head of the church.

The Scottish Church refused to acknowledge the king as its head. They would obey him in civil matters, not in spiritual matters. They acknowledged him as chief of the state, not as head of the church.

The famous act of supremacy did "assert, enact and declare, that his majesty hath supreme authority and supremacy over all persons, and in all causes ecclesiastical within his kingdom; and that by virtue thereof, the ordering and disposal of the external government and policy of the church doth properly belong to his majesty and his successors as an inherent right of the crown."

It would seem that nothing could be much clearer to a

sober mind in our day than the principle that the civil government is supreme in civil matters, and that the Lord Jesus alone is supreme in matters of conscience in religious matters. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." This principle gives clear light against the corrupt Seward and Sumner doctrine of modern times, that the civil government *is not* supreme in civil affairs, on the one hand; and equally clear light against the corrupt Jacobite doctrine of the seventeenth century, that the civil government *is* supreme in religious matters. It is astonishing that even under such kings as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV., the high-bred and learned English prelates should have continued up to this day to hold to this principle of the supremacy of the king in religious matters. But it is true that they do hold to it yet. This doctrine in England sprung from the peculiar nature of the Reformation in that country. The Reformation there, as is well known, sprung from the divorce of Henry VIII., and was conducted chiefly by act of Parliament. It was in a great measure a political affair. It was a mere revolt from a chief-priest who dwelt upon the Tiber, and could have no lawful wife at all, to a chief-priest who dwelt upon the Thames, and would have what wives he chose; a revolt from a priest-pope to a king-pope, save and except, indeed, what the word of God did among the people, which was often against the acts of Parliament.

The story of the Scottish Church had been far different. The Reformation in Scotland was in the main a revival of religion, a work of the word of God, made powerful by the Spirit of God. It was such as the reformations on the continent were. It was such as the reformation at the day of Pentecost was. It was produced by spiritual, not carnal, weapons. It was conducted by spiritual and religious men. The politicians were merely its protectors; they were not its fathers and its martyrs, as they were in England. The union of the crowns of England and Scotland in the

dynasty of the Stuarts brought this principle of the supremacy of civil authorities in ecclesiastical matters to trial in Scotland. The attempt of Charles II. to compel Scotland into Episcopacy put the matter to immediate issue.

In the month of August, 1661, the same year in which Sir Harry Vane was put to death for republicanism and the Marquis of Argyle for Presbyterianism—the same year in which the body of Oliver Cromwell was dug up from the grave and publicly hung at Tyburn, by the chaste, religious and patriotic court of Charles II.—in the month of August of that year, Charles II. sent a letter to the Scottish council of state, in which, after reciting the inconvenience of the Presbyterian form of government and asserting its inconsistency with monarchy, he says: “Wherefore, we declare our firm resolution to interpose our royal authority for restoring the Church of Scotland to its right government by bishops, as it was before the late troubles.” The Tory writers have pleaded to this, that it was a simple repeal of the recent laws which established the Presbyterian Church, and a leaving of those old laws in force which established Episcopacy, only the King of England was the head of the bishops instead of the Pope of Rome. The answer to this is, that there never were any Protestant bishops in Scotland before the late troubles, but nominal bishops, *tulchan* bishops, put there by ungodly patrons to draw the revenues of the old sees. Knox, Melville and Henderson are sufficient proof that the stroke of the word of God on regenerate Christian conscience always sent forth a Presbyterian sound in Scotland. And it is also alleged in extenuation, that this violent change in the Scottish Church government was sanctioned by the Scottish Parliament. So it was, with the aid of a corrupt packing of the Parliament, and then not without threats and intimidation. All pretence of excuse for the act on the ground of the consent of the governed is swept away completely by the fact that the Church of Scotland herself bled

and groaned forth her opposition for twenty years. She never did agree to it.

The Scottish people had felt a deep and tender loyalty to Charles II. long before his restoration in England, on account of his misfortunes, and because he was the heir of their *own* ancient line of kings. He had been proclaimed king of Scotland ten years before he was acknowledged king of England. Cromwell's crowning mercy of Dunbar had awakened him from that dream of hope; but not before he had published to the world his famous *Dunfermline Declaration*, in August, 1650, which may be found at length in Woodrow. On that occasion he vowed that he was a conscientious Presbyterian, and after subscribing the covenants or mutual bonds in which the Presbyterians of that day bound themselves to each other, he voluntarily added the following clause: "And his majesty having, upon a full persuasion of the justice and equity of all the heads and articles thereof, now sworn and subscribed the national covenant of the kingdom of Scotland, and the solemn league and covenant of the three kingdoms of Scotland, England and Ireland, doth declare that he hath not sworn and subscribed those covenants, and entered into the oath of God with his people, upon any sinister intention of crooked design for attaining his own ends, but so far as human weakness will permit, in the truth and sincerity of his heart; and that he is firmly resolved, in the Lord's strength, to adhere thereto, and to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof in his station and calling, really, constantly and sincerely all the days of his life."

The only apology he ever offered, as far as is known, for what appears about the basest instance of perjury in history, is found in the flippant jest about the "gentleman-like persuasion!"

Few of the Scottish noblemen had submitted to the government of Cromwell, or, as submitting to the government of Cromwell was called, *taken the tender*. A faithful loyalty to their hereditary line of kings had prevented the Scottish

noblemen from going over to Cromwell in any considerable numbers. It is hardly necessary to tell the intelligent reader, that the ingenious slander against them that they sold their king, Charles I., to the English Parliament, has been thoroughly exploded by the *dates*, which prove that the corruption imputed was impossible. One of the few Scottish noblemen who did take the tender, forsake the fortunes of the Stuarts totally, and go thoroughly over to Cromwell, was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, who afterwards betrayed the Covenanters in turn, went back to the king, and became such a pink of Royalist chivalry as to become a prime favorite of the author of *Waverley*.

About as few of the Scottish clergy as of the Scottish nobles had taken the tender. Cromwell's Independents were regarded by them as the ultra-puritans which they have since shown themselves to be in New England. We are sorry they did not at once imbibe the spirit of religious liberty which breathed from the soul of that great-hearted Paladin of spiritual Christendom. But he was too revolutionary, too leveling, too unconservative for the greater part of them. Among the few of the clergy who did take the tender and join in the ultra-puritanism of Cromwell's army was the Reverend James Sharp. This brought him into personal intercourse with the Protector. On one occasion he and Cromwell had a long conversation. Grim old Great Heart had a far keener eye to look into the hearts of men, even while he was delivering himself of his winding and parenthetical sentences, than such a man as Sharp could stand. Cromwell never liked Sharp. He declared after that conversation, that he believed Sharp to be an atheist at bottom.

When the agitations and negotiations were going on at London, after the abdication of Richard Cromwell and during the hesitation of Monk and his army as to what was to be done, Sharp was sent up thither as the agent or ambassador of the Presbyterians, to see that they might obtain protection under the new government, whatever it

might be. While Charles was at Breda, making abundance of those fair promises which were to be kept like the Dunfermline Declaration, Sharp was sent over there to look after the interests of the Scottish Church. And after the bringing in of the king, in 1660, Sharp was still the trusted agent of the Scottish Church near Charles II. When lovers break off, the letters which pass between them in their days of harmony often tell awkward tales upon one party or the other. Sharp's letters to the Presbyterian ministers of Edinburgh, while he was their accredited ambassador to Breda and to London, are preserved in the Introduction to Woodrow's History. It is the most cleanly cut and deeply engraved monument to his own infamy that any man known to history has erected in writing. There will never be any need for the chisel of Old Mortality to touch that monument while the English letters are legible and human reason has her throne in society. As soon as it was certainly known that the king intended to break the covenant of his youth with the people of Scotland, undertake that singular job for such a man as he, the dragooning of those people from one religion to another, Sharp instantly became a convert to Episcopacy. With the very letters of credence and of confidence of the Presbyterians in his pocket, he at once received and accepted the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, which constituted him at once the arch-enemy and the arch-persecutor of those whose trusted agent and vowed friend and brother he was up to that time. His being in possession of the counsels, designs and full confidence of the Presbyterians enabled him to be what he immediately became, the most exquisitely cruel and stinging and unrelenting of their persecutors.

Among our American Jacobites and sympathizers with the measures of Charles II., there is found a remarkable want of information concerning the plainest facts of the history of the period. Some think the Covenanters were merely rebels on a civil account, and that good King Charles and dear Bishop Sharp had never done any harm

to the horrid Covenanters! The writer has himself heard a lady strive hard to make capital out of the Presbyterian persecution of Sharp! She knew evidently not a word of his treachery, not a word of the private licentiousness of his character at St. Andrews, not a word of his bribe.

In this connection it becomes a matter of a little curious interest to notice what account is given of the troubles in Scotland in the reign of Charles II. in the Waverley novels, from which some of our Jacobites boast that they derive their whole stock of Scottish church history. The principal historic sketch of those times which he gives is introductory to *Old Mortality*, and commences with the second chapter of that romance. It begins thus:

“Under the reign of the last Stuarts there was an anxious wish on the part of the government to counteract by every means in their power the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege-lord, and both to the crown.” And thus the sketch proceeds for a page or two, as every reader may see by turning to that fascinating and ubiquitous romance. Now, although the scene of this romance is laid just after the assassination of Sharp, though Sharp is the martyr-lamb of the whole story, though Balfour of Burley is the big black fiend, the hero of pitch, of the book, yet no man could gather from any place in the whole work that is remembered, or can be found, anything of Sharp’s bright, sweet history in London, or anything of the real nature of the troubles in Scotland, in the effort of the government to force the consciences and change the religion of that people. Throughout those fascinating romances the Scottish troubles are represented as the restlessness of *civil* rebellion and turbulence against a reasonable and paternal government! And such many American Jacobites, who have not met with other and better information, seem really and honestly to believe them to have been!

But with what feelings could an American, thus apolo-

gizing for his countrymen as well as might be, read an article which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1847, entitled "Magus Muir," the place at which Sharp was assassinated, signed W. E. A., the initials of Professor Aytoun, the reputed editor of that magazine, in which, without mention of either Sharp's public or his private baseness, he is held up as a saint and a martyr. It seems to us to complete the list of that hagiology on which stand the names of Archbishop Laud and Charles I. Laud, Charles I. and Sharp, it seems the very apotheosis of baseness. Pity for the interests of this martyr-roll that Charles II. and Sir Charles Scdley had not been put to death somehow or other, instead of dying as they did in their infamy. Their names would have greatly enriched the list of martyrs for anti-puritanism. And this gilding of corruption and murder of historic truth has been the great deed of modern genius! How precious a gift is genius; yet how weak are they who are thus misled by its false and illusory glare! And how fearful are their responsibilities who by its bright torch undertake, Salmoneus-like, to eclipse the radiance of the sun of truth!

Sharp was assassinated on Magus Muir, in 1679, by a company of men who were lying in wait for Carmichael, an infamous creature and tool of the archbishop, whom they expected would pass that way. The act was a foul crime and a piece of wretched and short-sighted policy, and was so regarded by the best and purest of the party, the Covenanters, to which these men claimed to be attached. Not that any man in his senses and in possession of the commonest facts in the history and antecedents of the man can for a moment doubt that Sharp deserved death if man ever deserved it. He, the false and treacherous instrument of the death of thousands whose blood was at that very time flowing all over the west of Scotland under the broadswords and pistols of Claverhouse and the English dragoons, for the offences of a strict religion and a strict morality, he surely deserved death far more than

they, unless indeed Jacobitism and genius can avail to overturn Mount Sinai and eternal law also, as well as to bribe and make drunk the muse of historic truth. But Archbishop Sharp did not die by the sentence of a legal tribunal and after fair trial. Therein really lies the crime of his fall. But Archbishop Laud did die by the sentence of a legal tribunal and after fair trial, and they have made a martyr of him. Charles I. did die by the sentence of a legal tribunal and after a fair trial, and they have made a martyr of him!

But can any one conjecture what idea there probably is in the mind of that all-seeing God who looks down from heaven with a recording eye upon the memory of his saints and the truth of their transmitted good names, concerning that history and that romance which make a martyr of such a man as Sharp, and forget or conceal the martyred blood and the unspotted good names of the host of godly men then dying on mosses and moors by the pistol of military execution, Guthrie, Argyle, Warriston, Cameron, and thousands of others—eighteen thousand saints in all, says the smallest estimate—dying for their religion, offered life any day any of them, if they would swear a profane oath, or blaspheme God, or deny the Lord Jesus Christ? It is an awful question, and to be fearfully answered on that strange and grand day when the sins of acted history, and the sins of the records of history, come to be displayed to the light of truth and to the consciences of an intelligent universe.

But we have slightly anticipated. The masterpiece of the government for the ruin of the covenanters was that famous *Indulgence*, for their scruples about accepting which the gay and gifted Sir Walter Scott holds them up to such virtuous and paternal reproach. Its alliance with the arbitrary government of Charles, the miserably shabby moral character of the bishops (with the single exception of Archbishop Leighton), and its dependence for propagation on the pistols of Claverhouse and his dragoons—those

Sharp's-rifle-evangelists of the seventeenth century,—these things were stripping the Episcopal movement in Scotland of all the small amount of moral force which it may have had at first among the people. In addition to these considerations, the moral character of the persecuted stood out in very striking and very telling contrast to that of the persecutors. Some device must be fallen upon to take off some of the color of ungodly violence which the movement bore everywhere, or else the failure of that movement was evident and impending. The indulgence was such a device, to the credit of the invention of which we believe that Archbishop Sharp is confessedly entitled.

This was an ecclesiastical proclamation or edict of the king, openly avowing itself to depend for its authority upon the king's supremacy in matters of religion, and offering the privilege of a kind welcome back into the church to all such Presbyterian ministers as would acknowledge the principle of the royal supremacy. They were wretchedly impoverished. They were hunted by dragoons upon the moors and upon the hills. Why should a mere abstraction prevent them from returning to the church? The act would put bread into the mouths of their famishing wives and children. There is hardly another nation on the face of the earth in which the device would not have been completely successful. There are numbers of men everywhere who make a boast of their practicability; who laugh at abstraction and call all principle abstraction, and who almost advertise themselves as for sale in the market of short-sighted expediency. All such would have taken the indulgence with a rush. But the indulgence involved the very principle for which the Covenanters were contending, the only principle worth contending for in the whole business: the principle that Charles II. could not alter the Bible and bind men's consciences with new obligations in religious matters. The indulgence granted subsistence and a place in the church to such as would barely acknowledge the king's religious supremacy, that is, such as would accept

a benefice without acknowledging the bishops' authority. And none could accept it at its lowest terms and return in any way and "keep kirk-sessions, presbyteries, and synods," except, said the edict, "in our name and by our authority." But high privileges were granted to such of the ejected ministers as would return and accept, not only the king's indulgence, but the bishops' collation, and so not only acknowledge the religious power of the king, but the ecclesiastical authority of the bishops also.

This was, indeed, a master-piece of the serpentine cunning which the writers of the period ascribe to Sharp. It was sure to divide the Presbyterians. Some in other countries might have been expected to accept it completely and go wholly over to Episcopacy. But as good as none did this in Scotland. Some would acknowledge the king but not the bishops; and some would take the plain, but fearfully trying ground of downright truth and principle, and acknowledge neither. So there would be a variety of parties among them. Eighty clergymen were mentioned by names as indulged. They were to confine themselves to their own parishes, to celebrate the communion on the same day all over a diocese, to prevent concert among them, and not to depart from their diocese without leave from the bishop.

Would that it could be written that not a man of them accepted it at all! And yet the reader of the *Tales of My Landlord* will remember to what derision their Macbriars, and their Mucklewraths, and their Pound Texts are held up in that work of wonderful genius, because they would not all permit themselves to be lured into what all men now admit was an insidious episcopacy, involving the denial of every principle which they held peculiarly dear. It was with a pang of sadness, gradually changing itself into the most thorough contempt, that the writer first saw the fact, since perfectly obvious to him, that the author of *Old Mortality* takes it as his first principle that the Scottish and the English people *ought* to have accepted whatever

changes in their religious faith and conscientious obligations King Charles chose to make, and that he actually deals praise and blame to the parties respectively, as they accept the king as lord of their conscience, or do not accept him. It will be a first principle of the most hideous bad odor in coming years. Let every man who perceives it free his garments from it in good time.

But there is another feature about this indulgence not to be forgotten in estimating the *animus* of those who granted it. The courtiers of Scotland, who were called lords of the clergy, actually became alarmed for fear too many of the Presbyterians would accept the indulgence, and that thus their bishops would not have vacant benefices enough to reward those who hungered for the spoils of the ejection! We do not know that this historical fact has been disputed or is disputable. We use it on the authority of Woodrow, and quote it in his words, Vol. II., p. 131:

“In this interval the lords of the clergy and some of their orthodox ministers had a meeting, to fall upon means to *hinder the indulgence*, which they apprehended would be ruining to their interests. No practical measures could be proposed to prevent it altogether, since the king had made known his pleasure; but Bishop Sharp, to comfort his brethren, promised to do his utmost to make it a bone of contention to the Presbyterians. Indeed, he wanted not abundance of serpentine subtility; and when his attempts to break it altogether failed, he set himself with all vigor to have it so clogged from time to time as to break ministers and people of the Presbyterian judgment among themselves.”

And yet Sharp is the virtuous and illustrious martyr of *Old Mortality*, and these men whom he set himself with all vigor to break up and divide among themselves, that his *brethren might get the spoils* of their church, are perverse rebels, whom fanaticism would not permit to be quiet under the mildest and most virtuous of monarchs! We rather think it would take all the gentility of “the more gentle-

man-like persuasion," and all the genius of the Waverly romances to reconcile us to such martyrs as Sharp and such men of honor as Sir Walter Scott. And yet we await with great cheerfulness the coming, in the realms of history, of Talus, the iron man of truth, with his fearful flail "to beat down falsehood and the truth unfold."

The reader will find the Presbyterian Church reviled for its *republican* tendencies during the whole time of the dynasty of the Stuarts in Great Britain.

When the Presbyterian and Episcopal divines met together for conference at the Restoration, to see if there was a chance of accommodation or compromise, the Presbyterians objected to the government of the church by a single person. The Episcopalians replied that "they wondered they should except against the government by one single person, which, if applied to the civil magistrate, is a most dangerous insinuation."¹ It is well known that the attachment of King James I. and King Charles II. to Episcopacy was on a political account, as it agreed with their ideas of monarchy, and that, in the far-famed and classic phrase of the British Solomon, "Presbytery agreed with monarchy as God with the devil."² Hume, Mackintosh, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott and a vast multitude of authorities and quotations might be heaped up upon this point. They would be useless, because well known to any one acquainted at all with the tenor of British historians. We can hardly undertake those who know no history but the romances. The climate of their Bœotia is too thick for us at the present.

But the Presbyterians defended themselves from the charge of republicanism in the seventeenth century in Scotland, and pointed to their deep and earnest loyalty towards their ancient line of kings. They did not confess the charge of republicanism under a monarchy, for that would be synonymous with rebellion. But they claimed then, and they claim now, they claimed in Scotland, and

¹ Neal's *Puritans*, II., 572.

² *Pictorial History*, Book VII., pp. 444, 446.

they claim in America, to be constitutionalists under all governments. The title of the famous book of old Samuel Rutherford, *Lex Rex*—which, by the way, it is said has never been answered, and never can be fairly answered; that famous work which King Charles II. graced with the honor of being burnt by the hangman at the market-cross,—the title of that noble book was indeed the motto of all their struggles for liberty. The condition of Britain at the present time demonstrates with all honor to her noble races of men, that liberty may exist under a government of law, even though administered by a king. Indeed, it is hardly probable that the Covenanters of Scotland, or the parliamentarians of England, would have rebelled against the Stuarts on a merely civil account. But they could not make a Stuart the lawgiver of their consciences and their religion. And the mighty God who works his deep designs in wondrous ways bound civil liberty close around religion as the golden circle around the jewel, so that in securing the one, which he saw they never would quietly let go, they secured the other too. They could not permit a Stuart to be the ape of the Lord Jesus, as a Romanist permits the Pope to be, and lay the rude hands of carnal and sensual laws upon the mysteries of man's religious soul.

But in truth the course of events very soon refuted the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance which the bishops had so sedulously preached to the Scottish people. James II., unfortunately for their logic, was a Roman Catholic. Never were principles more thoroughly refuted by adverse necessity than theirs were by the regular legal succession to the throne. If the Scotch had no right to resist the compulsory Episcopacy of Charles II., then the English had no right to resist the compulsory Romanism of James II. If it was wrong to resist Charles in Scotland, it was wrong, by precise parity of reasoning, to dethrone James in England. The parallel is far worse than equal for the bishops. James's offence was a suspension of the laws enforcing Episcopacy. His sin against them was

his ceasing to persecute in their behalf. He suspended the laws by usurped power, so as to grant toleration to Papists and Covenanters. Then they deserted, dethroned, defeated, and drove him away. Charles's offence was a rigorous administration of executive decrees establishing Episcopacy where the people did not desire it. He persecuted the Covenanters to drive them to a faith strange and hateful to them. They never preached passive obedience. They seldom practiced civil rebellion. They made a sort of *passive resistance*, if that is an allowable idea. The Cameronians, or *hill-people*, alone disowned the civil authority of the king. But if it was right and proper to drive off the king of England for being a Roman Catholic, would it not have been precisely as right to drive off the king of Scotland for being an Episcopalian? Is there any imaginable difference, except that the bishops were on the winning side in one case and not in the other? All honor to the English people for that manly bravery with which they cast off the meshes of that slavish logic when their religious rights were in danger. All those rights, save the right to persecute the Scotch, were worth preserving, even at the expense of the expulsion of a graceless bigot from the great Protestant throne. It is strange and sad that their zealot Tories to this day have not caught the noble and generous idea of giving equal honor to the Scottish people for simply disobeying the sorrier of the two brothers in his attempts to overthrow their faith. The act of the English Church and people in 1668 went much farther than a full sanction to the patient refusal to apostatize of the Scottish Church and people during the previous twenty-eight years. So certain are erroneous and one-sided principles of a practical refutation, when men are required themselves to live by principles which they manufacture for others.

Here it may be observed how different were the circumstances under which the Presbyterian system was attempted to be set up in England in the time of the commonwealth, from the circumstances under which the Epis-

copal system was attempted to be set up in Scotland in the reign of Charles II. The Presbyterian system proposed to the English was the Westminster Confession—a system formed by a body of *English* divines convoked by *English* civil authorities. There were not a dozen Scots in that large assembly. The solemn league and covenant was a voluntary bond entered into by the English, Scottish, and Irish peoples, to adopt that system as a more complete reformation of the church. The Scottish people swore to adopt it and did adopt it. To this day the fact stands out broadly in British church history, that the *Scottish Confession of Faith* is a book furnished them by an assembly of English divines. Truly it is not easy to see how this solemn league and covenant was a persecutor of the English. If the English Episcopalians were persecuted, it was by English Presbyterians, not Scottish.

The Episcopal system attempted to be set up by military force in Scotland was foreign to the whole Scottish mind. It was the Romish system restored. It was reactionary. It was a lapse from reformation. It was never assented to at all by an ecclesiastical assembly in Scotland, but was professedly based on the claim of royal supremacy in religious matters, and was ratified only in a Scottish Parliament, composed of the profligate tools of a more profligate king.

The reason for which Presbytery was attempted to be set up in England was that it was a more perfect reformation of the church than the old system, and in the language of David Hume, that “that form of ecclesiastical government is more favorable to liberty than to royal power.” The reason for which Episcopacy was attempted to be set up in Scotland was that it was regarded as a form of ecclesiastical government more favorable to royal power, and especially to the peculiar ideas of royal power entertained by the house of Stuart. Both these propositions could be established by a very large number of authorities and references, which will occur without difficulty to the memory of

the reader well informed in the history of the seventeenth century.

When Episcopal ministers were ejected from their parishes in England in the times of the commonwealth, it was, as a general thing, for a dissolute moral character, for shameful incompetency to teach, or for a denial of fundamental doctrine. Old Fuller, the witty historian, almost as zealous a Royalist as South himself, was admitted to a living by Cromwell's court of triers. The reader who has met with the morceau, will hardly have forgotten how the jolly old clerical wit amused himself afterwards with the questions the triers asked him on the subject of the new birth. That subject he treats very much with the sharp and scorning wit with which Dickens treats it in the *Pickwick Papers*. He evidently got through the court of triers by means of equivocations and double-entendres. Many an other as good Episcopalian, and far better Christian than he, was admitted to the comprehensive church of the commonwealth. The court was not authorized to inquire into a man's views of church government. The conclusion is, therefore, irrefragable, that when Episcopalians were excluded it was not as Episcopalians, but as men of unsound tenets, incompetent qualifications, or scandalous lives. Surely this was a very righteous sort of persecution with which old protector Great-Heart visited that dissolute body of men.

When Presbyterian ministers were ejected from their parishes in Scotland, in the times of Charles II., it was, as a general thing, for the unflinching strictness of their morality and the deep conscientiousness of their piety. No contrast could be better established in point of fact than this. None could be more telling in its import. When one of the Covenanters was brought before a magistrate to be committed to prison, if he or she exhibited signs of piety by abstaining from the vices of the licentious speech of the age, the commitment was made out at once without waiting for forms of law. But if the accused threw out a profane

oath, the court laughed and at once discharged the prisoner as not the game for which they were in search. In all their proceedings, in pursuance of the king's proclamation concerning church government, piety led to conviction; open vice led to acquittal. Those who were put into the English Church in the place of the ejected were men of great piety and learning, as the names of Owen, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, Bates, Alleine, and a host of kindred spirits, abundantly testify. Those who were put into the Scottish Church in the place of the ejected were, with the single exception of Leighton, the good, men whose names have never been on the records of learning, piety, or talent, and have perished from the memory of none. The outcry which the Tory writers make about the drumming of these worthless curates out of Scotland at the coming in of William III. must be a desperate resort. They had no right to the stipend by any just law; no personal merit; no hold upon the affections of the people. Their blood was not spilled. They were simply laughed, drummed, or as it was called, *rubbled* away. Those who were ejected from the Church of England at the restoration, were the best, purest, holiest, most learned men of the land. The act of uniformity and the five-mile act were intended to hunt them from the face of the earth.

It was a wide and unfortunate mistake of the civil government during the times of the English commonwealth, that they undertook to produce sanctity of manners by legislation. They had taken the English idea of the oneness of church and state, and had puritanized it and spiritualized it. Many more of them besides the mad fifth-monarchy men dreamed of the reign of King Jesus upon earth and a code of laws drawn directly from the pure wells of gospel truth, and of the administration of laws by the hands of the saints. Civil laws, however, can never safely or properly go farther than the promotion of public decency and social morality. Men cannot be made either moral, or religious, or holy, by legislation of any kind.

The error of the reign of the saints was, that they thought they could promote sanctity by law. This gave rise to the hypocrisy with which they have been charged. Unholy and profane men who thought all holiness was but hypocrisy and pretence, as unholy and profane men often do think, and who therefore did not scruple to pretend it when they did not possess it, seeing that sanctity of manners was the passport to civil emolument, crept in among the Puritans and brought reproach upon them. But it seems very clear and easy reasoning that it was not the Puritan himself who was justly entitled to bear this reproach of hypocrisy. The real Puritan had no need to pretend to be a Puritan. The real Christian has no need for the cloak of Christianity. But it was the man of loose morals and of low ideas of the sacredness of holy things from the anti-puritan ranks, who practiced this hypocrisy, who alone had need of it, and whose civil promotion depended on it. Puritans may be fanatics. They sometimes have been. They often are in modern times. But it is an impossible thought that men were hypocrites who dared, and suffered, and were brave, and denied themselves, and raised the dignity of the state, and spread the reign of morals, thrift and industry around, as did Cromwell and his saints. If so, then hypocrisy made the deepest impression for good which has ever been made by any one else's sincerity on the destinies of England—which is a contradiction.

But the wider and more unfortunate mistake of the civil government in England and in Scotland under Charles II. was, that it leveled all the artillery of the law *against* holiness, sanctity, conscience, religion, and against all strictness and self-denial of morals and of manners. Self-denial was the emblem and the watchword of the Commonwealth. Joyous license to do as one would was the prevailing principle of the Restoration. The one was the reign of the saints and prophets. The other was the reign of the fiends and satyrs. The one attempted, erroneously and extravagantly, to legislate holiness into men's hearts. The other

attempted, blasphemously, to legislate holiness and conscientiousness out of the land. Oliver Cromwell dictating to the "Latin Secretary" the epistle which was a shield of defence around the Protestants of Savoy, is an emblematic scene of the commonwealth. Charles II. hunting a moth, and writing letters of urgency to Claverhouse and Dalziel to hunt and slay the Protestants of Scotland, is a scene emblematic of the Restoration. Cromwell may have prayed too long, but was never drunk. Charles II. was drunk about as often, probably, and as long, as Cromwell prayed. And Charles never prayed at all that we know of.

The men who resisted Presbytery in England were, as a general thing, the advocates of despotic government: the Buckinghamians, the Lauds, the Straffords and the Mainwarings. They were remarkable for their lofty views of kingly authority and their low ideas of virtue, conscience, duty and right. They saw the restoration of their king and church in 1660. But along with them came the lowest condition of religion, of morals, and of national standing abroad, which the nation has ever known. They saved their cherished dynasty of the house of Stuart, and their favorite doctrine of the divine right of kings and the sacred obligation of the subject to passive obedience and non-resistance. But they saved them both for only twenty-eight years. The revolution of 1688 came, and the dogma was scattered to the winds, refuted by the very conduct of its authors, and the dynasty was dethroned forever. They saved also an established Episcopal church; but they lost two thousand of its brightest jewels, who would not conform to its "crawling and footlicking" spirit. And the toleration which came has turned into other channels than those of the establishment a majority, by estimate, of the numbers and piety of Protestantism in that land.

Those who resisted Episcopacy in Scotland were, as a general thing, advocates of law and legal liberty: Rutherford, Argyle, Guthrie, Baillie, Warriston, Brown, Cargill, Peden, Blackader, Renwick and Carstairs—men against

whose morals nothing could be alleged; men who plead their consciences and whose self-denial proved them to be conscientious. They stood for religious liberty. Their loyalty was to the unseen and divine King to whom they had given themselves soul and spirit. They did save religious liberty, conquering by patient endurance. And they also saved civil liberty, Hume himself being witness—no friend, indeed, either to them, their liberties or their religion. They delivered Scotland from what they thought an impure Protestantism, and gave to it a naked, clear, spiritual system, deeply fixed in the convictions and affections of the people. To this day that grand little kingdom, though rife with dissent from established Presbyterianism, is still almost unanimously Presbyterian, all the dissenters claiming to stand, in some respect or other, nearer to the pure and primitive model than the establishment.

Another fault from which the English commonwealthmen can be defended, but the Scottish Covenanters cannot, is intolerance. But there was no conception of the idea of toleration in those days anywhere, except in the minds of Cromwell, of Milton, of John Howe and a few other such foremost men of all the world. The English Episcopalians regarded toleration as treason to the throne of the king and to the mitre of the bishop. The Scottish Presbyterians regarded it as treason to the gospel of Christ and to the souls of the people. The suppression of error by force was the principle of both parties in Scotland. The only advantage the Presbyterians have in the estimate is that they spilt little or none of the blood of others, and shed much of their own in the religious persecutions. The suppression of error by force, says the *Pictorial History*, "was still the popular and national feeling; for, after all, nothing is more incontestible than that all the severe laws which were passed against non-conformists, between the Restoration and the Revolution, were in accordance with the sentiments of the great majority of all classes of the English people."

At the very time when the English Parliament had become alarmed at the prospect of having a papist upon the throne, and were busily discussing and insisting upon the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the right of succession, at that very time it was treason in Scotland to maintain the principle of the bill of exclusion. Penalties for opinion were run mad. No party is perfectly clear from the just reproach. The world had not yet been lifted high enough to see the light of religious liberty and the wrong and inexpediency of laying edicts concerning spiritual truths upon the conscience of man by human authority.

We have a concluding word to say in the way of protest against the odium now attempted to be cast upon the Scottish and English Puritanism of the seventeenth century, in consequence of the sorry and abortive fruits of Puritanism in New England in the nineteenth century. It is like casting a reproach upon the Geneva of Calvin, which is taken from the modern Geneva of the Unitarians. It is reasoning from names, but not identities or resemblances. Never were two things of the same name much less identical in spirit and intrinsic character than the English Puritanism of the seventeenth century and the Yankee Puritanism of the nineteenth. They seem alike only in the erroneous practice of inquisitorial and intolerant legislation concerning moral questions. Like all imitators, the modern spirit has copied the mere defects, but few or none of the greatnesses of the ancient. Never was there a more deep, earnest, inward, mental, spiritual and real civilization than that which sprung up with such mighty radiance in Great Britain in the seventeenth century, under the influence of the old Puritans. Seldom has there been seen among the nations a more shallow, outward, physical, mechanical and materialistic civilization than that which has sprung up with such mighty *bruit*, under the Puritan influences in New England in the nineteenth century. The one is all physical. It subjugates matter. It excels in the mechanic arts. It makes constant and important contri-

butions to the material comforts of outward life. It glories in the wide diffusion and the shallow depth of education. It is envious of all but itself. It is devoted to pecuniary profit. It has learning enough to receive ideas, not logic enough to sift them, so as to discern between the superficial and the profound, the plausible and the true, the sham and the real.

The other was all spiritual. The moral, intellectual and spiritual grandeur which its writers spread over religious life yet lies on it like golden sunshine, still uneclipsed by any brighter radiance. It had its trophies on battle-fields. It had its Marstons and Nasebys and Worcesters. But it had more trophies in the realms of genius and learning. It was full of great ideas and generous impulses. It gloried in all depths of learning, of thought, of piety, and strove to diffuse learning without rendering it shallow. It had no inordinate thirst for the *peculium*. Mammon was never its God.

It was its highest glory to be able to know truth from plausibilities, fleeting shams and unveracities, and empty forms from eternal realities. Never was the same name borne by two more intrinsically different things than the English Puritanism of the seventeenth and the New England Puritanism of the nineteenth century.

LIBERTY AND LOYALTY.¹

THE cycle of the great rebellion, beginning from the Parliament of 1628, and ending at the restoration of a Stuart, is the golden age of English history in many respects. The battle which was fought in that day between monarchy and liberty was a much more important one than that of Dunbar or of Worcester. The men of the people and the heir and successor of ancient kings were engaged then in as momentous a struggle as Pharsalia or Waterloo. Monarchy rode as it were upon the sky, higher than the highest, and the souls of many were bound to it by spells of superstitious enchantment. Liberty sprang up from her birth-place in the spirits of the humble and contrite, the fairest of earthly forms, speaking with grave face and with deathless resolve of ancient landmarks, of rights immemorial or inherent. It may well be doubted whether there ever was a more momentous struggle; one in which the latent strong elements of human nature were more deeply engaged; one in which the prizes were so definitely those blessings of human life which are held to be priceless by men who are above mere sensuality, or one which has left to posterity more excellent examples of exalted worth.

It is but six-and-twenty years since the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is one hundred and eighty-nine since that of Oliver Cromwell. While we are surprised at the

¹ This article was published in *The Princeton Review* for July, 1848, reviewing *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England, with a treatise on the popular progress in English History*. By John Forster, of the Inner Temple. Edited by J. O. Choules. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1846. Pp. 629.

number of books written on the career of the Corsican, recent and dazzling as it is, there have been published within about a twelvemonth past, from no mean hands, as many as three new works relating to the English Commonwealth.

There is a sublimity about the eminent men of that day for which a parallel can scarcely be found elsewhere than in the inspired records of the Hebrew prophets, whose strict conscientiousness, and the grave and measured significance of their conduct, it has been matter of especial jeer at the Puritans that they made their models. Attacked in succeeding times with unparalleled bitterness by the flatterers of the restored Stuarts, made the butt of satire, the victims of pretended history, and the laughing-stock of courtly romance, their deathless names have been slowly finding their way to the deepest reverence of freemen and Protestants everywhere, as men who loved liberty and truth better than life, and who bear a resemblance, not wholly fanciful, to the Elijahs, the Daniels, and the Ezeiels of God's earlier people. A happier theme could hardly have been found anywhere for a volume such as Mr. Forster's than the statesmen of the Commonwealth of England. It will probably be long before we shall see a better work on that subject; one which may so advantageously take the place of any or all of the old Jacobite and conservative advocates and apologists on the historic shelf of the student.

Just after the establishment of American Independence, it was thought that a free nation here, using the English language, yet separated by the ocean from the deadly influences exerted by pageants, pensions, courts, and the other splendors of monarchy, on historic and social opinions, and having its nativity in a period of singular justness of thought on such subjects, would be the place of all where justice might be hoped for in relation to the lofty deeds and principles of the martyrs for truth and freedom in the old times, in the mother country and elsewhere. Until re-

cently, however, such hopes have been almost ridiculously abortive in regard to probably a majority of American readers. Clarendon, Hume, Walter Scott, courtiers, infidel splenetics, masked Jacobites catering for morbid tory appetites, romantic insidious conservatives, ready to chime in with any taste which would be propitious in the bookseller's shop; men who saw in Charles a martyr, in Laud a saint, and in Lauderdale a patriot; men in whose eyes crowns shine brighter than true liberty; men whose spirits glow with sincere admiration only for the Ormonds, the Montroses, and the Claverhouses, blind, mad-cap champions for kings, right or wrong; such men have been thought worthy to be heard concerning the Puritans, the Long Parliament, and the covenants! To such men too many of us have given countenance, while they have been reimmolating Hampden, Vane, Sydney, and Russell, the victims of their model kings, with worse weapon than sword or axe, an envenomed pen, which martyrs those good names and stirring examples which they died to transmit to after ages. The work before us, though not the only proof by any means, is one of the most pleasing proofs that the light of a better day is approaching, when history will better fulfil her office as defined by the Roman master: *Precipuum munus annulum reor, ne virtutes sileantur; utque pravus dictis factisque ex posteritate et infamia metus sit.*

The effect of this volume on the attentive reader will be to revive his interest in the deep and gorgeous drama transacted in that period of history, and to refresh, and on many points to enlarge, his knowledge of the facts connected with it. This article would embrace the occasion of a new contribution so manifestly respectable to the history of that period, to review the early part of the great struggle by which it is signalized. The party which supported Charles I., besides their appropriate style and title of royalists, assumed to themselves the title also of loyalists, adherents to the laws and constitution of the realm. To their opponents they gave, as their posterity still give to our

fathers of the American Revolution, the title of rebels. Is this nomenclature in accordance with truth? Which of the parties adhered truly to the provisions of the English fundamental laws in church and state? These questions seem to involve all that is really important in the subject. True, they may not present the main point to all minds. There may be some readers, good gentle souls, long since emigrant from the ground of fact and argument to other climes and balmy breezes, to whom the "Blessed King and Martyr" is all the more blessed and a martyr, for every accumulation of proof that he would have destroyed English liberty, as he would have shouted their shibboleth over its ruins; to whom Laud is all the more a saint and martyr, as it was to a Puritan Parliament, and in a Puritan and perverse generation, that he so often broke faith to church and to state and to God. The sublime slumbers of these magnificent celestials it is not proposed to disturb. Others there may be, on the other hand, who think that the vast superiority of the Puritans over the Royalists in personal virtue, in manliness of aim and purpose, in fidelity to the will of God as apprehended in the Scriptures, and in that firmness of spirit usually connected with a mind obedient to the dictates of conscience (and vast was their superiority in these respects), carries all questions of right and wrong in their favor. But had the surviving men of the Commonwealth been tried at the Restoration by courts of law as inflexibly just, as they were in fact for the most part contemptible otherwise, these advantages of general character would not have, and ought not to have, acquitted them. Before fair tribunals, answers in their favor to the questions above stated would have acquitted them. Besides, placing the inquiry on any other than constitutional grounds would be an opposite error, analogous to one of the weakest moods of malignancy itself; judging great questions by some small concomitants according as they are picturesque or romantic, opposing the noblest of men in the best of causes, for their guilty nasal twang, their atrocious crooked

hair, and their awful and boding Geneva cap ; choosing a historical opinion, as Sir Walter Scott says he himself did, "as King Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the cavalier creed was the more gentleman-like persuasion of the two."

The checks upon the crown which entitle the British monarchy to be styled limited are traced by some writers, among whom are Montesquieu and Sir William Blackstone, to the usages of the Saxons while yet in their ancestral homes in the forests of Germany, though it cannot probably be ascertained at this day precisely how far such checks then extended. In the Witana Gemote, or Congress of the Wise, in King Alfred's times, whom he consulted about his laws, and "they then said that they were all willing to observe them," we certainly see a resemblance to the modern free legislation by king, lords and commons ; and traces of a compact of the same description appear, even amidst the horrors of the Norman conquest, in the obligation which the Conqueror took and confirmed by his coronation-oath, to preserve the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. And although a great real change occurred, notwithstanding this respect for the forms of liberty, at that period when the tremendous feudal system was established, the nation treated as a mere extended camp, and the king, as captain-general, regarded as the only fountain of titles to personal freedom and to ownership in the soil, as well as to offices of honor or emolument ; yet Blackstone says that, after all, the people were defrauded of their liberties rather by the art and finesse of the Norman lawyers than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

According to their different views of the results of the conquest, writers have adopted different theories in relation to the charters of rights which began soon after to be obtained from the kings ; the liberal writers regarding them either as steps in return to the ancient Saxon liberties, which still rightfully belonged to the people, or as new acts of compact with the crown, as valid as if they had been

ancient, on the same grounds on which any investment of rights is valid; and the writers on the arbitrary side regarding them as infringements of the royal prerogative, of no validity because extorted under duress. But if these liberties were lost at first by the violence of the conquest, it surely displays a very ill-timed love of quiet to object to the far less violent and generally bloodless process by which they were recovered by charter. We have adopted a briefer and clearer theory on this subject in America. We hold that men who wrest their liberties from tyrants, whether by charter, by redress of grievances, or by a recognition of independence achieved by successful revolution, recover thereby, not their ancestral, but their natural and inalienable liberties, of which their existence itself is a charter from the Highest of Kings. This was the ground of that far-seeing wise man, Sir Harry Vane, even as early as the times of the English rebellion. But on the lower ground, if the king, as captain of the military forces in a feudal kingdom be regarded as having possessed a rightful claim to be lord of the liberties of the people, because he possessed the power to be so, there are three ways by which he might grant and the people recover those liberties, either of which is as sacred, as much a *jus divinum*, has as good a title to be regarded as fundamental in human government, as the right of kings: 1, By charters granted to the people; 2, By solemn appeals to God in coronation-oaths; 3, By permitting usages of limit to the prerogative to grow up in the legal tribunals and become established on the principles of common law. And all three of these safeguards were in appliance to the liberties of the English people at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

1. The charter which the barons of England obtained from King John, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, at Runnymede, was in part a statutory confirmation of the ancient maxims and usages of common law; and in part it acquired new liberties for the subject; for example, where it prohibits the sovereign from suspending

or evading the laws, and guarantees to the subject his life, liberty and property until he is deprived of them by a legal process. It interposed against an evasion of acknowledged law. Other laws bound the subject, this bound the sovereign, not to attain his ends otherwise than by legal means. This great charter, with some twenty confirmations which it had received from numerous Parliaments, including of course as many royal assents, previously to the time of Charles I., was then as much as it had ever been the fundamental law of the realm.

2. Blackstone gives a copy of the coronation-oath of the ancient English kings, preserved, he tells us, in a book printed as early as the reign of Edward IV., which binds the king to "guarantee to his people the enjoyment of the laws and customs of the realm, and by his power to guard and confirm what the people have made and chosen" as law. Here he recognized the right of the estates of the people, *lez gentes du people*, to make and choose their laws, and consented on oath to the restriction of his prerogative. Archbishop Laud was charged on his trial with having inserted into this oath, without any right to do so, a saving of the king's prerogative when he administered it to Charles. But to that charge the archbishop replied, that the insertion was as early as Edward VI. or Elizabeth, and besides, its collocation gave it no force as to the civil laws of the kingdom, but only as to the king's supremacy in religion. The present coronation-oath is substantially the same, though the phraseology was altered at the accession of William and Mary.

3. The common law is of the nature of a compact between king and subjects, as it contains provisions to govern each party in its appropriate sphere. This is specially clear since the conquest. Bracton, a legal writer as early as Henry III., says that the king must do nothing except what can be legally done, because it is a maxim of the common law, *Rex debet esse sub lege, quia lex facit regem*, the king ought to be subject to the law, because the law

makes the king; teaching not only that the king is under law, but that he is its creature, and not the freeholder of a *jus divinum*. Fenner, a very eminent divine in the reign of Elizabeth, taught in a work on "Sacred Theology," even in such days as those, that the English Parliament may justly depose a tyrant who commits wilful breaches of the compact between him and the Commonwealth. And the Scottish ambassadors told that arbitrary sovereign herself that "the Scots were a free nation, made king whom they freely chose, and with the same freedom unkinged him if they saw cause, by right of ancient laws and ceremonies yet remaining, and old customs yet among the Highlanders in choosing the heads of their clans or families, all which, with many other arguments, bore witness that regal power was nothing else but a mutual covenant or stipulation between king and people." (*Milton's Prose Works*, Vol. I., pp. 386, 395.)

It is not to be pretended that the Parliament of such a realm may not become really and guiltily rebellious and trench more than legally on the royal prerogative, or that every opposition of Parliament to king in a nation enjoying ancient established laws is of course justifiable. It is a question of fact as to the rights of king on one hand and people on the other; and it is utterly insoluble in any other court than that of prejudice or unreason, without a strict comparison of the facts established on each side, with what was binding as law on both parties. That is a point of view in which unfortunately this question has rarely been placed. A negative on the acts of Parliament, the power of prorogation and dissolution, the power to appoint and remove judges and ministers, with other inevitable patronage and influence of the crown, are, however, much stronger shields of the crown against resistance except for the most notorious and overwhelming reasons than any possessed on the other side. But if a king of that realm habitually violate the compact and invade the liberties of the people, either it is, as Milton said, "a ridiculous and painted free-

dom fit to cozen babies," a constitution without safeguards, a limited monarchy without a limiting power, the people have rights which cannot be maintained without wrong, or else the redress is in the Parliament, and a nation may without moral turpitude stand by its Parliament and its laws against its king. Resistance under such circumstances, so far from incurring the just opprobrium of rebellion, if it be waged with the proper means, is the best proof the Parliament and the people can give of true loyalty to the constitution of government as it of right is. If not, then English liberty is moonshine. It cannot survive the reign of a single able and wilful monarch.

We must now turn our attention to the ecclesiastical constitution of England at the accession of Charles I. to the throne. The acts of Parliament establishing the church under Elizabeth, especially that concerning the supremacy, were not as bold as the similar laws under Henry VIII. The title "supreme head" was left out of the oath perhaps on account of the scruples which Burnet says were put into her head by Lever, and which seems to have been regarded by some sturdy Protestants as a courtesy to the Pope; more probably from a dread on the part of the ambitious but sensitive queen of being linked in satire with Pope Joan. The authority which this act conferred on the queen was to be "supreme governor in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, within her dominions," and her subjects were required to renounce all foreign power and jurisdiction under the penalty, not of a *praemunire*, as was the case under Henry VIII., but simply of ejection from any office under the crown. These circumstances, together with the strict respect paid throughout those vacillating times in England to the forms of parliamentary sanction, even when Parliament itself was entirely supple and compliant, with other similar considerations to be found in the history of those times, incline one to the belief that the act of supremacy was not intended to give the sovereign any legislative power in the church, but was in part aimed at

the papacy, and in part gave the queen the same executive authority in the church which she possessed in the civil state. At least this view of the subject seems most consistent and satisfactory, though the whole figment of earthly headship over the church of Christ, whether in the shape of Buckingham Palace or the Vatican, is to a staunch, sound Protestant as hard to understand as to believe. On the powers of the royal supremacy was founded the famous court of High Commission, instead of the single lord-vicegerent who had served Henry VIII., which may be compared to a commission of the great seal instead of a single lord-keeper or chancellor. The power of this court was not only executive in its character, as has been shown, but it was the gift of Parliament, or at least recognized only as consistent with the just power of the legislature itself.

The Parliament of that nation is, and in Protestant times has ever been, the legislature of the church as well as of the state. It was Parliament which ordained the eucharist in both kinds, the Book of Common Prayer, the fastings and holy days; the same authority required the subscription of the clergy to the Thirty-nine Articles, passed the corporation (or, as it might properly be called, the passive obedience and non-resistance) act of 1661; the famous test, conventicle and five-mile acts in the same reign, the act of toleration under William and Mary, and that for Catholic emancipation in 1829. The convocation of the clergy was a sort of ecclesiastical Parliament anciently, but the power of making canons was taken from them under Henry VIII., and their proceedings have since been of no great importance.

Peter Wentworth said, in a speech before the Commons, that "he had heard from old Parliament men, that the banishment of the Pope and popery and the restoring of true religion had their beginning from that house and not from the bishops;" even in the reign of Mary there was on that floor a band of patriots brave enough to protest against the infamy of those days of blood, and when their remon-

stances were unavailing, to secede openly from the house. Under Elizabeth the heart of that house, and of the great mass of those whom they represented, was Protestant, and in avowed and earnest sympathy with the Protestants of other nations. Puritanism, yet in its brave infancy, was already striving, a monster in each hand, to strangle both superstition and tyranny :

“ ἐπιτίθειον Ἡρακλῆα

Θῆρε δῶν χεῖρεςσιν ἀπρὶξ ἀπαλαῖσιν ἔχοντα,”

participating deeply from its birth in England of those aspirations for civil freedom which the revival of pure religion was producing everywhere. Elizabeth herself, an able and splendid demagogue, owed her success to some romance connected with a sceptre in the hands of a woman, to her courteous personal behavior to the people, and to the grace with which she yielded to the popular will when it became necessary to yield, and even won new favor where a less politic ruler would have provoked odium, rather than to any blindness of the people to the despotism which she was sometimes inclined to practice. With a crucifix, an image of the Virgin and of St. John in her private chapel, she yet championed the cause of Protestantism throughout Europe. In the civil war in France, between the Catholics headed by Guise and the Protestants under Condé and Coligny, she was in league with the latter party, and sent them aid which was designed to be of more service than it was. Ten years later, after the dire night of St. Bartholomew, she made her position so definite among the nations that the Catholic states from Venice to the English Channel regarded her as their most formidable enemy, and were ready at any moment for a combination to strike her down ; whilst the Protestants of Germany, the Netherlands and France were ready to rally round the English standard, and to concede its right to the van of the Protestant array. When the expedition of Montgomery failed to succor the Rochellers in 1573, the Bishop of London and the Earl of Essex, in the name of the nobility, clergy and people, earn-

estly memorialized the government in behalf of the foreign Protestants. Elizabeth well knew and was so wise as rarely if ever to insult the feelings of her people on this subject. During the memorable negotiations of the Duke of Alençon for her hand in matrimony, when the Duke requested in his letters permission to visit her in person, "she lovingly advised him," says Mackintosh, "not to come until he had first atoned for dyeing his sword in the blood of the Rochellers and secured a good reception in England by some notable testimony of his affection to the Protestants of France," though it is not improbable that her own inclinations were already in his favor without the atonement she declares to be necessary to conciliate her people.

The Protestant feeling of the nation was not growing weaker during the reign of James I., while the system of petty royal stratagem which that sorry Malvolio invented, and to which he gave the appropriate name of kingcraft, was felt rather as the sting of an insect than as the rod of an oppressor. A scene occurred in the Parliament of 1620-'21, which might have administered most impressive admonition to any other ears than those of a Stuart. Frederick, the Elector Palatine (son-in-law of James), was engaged in a struggle with the emperor, in which he was regarded as the leader of the Protestant cause, and received assistance from most of the states of that party. The thirty-years' war was commencing, which so deeply enlisted the Protestant spirit of Europe by a most formidable combination to crush truth and freedom. All ranks in England were on fire to range themselves by the side of their brethren on the continent in such a cause. The king observed a cold neutrality; and when two thousand four hundred English volunteers embarked for the Palatinate, it was with his disapprobation. He had recently (1618) sacrificed Sir Walter Raleigh to do a pleasurè to Catholic Spain, and negotiations were now carrying on for the marriage of Prince Charles with the Spanish Infanta. These things gave just alarm to the Commons, and they remon-

strated with the king in relation to them. He answered, bidding them not presume to meddle with deep matters of state which were above their capacity, and after a second remonstrance, in which they assert their ancient and undoubted right to give counsel in all matters of government, and to use perfect freedom of speech, they are informed that his majesty expects them to adjourn over the summer. Before separating, however, these strong men "voted a solemn declaration of their resolve to spend their lives and fortunes in defence of the Protestant cause; and this declaration was sounded forth with the voices of them all, withal lifting up their hats in their hands so high as they could hold them, as a visible testimony of their unanimous consent, in such sort that the like had scarce ever been seen in Parliament." (*Forster*, p. 139.) Neither the wisdom of the Hebrew nor (taking the short step of the proverb) of the British Solomon could have cajoled, Cæsar could not have coerced, such men. That was the commencement of the great struggle. Coke, Selden, Pym, Phillips, Hampden, were there. It was no mere O'Connell agitation; no senseless feud of Carlist and Christino; no ardor of superstition excited against the encroachments of moral light; no infidel insurrection in behalf of the goddess of reason. It was a struggle of devout and heroic men, deeply versed in the Scriptures, and knowing and prizing their civil rights, to transmit to their children a pure religion and a free state.

There are two other points on which testimony must be adduced in order to a judgment of the case between the parties who are coming before us: the doctrines of the Church of England, and its attitude in relation to ceremonies, or things indifferent, in the times preceding the reign of Charles. That the doctrines held and taught in that communion at that period were decidedly Calvinistic, her articles, catechisms, interpretations, the well-known sentiments of her reformers and subsequent ministers, the employment of continental Calvinists as professors in the uni-

versities, and the use of *Calvin's Institutes* as the text-book of theology, place beyond reasonable doubt. Arminius himself was not perverted until 1591. The chair of divinity in the University of Leyden, in which he first publicly promulgated the new theology, was occupied until 1602 by the illustrious Francis Junius, a very different character. In that very interval (in 1595) a series of articles was drawn up at the palace of Archbishop Whitgift, thence called the *Lambeth Articles*, by that primate himself and others of the most exalted members of the church, as their interpretation of her standards, which will probably be thought by the intelligent reader to differ from the doctrines of the Reformation on the side opposite to Arminianism. They are as follows: 1, "God from eternity hath predestinated certain men unto life; certain men he hath reprobated; 2, The moving or efficient cause of predestination unto life is not the foresight of faith, or of perseverance, or of good works, or of anything that is in the person predestinated, but only the good will and pleasure of God; 3, There is predetermined a certain number of the predestinate, which can neither be augmented nor diminished; 4, Those who are not predestinated to salvation shall be necessarily damned for their sins; 5, A true, living, and justifying faith, and the Spirit of God justifying, is not extinguished, falleth not away, it vanisheth not away in the elect, neither finally nor totally; 6, A man truly faithful, that is, such a one who is endued with a justifying faith, is certain, with the full assurance of faith, of the remission of his sins, and of his everlasting salvation in Christ; 7, Saving grace is not given, is not granted, is not communicated to all men, by which they may be saved if they will; 8, No man can come to Christ unless it shall be given unto him, and unless the Father shall draw him, and all men are not drawn by the Father that they may come to the Son; 9, It is not in the will or power of every one to be saved." (*Short's History of the Church of England*, p. 161.)

It is well known that there were delegates from England

in the Synod of Dort, by which the doctrines of Arminius were condemned. King James sent the above articles to that synod by his delegates, as he sent them also to Ireland as the faith professed in England. (*Forster*, p. 154.) Bishop Hall was one of the English delegates to the Synod of Dort, and in a sermon which he delivered before that body on the 29th of November, 1618, he said, that King James had specially commanded the delegation of which he was a member to urge one thing there with all their might, that the Church of Holland should adhere (against the Arminians) to the common faith contained in the standards of their own and the other churches. And the same prelate said in his *Irenicum*, published still later: "Blessed be God, there is no difference, in any essential point, between the Church of England and her sister Reformed churches; the only difference between us consists in our mode of constituting the external ministry." We shall find the government of Charles I. trampling on the constitution of the church on this point as well as on others.

There was a well-known difference between the two sections of the Reformation, the English and Lutherans on the one hand, and the Scottish and the Continental churches—besides the Lutherans—on the other, as to the principle by which they should be guided in appointing ceremonies in the church. The principle of the latter party was, that nothing should be ordained in the church which had not the positive warrant of Scripture; the principle of the former was, that things are lawful which are not forbidden in Scripture. The one enacted nothing which was unscriptural; the other nothing which was anti-scriptural. The one required the authority of Scripture for its ordinances and ceremonies; the other was satisfied if its ordinances and ceremonies were not contrary to the written word. Inspiration was consulted for directions in the one case; whatever species of consent silence may be supposed to give was held sufficient in the other. The English Church itself, in the convocation of 1562, escaped as nar-

rowly as by the majority of one vote, in one hundred and seventeen, from a reformation on something like the Genevan plan as to ceremonies. The question as to the genuineness of that clause of her twentieth Article which says: "The church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in matters of faith," is one of the most curious in history. That clause was not in the Latin manuscript signed by the convocation of 1562, nor in the English manuscript signed by the convocation of 1571, nor in either the English or Latin edition published at the latter date by Bishop Jewel; though it is found in one case as early as 1563, and appears frequently late in the reign of Elizabeth. In his record of the debates in Parliament on this point, early in the reign of that queen, Burnet says (Vol. II., p. 610), that the commons certainly, and probably the lords also, had attended a conference between the Protestant and Catholic divines at Westminster, where they heard the matter discussed preparatory to the legislation for the church on which they were about to enter; and he gives a summary of the paper drawn up by the Protestant divines at the conference, instead of giving the speeches in Parliament on that side. In this way we reach both civil and ecclesiastical opinions on the subject. He says one of the rules they offered about ceremonies was, "that they should not be made necessary parts of worship." Neither Hooper nor Parker was consecrated in vestments according to the rubric. The former said prophetically, that being first brought in as things indifferent, they would at length be maintained as things necessary. To have fulfilled this prophecy, to have made things imperative in the church which are indifferent in Scripture, to have bound men's consciences on points on which it is admitted that God has not bound them, is one of the most dubious honors of the Laudean and Oxfordite school. "It has ever been the desire of this house," said Pym on the floor of Parliament, "expressed in many Parliaments in Queen Elizabeth's time, and since, that such as are scrupulous in

using some things enjoined, which are held by those who enjoin them to be in themselves indifferent, should be tenderly used." (*Forster*, p. 166.)

The scope of this article does not include the protectorate of Cromwell, because our point is loyalty to the English constitution in its ancient shape, trying the parties respectively by it so long as they professed to act under it. Let us place ourselves for this purpose at the third Parliament of Charles I., in 1628, the third year of his reign, as a point from which the elements of the great struggle are distinctly visible. The king had then been on the throne a briefer lapse of time than the term of an American president, and yet he had made more numerous and more serious thrusts at the liberties of the nation than had been made during the entire reign of Elizabeth. Nearly every eminent man in England, including Lord Falkland and Wentworth, afterwards Earl Strafford, was in opposition. The expedition under Admiral Pennington, which King James had fitted out against Spain, was, by express orders from both the king and the Duke of Buckingham, of which the originals are still in existence, diverted from that destination, and sent to assist the Catholics of France against the Protestants of Rochelle. It was the earnest wish of the people, whose fathers remembered the changeful times of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, that the queen of Charles should be a Protestant, that the heir to the throne, should it be his son, might not imbibe from maternal influence a faith different from that of the nation he was to govern. But before his accession he had paid his addresses to a princess of Spain; he had afterwards married a zealous papist, Henrietta of France. The duties on imported goods, called tonnage and poundage, had been granted to every sovereign since Henry VI., by statute passed at the beginning of the reign and to continue until its expiration. There was no reluctance felt that the king's treasury should receive the proceeds of this tariff. That was the ancient usage. But other sovereigns had acknowledged that the right

to grant these duties was only in the representatives of the people, and had obtained them in that legal way. Charles had disdained to request such a grant, and had claimed and levied these duties from the beginning as in his own right, and independently of Parliament. (*Blackstone*, Vol. I., p. 316.) This was a breach of the mainspring of liberty, and the policy had been sufficiently developed at the time of the third Parliament, or very soon afterwards, to convict the court of treason before an impartial tribunal, had such a one existed. It snapped asunder the immemorial check on executive usurpation which had been of strength to restrain the Edwards and Richards of old. Clarendon himself records, that in these years, "new projects were every day set on foot for money"; commissions were appointed to increase the revenue of the crown lands; excessive fines were imposed on persons—except papists—whom the government could catch or construe into the attitude of religious recusancy, who were likely to be many, as Laud had publicly renounced the former interpretation of the doctrinal articles, and was industriously innovating ceremonies; privy seals were issued for the loan of money from private persons; a levy was laid to defray the expense of ships which were *not* building, and the proceeds of these portentous ways and means seldom went into the king's coffers, but supplied the Wolseyan profusion and magnificence of the Duke of Buckingham. State offices and honors, and even sometimes the crown lands, were sold, and tallies struck as if the money had gone into the exchequer; entries on the record were so tampered with as to confound the duke's with the royal funds, while the favorite himself rioted in luxury and excess. He is said to have sometimes decked himself at one toilette, in dress to the amount of £80,000. And finally came the General Force Loan, exacted by committees of inquisition sent into every quarter of the kingdom. (*Forster*, p. 17.) As the yet unapostate Wentworth exclaimed, "They had torn up the roots of all property." The modern Church of England is imperfect in

her defiance of Puritanism ; Charles is her " Blessed king and martyr " ; Laud is to a great extent her favorite modern saint ; she should have assigned an illustrious place in the same calendar to Villiers as the Fabricius among her civil worthies.

Those who resisted this system of lawless plunder, whether entitled to the shield of parliamentary privilege or not, were hurled into prison, Clarendon adds, " with circumstances unusual and unheard of." Among them (and the authority just quoted says they were " many, of the best quality and condition under the peerage ") were Carlton, Valentine, Denzil Hollis, John Hampden and Sir John Eliot, members of Parliament at a very early period, and many others at a later, whose names merit and are receiving the richest blazonry with which the gratitude of a free posterity can adorn them. The first three were released on the payment of heavy fines. Hampden was first thrown into the Gate House prison and afterwards transferred to a confinement in Hampshire ; while Eliot, having settled his worldly affairs before he went to the Parliament of 1626, in anticipation of laying down life in the struggle, was imprisoned once before 1628 ; was released to attend in that body, in which he still evinced the same undaunted spirit and uttered the same manly and stirring eloquence as before ; was again imprisoned in the Tower in 1629, and died there three years later—a death over which sorrow and glory met together as they have met over few statesmen since time began. The personal liberty invaded by these acts of the court is treated in the great charter and in the various statutes confirming that instrument as an inalienable right of the people of even a higher dignity than their right of property. Quartering, or as it was termed, billeting, soldiers in private dwellings without the consent of the owners and without remuneration, was another custom of the " blessed " king, rendered probably a more stinging outrage to their feelings than any, by the fact that the soldiers were the remains of the miserable Spanish ex-

pedition, habituated to "robberies, burglaries, rapes, rapines, murders and barbarous cruelties," so that there was a general cry of terror wherever they came. This was one of the king's methods of punishing those who too loudly groaned under his administration, and it must be admitted to entitle him to the praise of horrible ingenuity. The poor who breathed any audible sighs for liberty and were too humble to afford barrack-accommodations, too undistinguished for the prison or the pillory, were coerced into the ranks of the army or navy; and the obedient judges in the courts contented themselves with the royal authority and confirmed these things as law. The shocking picture becomes complete when we turn our eyes to the clergy, at least those of them who claimed then, as their admirers do now, to be heaven's exclusive ministers in England, the Lauds, Mainwarings, Sibthorpes and Montagues, and others from whose mellow infamy posterity has averted its notice too much even to inflict historic justice upon them and behold them, amid amiable qualms of conscience lest they should break the rubric in matters of vestment or posture, preaching that "the king could make laws and do whatsoever pleased him; that he was not bound by any pre-existing law respecting the rights of the subject; and that his sole will in imposing taxes without the consent of Parliament obliged the subjects' conscience on pain of eternal damnation." (*Forster*, pp. 17, 150.) A speech of Lord Falkland, who is surely unexceptionable authority, delivered in the Long Parliament, in retrospect of the times of which we are speaking, may probably meet the reader's acceptance here: "The truth is, Mr. Speaker," said he, "that as some ill-ministers in our state first took away our money from us, and afterwards endeavored to make our money not worth the taking, by turning it into brass by a kind of anti-philosopher's stone; so these men used us in the point of preaching: first depressing it to their power, and next laboring to make it such, as the harm had not been much if it had been depressed; the most frequent subjects even in

the most sacred auditories being the *jus divinum* of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism and propriety, the building of the prerogative at Paul's, the introduction of such doctrines as, admitting them true, the truth would not recompense the scandal; or of such as were so far false that, as Sir Thomas More says of the casuists, their business was not to keep men from sinning, but to inform them, *Quam prope ad peccatum sine peccato liceat accedere*; so it seemed their work was to try how much of a papist might be brought in without popery, and to destroy as much as they could of the gospel without bringing themselves into danger of being destroyed by the law. Mr. Speaker, to go yet farther, some of them have so industriously labored to deduce themselves from Rome, that they have given great suspicion that in gratitude they desire to return thither, or at least to meet it half way; some have evidently labored to bring in an English, though not a Roman popery; I mean not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute; a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves; and have opposed the papacy beyond the *seas* that they might settle one beyond *the water* (*i. e.*, trans-Thamesin, at Lambeth, *Dr. Arnold*). Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false, if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and be so absolutely, directly and cordially papists, that it is all that £1,500 a year can do to keep them from confessing it." (See *Arnold's Lectures on History*.)

In the memorable third Parliament of Charles, 1628, the commons, led by the sublime eloquence of Eliot and Pym, the legal erudition of Coke and Selden, the unshaken firmness of Hampden and Cromwell, passed the famous statute known as the "Petition of Rights," with great unanimity, and obtained, after much shuffling and evasion, the assent of the lords and of the king to that instrument in a regular parliamentary manner. This was a reaffirmation of Magna

Charta and of the other six ancient statutes, 25, 28, 37, 38, and 42 Edward III. and the 17 Richard II., guaranteeing in the most distinct terms the life, liberty and property of the subject, except by due process of law, taking from the servile judges their plea, then fashionable, of antagonist enactments, and binding them to a strict construction. Hume thinks that this statute produced a change in the government almost equivalent to a revolution—the greatest sacrifice to truth which the frail veracity of that writer could afford on the occasion, but artfully framed to produce the impression that the six ancient statutes which the Petition of Rights merely repeated and reaffirmed had not been of binding force before such reaffirmation, and consequently that the tyranny of King Charles previously to that time had not been in violation of any laws then in force. But such a defence is of no force whatever. The statute passed in the 25 Edward I., known as the *confirmatio cartarum*, had been directed to be allowed as the common law of the land, and copies of it ordered to be sent to the cathedral churches and read twice a year to the people; a circumstance alluded to by Hampden in his memorable words on refusing the forced loan after Charles' second Parliament, that he could be content to lend as well as others (he was a man of great wealth and liberality), but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it. It is a strange defence of the executive government of that day, to allege that they had not heard or had forgotten the voice of Magna Charta proclaiming, under fearful sanctions, the liberties of the people; it is worthy, it is true, of the political morals of David Hume, but not worthy of his keen intellect; it is a confession of judgment against his royal client.

There is another reason why this unjust, misguided king can derive no advantage before the bar of a justly-judging posterity from this defence of his historic advocate; it is that by far the worst ten years of his terrible reign, marked

by a course of keen and angry oppression, of which the things which have been mentioned were but the embryos, by a visible feeling of revenge against the enactors of the Petition of Rights itself, and by signal and habitual violations, not only of the ancient statutes reaffirmed in that instrument, but of the very new obligations themselves, the cementing resolutions to which he had then assented, were the ten years which had elapsed after the adjournment of this Parliament, until the day of retribution and the Long Parliament came together in 1640. The oppressions for which he lost his life were committed in violation both of the new and the old fundamental laws; they trampled under foot not only the grants of liberty made and confirmed to the people of England by John and the Edwards and Richard, but those also to which he himself had given a regular and constitutional assent.

It would be sickening to enter here into a very special detail of those ten years. They were years when a Stuart and a Laud tried the experiment of governing without Parliament. Strafford had apostatized from the popular party and taken the place in the royal favor from which the Duke of Buckingham had been plucked by the hand of an assassin. Dr. Mainwaring had been impeached by the commons in the late Parliament, for the peculiar abjectness of his public teachings in relation to the religious duty of unlimited, passive obedience on the part of the subject. But such teachings were in those days the true gate to ecclesiastical preferments. Laud was made Archbishop of Canterbury; Montague, Bishop of Chichester; and Mainwaring, Bishop of St. Davids.

The effort to Arminianize the church was steadily prosecuted. The directions of King James to the clergy forbidding doctrinal preaching, which were understood by the people, and administered by the church authorities, as virtually silencing the Calvinistic clergy, and encouraging the Arminians, were revived early in the reign of Charles, at the suggestion of Bishop Laud, and a wider range was

given to them than they had formerly had, so that they now applied to the bishops and deans as well as the other clergy. The venerable Bishop Davenant was, in 1631, called before the council-board, and directed to kneel and receive a severe reprimand for preaching what (we have his own excellent authority itself for saying) was admitted to be the established doctrine of the church, by the council in the act of administering the reprimand. The charge was, that he had broken the king's declaration by preaching a sermon on the doctrine of election as set forth in the seventeenth Article, which was one of the high points to be forborne for the sake of peace. This is at least sufficiently intelligible. The archbishops, both of whom were present at the council on this occasion, interpreted this famous declaration as prohibiting the preaching of what they themselves admitted to be the true sense of the articles which the Parliament had enacted, and to which they themselves had pledged the faith of their signatures as the belief of the Church of England. Meanwhile, vigorous penalties were inflicted on such of the clergy as refused to read the famous book of sports, now also revived from King James's times, enjoining—in the place of the afternoon lecture—dancing, leaping, archery, and May-games, and on such as preached on the Sabbath afternoon; on those who failed to remove the communion-table to the east-end of the chancel, to be placed there as an altar in the Romish style; and on those who catechised in any other words and manner than in the precise words of the Short Catechism in the Prayer Book. The gorgeous figures of mediæval superstition were restored to the church windows; superstitious modes of consecrating chapels, churches and church-yards were introduced; altars, pattens, chalices, altar-cloths, and the knife with which the sacramental bread should be cut, were also consecrated; men bowed on entering church, bowed to the altar, bowed at certain words in the service; the universities addressed the archbishop as “your holiness,” “most holy father,” “high priest”; he assumed to

himself the title "*alterius orbis papa*," Pope of Great Britain. Those were the days of the Protestant Pharisees, if Protestants they could be called; when the decalogue, judgment, mercy, the love of God, were naught; the rubric, the cope, the consecrated ground, the dream-shaded window, were much.

Among the most singular things in the career of this infatuated king was his enterprise to change the religion of Scotland, which meets us in the days to which we are now looking; an effort to force Episcopacy, and that too of the stamp exhibited in such men as Laud and Montague and Mainwaring, upon the manly, earnest, living heart of Presbyterian Scotland; to bring men who had been nurtured amid the grandeur of lake and glen and mountain and cataract, and whose spirits had been fed from the meditations of their earliest days on the heroism of Knox and Murray and Melville, and whose faith had a hold as deep as the faith of the martyr ages of old, both upon their heads and their hearts—to bring such men down to the endless genealogies, the superstitions of time and place, the genuflections, the garment-holiness, the "dim religious" windows, and the servility of spirit of the Laudean school—was the delirious undertaking of this king in the long interval between the Parliaments. It was against such an enterprise, undertaken without law from Parliament or Assembly, that the spirit of Jenny Geddes revolted; and Scotland's church and the flower of her nobility convened in Edinburgh, as if a voice of magic had called them from their hills, and in 1638 signed a declaration, some in letters of blood, some adding "until death," that they would abide by the pure faith of their fathers; and thus became that opprobrium of genteel romance, that glory of the annals of true heroism, the COVENANTERS.

Things went on in England not better, but worse, for the restraint imposed on the king by the Petition of Rights. A monopoly was asserted over every article of commerce, every means of comfort among the people—soap, sea-coal,

hackney-coaches, wines, the dressing of meats, the marking of iron, the erection of houses. Patents and licenses were granted, and the holders were afterwards fined for availing themselves of the privileges. The Star Chamber and the High Commission raged as Bedlam. New oaths were imposed under penalties; new courts erected with limitless powers; the orders of the council-board were directed to be received as law. In 1636 came the famous writ for ship-money, which Hampden refused to pay, and to which his resistance before a judicial tribunal, though unsuccessful, was said at the time—no doubt correctly—to have been of far more benefit to the cause of the vanquished than to that of the victor. It was as a rocket thrown up in the night in the sight of all, foreshowing the coming of the morning and of the combat in earnest. The Long Parliament met in 1640, and entered upon a vindication of the liberties of the people, upon which, if they had not entered, instead of claiming the thanks and the eulogies of posterity, they would have taken their places in history along with the cravens of France who heard Louis XIV. submissively when he bade them not meddle themselves with the registry of his edicts. In August, 1642, the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and the civil war began.

Of small force as to a correct judgment between these parties is the Jacobite offset, that if the king was oppressive, so also was the Parliament in its turn, in the extraordinary means of redress which they adopted. These were not more extraordinary, far less so indeed, than the grievances which demanded them; nor were they resorted to until ordinary means became folly. An affectionate sympathy for criminals, and a nervous horror of punishment, much charity for injustice and little for the injured, is one of the least promising moral inclinations of our times. Parliaments, laws, courts, are monsters when they inflict but justice; Straffords, Lauds, Stuarts, culprits, are angels when they suffer it, though their demerits be scarlet or crimson. Could there be a restoration here, the power,

the principles, and the pens of the monarchists of the old world again prevailing, then the characters of Washington and Adams, of Jefferson and Franklin, of Henry and Otis, would probably appear in the annals of history, an hundred years hence, in colors not brighter than those in which Eliot and Pym and Hampden and Vane now appear on conservative pages across the Atlantic; far less bright than those in which they justly appear in the pages of Mr. Forster. But it may be hoped that the elements of history are purifying, and that our vision, no longer attracted only by the gay tournaments, the fields of the cloth of gold, the decorations and the physical prowess of man, which charmed the sensualist ages that are past, is rising higher up the mountain-sides; that the wish of Goethe for us may be fulfilled in history as well as in poetry:

“America, thou hast it better
 Than our ancient hemisphere;
 Thou hast no falling castles,
 Nor basalt, as here.

Good luck wait on thy glorious spring,
 And when in time thy poets sing,
 May some good genius guard them all
 From baron, robber, knight, and ghost traditional!”

We may hope to see a wiser and better estimate of human character, of its necessities and its privileges, its weakness and its strength; a fondness to contemplate the characters of those in past days who have lived near to Christ in living faith, holding the existence of eternal truth and of a world of spirits as matters of conscious reality; an admiration for the spiritual ornaments of man. And in that day, if it come, we believe these old English Puritans will be seen to have been the tall trees on the eastern hills, that earliest caught the rising light and glowed richly in its golden lustre.

BLEDSOE'S THEODICY.¹

WE feel rather surprised that this book says nothing about Michael Servetus. It omits also the nasal psalms of the ancient Covenanters, says nothing about the burning of witches in New England, nothing about the grief of St. Augustine at parting with his concubine. But, to judge from what does appear and from the spirit of the book, those things will come yet, in some future edition, when the author's heart shall be set up in types, in complete form. Though the book is one of higher pretensions and in some respects of decidedly superior merits to the common anti-Calvinistic tracts, in which some of our brethren take delight, yet the same hot and half-frenzied antipathy to the theology of the Apostle Paul appears in it whenever, in an unguarded page, the passions of the soul break through the incrustations of calm philosophic dignity in which it is intended to be written.

During the summer of 1854, Professor Bledsoe was elected by the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia to be professor of mathematics in that institution, and was accordingly transferred from the University of Mississippi, in which he had held the similar chair, to the University of Virginia. Simultaneously with the appearance of the new, learned and distinguished professor in Virginia, was the appearance of this new work of his; not on subjects usually held to lie within the peculiar province of a professor of mathematics, but upon some of the deepest questions of moral and theological speculations of all

¹ This article appeared in *The Southern Presbyterian Review* for April, 1855, reviewing *A Theodicy; or Vindication of the Divine Glory, as Manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World*. By Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Mississippi. 1854.

time. The simultaneous appearance of the author and his book among us was well adapted to give an acceptance to the book which it might not otherwise have attained. Then, although the book is on a subject on which no man has any business to inquire at all, as no man possesses either the means or the capacity to inquire, and if any man does inquire at all, it ought to be long after his undergraduate age, in his sober and mature years, yet it has evident adaptation to captivate wayward, passionate, aspiring young minds; is artfully addressed to those "*who may possess both the desire and the capacity to think for themselves,*" and can be held guiltless, we think, by no reader of its pages, of a wish and an attempt to create fierce and passionate prejudices, by its constant raillery and its frequently genuine wit against a large class of the Christian community. In all this we do not intend to utter one syllable of complaint. We shall admit the largest freedom on such matters to be the best policy. We shall even admit a change of the good old Latin maxim: *Cuique in sua arte credendum*. So it used to read. But if the professor of mathematics wished to teach theology, or theodicy, so be it. We shall enter no protest, though the maxim be henceforth held, in the Virginia University, to read, *Cuique in altera arte credendum*; and the other wise old saw be also newly set to read, *Omnes possumus omnia*. We say we shall make no complaint of those things and enter no protest, but simply indicate beforehand our reasons for treating this book, as we may be able, and as will appear further on in this article.

The great question of the *Theodicy* is the great question on which men who love to speculate upon the unrevealed secrets of God, and think themselves capable of doing so, have been prone to try their flights in all ages: *How came sin into the world?* To this question the following solution is given (page 197):

"The question why God permitted sin seems to be an unmeaning question. It is unmeaning because it seeks to

ascertain the reason why God has permitted a thing which in reality he has not permitted at all. Having created a world of moral agents, that is, a world endowed with the power to sin, it was impossible for him to prevent sin, so long as they continued to exist as moral agents. A universe of such agents given, its liability to sin is not a matter for the will of God to permit; this is a necessary consequence from the nature of moral agents. He could no more deny peccability to such creatures than he could deny the properties of the circle to a circle; and if he could not prevent such a thing, it is surely very absurd to ask why he permitted it. On the supposition of such a world, God did not permit sin at all. It could not have been prevented."

This is sufficiently intelligible. It is the fundamental proposition of the book. It is not new. But so bold an espousal of it has rarely occurred. It has sometimes been brought out as a mere hypothetical mode of escape from the atheistic question, why God did not prevent sin, if he was omnipotent and hated sin. But our author adopts it, not as a hypothesis, but as a fact; not because he *needs* it, but because he *likes* it; not merely against the atheist, nor principally against the atheist, but also and principally against the Calvinist. And he seems heartily to adopt that peculiar mode of mental philosophy, as to the nature of moral agents, which removes the human soul from under Divine influence, which necessarily goes along with his theory. We quote from page 194:

"If infinite wisdom and goodness and power should muster all the means and appliances in the universe, and cause them to bear with united energy on a single mind, the effect produced, however grand and beautiful, would not be the virtue of the agent in whom it is produced. Nothing can be his virtue which is produced by an extraneous agency. This is a dictate of the universal reason and consciousness of mankind."

Many other declarations to this effect might be produced, but this is sufficient, and will hardly be denied by any one to be a fair statement of the doctrine of the book in relation to the influence of motives on the human mind,

or as they are called, "extraneous agencies." The book is equally explicit in denying the efficiency of the other mode of influence over the human soul, usually ascribed to God, that is, the influence of the Divine Spirit within the heart (page 353): "All divines admit," says Bayle, "that God can infallibly produce a good act of the will in a human soul, without depriving it of the use of liberty." "This is no longer admitted," says Professor Bledsoe. "We call it in question. We deny that such an act can be produced, either with or without depriving the soul of liberty. We deny that it can be produced at all; for whatever God may produce in the human soul, this is not, this cannot be, the moral goodness or virtue of the soul in which it is produced. In other words, it is not and cannot be an object of praise or of moral approbation in him whom it is thus caused to exist."

The reader will see from these passages, the fairness of which we do not fear that any reader of the book will question, to what an immense and cold and comfortless distance from God this book removes the soul of man. He will also begin to see *what that thing is* which Professor Bledsoe calls the liberty or freedom of the human will. He will begin to perceive that by freedom of the will he means its exemption, not only from subjection to God, but exemption also from the influence of truth, reason, wisdom, prudence, and every other motive of past, present or future; heaven, earth or hell. The only exception to this remark, now remembered, is found in a glaring contradiction to the main philosophy of the book, into which the exigencies of his position drive him in the later chapters, of which we shall speak in its place. But here we shall let the author speak further and explicitly for himself (page 133): "It is universally agreed, that every state of the intelligence and of the sensibility is necessarily determined by the evidence and the object in view of the mind. It is not, then, either in the intelligence or in the sensibility that we are to look for liberty." And again, on

page 135: "The mind is passive in judging and feeling, and hence these phenomena *necessarily demand* the operation of causes to account for them; but the mind is active in its volitions, and this *necessarily excludes* the idea of causes to produce them." A more glaring exhibition of a *felo-de-se* of its own principles, in its very obvious drift, than this last sentence furnishes, as indicated by our own italics, we have rarely met with. That, however, simply by the way. The reader will be good enough to notice that it is one of the peculiar crotchets of Professor Bledsoe's psychology, that mental activity cannot have a cause; that because volitions are *active*, they cannot have been produced by a cause. This is one of the most obvious fallacies of the book. No proof is presented, that we remember. We are very sure that no adequate proof can be presented. And we do not believe that any intelligent reader needs anything more to induce him to reject it than the positive denial which is all we have time now to give it, and with which we appeal to ten thousand experiences of every thinking man every week in the year.

But to permit the book further to describe itself (p. 60): "We deny that volitions and their antecedents are necessarily connected." And again, on page 153: "We lay it down then, as an established and fundamental position, that the mind acts, or puts forth its volitions, without being efficiently caused to do so, without being impelled by its own prior action, or by the prior action of anything else. The conditions or occasions of volition being supplied, the mind itself acts in view thereof, without being subject to the power or action of any cause whatever. All rational beings must, as we have seen, either admit this exemption of the mind in willing from the power and action of any cause, or else lose themselves in the labyrinth of an infinite series of causes. It is this exemption which constitutes the freedom of the human will."

Why one cannot acknowledge the *blessed Spirit of God* as one single cause of the action of the human will, with-

out being driven between the horns of the dilemma of no cause, or an infinite series of causes, we never expect to be able to see. But so reasons the professor of mathematics of the University of Virginia! And such are the theology and the mental philosophy of this book, stated in the most definite utterances we have been able to select from its pages.

He maintains that God could not have prevented sin from entering the world without destroying the freedom of the mind of man; that holiness produced by the power of God, or as it is called, necessary holiness,—that is, holiness having a cause,—is a contradiction in terms, and never is seen in fact; that the Holy Spirit of God could not overcome the opposition of the will of all sinners, and consequently, that there is a part of mankind whose salvation is impossible even with God. It is said on page 302: “*We believe that salvation is impossible to some, because a necessary holiness is impossible, and they do not choose to work out for themselves what cannot be worked out for them even by omnipotence. It was the bright and cheering light which this truth seemed to cast upon the dark places of the universe that first inspired us with the thought and determination to produce a theodicy.*”

If the fundamental principle of the philosophy of this book was true, that impressions produced on the understandings and sensibilities of men, their prejudices and their passions, have no necessary connection with the determination of their wills, then we should at once admit that it was time thrown away to notice the book at all; for out of its own mouth it would follow, that the determination of the wills of the readers of the book to turn away from what we think the basis of all comforting religion would not be “subject to the power or action of any cause whatever,” brought to bear upon them on the pages of the book itself. But as we are sure that, all the wit and logic of the *Theodicy* to the contrary notwithstanding, the wills of men will continue to be under the influence of judgments,

of prejudices and of motives, and that it is now as it was in the garden of Eden of old, that when the worst is made to appear the better cause, the will follows the impressions on the judgment, we admit that we think the book a dangerous one. It is the more dangerous the more false it is by self-demonstration.

The *Theodicy* derives its name from a work by the great Leibnitz, of a very different stripe, however, on the same general subject. In point of style it is among the most readable and transparent of all books of its kind. The wit with which, when he cannot refute them, he whistles down the wind such old fogies as Augustine, Calvin, and Edwards, is often genuine and pleasing. There is another extremely dangerous attraction about this book. With a good deal of shallow gladiation, in which the author jumps to a conclusion against one of the old giants without having seen more than the surface of that giant's thought, and shouts victory after a fencing match with the giant's shadow, yet there is a deification of human reason manifested throughout the work, a daring hopefulness of being able to grapple with the grandest of the state secrets of the court of heaven, and a contemptuous sneer everywhere more or less visible at the expense of those prudent ones who warn us off from such inquiries, as if the prudent had no other reason than a fear that the brave thinkers would discover the shallow tricks of all prudence and caution, which are very dangerous to a certain class of bold and restless minds. He who accepts the *limitations* of his religious inquiries from the Bible, as well as the solutions of them, and is content to speculate concerning the counsels of heaven no farther than heaven has seen fit to reveal those counsels, will pretty certainly escape the fascinations of this book, but then he will about as certainly be a Calvinist. And when, under the pretext of refuting the atheist and the Calvinist, the spirit of intellectual pride and self-confidence is as boldly invoked as it is in this book, it requires very little observation of the ordinary history of such

mental epidemics as Coleridgeism, Emersonism, Taylorism, and Optimism, to see that many more of miserable and dream-haunted skeptics are made than there are of atheists or Calvinists reclaimed. By a deep and fearful nemesis of God, men who thus spend their time in trying to give another account of the fall than the simple one which God has given, often *re-enact the fall*. Lucifer, son of the morning, sinks down to a loss of all his glory for presuming to be equal with God; man is driven from the bowers of bliss forever for eating the forbidden fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. Neither Lucifer, nor Adam, nor the man who awakes in youthful bosoms the spirit of restless speculation beyond the confines of divine revelation, has the privilege of falling alone. They all pull down many hapless spirits with them.

The easy and merry facility with which this author frequently deems himself to have refuted President Edwards, the actual contempt with which that great man is treated, the different appearance of Edwards on the pages of the *Theodicy* from that which he makes on his own pages, as well as the dignity and importance of the matter itself, all require us to look close at the reasonings of the *Theodicy* concerning the will, and the influence of motives over it. The giant error of the book lies there. We hope we may be fortunate enough to give the reader such an insight into it, though so sadly cooped up by the limits of a single article, that he may afterwards deliberately and thoroughly unravel it for himself. In order to do so we must attend closely to the author's various expressions of his own idea, as it occurs on different pages of the book, to see whether he does not himself do exactly that with which he has the hardihood to charge Jonathan Edwards: "establish his proposition in one sense and build on it in another." We have seen, on a former page, that Professor Bledsoe denies that volitions and their antecedents are necessarily connected; denies that convictions of the judgment, or impressions on the sensibilities, control the will at all; denies

indeed that volitions have any efficient cause or antecedent of any kind. Here is another of the utterances of the book on the subject. It is found on page 155: "But in truth, the freedom of the mind does not consist in its possessing a power over the determinations of its own will; for the true notion of freedom is a negative idea, and consists in the absence of every power over the determination of the will. The mind is free because it possesses a power of acting, over which there is no controlling power, either within or without itself." And here also is another, one of the most deliberate and measured declarations of the whole book—the enunciation of one of his prodigious victories over the shadows of some of the giants, which shadows he has conjured up for his own especial conquest. It is found on page 152: "Hence we conclude that an act of the mind, or a volition, is not produced by the action of either mind or motive, but takes its rise in the world without any such efficient cause of its existence." This is the proposition on which he builds. We shall expect to see presently that this is not the proposition which he establishes, if there be one at all, of which that honor may be predicated. But a word concerning this, the main position of the book. There are no words of more frequent occurrence on the pages of the *Theodicy* than an appeal to the "universal voice and reason of man," "the universal voice and consciousness of man," "the universal intelligence of man," "the unbiassed reason of man." To that court of appeals, then, we will go with him. We affirm that the free moral agency above described is the moral agency of a *mad-house*, and of no other place or world that we know anything of, that ever did or can exist; and for the truth of the remark we will go to individual consciousness, to our own observations upon other people, ten thousand times every year of our own lives, as the creatures of motives and of impulses; to the implications contained in all human words and forms of expression on the subject; to all we learn from the pages of history about the arts by which statesmen have wielded

the governments of nations of men ; and lastly, to the views which all writers have given of human nature who have been famous for fidelity in delineations of that description. No dramatist ever did, or ever will, indite either tragedy or comedy to give correct views of human nature out of a lunatic asylum, on the principles of moral agency on which the *Theodicy* is built. No statesman ever dreamed of adopting any such principles for the government of rational beings capable of law. And all forms of expression in human language—even the very name of the thing under discussion itself, *moral agent*—imply the influence of motives over volitions. The independence of the choices of the mind of man upon the character of the mind itself, and upon motives in the external world around, may be an admirable theory with which to attack Calvinism. It may be capable of beautiful and plausible arrangement in a theodicy. It may even commend itself as a speculation to the adoption of many of those peculiar persons who are fond of frost-work speculations. But the mischief of the matter is that *nature* will not adopt the theory. You may make it as a basis on which to build a great amount of inference, and inference which may deeply gratify your prejudices. But, then, the theory is not *true*. It melts the moment the sunshine of fact strikes it. Neither statesmen, nor lawyers, nor professors, nor preachers, ever lay plans on the theory of the *Theodicy*. The book itself could never have seen the light on its own theory. We have seen, on a former page, by its own confession, that a certain consideration, in regard to the brightness of his system, has the credit of having “*first inspired us* (the professor) *with the thought and determination to produce a theodicy.*” In this confession, from the book itself, that it owes its existence to the *determination* of its author’s will by motive, we find a refutation of the whole theory of the book, and a magnificent tribute to the unextinguishable “*voice and reason of man.*” Although men may speculatively believe in the system of the *Theodicy*, yet, until they shall have been driven by sad

calamity to the lunatic condition of a will unhinged from the desires of the heart and the convictions of the judgment, they cannot either speak, or act, or compose theodicies, or any other books, on the system of this theodicy. Whether you expel nature with a pitch-fork or a theory, she will still incessantly return upon you. She brings down all castles of speculation erected against her authority, as the sun brings down the bright but chilly bowers of February frost. And while you stand sighing over the fallen and crushed mass of the icy sheen, the sunshine will soon persuade you that truth and nature are better than shining theory.

The theory of Prof. Bledsoe's *Theodicy* is no more the theory of the Bible than it is the theory of the thought and speech and action of practical life. Can any reader explain how it is that good and wise men should feel called upon to write books to explain how sin entered into this world, without paying the slightest attention, or without any more than the slightest attention, to the account given of that great fact in a book which they admit to be the inspired word of God? The simple account there given of the entrance of sin into the world is that a motive for disobedience was presented to the mind of Eve, which, owing to her state of mind, and to the false impressions produced on her judgment by the arguments of the tempter, seemed stronger to her than the motive to obedience. But there is not in the book of Genesis, or in any other place in the Bible, anything which looks, in the least degree, like an intention on the part of the Holy Spirit to make the impression that God could not have prevented the fall of Eve without destroying the free agency of Eve. And if this theory of the *Theodicy* can be fairly engrafted upon the religious systems of the country, in the silence of the word of God on the subject, then so also can the Roman Catholic doctrines of purgatory, and of the invocation of saints, and of prayers for the dead, be fairly engrafted upon the religious systems of the country, and with not one iota less of

authority. The account given in the Scriptures of the successful resistance of the tempter by the Saviour is not that when the tempter plied him with misapplied quotations from the sacred oracles, he resisted them by means of the freedom of his mind from the influence of motives ; not that his will acted "in the absence of every power of determination"; not that his "volitions took their rise in the world without any efficient cause of their existence." The account is that the proper motives clearly and fairly appeared to his divine understanding, and determined him to perfect obedience. And the statement made in the Scriptures of the grounds on which the salvation of men depends is that the tremendous motives of God's word are made efficient by the operation of the Divine Spirit. But we must not yet bring our author further before a tribunal to which he so rarely appeals, as he does to the Scriptures, in this part of his work. We shall go with him to the "universal voice and reason of man," while he wishes to go thither. We shall go with him to the Scriptures when he shall choose to go thither, which we shall see anon.

We are now fully ready to affirm, and appeal to the reader and to the "universal reason and voice of man" for the truth of the remark, that, on the principles of this book, neither sin, holiness, nor moral agency, could ever have entered into this world at all. We mean to say that this book is justly and fairly chargeable with those very principles destructive of all responsible and accountable agency which, by means of false metaphysics, it endeavors to fix upon Calvinism. If "the mind is free because it possesses a power of acting, over which there is no controlling power, either within or without itself"; if its volitions "take their rise in the world without any such efficient cause of their existence" as motives, then man is not a creature to be governed by laws and motives, by rewards and punishments. Eve was only acting in accordance with the laws of her nature in eating the forbidden fruit. In giving her a command not to eat, and threatening her with death if she

should eat, God did not employ means which had a controlling power over her. The volition to eat "*took its rise in the world without any controlling power within or without.*" According to Professor Bledsoe, the "rise in the world" of that volition was an entirely legitimate and natural phenomenon. It was in perfect accordance with the laws of Eve's created nature, and was, of course, perfectly innocent! According to this theory, there seems to be no such thing as moral agency connected with volition; for volitions take their "rise in the world," independently of considerations of right and wrong. They are, indeed, but the productions of blind, unthinking, undetermining chance! Threats of death and promises of life can have no controlling power over them! Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary are both swept off from the face of the earth, and nothing is left but volitions "taking their rise in the world without any controlling power, either within or without." What progress has this writer made in escaping from atheism?

We have seen in what sense he builds on the proposition that motives do not control the will. Let us now see whether he proves that proposition in argument in the same sense in which he builds on it in theory. When the author's theory concerning the will comes to be used as a single stone in the erection of his whole theory of the government of God, then his theory concerning the will is that its volitions take their rise in the world without any controlling cause, and are independent of motives. This we have already seen abundantly. Under the evil influence of this theory the author falls into one of the most glaring mistakes which we ever remember to have met with in a book on any exact science whatever. That is, he supposes that when a very powerful motive infallibly leads the will against a small motive, the will cannot be free! The good man's will is not free, if it be granted that the attractions of righteousness are as *twelve* in weight to his mind, while the attractions of vice are but as *eight*! The wills of the angels in heaven are not free, because the visible glories of God

overwhelmingly win their hearts and control their wills! Jesus Christ was not free of will in the desert of temptation, because the correct view of providence, and of human glory, and of the proper object of worship, was to the false view which Satan presented as a *million to nought!* God himself is not endowed with free will in his holy and eternal and unchangeable love of truth, because falsehood and truth influence him as *infinity to nothing*, so that it is impossible for God to lie! "It is true," says Prof. Bledsoe, on page 157 of the *Theodicy*, "that if we suppose, according to the doctrine of Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Reid, that two counter-influences act upon the will, the one being as twelve and the other as eight, then the first must necessarily prevail. But if this supposition be correct, we are not only unable to conceive the fact of liberty; we are also able to conceive that it cannot be a fact at all. There is a great difference, we have been accustomed to believe, between being able to conceive how a thing is, and being able to conceive that it cannot be anyhow at all; the first would leave it a mere mystery, the last would show it to be an absurdity."

And the writer goes on to declare the doctrine of Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Reid an absurdity! And to propose a view of "the phenomena of mind as they exist in consciousness, and not through the medium of *material analogies!*" This may be the philosophy of Prof. Bledsoe's consciousness. But we calmly submit to the reader that it is *not* the philosophy of human life, in which it is one of the most common and indisputable facts, that motives, persuasives, inducements, reasons, considerations, *do make* communities, armies, senates, councils, *willing* to adopt certain courses. The world would not else be a rational world. We calmly submit the question to every intelligent and candid Christian, whether he is an Arminian or a Calvinist, an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, *is this the philosophy of the Bible?* Shall we ignore God's influence over the mind of man, to all practical intents and purposes alto-

gether? Was it concerning the blessed administration of our Divine Saviour, or was it not, that the principle was adopted, *thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power?*

But when Professor Bledsoe comes to refute this view of liberty entertained by Hamilton, Reid, Edwards, and others, he most generally speaks of it as if it was a *physical compulsion* of the will. In speaking of their views, on page 157, he represents them as holding that the will of God is "*impelled* by a power back of his own," if God is necessarily holy. On page 158 he speaks of God as a being who, on his theory, "can act without being necessitated to act like the inanimate portions of creation," implying that the theory he is opposing represents God as necessitated like inanimate things. Again, on the same page, he speaks of his own notions as giving the "idea of an omnipotent power moving in and of itself, *in obedience to the dictates of infinite wisdom and goodness* ; and speaks of those opposed to him as maintaining the "dark scheme of an implexed series and concatenation of causes, binding all things fast, God himself not excepted, in the iron bonds of fate." Where now is his former theory of the independence of the will on motives? He here attributes *physical compulsion* to the Calvinists, which he has fully admitted they do not hold. He himself places God's will in "*obedience*" to wisdom and goodness! Saul is among the prophets! Professor Bledsoe among the necessitarians!

The truth is, that Professor Bledsoe uses his own strange theory of the will, while he is building his system; but in conducting the argument, on whatever high place he builds his seven altars, he is still compelled, like the prophet of Moab, to prophesy as the Balak of his theory does *not* require. He only does what all sound philosophy, and all human literature, and all human history, and the word of God, had done before. He establishes the Calvinistic scheme of the necessary influence of character, principles, and motives. Perhaps it is not a matter upon which we ought to venture, to indulge the hope of convincing the

learned writer himself. We own, however, that that hope has sometimes crossed our vision. We hope to be pardoned if it be presumptuous. But it is human to err. It is something higher and nobler, of which we have no right to suppose this writer incapable, to forsake error. There is one place where the usually intricate sophistry of using against the Calvinists what is good only against the advocates of physical compulsion becomes *so plain, so transparent*, that we almost dare to hope that, when it is pointed out to him, the author will not be the last candidly to see it. It is found on the 148th page of the *Theodicy*. It is in the argument against Edwards, in which the facility of his supposed victory over that grand old intellectual paladin ought itself to have led Professor Bledsoe to suspect some fallacy in his own reasonings: "There could be," says he, "no act of the mind unless there were a mind to act, and unless there were a motive in view of which it acts." This the professor states as his own ground. And now he proceeds to state what he apprehends to be Edwards' ground against which he is battling: "but it does not follow that the mind is compelled to act by the motive." This is one of the grand sophisms of the whole affair. Here it is perfectly transparent. No one ever did hold, we presume, that motives *compel the will*. The author must pardon us for saying that he has permitted himself to be blinded by "*material analogies*." Motives control men, not wills only. In one sense they *create* wills. They make men willing.

But we have a word or two to say on behalf of President Edwards. We really begin to think that the remark of an intelligent friend, when he first heard of the professed achievement of the *Theodicy*, was true: "No man would ever undertake to refute Edwards if he understood him." If the reader wishes a perfect contrast, let him make it by putting the bright, sparkling pages of the *Theodicy* down before him, through which you never get a single glimpse of practical religion, of human nature, or of objective truth,

but live ever in a world of theory; and then put down by the side of them the plain, affectionate, simple, homely, unpretending pages of Edwards, through which, nevertheless, at every turn, you obtain clear views of practical religion, of human nature, and of objective truth. It is not the first time by many, and it will not probably be the last by many, when men shout victory over the dead lion. But, for our part, we have ceased to be greatly moved by these shouts of victory. Just call us back from theory to fact, and the victory evaporates. We should just as much expect to see a victory in athletics won over a ponderous Roman legionary, from the field of Lama, or of Munda, or of Pharsalia, by one of the well-dressed gentlemen clerks of Broadway, whose forms furnish those lithographed moulds of fashion which are nailed up over the tailors' boards.

But we mean to be satisfied with nothing short of a complete vindication of Edwards from the charge of holding that the will is compelled by motives, or compelled in any otherwise. We think that this will be perfectly attained by a simple quotation of Edwards' own language, part of it written in capitals by the author himself, as a definition of which he claimed the benefit in his ensuing treatise. It is from the *Inquiry on the Freedom of the Will*, Part I., Section 8.

"It appears from what has been said, that these terms, *necessary, impossible, etc.*, are often used by philosophers and metaphysicians in a sense quite diverse from their common and original signification; for they apply them to many cases in which no opposition is supposable. Thus they use them with respect to God's existence before the creation of the world, when there was no other being; with regard to many of the dispositions and acts of the Divine Being, such as his loving himself, his loving righteousness, hating sin, etc. So they apply them to many cases of the inclinations and actions of created beings *wherein all opposition of the will is excluded* in the nature of the case."

These last are our italics. They are intended to call the

attention of the reader to the fact, that the *necessity* which Edwards maintains is expressly declared by himself to be one in which *all opposition of the will*, and of course all compulsion of the will, are excluded in the nature of the case. But let us hear him further: "*Metaphysical or philosophical necessity* (his own italics) is nothing different from their certainty."

When these explanations are over, then he gives his definition as follows, italics and capitals all his: "*Philosophical Necessity* is really nothing else than the FULL AND FIXED CONNECTION BETWEEN THE *things signified by the subject and PREDICATE* OF A PROPOSITION which affirms something to be true. When there is such a connection, then the thing affirmed in the proposition is necessary, in a philosophical sense, whether any opposition or contrary effect be supposed or no."

We think the reader is now pretty well able to judge for himself whether the boasted conclusion, that *motives do not compel the will*, is a conclusion against God's own Jonathan Edwards, who lived a century ago, and wrote a book on the will; or whether it is a conclusion against that very different person, the Edwards of the fourth chapter of the first part of the *Theodicy*. Will the candid reader sit down and look over *Edwards on the Will*, and tell us how *did* the impression arise that the author of that book held the *compulsion of the will by motives*? We can account for that impression in no other way than that it took its "rise in the world" "without any efficient cause of its existence," and free from "any controlling power within or without itself," as all the volitions in which the author of the *Theodicy* believes "take their rise in the world."

There is no case on record, with which we have met, of a handsomer refutation of one's own principles by himself than is to be found in the logic of the second part of the *Theodicy*, considered as directed against the first part. Let the reader who would satisfy himself on this point sit patiently down and compare the reasonings of the two fourth

chapters; that in the first part, with which we have been principally engaged, with that in the second part, in which the author tilts with that other grand paladin of the past, John Foster. In the first part, as we have seen, every such thing as necessary sin and necessary holiness is scornfully repudiated. But in the second part, the very awful fact of eternal punishment is justified, not simply on the ground of clear declarations of God's word, which we think is all the justification required on that subject, but on the ground that "the habit of sinning may be so completely wrought into the soul, and so firmly fixed there, that nothing can check it in its career of guilt." That is, here is a necessary sinfulness confessed, and exactly in the sense in which Calvinists hold necessary sin and necessary holiness, save that they do not hold such things to be beyond the omnipotence of the Spirit of God, or affirm at all on the latter point. And the writer, who had in the first part denied to motives any controlling power over rational minds, in the second part vindicates eternal punishment, and we believe with truth and propriety, as far as we can see into the subject, as a gigantic motive needed by "the exigencies of the case," and from the very tremendousness of the motive, probably better for the universe on the whole than if the punishment of sin were limited. We humbly think that this is a giving up of the case concerning the influence of motives, as well as a giving up of the point concerning necessary sinfulness.

It was a style of argument which we do not greatly admire, entirely to suppress and ignore Edwards' definition of necessity, and then march out against him with drum and trumpet, as if he were standing there, just where he says positively that he is not standing, and shout out victory over the shadows with which we may choose to people an empty encampment. But there is another specimen of the spirit of the book still less in accordance, we humbly opine, with a lofty and philosophic candor than that. It is this: The first section of the chapter on "God's Eternal

Decree," in the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, is *entirely suppressed* in the *Theodicy*. The author endeavors through a large part of his book to blacken Calvinism for *making God the author of sin*: for offering *violence to the will of the creatures*, and for taking away *the liberty and contingency of second causes*. These are some of his gravest charges against it. They are some of the very spots on the disc of the divine glory which the *Theodicy* came to sweep away. And Professor Bledsoe very carefully quotes the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sections of that chapter in full, word for word. How is this? We will show how it is. Here is the *first* section of that chapter in the Confession, that wicked first section, which is not so much as noticed in all the thunders of the *Theodicy* against Calvinism, for making God the author of sin, for enslaving the human will, and for binding all things in the iron links of fate: "God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; *yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established.*"

That is, the Confession distinctly disavows on the threshold the very charges brought against it! And the readers of the *Theodicy* are never informed that it is so! We suppose that this mode of dealing must be taken as another specimen of the new species of volitions which the consciousness of the author tells him are to be found in his own mind; volitions not caused by the prior action of the mind, nor of anything else; volitions which take their rise in the world without an efficient cause, and acknowledge no controlling power from within or from without. If so, we have only to say that we admire the practical operation of such volitions no better than we do the philosophy in which they appear.

The subject of the imputation of Adam's sin to infants is entirely misapprehended in the *Theodicy*. We do not

say that the author does not understand it; for to the author, aside from this book, we owe nothing but respect and kindness. We do say that there is no sign in the book that he understood it. And we say very plainly, moreover, that he ought at least to have understood it before railing at it as is done. He seems to regard the Calvinistic doctrine of imputation simply as a mode of accounting for the sufferings of infants by their descent from Adam. Not a glance seems to have been thrown towards the fourth and fifth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, where the doctrine of imputation is stated and enforced. But little if any attention could have been paid by the writer to the language of the *Westminster Confession*, whose doctrines he was in the act of reviling. The Confession says: "They—the first man and woman—being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed, to all their posterity descending from them by ordinary generation." And the Spirit of God most distinctly declares that "by one man's disobedience many were made sinners." (Romans v. 19.) The doctrine of imputation is simply a mode of explaining the tendency to sin with which children are born. A writer might say that our invariably sinning as soon as we grow up is no proof of native depravity, or of a tendency to sin in our nature. But we should not hold such a writer bound by the laws of reason. Whoever will admit that invariably acting in one way is a proof of a native tendency in that direction, admits the fact of which we speak, the "death in sin and corrupted nature" of which the Bible and the Confession speak. The question is, how are we to account for the birth of children with this corrupted nature? The Scriptures tell us that it is to be accounted for by the connection of the children of men with the "transgression of Adam"; that it was "by one that sinned," "by one man's offence," "by one man's disobedience." The Calvinistic doctrine introduces no new fact, either gloomy or otherwise, into the matter. It simply ex-

plains a fact which all men who need to be reasoned with must admit, that children are born with a tendency to sin. It explains that fact as the Bible does, by saying that the children of serpents are serpents, the children of doves are doves, and the children of men are men. But what will the reader think of a book written by a professor of mathematics, a book earnestly inviting men to come out of the Calvinistic system that they may obtain clear views of truth, which treats this whole subject of imputation as if it were merely a mode of explaining the *sufferings* of infants; a book which proposes, too, to account for those sufferings of infants as *disciplinary sufferings*, and not sufferings which are owing to their being born of a race of sinners! Really it would seem that one might be completely outside of Calvinism and completely on the inside of the metaphysics and the theology of this book, without a great superfluity either of clear views or correct apprehensions.

There is one precious topic more in the *Theodicy* which we cannot fail to notice. It is a topic on which at length the writer condescends to exhibit some little dependence upon the declarations of the Scriptures. It is a topic on which he comes down from the lofty heights of philosophy to deal in questions of interpretation. It is the doctrine of *Election*. We welcome with warm congratulations the descent of the aeronaut, and shall seek to meet him upon the firm ground.

We quote from *Theodicy*, page 330:

“We cannot suppose that God elected any one because he foresaw his good works, so as to make election to depend upon them instead of making them to depend upon election. This does not prevent an individual, however, from having been elected because God foresaw from all eternity that the influences attending upon his election would, by his own voluntary coöperation therewith, be rendered effectual to his salvation. This is the ground on which we believe the election of individuals to eternal life to proceed. Accordingly, we suppose that God never selected or determined to save any one who he foresaw would

not yield to the influences of his grace, provided they should be given. And we also suppose that, such is the overflowing goodness of God, that all were elected by him and had their names written in the book of life, who he foresaw would yield to the influences of his grace, and, by their coöperation therewith, 'make their calling and election sure.'"

Such is the professor's scheme of election. Though here softly stated throughout as what he *supposes*, yet he seems to hold it very tenaciously; and in fact, it is the natural consequence of the peculiar philosophy of this book. No account is here taken of the enmity of the carnal mind to God, in consequence of which the coöperation of such a mind with God is absurd. In accordance with the author's wild Pelagian philosophy, all power is denied to the grace of God to make an unwilling mind willing; to make a hostile mind friendly; to make an opposing mind yielding. Without the exercise of this power by the Holy Spirit to remove the resisting, opposing, unfriendly principle from the heart of the sinner, we submit it to the experience of our readers if all religion is not an impossibility. Such we verily believe to be the case. Let any thoughtful mind look closely, and see whether this theory of conversion is not the very mainspring of Unitarianism, with its substitution of moral culture for spiritual religion.

But how are we to understand the remark with which the author introduces this topic? "We agree," says he, "with both Calvinistic and Arminian writers in the position that no man is elected to eternal life on account of his merits. Indeed, the idea that a human being can merit anything, much less eternal life, of God is preposterous in the extreme. All his gifts are of pure grace." How is this? Is there then no merit in that "voluntary coöperation" with the divine influences? Is there no merit in "yielding to the influences of his grace? Use words as the author may, it is clear in his scheme that eternal life depends on this "yielding" and "coöperation." If he does not choose to give it the name of merit, he makes it the price the sinner

pays to God for salvation. He assigns to it the *power* of merit, we care not for the name. This is not all. The philosophy of this book denies to God the control of the will. It most distinctly denies that motives control the will. It distinctly denies that the will is controlled by any power within or without, as we have abundantly seen. Now, election is made to depend on the *voluntary* coöperation of man. On what, then, is the eternal life of the soul of man made to depend in this book? On a wild, lawless, uncontrolled volition, of which no account can be given or taken; that is, on blind *chance*; on the most horrible of all fatalisms, the fatalism of accident. All this is done from a sheer disregard of numerous declarations of Scripture, definitely declaring that "it is God which worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

But why is this attempt, at page 330, to show that the election treated of in the Scriptures is a conditional election of persons to eternal life, the condition being their coöperation with the grace of God? It had been laboriously shown, at page 318, that the election treated of in the Romans was *national* election. Is it then nations who are to be saved on condition of their coöperating with the grace of God? Will not the device of national election quiet the author's conscience for twelve pages? Has the ghost of Banquo come back so soon upon the author's vision? Does he find two separate and distinct elections taught in the Scriptures—one national, as in the ninth chapter of the Romans, and the other personal but conditional, as we have seen above? If so, it ought to have been distinctly so stated in a work exhibiting such clear light that men are importuned to come into it to obtain that privilege. As it appears in this book, it seems as if the national election was the device to escape the clear point of Scripture in one chapter, where all conditions were out of the question; and the conditional election a similar device in another chapter, where nations are out of the question. Which parts of Scripture are to be referred to the national device, and which

to the conditional, ought to have been clearly stated. There would have been this great advantage in it, that we could a little more easily make the author answer himself. Where it is claimed to be national, we could bring his admission that it is unconditional, and where he thinks it conditional, we could quote his admission that it is personal. Then we could bring that most decisive and irrefragable proof, which must present itself readily to the mind of the intelligent reader, that the lofty theme of the apostle in both places is the same in principle in all places and chapters.

But let us fairly and patiently hear our author, page 318 : "The precise passage on which the greatest stress is laid seems to be the following: 'The children not yet being born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth ; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Now the question is, does this refer to the election of Jacob to eternal life, and the eternal reprobation of Esau ; or does it refer to the selection of the descendants of the former to constitute the visible people of God on earth ? This is the question ; and it is one which we think is by no means difficult of solution."

The device of conditional election on a foresight of "coöperation" would not answer in this place. The tone of the apostle is too decided. The national device must be tried here. And the writer subsequently informs us that there is not the least shadow of such a thing as election to eternal life in the whole record. This is the disposal made of the cases of Esau and Jacob, the first of the apostle's illustrations of his doctrine in the ninth chapter of Romans. He makes it the election of the descendants of Jacob to constitute the visible church, and the rejection of the descendants of Esau from that privilege, without a shadow of eternal life in the whole affair. Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is the apostle's second illustration : "For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh." But what the author of the *Theodicy* does

with this case it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. The national crotchet clearly will not bear to be introduced here, for Pharaoh was not a descendant of Abraham, as Esau and Jacob were. And it would be rather too absurd to talk of rejecting Pharaoh from the visible church. Nor will the conditional crotchet serve the purpose here, for the language of the apostle is too stern and definite: "for this same purpose have I raised thee up." For aught that we can see, a third species of election will have to be discovered in some future edition of the *Theodicy*; a separate category for Pharaoh, king of Egypt, by himself.

But how are we to understand national election? Was there no eternal life enjoyed among the visible people of God, which was not enjoyed by other nations? Was eternal life not one of the privileges of the Old Testament church? Will this author deliberately say that no eternal life fell upon the hearts of those who came believingly under the Jewish types and shadows? Did the promise made to Abraham include only temporal blessings? If we are Christ's, then are we, or are we not, Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise? When the Jews were constituted a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, were the privileges of eternal life equal among the Babylonians, the Arabs and the Egyptians? In short, was our Saviour himself mistaken when he told the woman of Samaria, "Salvation is of the Jews"? National election, then, was personal election to eternal life by the wholesale. Nothing else can be made of it, except by affirming that the Old Testament church had nothing to do with eternal life. The votaries of the Church of Rome, and some Protestants of strong papistical leanings, hold that salvation is confined to the visible church. We have not yet met with those who hold, save as the expedient of escape from the point of some clear scripture, that salvation is not now, or that there ever was a time when it was *not specifically connected* with the visible church. That is, indeed, theodicy with a witness!

But let us hear our author again (page 321): "We shall not dwell upon other portions of the chapter in question; for if the foregoing remarks be just, it will be easy to dispose of every text which may, at first view, appear to support the Calvinistic doctrine of election."

We do not think the author's difficulties are quite so nearly at an end as he has flattered himself to believe. For, in that very same chapter, there is still another election spoken of, an election *from among* Israel itself. "A remnant shall be saved." "The Lord of Sabaoth hath left us a seed." "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." To a Calvinist these various historic cases adduced by the inspired apostles are but different illustrations of the grand principle of the divine sovereignty. But they have this wonderful peculiarity, that hardly any two of them can be reduced to the same sophistical crotchet by which the doctrine of election is usually explained away. The cases of Esau and Pharaoh cannot be reduced to the conditional crotchet. The cases of Pharaoh and the Israelitish remnant in the days of Isaiah, cannot be reduced to the national crotchet. We cannot see but that there must be yet another, a *fourth* device still, for the election *from among* the Jews.

But we must again hear the *Theodicy*: "We shall dismiss the consideration of the ninth chapter of Romans," says Professor Bledsoe, "with an extract from Dr. Mac-knight, who, although a firm believer in the Calvinistic view of election and reprobation, does not find any support for his doctrine in this portion of Scripture: 'Although some passages in this chapter,' says he, 'which pious and learned men have understood of the election and reprobation of individuals, are in the foregoing illustration interpreted of the election of nations to be the people of God and to enjoy the advantage of an external revelation, and of their losing these honorable distinctions, the reader must not on that account suppose the author rejects the doctrines of the decree and foreknowledge of God. These

doctrines are taught in other passages of Scripture. See Rom. viii. 20.' Thus," says Professor Bledsoe again, "this enlightened critic candidly abandons the ninth chapter of Romans, and seeks support for his Calvinistic view of the divine decrees elsewhere." (Page 321.)

Now, herein is a wonderful thing, and one of those wonderful things which will give the reader of this article who has not read the *Theodicy* some idea of the spirit of that book. The passage selected by the author for his refutation of the Calvinists, as "the *precise passage on which greatest stress is laid,*" is a passage concerning which the author had doubtless lying before him at the moment the concession of a candid and enlightened Calvinistic critic, that no stress was by him laid on that passage at all!

We shall give our author further room to speak for himself. Page 132, he says: "Let us, then, proceed to examine the eighth chapter of Romans, on which he (Dr. Mac-knight) relies. The words are as follows: 'For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called, and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified them he also glorified.' We need have no dispute with the Calvinists respecting the interpretation of these words. If we mistake not, we may adopt their own construction of them, and yet clearly show that they lend not the least support to their view of election and reprobation."

After some explanations of the manner in which he understands and agrees with Professor Hodge, in his annotations on these words, the author of the *Theodicy* proceeds: "The bare fact of the election is all that is here disclosed. The reason, or the ground, or the principle of that election, is not even alluded to, and we are left to gather it from other portions of Scripture, or from the eternal dictates of love and mercy. Hence, as this passage makes no allusion to the ground or reason of the divine election, it does not

begin to touch the controversy we have with the theologians of the Calvinistic school. Every link in the chain here presented is perfect, except that which connects its first link, the election to eternal life, with the unconditional decree of God; and that link, the only one in controversy, is absolutely wanting. We have no occasion to break the chain, for it is only to the imagination that it seems to be unconditionally bound to the throne of the Omnipotent."

The crotchet of conditional election is here yielded, not expressly, but as implied in the adoption of yet another device of interpretation. National election will not answer in this place, for obvious reasons. The Pharaonic category admits no other case but the individual one for which it was manufactured. Something else still was now to be done. The links of this chain were too strong. The order in which they come was too definitely stated: foreknowledge, predestination, calling, justification, and final glory. The link which binds this chain "unconditionally to the throne of the Omnipotent" is not expressly stated, we admit, in the passage itself. It is a link, however, which is found in the English grammar. It is, indeed, one of the first principles of grammar, that a verb must have a nominative case, and that the person who is the nominative to the verb does those things which the verb affirms to be done. There is the wanting link. We challenge mortal man to break it. Inspiration itself wraps it "around the throne of the Omnipotent"! God foreknew. God predestinated. God called. God justified. God glorified. Let the reader remember that this chain, *in its order*, is conceded in the passage above quoted from the *Theodicy*. An election based on a foresight of the sinner's coöperation with the divine influences is but expressing in other words a predestination based on justification. But justification is admitted to flow from predestination, according to the plain order and the obvious sense of the passage of Scripture in question. And this is all we can make of the interpretation, that predestination is based upon justification, and

justification is based upon predestination! It does not seem to be a better device of escape from distasteful Scripture truth than the others.

Why is this author so reluctant that the chain of the government of this world should be "unconditionally bound to the throne of the Omnipotent"? We beg to know around what other throne he would wish to have it bound? Does it give him more pleasure to contemplate human destinies as bound around the throne of those peculiar volitions of his philosophy which, being too strong for law, for motive, or for God, "take their rise in the world without any efficient cause of their existence," and without being subject to the control of "any power within or without"? The Christian knows of no such thing as fate, chance, or accident. He beholds an all-wise, all-powerful, and spotlessly Holy God upon the throne. What are not revealed of the reasons of that God for what he does, are known in the confidence of faith to be holy, and just, and good. And there is comfort deep and strong in this vision of a universe with a righteous God on the throne. But we believe that the strongest teachings of the stoic Chrysippus himself concerning the "adamantine links of fate" will be found, on practical experiment, as pleasant to the Christian heart as that apotheosis of a lawless human will which constitutes the main staple of this whole book.

There are many and overwhelming testimonies in the Scriptures against the philosophy of this book, and against its view of what it calls the "great *theandric* fact of regeneration," which would have greatly cheered and warmed our discussion if our space had permitted their introduction: such as the calm assumption everywhere visible in the Bible, that God has efficient power over the human will without destroying its freedom; that his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure; that he can turn the hearts of all men whithersoever he will, when reasons dictate which must be forever unknown to us save that they are holy, just, and good; that his designs find as infallible ful-

filment through the free agency of Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, Caiaphas and Herod, Pilate and Judas, as through Elijah, Isaiah, and Paul; that he risks his veracity and places the pledge on record for the infallible certainty of the largest, and longest, and deepest, and highest concert and harmony and chorus of events, on the widest stream of prophecy, just as if he were the real and efficient Lord of all. We may add, that he directs repeatedly, constantly, distinctly, that we PRAY to him, not as the God of this *Theodicy*, who cannot turn the human will, but as able, when the time shall come, to turn the hearts of all, to bow all stubborn knees, and to make all human souls willing to the reign of him whose right it is to rule.

There was once a man among us, one of the humble and childlike great men of other days, the Washington of the theological chair; a man of giant intellect, but one who found theodicy enough for him in the written word of God; a man in whose decease there passed away from the earth intellect enough to have made very many ambitious *Theodicies*, but who has left upon paper almost nothing to show his mighty powers; from whose lips it was once our labor of love to catch falling pearls of deep and genuine, but temperate and modest wisdom, and commit them to paper, for others' sake and not for his.¹ Here is one such pearl, with which we conclude this article:

“I have never read a treatise on the subject of the power of motive over the will which did not seem to lean too far one way or the other. If the power of motive is made to deprive the mind of all causal power, it takes away guilt. If it gives it too much self-determining power, it removes the sovereignty of God and contradicts the Scriptures. How a free being is controlled by the sovereign God is, perhaps, a secret to the highest angel in heaven. Most treatises on the subject are attempts to find out this deep secret. It is better to let the metaphysics of this point entirely alone.”

¹ Rev. George Baxter, D. D., Union Theological Seminary.

SKETCH OF REV. GEORGE BAXTER, D. D.¹

TO others of us who came later here there arises the vision of another face and form; a brow in whose massy proportions nature had carved nobility; a countenance in which, with the native beamings of a giant intellect, Divine grace had blended a sacred tenderness, which adored and trembled, and loved and wept, like some holy and sweet-spirited infant.

We remember him in the pulpit—how the blood flushed his face and the tears suffused his eyes when his own or another's tongue depicted the awful retributions which await unbelieving sinners. As some one passing Dr. Payson's church after his decease pointed over to it and said, "*There Payson prayed!*" so, as we pass the neighboring church, the words paraphrase themselves to our thoughts, and we feel, "*There Baxter wept.*"

We remember when sometimes he came to the prayer-room late by a minute, and found us singing,

" To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,"

or some such hymn of contrition, how the sentiment, especially if it savored deeply of the cross of Christ, would at once thrill his heart, and send forth its witnesses, the crimson and the tears, even before he reached his seat. We remember, too, on occasions when his spirit was fairly awakened, how we watched the light which came from his many-sided mind in the enthusiasm of its epic power and

¹ From an address delivered before the Society of Alumni of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, June 13, 1848, with the conclusion of the address.

grandeur, and saw him as some Hercules, walking in the realms of reason and logic, hurl down pinnacle and battlement, and wall and foundation, of some 'fortress of untruth, by successive blows, without any visible throes of exertion; or sweep away the foundation of some castle of folly at a single trenchant stroke; and then proceed with the meekness of a child to build in its place a clear, shining structure of truth, from which only the image of the divine Saviour might be reflected; or we followed him as guide into some region of thought which had seemed a dim and doubtful labyrinth before, and saw by the light which he carried how it assumed the order and clearness of a Grecian city built for a daylight dwelling-place. And in those times of fiery trial when brethren were unhappily alienated from brethren, and party contests rose around the very altar connected with the very glories of the temple, we watched him with a confidence rendered half prophetic by a recollection of the past, as he went through ordeal after ordeal; and we had already foretasted the result when he came out as gold of the seventh refining. Every one who ever enjoyed his instructions probably remembers what visions he would sometimes present of the awful solemnities of eternity and the glory of the exalted Saviour, and then take pains to hide himself behind the humblest question or remark of his humblest pupil. And we all must reflect with regret how the creations and achievements of his mighty mind—I take leave to say on this occasion, as mighty a mind as I can well conceive of in the possession of a mere mortal—are in the main utterly lost to the church, from his rooted aversion on all occasions to any show of self.

And for ourselves, dear brethren, let us rejoice in the opportunities which may be presented to brighten the links which tend to bind us to each other; that we are sons of the same *alma mater*; that we have been put into the same ministry of reconciliation; that we are members

of the same church, whose bulwarks, strong with salvation, and shining in the light of the grace and sovereignty of God, are fairer in our eyes than the glowing marble of the Grecian city of Minerva; and lastly, a link which, if it be sound, is locked fast to the throne of God; that we are fellow-Christians—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ and all his saints, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

WHO IS THE CHRISTIAN?¹

AS I understand the province of thought appropriate to the present discourse, it is covered precisely by the question: *What constitutes the Christian? Who and what is the Christian man?* And our clear and definite business is to offer our contribution, however humble a one it may be, to such an answer to that question as shall present the truths of revelation, in solution with the apprehending and classifying thought of the present day.

And moving forward cautiously, and employing the language at once of the people and of truth, we observe, in the first place, that the Christian is a *converted* man.

Great as are the importance and value of the schools of theology, where those minds are trained who are to lead the religious thought of the land, yet hardly of a smaller importance, perhaps even of a greater, is that great law of interpretation which exists among the people, wherein it is decided, and hardened into habit, as a kind of religious common law of every generation, whether fidelity to the written word, or unfaithfulness; strictness or looseness of interpretation; the throwing of the cross and crown of Christ the Lord into the *light* or into the *shade*, giving *emphasis*, or giving that silent assent which is almost equivalent to *oblivion*, to the great demand to be *born again* which the Scriptures make upon man, shall prevail among that people or not. Both observation and history show us that all the purposes of open unbelief may be accomplished by diverging almost imperceptibly from the standard common

¹ A lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington College, Lexington, Va., July, 1868.

law of Christendom, as to what things are vital, and what things are non-essential; what things are to have prominence and emphasis given them, and what things are to stand in the corner, with the respectful veil of silence and eventual oblivion thrown over them.

And there is also another mode of dispensing with things wherein God *rebukes*, and therefore frequently *offends*, man in a particular generation. It is to raise doubts connected with the degree of inspiration attached to the Holy Scripture. When God's testimonies press closely and sharply down upon men's sense and their conscience, to the extent of plain rebuke or evident prohibition of the popular sin of that people, then it is the evil manner of modern times to call in question the plenary and perfect inspiration of those sharp, clear and pressing Scriptures, and make them to become the word of Paul, of Peter and of John, of Isaiah or of David; when the reason why any question of their plenary and perfect inspiration has arisen at all, as to its main cause and root, is not by any means any defect in the argument of the evidence for their plenary inspiration, but the very sharpness and clearness and pressing power of those Scriptures flung out upon the unwelcoming spirit of the world.

When, therefore, we define a Christian to be a converted man, we mean that we feel wholly unwarranted to extend the benefit of any prominence of light or shade, of emphasis or of neglect, of plenary or not plenary interpretation, over that great gate of the kingdom of heaven which appears in the words: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." For all history teaches that a religion which wears the name even of Christianity is just as capable of enormous crimes, perhaps more capable of them, than the most avowed irreligion itself, when it is *unconverted* Christianity, without the spirit of Christ, and without the life of God in the soul of man. We must and do maintain that the world of truth is not a mere realm of unreal vision, where all things glimmer in unreal shape and colors,

according to the various wishes and fancies and opinions of the various beholders; but that it is a world where, in definite shape and in colors divine, some certain great religious truths are laid down with so much and such abounding clearness and decision—among them, the necessity of the regeneration of the soul of man by the Spirit of God, and the co-equal divinity of the God-man and mediator, Jesus Christ the Lord—that when these testimonies fail to make their clear and sharp marks upon the faith of any particular generation, we are authorized and commanded in the word of God to look for a *moral* cause, one implying moral blame, and having its seat in the motives of the *heart*, rather than either in the revealings of the word or the capacities of the understanding of man. Among *non-essentials* is the place for charity, not here.

When, therefore, great breaches and crushes of the law, both of the first table, which binds man to his God, and of the second table, which binds him to his fellow-men, are seen, amid the events of this world, to follow closely upon the head of great so-called revivals of religion, then it is to be candidly inquired whether so-called religious men were led by others, or were themselves the leaders of others, in those enormous crimes. And if we shall find, upon candid inquiry in reference to such vast crimes, that the so-called Christians were led by others, that they were dragged unwillingly along the mighty rushes of social impulse, that they never freely and without compulsion planted themselves either upon the commission or the defence of their crimes, that they never had time to awake to a distinct consciousness of the spirit of which they were, and that, for their own defence to their own consciences, and before posterity and before history, they made no attempt to crush morality itself, and to change its poles and turn right to wrong and good to bad—then we can conceive how the Christian may have been found thus passively mingled with those vast social crimes, sometimes seen in a generation, which ruthlessly crush and break both tables of the law. And we can

see how these great so-called revivals of religion, out of which such great crimes *appear* to proceed, may have been in some degree genuine revivals; and yet there may have been, along with the outpourings of the Spirit of the Lord, such a preponderant outpouring at the same time of the spirit of the Great Red Dragon, that the good influence on society may for a time have been more than counteracted by the bad. Existing, indeed, in all their power, those good influences may have been so potently overborne by evil influences in "the hour and the power of evil," that the resultant from the two may still have been tremendously evil, without the influences of the Spirit of God having at all changed their nature. But those blessed influences ever work and ever will work forward to mastery, and in all such cases will show themselves in an infallible resurrection at the earliest possible moment accordant with the divine plan.

But it is no place for spurious liberality when the inquiry is concerning whether Jesus Christ is responsible for crime, which will make history, and "pure-eyed faith" and "white handed hope," blush crimson for ages and centuries.

When, therefore, great and widespread crime is seen to follow closely after great revivals of so-called religion, and when those who profess and call themselves Christians were not passively led by others, but were themselves the bold and conscious leaders of others; when, instead of being dragged unwillingly along on the tempests and torrents of social impulse, they themselves rode the whirlwind, and dragged others in crusades of aggression, as good and great men do ever lead in crusades of self-defence—the bad occupying the very position under the impulse of the spirit of the dragon, and travestyng that position which good and great men occupy under the holy impulse from heaven; having had ample time to awake to a distinct consciousness of the spirit by which they were actuated, and having, for their defence before their own consciences, and before posterity and before history, made distinct attempts to legis-

late anew in the moral world, to change the poles of that world, and by edict and fiat to change right to wrong, and wrong to right, to uphold right as being on one side of a question in one generation, and on the opposite side of precisely the same question in another generation : *then* we are compelled to simplify the argument against the caviller, by calmly and firmly denying the name of Christian to persons actuated by the spirit of the Great Red Dragon ; to deny that the so-called revivals were genuine effusions of the Spirit of the Lord ; to deny that their conversion was a genuine conversion ; to deny that Christ is responsible for the conduct of the children of his adversary, though he may wear his name and livery ; to shield our cause by means of the numerous warnings of inspiration against false spirits going out into the world, whom we are not to believe, but to try whether they are of God or not ; and by the great, clear and decisive principle of divine legislation in the realm of opinion, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

Secondly, The Christian is a man who LIVES A LIFE OF FAITH ; in which life of faith things exist, things are revealed, and have a reality and a power, wholly different from any in the outer and visible world of sense around us.

A religion which shows us the world lying dead in sin, and which claims that power is bound up in it, by the will of God, to raise that world to newness of life ; a religion which shows us, at its grand beginning, *one paradise* lost to man by sin, and prohibited to his entrance by the all-revolving cherub's flaming sword ; and at its grand *ending*, another and nobler and more glorious paradise opened to him by a "Lamb that was slain." A religion which shows us one world, in its early chapters, repenting the Almighty by its dreadful wickedness that he had made it at all, and soon weltering in a drowsy deluge and a universal death ; and in its later chapters shows us that same earth, not now full of the waters of a destroying deluge, not now garmented with the waves of destruction, but now full of the knowledge

of the glory of God, after the same image, as the waters cover the sea, and garmented in light and bliss, with the revealed, accepted and triumphant glory of the Lord, the kingdoms of the world having become, at a day foreseen by its eye of faith and prophecy, the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ.

Still more, a religion which shows us its own Holy One, all human and all divine, to-day laid in the grave, in all the funeral pomp and sadness of utter death, surrounded by tears, and embalming by mourning and the sepulchre, by the wild lamentations or the silent deadness of despair of the righteous, and by the last struggles of expiring hope and baffled faith of those who hoped in the deep moving purposes of God; and three days afterwards the same divine one, standing upright on the earth again, to give departing laws and utter the farewell of mediatorial affection, not now made for death, but for glory, and with new power, and in all the prerogatives of a restored and perpetual immortality, ascending to heaven to live forever.

Such a religion would be perfectly absurd if it did not give to man a new spiritual life of Christ, and if it did not require that new spiritual life of him before he could be properly called a Christian.

Whatever rationalizing men may say, there is a life within the heart of the Christian different from, and better than, any intellectual or emotional life of the sinner. The voice of the Redeemer speaks unquestionably in the ear of man: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Without the occurrence of any miraculous change in the natural powers of the soul, there is in Christian men, when their religion is a living and not a dead thing, a life which springs up by the hearing of the word of Christ, and believing on him, and on him that sent him, which has food for its support which the world knows not of, and which is really and actually fed, in the words of the Redeemer, taken

in their properly guarded sense, by "eating his flesh and drinking his blood."

And whoever will examine that profound discourse on the subject of the "bread of life" (John vi. 48) will see that it has not a sacramental application ; that it was not spoken in mere amplification and expatiation upon the sacramental eating of bread and wine ; that it is not a mere series of superficial commonplaces, but that it is a discourse of a depth of meaning yet unfathomed by the experiences of this life, and yet awaiting its full development in the future transformation and ennobling of human life by a deeper piety ; and that it is a map of spiritual life, in its various stages ("being drawn," and being "taught of God," and "coming to the Father," and "growing in spiritual life," and "advancing in powers of faith and hope"), intending to show the path which truly Christian souls are to walk in days of loftier glory which are to come, and to allure them to that path.

There is a chapter in the Bible which holds up to the view of the men of faith in the new dispensation the examples of the men of faith in the days of old (Heb. ii.) ; and in that bead-roll of the worthies of ancient days, qualities and features in the lives of the ancient saints are shown as examples which this world, and the spirit of this world, and the god of this world, never did and never can approve.

One man walks by faith till his faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, brings him into daily company of his God ; and thus walking with his God in daily companionship, with the testimony that he pleased God granted him from heaven, the heavenly world gradually comes down to him to welcome his entering step ; and he disappears from among the society and the haunts of men, to reappear among the glorified forms in the upper world, and to reap at once the consummation and the reward of the earthly life of faith.

Another man strikes on with axe and hammer for more than a hundred years, for the construction of a vessel to ride

out a future deluge of waters upon the earth, when no deluge of waters had ever then overflowed the earth, when no probability of a deluge of waters appeared in sky or cloud or raging wind, nor any other probability, save the simple divine word of warning, and the increasing guilt and boldness of sin, openness of unbelief, and fierceness of scoff and scorn and derision, which to the eye of sense and to the spirit of this world would have put the expectation of a deluge clean away from all the thoughts of men. Yet this man is commended to us as a pattern for our action, because he strikes on with axe and hammer for more than one vast rolling century of years, to prepare for an event of which his only evidence was the simple evidence, not of a written Bible, repeating the testimony in many a page, from day to day, but an oral testimony from the voice of the Heavenly One amid the transient voices of the air.

And another man still of that primeval age goes out from the home of his family in the crowded and idolatrous plains of the east, in obedience to the call of his God, not knowing to what earthly bourne his steps were tending, but only told of God that he should receive an inheritance after obedience; and thus sojourning in strange lands, dwelling in tabernacles, receiving ever and anon new promises, and having the heirs with him of the same promise born in his household; and thus seeing no earthly city arise of more importance than the small, unknown and then insignificant Salem, the city of the priest-king Melchizedek. He roamed this earth in a life of faith, and always exercising and strengthening the eye of faith, looking for, and learning better and better to see, and more and more to love and to yearn for, and to lay up his citizenship in a "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

And another still, another splendid figure in the ancient world, whose shadow fell often westward, and mingled in many different forms and under many transformations in the classic mythologies and in the harmonious minstrel-sies of the Grecian poetry, the law-giver of the Jews, hav-

ing the privilege by education of ranking as the son of the daughter, and as heir of the throne, of the Pharaoh of that kingdom, among the oldest and grandest of the world; enduring as seeing him who is invisible, and finding that learning to see the invisible God by the eye of faith brought him eventually to approach and become visible to the eye of sense; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; and finding his choice of affliction and his path through the sea and through the wilderness, though it was really and genuinely a path of affliction, yet was attended by the outstretched wand of divine power, and the flowing of water from the rock, and the falling of manna from heaven, and by the *incessant presence of the fiery cloudy pillar* of the living God.

And as we sigh for the return to the earth of such lives, and observe how deeply into the mysteries of the powers of faith in the human soul these examples of the men of old—none of them less than three thousand years ago—do evidently advance, we may clearly see that the God who balances the trials and privileges of the various ages, judged of by events to which the youngest of us are not strangers, does not intend to leave *our* age without such trials of faith as by the grace of God have in every age produced those deep souls who have simply believed in God, and whose eye being single, their whole body was full of light.

By setting before their eyes the ever-rolling vision of his perpetual government over this world, it pleases God in every age to advance his people towards maturity in the life of faith, and by *reason of use* to exercise their senses to discern both good and evil. And for lack of this exercise of the spiritual senses in the judgment of good and evil, the untried children of God in every age are apt, erroneously and with superficial eye, to receive every individual act of divine providence as a perfect pronouncing of the judgment of God in the last analysis and final result of the whole epoch, as though the whole sense and meaning of

the great drama of a whole generation could be seen, and the entire pronouncing of the Divine mind was to be heard at the close of every dialogue and act and scene. And thus "wondering, murmuring, do they gaze on evil men and evil days," as if the tables of the divine law had been crushed anew by mad prophets on the spurs of Mount Sinai; as if the sceptre of divine government had been corrupted from its purity by the admixture of baser metals in its substance; or as if that voice had at length become a truth and a reality, which shouted upon a calm twilight sea amid the Grecian islands of old, "that the great god Pan was dead," and was answered by wailings, howlings from isle and sea and sky, lamenting the dead divinity, around the shores of the isles of Greece.

But short-sighted faith forgets there are *times* appointed in the counsels of God, and revealed to us in the word of God, when it is the glory of God to conceal a thing (Prov. xxv. 2); *times* of the hour and power of darkness (Luke xxii. 58); *times* when the fallen archangel descends to the earth, "having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. xii. 12); *times* when that high eternal light which "moved among the living creatures by the river Chebar, which was as a bright fire, and out of which went forth the lightnings which sometimes went *upward*, now went *downward*, among the living creatures" (Ezek. i. 13); *times* when there descends from heaven that significant gift to the star-crowned woman of the Apocalypse, of two *wings* of a great eagle, that she may fly into the wilderness, into the place where she is nourished from the face of the serpent; *times* when Christ hangs and bleeds slowly on the Roman cross without the city, while Barabbas is holding jubilee at the feast within the city, over newly obtained liberty through the grace of the people.

It is to be feared that a higher art is required than the faith of this age possesses, clearly to ascertain when the last analysis is in the crucible, when divine providence is pronouncing itself without the veil of protection from the

too curious gaze of men, when the characters upon the board and their positions represent the ultimate thought and purpose of the great Disposer of events.

And all past epochs, when roamed over by the musing eye of pondering Christian faith, seem to unite in giving one clear and definite rule to go by; that is, that that is *not* the last analysis in the crucible, and that is not the final result of governing justice and judgment in any epoch, when the things which are despised in the sight of God are highly esteemed in the sight of men; when the star-crowned woman is sheltered shivering in the wilderness, and she, the meretricious rider of the beast, inhabits crimson luxury in the city; when man's criterion of judgment differs entirely from God's criterion of judgment; when the commandments of men are rivals of and opponents to the commandments of God, and are laid upon the conscience instead of the commandments of God; when usurping men sit in the temple of God, showing themselves and claiming that they are God; when the *saints* of the age, whose names are precious in the mouths of the multitude, and who are the foremost men in the spirit of that age, are chiefly men who have simply, most grossly, broken the Ten Commandments of God; and when the *sinners* of the age are chiefly names of unearthly glory, that were not born to die, whose fame has vitality enough to lie buried while slow ages roll away, and then to spring to its feet and reveal enough of glory to some future generations to crowd thickly an Iliad of heroes, and to furnish with new constellations of glory one-half the skies of the souls of those who shall then live.

In the annals of Noah, Abraham and Moses, and all the men of faith whose examples are held up to our imitation, it is plain and clear that their faith consisted in their yielding in quiet and humble submission to all present aspects of divine providence, yet yielding the faith of their souls only to moral principles which God has fixed, and not to those which man has fixed; and impatient waitings and leanings of heart and soul upon the God who seeth in

secret, till all transient disturbances of the order of his kingdom flow off like temporary tides, and until he shall come, in some sense or other of his coming, whose right it is to reign.

And nothing in history is more calmly cheering to the man of faith than to discover how short-sighted fanaticism always was, in its boastful reliance upon signs and omens, lucky days and supposed pronouncings of providence before the end; and how much "farther along" "from peak to peak the rattling crags among," along the mighty and Alpine summits of human events, "leaped the live thunder," and corruscated the real design and the true will of God, than those low levels of those men who take their God into their own hands, and fabricate in secret conclave a rival moral code, to rival and repeal the very living thunders of Mount Sinai itself. And when the man of faith sees how eternally roll the wheels of the history of this world, and how that part of the wheel which is to-day uppermost will to-morrow be down, and how thickly through the air around events do fly which seem to threaten to repeal the laws of God himself, he is to know that this wild blinding of mortal eyes, this black air with tempest rushing through it, is the *school of faith*, and that he cannot have any other comfort—and when he shall have duly learned he will not need any other comfort; that it is his God and Father, and the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm; that, although the circuit of the wheels are so high that they are dreadful, yet with the High Eternal Spirit that pervades them all, those "rings are full of eyes round about them four" (Ezek. i. 18), and they do see and mark all things, all thoughts, all deep designs and moral fitnesses of time, of event and of object.

Thirdly, The Christian is a man in whose life there is an incessant warfare against sin.

There is an inheritance of the saints in light already provided and held in reserve, a little out of mortal sight, as

mortal sight is at present constituted, of which the New Jerusalem is the form, and the presence and glory of God is the substance, for the beholding of which, under ordinary circumstances, the training and discipline of a life of conflict with the sins of our souls is necessary.

If a man is a Christian indeed, he will be seeing for the remainder of his lifetime the terrible reality of the evil of sin, as the substance is revealed to the perception of all those shadows of *plague*, and *leprosy*, and *blindness*, and *deafness*, and the possession of *devils*, and the *horrible pit*, and the *miry clay*, and the *wilderness*, and the *valley of the shadow of death*, and *sleep* and *death themselves*, by which the Holy Spirit paints sin to mortal understanding; and the constant struggle and work of his life must be to unclasp and abandon from the grasp of the affections of his breast from day to day some newly discovered sin, upon which new light from the incessantly unclasping seal of the divine word has that day fallen upon him, and new power to resist it has been breathed by the power of the divine Spirit that day into his heart. And in these very acts of repentance his soul must learn to be much upon that high road in spiritual affairs which leads to the blood of Jesus Christ, that that blood, applied to his heart in the invisible spaces, but in the richest reality, may remove anew the guilt of his soul, and send him by new impulse along his spiritual career, having, amid the gradual wreck of the outer man, the inward renewed day by day.

But one of the tremendous perversions of this age, than which the chief architect of evil has wrought few greater, is when this whole struggle is changed into an oblivion of our own sins and a struggle against the sins of others, the constant pursuit of new powers of aggression against things and persons which *we* rather than God consider evil, and a repentance which, unlike *charity* in the proverb, does not begin at home, and unlike *evil words* in the other proverb, rarely, if ever, comes home to roost, when Sir Talus with his iron flail beats down merely what the half-pagan spirit of the age condemns, but never conquers, his own sins.

And it is a much-needed work, for which, perhaps, the time is hardly yet fully come, that some truly humble soul, guided by the spirit of divine love, and also with the light of a close attention to those *riualries* of divine grace which the adversary incites from time to time, should compare true religion with fanaticism, contrasting the *loving* heart of the one and the *hating* heart of the other; the rage over others' sins on the one hand, and grief for its own on the other; so-called righteousness gone from home with Don Quixote on crusade on one hand, and "my lord conscience" calmly, peaceably and humbly keeping his own heart with all diligence on the other hand; a knight-errantry roaming the world in the dim light of the middle ages on the one hand, and the Son of God, with loving, pitying heart, going *about doing good on the other*:

"Which when the knights beheld, amazed they were,
 And wondered at so foul, deformed wight.
 'Such then,' said Una, as she seemeth here,
 'Such is the face of falsehood, such the sight
 Of foul Duessa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfeisance known.'
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,
 And all her filthy features open shown,
 They let her go at will, and wander ways unknown."¹

But the Christian who remembers that the wearing of the crown of righteousness (whatever of royal prerogative and glorified spirits that may mean) depends upon having fought the good fight and having kept the faith, will not be surprised at the increasing darkness and severity of the trials of Christian faith, neither as his own life advances, nor as the years of the lifetime of this world advances; for in both cases the increasing severity of the conflict with the tempter is a sure sign of the divine intention to give crowns with jewels of increasing splendor to the glorified spirits of that age.

There are no words in Christianity which bear clearer

¹ *Faerie Queen*, Book I., Canto viii., 49.

signs of having been forged in the workshop of divine intelligence expressly to be easily remembered than: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And no vision painted in words, anywhere among books, in human language, is more vividly drawn than that in which one of the heavenly elders said unto one of the apostles: "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" And the apostle said to the elder: "Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii. 13-17.)

Fourthly, It is impossible not to see that the Christian of this age, as ought to have been the case in every age, must be a man of *honor*, of *integrity*, and of *moral principle*.

The forms of Christianity which we have inherited from our mother island of Great Britain are probably the purest now known among men. And I think recent historical researches have proved that some of them came with great directness from the East, and from the apostles of Christ. But it is a misfortune to that Christianity, that in that great forming era—the seventeenth century—one great party attached value only to the principle of honor, and sneered at conscience with a contempt too generally just for the specimens they often saw of conscience; while the other great party attached value only to the principles of conscience, and sneered at honor with a contempt but too generally just for the specimens they often saw of honor. The parties then formed have been among the most permanent and widespread of any known in history, because they had their roots both in the principles of human nature and

in the principles of human society. And every society in which the one or the other struggles for the supremacy is but a map on a large scale of the individual human bosom, in which one or the other seeks the preëminence.

The mistake was in making those two pillars of human character enemies and rivals of each other. It was a war in the body between the right and left eye, the right and left hand, the right and left foot. It was a war in religion between the first and second tables of the law, between love to God and love to man, when no genuine love to God can exist without love to man growing out of it, and no true love to man can exist when there is no love to God from which it may grow by the Spirit of the Lord.

And in this age it is getting clear, as it has ever been true, that conscience is essentially and intensely a hypocrite which is not illuminated and expanded by the sense of honor; and that honor is a profligate sensualist and scoundrel when not guided and restrained by conscience.

There is a high tone of moral honor, integrity, and principle, chiefly showing itself in truthfulness, reliability, honesty, and a proud rising above meanness, which infidel writers have delighted falsely to say springs up outside of Christianity, but without which Christianity is worse than worthless for this world, and cannot be worth a great deal for the world to come; faith and conscience without works and honor are dead, being alone; and that high tone of moral honor, integrity, and principle, cannot be too strongly commended to your notice as the product of the love of God properly blended with the love of man, and of conscience properly regulated by a true and just sense of honor, as the noblest parts of that old and magnificent Christian civilization which some men—*as do not I*—do mournfully think is passing away beneath the envy of those who disliked because they could not comprehend it. But the more hopeful faith at least, and one may humbly trust therefore the truer faith, is mine, that as nothing truly good and noble ever finally fades away from the earth without the

prospect of somewhere reappearing—as a beautiful tint of spring foliage upon your beautiful hills disappears for no longer than next spring, and not one of the heavenly hues of sunset, in which the brightest of the dreams of the youth of the world in its golden age, and the brightest of the dreams of the youth of the individual soul, seem blending in wonderful glory of union, disappears for any longer time than till that golden time hung up to view in the sure word of prophecy, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea; so nothing mentally, morally, or socially good, can ever finally disappear from the ever-changing scenes of human society; and thus human worth, integrity, faithfulness and high unsullied honor, though now they appear to be only dead Lazaruses, lain in the grave four days at Bethany, shall come again to the world,

“Like a glory from afar,
Like a reappearing star,”

mingling their honors with those higher honors of the regenerate heart; and their life of faith shall make Christianity yet more and more a thing to be sought and admired, as lovely and of good report among men.

Fifthly, The Christian is a man who not less deeply than others *inherits the memories of the land in which he dwells*.

Without in any way invading the province, or diminishing the power of the inner life of the soul, according to which he is dead and his life is hid with Christ in God; and his citizenship is in heaven, from whence also the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour is expected to come, still there is a *subbeam of sobriety* to be thrown upon the vision by which, when illumined, the Christian is shown not to be the mere cheap and sorry St. Anthony of the wilderness, preaching to the fishes, and lavishing the life and thought and power of the soul upon the solitudes; nor the mere imperfect, civil person of society which many interpretations

make him, fettered by unsocial scruples and a disqualifying conscience from accepting, as from God, many of those deep social feelings and principles of society which Christianity has sanctioned as they stood enacted by the laws of nature, by not admitting the need of reënacting them over again.

Those who are special students of the prophecies are greatly divided to this day upon the question whether or not the very earth upon which we tread to-day is not to be the scene, after having been purged of the curse of sin by the final fire, of that golden city of God, the triumphant kingdom and city of Christ, the New Jerusalem ; and whether here, upon these hills and plains and in these valleys (how beautiful ! how beautiful ! if dissociated with sin and sorrow), amid all these scenes upon which we have seen the dark and gloomy clouds of this mortal life lower and settle — here, amid the very same scenes, are not eventually to occur the wonderful triumphs of righteousness over iniquity, the happy shout of persecuted thousands over the foredoomed fall of old hoary and cankered oppression, and the loud hosannas of the children of God, mingling with the clanking in the upper air of the vast chain which is to be brought down from heaven in the hands of a mighty angel, with which the old serpent, the dragon, the devil and Satan, is to be bound and cast down, while the world shall roll on for a thousand years through its pathway of blessedness and glory.

In behalf of the view that this very globe, on which all the other acts and scenes of the drama of redemption have occurred, will be the scene also of its consummation, is alleged the fact, that there are certain fitnesses of the soul of man as well as his body for a life with a soil beneath his feet on which to build a home, a sky to look up to, and a visible sphere in which to walk with God ; that we are permitted to look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ; and that when the holy city, the New Jerusalem, is seen coming down from God out of hea-

ven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband—then the great voice out of heaven indicates that this earth will be the scene of that closing splendor of the deeds of God, by declaring that the tabernacle of God is with men. And surely that volume does not discourage the inheritance in our souls of the land in which we dwell, which tells us of one place in the early years and the eastern lands which has been named Bethel, or House of God, and glorified in three thousand five hundred years' history, because a patriarch there saw a pathway opened in vision from earth to heaven; and of another place still, named Horeb, hallowed in all deep-seeing souls because there another patriarch put off his shoes from his feet as for holy ground, and bowed with hidden face, as in the presence of God, before the encircling flame in the unconsumed bush; and of another place still where is a *well of water*, whose reflecting surface is to-day to be seen, where a patriarch drew water for his flocks in the sweet pastoral days of old, and where the Redeemer long after sat weary, and spoke of that bright water of eternal life of which Jacob's well was sent to be a type to the thirsty souls of men.

And thus as human life rolls on in every land, it becomes enriched from year to year with memories which take hold upon the deepest things in the human soul, and which, according to the sublime oracles of our faith, the years of eternity will neither seek nor be able to eradicate from its depths.

The very master of the Arab tent itself, that frailest of edifices for human abode, "spends half his evenings sitting at the door" of his tent, chanting to every star of heaven, and rhyming with tears in his eyes to all kinds of tender remembrances of the past.¹

And of captive earthly Jerusalem to-day,

"Where God's temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne,"

it is said to be true that "her lofty privileges and the proud

¹ *Salathiel*, p. 277.

memories of those who have made her courts glorious, the sage, the soldier, and the prophet, lights of the world, fill the spirits of her children with an immortal homage—from which they love her still and love her forever;”¹ in the spirit of which great lawful principle of human nature it was that the elder Alexander, in his dedication to the Log College some thirty years ago, said, in allusion to powerful outpourings of the Spirit of God which had happened before that in the land, that “many people among us are not aware that the ground on which they tread has, as it were, been hallowed by the footsteps of the Almighty.”

And so with events of every description which worthily deliver themselves to the memory of the soul, “recollection becomes inspiration all through human life, and memory speaks to the soul like a prophet of the Lord.”²

Our life in this land of ours has become laden with inheritances of memory on every thoroughfare over which we pass, which appeal to us more deeply and tenderly than the tender remembrances of the past to the Arab in his tent or the past glories of hapless Jerusalem to her sons of to-day—almost as tenderly and sacredly as the hallowing footsteps of the Almighty, in giving new life to souls amid the Bethels and Horebs and Jacob’s wells of the land, did to the Christian thirty years ago.

No thinking educated man can disconnect himself with the past, if he would. And firm fidelity to truth concerning the past, and tenacity in clinching of those elemental truths of the social order of the universe without which it would rush again to anarchy and to death, is as much the duty of an educated Christian man as it is to war against sin, to breathe the secret breath of the life of faith, to turn from sin and death to life and God, and to keep integrity and honor to men.

And from the sacred inner regions of the life of faith, though not of this world, yet in it, though not living according to the course of this world, yet living bravely for its

¹ *Solothiel*, p. 299.

² *Ecce Deus*, p. 64.

duties, the Christian has the privilege of observing everything as a development, so far as it may go, of the mind of his God; the privilege of patiently observing the slow unwindings of mighty plans, too deeply laid and too surely proceeding in their execution for haste, hurry, or confusion; the privilege of learning how safely all things are deposited by the actings of his faith at the feet of the Lord of hosts; the privilege of knowing, when faith will support him in that knowledge, that above every whirlwind of disaster, of poverty and of revolution, God's counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure.

And oh! when that great day shall come, the day of the resurrection of righteousness, many of *us*, or of *them*, who are alive and remain, shall feel in our souls the mingling of joy that it has come with *shame* that we ever doubted that come it would, as certainly, though not so soon, as to-morrow's sun shall rise. And those who have already gone to glory will peradventure look down from their celestial seats and behold *truth*, robed in sunshine, chasing *base calumny* from their graves forever; and *justice*, on some new and brighter memorial day, casting laurels of eternal growth upon their graves, to last for all the years of their sleep beneath the sod, and thence into eternity. Amen.

LETTERS TO A BROTHER MINISTER.¹

DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

DEAR V.: Of course God does not reveal to us any truths additional to those which are contained in the sacred Scriptures; but is there not a wonderful opening of the Scriptures to the souls of his people by divine illumination? And is not much Scripture dead to even good men, during a part of their lives, which afterwards becomes alive to them, and rich with meaning, by means of this illumination? When, on a late occasion, here in our shades of seclusion, you gave us that masterly piece of holy thought on THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,—which would hardly have been so laden with its mellow and subdued riches in more public places,—was it not because you had been taught of God, and his Spirit had shed some special rays of light on that precious subject to your tried spirit, and made you indeed the mouth of God to the people on that communion Sabbath? And if the deep-pervading gloom of the land were not enough to keep you humble under praise which is no more than just, you could find means of mental sobriety, and have often found them, in the principle: “*Not I, but the grace of God which was in me.*”

The process of divine illumination is, of course, progressive. There must be stars which break out to the devout soul for the first time, in the sky of the divine word, even in the very daytime, and sunshine, and summer-light of prosperity. Surely there is a way to be *prosperous and sin not*, as there is a way to be angry and sin not. These

¹ To the Rev. C. R. Vaughan, D. D., in the year 1866.

stars of the daytime of prosperity may be just as large as those which shine in the night of adversity; but they do not appear to be as large, certainly. There is so much of created light, of light from nearer things, of the light of terrestrial suns, in the soul in the day of prosperity.

But the process of divine illumination, we firmly believe, goes on day and night, winter and summer, with a more or less rapid step of progress, in every soul which has been renewed by the Holy Spirit of God. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward is renewed day by day. What a tremendous tide there is of precious meaning, for instance, in these very words themselves, which declare the perpetual renewal of the inner man! And how their deep sense bursts upon us, both to assert our doctrine, and to furnish an illustration of it!

We are right sure that the stars of the divine word which burst in upon us in these days of darkness, as promises and principles, new-born at least to our individual souls, appear larger than any stars in the daytime. The light which they give is more precious, because it is almost our only light. We believe, with President Edwards, that they shine by a "spiritual, supernatural, divine" light. There are things which are rich rewards to their possessors, which are to be acquired by study, by intense application, by sheer overwhelming intellectual force. But these rays of divine light upon the truths of the Holy Scriptures, which turn those truths into fresh realities and *vitalities* to our souls, are not of them. They are not to be taken by force, bought, or transferred. That would be a wonderful book, if it could be produced, which many a man has tried to produce, and thought he was producing, which would communicate to others in vital freshness the rays of the divine light which have come to his own soul. But the book, when done, is of course as dead as the body without the soul, or the temple without the Shekinah. The man who disputed to John Newton some vital point of sound religion, and told him he had collated every word in the

Hebrew Bible seventeen different times, and that it would be strange indeed if he had not found the point spoken of if it had been really there, was simply stating the result of all study without divine illumination. He was not proving by any means that the doctrine was not among the dry elements of his seventeen-fold collation; his experience was not strange at all, but simply, in more senses than one, *very natural*. It is God's Holy Spirit alone who leads the soul into these enchanted chambers of things new and old, ancient and modern, familiar and unfamiliar, by which the sacred truths melt into our hearts, and become the fountain of our true knowledge. Having within it the illumination of the Divine Spirit, the word is, as it were, a Grecian city in the sunshine of a day in the pure, clear air of Athenian skies, with bright beams and radiances, and mirrored images of the in-looking soul everywhere above its fair streets, and forms of blessed life walking therein, and air and breath conferring immortality sweetly wandering through its windings. Without that illumination it is but a dark, uncarved, unstoried mass of walls, and roofs, and spaces, and streets, and cold and dull abysses. Knowing how you relish that antiquity in which Christ and Plato have their appropriate places, I borrow from Lord Bacon, that "it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, that the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then, again, it obscureth the stars and the celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it shutteth up divine."

It is admitted that we must have guard against enthusiasm, and against that indolence by which people wait to have things revealed by divine illumination which they ought to learn by grammar, and lexicon, and application; and also against the cloying honey-drop, the *gutta serena* of mysticism—and perhaps other things.

I think I have recently seen afresh the truths revealed to the heart of the church in the third chapter of Colos-

sians. Of course that grand treatise on *mortification* has been often on our lips before. But it never shone out with half the brilliancy which it now wears until these dark night-shadows of humiliation came over us. I have often thought how God spread the treasures of his power round about Moses in the Egyptian bondage, and how he opened the rich secrets of future ages and empires to Ezekiel and Daniel by the rivers of Babylon. My thoughts in captivity have heretofore chiefly been concerning exode and temporal deliverance, and the affairs and events and revolutions of earthly history, and of the days hereafter to come upon the earth. But I have been recently startled at the clear, eternal accent of these words: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." These things are in all our Bibles, and in all our creeds; but if compliance with them constitutes a Christian, how large do they leave our rolls of communicants?

THE GLORY OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DEAR V.: The text from Colossians,¹ quoted in my last, does not say that we *shall be* dead at some future time, but that we *are* dead at this time. It does not say that our life *will be* hid with Christ in God at some time hereafter, when our bodies are under the sod, and our moving forms have forever disappeared from among men; but it says that our lives *are now* hid with Christ in God. It is not something which *is to be* hereafter, of which this deep Scripture speaks, but something which is now. Of this regenerated, renewed life of a Christian, the life of Christ on earth,

¹ Col. iii. 1-3: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

after his resurrection and before his ascension, is a type—that, “like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.” There were new laws, a new atmosphere, new thoughts, new dreams of the soul, around Christ during those forty days of risen life. So are there to be new laws, a new atmosphere, new thoughts, new dreams of the soul, around the Christian after he is converted to Christ. Christ’s death is to be fulfilled in their death to sin. His resurrection-life is to be repeated in their resurrection-life. What a beautiful thing Christianity is, thus to be set forth by those forty days of the half-celestial life of the risen Redeemer! And what a beautiful thing the holy Sabbath is, as the Lord’s resurrection day, always to be telling us, in sweet, sacred language, of the new heavenly life begun here, continued hereafter!

In the first chapter of this epistle, among many deep, serene, and wider than Jewish truths, the Apostle Paul tells the Colossians of “the hope which is laid up for them in heaven,” concerning which it seems to be a very frigid and meagre explanation to say that he alludes to money in the coffers of the Olympic judges, kept to pay the prize-winners at the end of the games. Dissolved from the figure, the money laid up must mean the glory in reserve in heaven for Christians. No one here below can tell with what strange and wonderful glory, to command the gaze of all celestial eyes and the wonder of all celestial hearts, God will clothe his humble people (truly humble, because not wishing to feed pride with their humility) in heaven. I protest to you, dear brother, that sometimes, in the self-forgetting and fearful responsibilities of the pulpit, this truth comes before me like an open door in heaven, with more of the fresh shining of celestial light than any mid-summer night dream ever gave me. It was a splendid vision of old, to which, in the fair, golden sunshine of a summer morning, eyes used to and hungry for earthly glories were summoned by the voice: “Go forth, O ye

daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals and in the day of the gladness of his heart." But it is believed that we are taught in the inspired word that the gorgeous king of antiquity and of the gorgeous East was not more superior, in dress and crowned dignity, to the meanest peasant in rags who strove to get a view of the royal procession as it went down the streets of Zion in the fair, golden sunshine of a summer morning, than the meanest saint, clothed with glory of God in heaven, will be to the grandest and fairest figures of earthly glory and earthly beauty ever looked on in summer mornings in this world. Touch the body of the meanest saint with the glory of God, place the meanest child of God among transfigured forms, in bright clouds and celestial radiances, and give to his countenance the impress which happy spirits must impart to the features through which they look upon this world, and of him it may be said with deeper meaning than of the lily, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And yet it is not probable that our *thinking* of eternal glory, or *anticipating* it, is all that is meant by our lives being *hid with Christ in God*. It is something more than the wanderings of our thoughts away from the trials of life up to the celestial scenes; something more than thoughts dimly following the crowds of the departed spirits far away from this world; something more than merely hoping for heaven; something more than the perusal of the Book of Revelation, and the endeavor to get a sight of the emerald rainbow, and the golden crowns of the elders, and the crystal sea, and the star-eyed living ones—to picture to the mind's eye those beautiful and awful spiritual existences around God's throne in heaven; something more than this, to be dead, and our life hid with Christ in God; something more and better than to behold these glories of God's presence in heaven.

It is to think of and anticipate eternal glory, with a ray

of that glory—a ray however faint and feeble—shining down into our hearts as an antepast of that glory, and welcomed into the chambers of those hearts; welcomed, though known to be a ray of unearthly light; welcomed, though known to have the effect to make earthly things appear poor and dark and mean; heartily welcomed in those hearts, though they well know what and whence it is. And when this ray of new life from Christ shines into a man's heart with its full power and with his full consent, then it is that the oracle to the Colossians, well inspired, has its true fulfilment. Then his life is hid with him from whom comes that ray and where that ray comes from. Then it is that there is more in the pouring in of life and light from the Highpriest's altar above, into the humblest pious soul here below, than all the analyses of all the deepest philosophers can reach.

THE BLESSINGS OF OLD AGE.

DEAR V.: And we, too, are growing old!—we who but just now revelled in the ambitious thoughts and schemes of an unaccomplished destiny; we who but just now trod the ground with such high bearing and with such an elastic step; we who roamed the paths of the earth as if we had a lease of them for a century; we who, when enchanted by the beauty of summer hills and plains, and clouds and skies, felt that they were our spirits' homes for a period which seemed almost forever; who loved the classics so, and felt that the classic mythology erred only in its idolatry, but did not err in making the skies and the woods and shady dells places for Jupiter and Diana and Apollo. We, too, are growing old!

Soon, if not already, the sight of our eyes will begin to fail. Soon, if not already, the acute sense of the ear will begin to grow duller. Already the elastic step of youth has given place to a more sober step, in which the body

bears itself slowly, as if carrying a heavy invisible weight, that it may allow thought as it moves, and not by its motions disturb the motion of the soul.

But when the sight of the natural eye begins to fail, may we not hope that then, somehow in the opening of the unsearchable riches of Christ, along that line of human life along which they are intended to be opened, and for which, in deep, divine wisdom, they were prepared, faith will begin to open the eyes of our souls more really than before, that then we may begin to pry with a clearer vision into distant worlds, as the organs prepared for the vision of this world decay. It would seem, indeed, to be the signal from the finger of God to indicate to us the time when the scenes of eternity are most becoming to our eyes, when the eyes which are made to behold the scenes of this life begin to fail. Then the voice of the Creator seems to say: look away to other spheres and other scenes. Yield up the scenery on the banks of the rivers of this world, historic, richly-storied, absorbing in interest, as it may be, and look upon the scenery and repose under the shade of the trees upon the banks of the River of Life. When nature begins to close your eyes upon the sublunary scenes, then let them be closed, and thus with closed eyes bring before the vision of thought and memory and faith the throne in heaven, upon which He sits who is to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and the emerald rainbow which surrounds it; and the bowing and adoring elders around the throne; and the sea of crystal before it; and the wonderful living creatures full of eyes; and all that eternal throng of glorified beings who fill God's courts with sounding praise in the heavenly world. And when, with natural eyes closed, we have really seen that vision, then let us sing to our souls: "Those are thy companions; that is thy home; thither wander in dreams of charmed midsummer nights; for that be thy toil, thy yearning, thine ambition, O soul." These things shall not decay. They will endure forever, undimmed, undecayed, unfading,

“Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.”

And when the delicate sense of the natural ear begins to be impaired and the sounds of life around fade from us, like moon-lit marches dying away in distance over the hills, then may the grace of God bring us so near the eternal world as to be in hearing by the ears of the waiting and expecting soul. Then may it be the case, dear brother, and we hope and believe it will be the case, that the God of all grace, who only doeth wondrous things, will touch our ears to catch the finer, deeper, richer, more strange and grand harmonies of the universe; that he will grant us to hear, in the inward luxury of dreams which will not flee away with the shades of night, the music of the spheres and of the stars in their courses, and the songs of those souls of the angels who forever have moved on in the love of God without having known the pain and the madness of sin and sorrow. In the ear of faith at least may we hear the voice of the universe praising God in Christ for the certainty of the future, his unblamed veracity, his unspotted faithfulness to all promises of his, all plans of deliverance, all appointed seasons of the lifting up of the righteous, all long-delayed and yet faithfully observed appearances upon the scene of him “whose right it is.”

And when our steps grow heavy in the body and an invisible retarding weight hangs upon our limbs, *when our outward man begins sensibly to perish*, when some pain, some ache, some infirmity every day tells us it is perishing, then *the inward is to be renewed from day to day*, according to special promise of God. With all our sins, follies, failures, imperfections, on our heads, we can stand up and plead the blood of Jesus Christ against all accusing gorgons and fiends, and can plead that we have loved and endeavored to serve him who shed it. And then we shall have a right to hope—aye, a *right* which earth and hell cannot deny or impede—to hope for grace, amid the deep shadows of old age and despite the heavy lagging tread of

the crumbling body, by which, in spirit, we may mount upwards with wings as eagles, may run and not be weary, may walk and not faint.

Trust me, to this deepening of the powers of his soul tends the life of every one of God's dear children, especially those whom he has put into the ministry of the word, and then let loose upon them the dread artillery of sore trial. Repine not at infirm health, nor at the jarring discord of disease in the body. My own earnestly-loving, fraternal, partial eye is not the only one which sees that the chords of your soul are attaining a deeper, richer, nobler, eternal harmony in a higher mood than the pains of a mortal body can drown or derange.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS LANG SYNE.¹

THERE are characters with whom a minister of the gospel is sure to meet sometimes who must be known in order to be understood. There are a hundred ways in which eccentricity may show itself. My experience enables me to give a case or two for illustration of eccentric people. And, by the way, as *eccentric* means out of the centre, it is very hard to tell normal human character from eccentric human character; it is very hard to know where the centre of any particular moral being ought to have been instead of where it was. All sinners are eccentric, and all sin is eccentricity. And there is other eccentricity besides sin: intellectual eccentricity—eccentricity of natural constitution. To a man of a very clear and cool and calm common sense and sagacity, an imaginative poet is eccentric. To a matter-of-fact lady, a gay woman is eccentric. To Andromache, Helen was eccentric; to Helen, Penelope was eccentric; to Caleb Cotton, John Newton, and to John Newton, Sydney Smith. In fact, the centre of some men's moral being is so remote from that of others that it is hard sometimes to receive the unquestioned truth, that all men's centres are within the same circumference; that all men are of the same race; that God has made all men of one blood, and that "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

I once had a parishioner who was very sensitive on the subject of his *ancestry*. He was a good man; but this was one of his eccentricities. He had some others too besides this. We met one day at a place to which professional

¹ A series of articles which appeared in *The Central Presbyterian* and *The Christian Observer*, 1861-'64

duty called us both, a place at which there was serious illness in the family. It was at a season of the year when the beautiful weather without doors invited us to a seat in the front porch. And what a troop of memories arise when we speak of a seat in the front porch, in mild weather and in view of the pictures which the Virginia fields present to the eye at such times! What a series of leaves of the life-book roll over, laden with what have now become the hues of the past eternity! What a variety of different persons arise to fill the seats at our side! And how far apart, in some cases, the scenes are in both time and place from each other! Here, in one case, we sat in the front porch in the far south during the Christmas holidays, and looked upon the slight hills on the other side of the Mississippi from where we sat, and between those hills and our front porch heard the sound of the flow of the river, sounding, singing, gurgling, flowing—we know not how to represent it, for it was not like the wind in the pine-tops, nor like the rolling in of the sea-tide, nor like the sighing of the winds around your dwelling, nor like the music of the spheres which you hear in the sleepless hours of the dead of night, nor like anything else but just what it is—the lapse to the sea of the father of waters.

Here, in another case, we saw from a front porch of a Northern State (now our insanely bitter foe), the haze which hangs over the chill waters of Ontario in the doubtful month of May. And here, in scores of other cases, we looked out upon the fields of then peaceful Virginia (now oh! how gloriously breasting the storm), and saw spring and summer and autumn scenery in deep tranquillity, in rich diversity, in varied beauty. How varied are the companions of those front porch sessions! How unreturning are those scenes! How they throw our spirits forward into the wondrous reproductions, in eternity, of the deepest and most peopled scenes of this life! And what messengers these scenes are, to be sent before to form, as in Doddridge's dream, the pictures on the walls of our spirit's

habitations in that grand world! How many the witnesses will be for us, or against us, in that world, if only all who have sat with us in meditations on deep eternal things in Virginia front porches be summoned to meet us there to give evidence. There is but little sense or meaning in all the glories of scenery, life and nature in this world, except as the garlands and fillets of the soul which is marching to its dread sacrifice, or as the laurels and bays and wreaths and crowns of a soul marching to its eternal triumph.

A preacher's life is almost too solemn for such a retrospect. We must call in the sound divinity and the deep theology of the old maxim: "Duties are ours, events are God's." And not less than in other lives (we really suspect a little more, in fact), there is a deep fascination in scenery, especially in scenery glorified in memory, around which natural beauty has become, by the deep and momentous every-day events of life, married forever to religious and spiritual meanings.

An eminent preacher from a neighboring congregation was confidently expected to preach for me on both Saturday and Sunday of my October communion season, in the year of our Lord, 185—. There were to be three sermons delivered on the occasion, besides the sacramental addresses. I had not made any preparation for any of the three sermons. There was hardly a shot in the locker at all. If there was such a thing even as a *wal* which had been shot before, it was considerably scorched, as it appeared to my mental vision, and clearly enough would not do to use again. I had spent in literary luxury, in "the still air of delightful study," those days of the week before the sacrament, during which preparation for the pulpit would have been made but for reliance on the other brother. It was a lovely morning, that Saturday before the first Sabbath in October. Looking back to it, it appears as if the sunshine had more glory in it that morning than common sunshine. I had been

upon my knees with the early dawn, and had been almost unable to arise from them ; when attempting to rise up, something almost like an invisible hand would seem to crush me down again to renewed prayer. It appeared to me as if my heart would break, if the man who was coming there to preach that day and the next did not come "in the fulness of the gospel of Christ." In fact, as we rode to church that morning, with all the cloudless sky, the fresh and vivifying atmosphere, the golden sunshine, and the countenance of tranquil grandeur, which the fields of lower Virginia show at that delightful season of the year, I could not relish the playfulness, so pleasing at other times, with which one of the elders, one of the truest and most fraternal of men, spoke to me. He thought me displeased with him about something. The fact is, it just seemed to me that the veil between this world and the world of spirits around us and above us was become nothing but a mere gossamer, and we could almost see through it, and especially our souls could feel through it.

It is a plain country church, built of wood. There is nothing to distinguish it in its material circumstances from any other plain country church, except the magnificent grove of oak trees in which it stands. I never saw much finer trees anywhere, nor a much superior grove of them around any church. There ought to be a grove of trees, if possible, around every country church. "The groves were God's first temples." He exacted it of the old kings of Israel and Judah, very rigidly to cut down the groves and the high places when they were for idolatrous purposes, probably because they have naturally so much power over the soul when connected with falsehood, as when connected with truth to allure it to their bosoms. And those oak trees too, they are the very pride of the woods—the senators, the noblemen, the paladins of the forest.

There was a considerable congregation for a week-day assembled in the grove on our arrival. But a few minutes were wanted to twelve o'clock, the hour for public worship.

The preacher from abroad had not arrived. Still, he was expected, as we stood, or quietly sauntered in the grove. But the hour of twelve came, and not the preacher. One of the elders came and informed me that the people were within the church, expecting public worship. It was a great nervous shock, but I told him: "Give me fifteen minutes for reflection here under the trees." He said: "I do not know whether the people will quietly wait so long"; and reëntered the house, followed in a few moments by myself, creeping to the pulpit like a condemned criminal. I had not even a text until then. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread," came to me in the pulpit, as if it had been pushed before my eyes over a velvet surface. It divided itself as easily as the enclosures of a long lane part to your view, and fall off to their respective sides, as you ride between them. Let a man examine himself as a citizen. Let a man examine himself as a member of a family, especially if he is the head of a family. Let a man examine himself as an individual member of the church of God on the earth. Looking the people fully in the face, with an awe in my heart hardly less than overwhelming, I talked for an hour on these points with a kind of ruthless and reckless fidelity. There were prayers and singing, and the people went silently out of the church. There was not probably a word of complimentary criticism of that poor, ragged, struggling, frightened sermon, uttered that day, in the whole retiring congregation. They retired as if from a funeral. They sought, speechless, their horses and carriages through the grove. I accepted an invitation to dine at a neighboring house. A bright boy of twelve years invited me to a seat in "grandmanma's carriage." "He would ride my horse." By my side in the carriage sat his grandmanma. I see her grave yet cheerful, tried yet hopeful face before me now. I preached her funeral afterwards with noon-day hope in my heart, and noon-day declarations of hope on my lips. She is looking now, in all probability, upon the mediatorial throne in heaven. Opposite me sat

the boy's sister, one of three, a fair girl of sixteen, hitherto impenitent, unconcerned, gay, thoughtless and pleasure-loving. I had never spoken to her about her soul, except in the pulpit and the Bible-class; and had no intention of doing so during this ride to dinner. Some casual question was asked. A cold, solemn monosyllable was the reply. Another question met the same response. Still another, and the same monosyllable. What was the matter? The conversation soon entirely ceased. The people who rode on horseback beside the carriage did not seem to be in conversation, but in thought. There was a widespread awe upon them. Almost as blind as Bartimeus, almost as slow of heart as Thomas Didymus, I was forced to see that God had come for some purpose or other. In a brief after-dinner walk with that gay girl, her buoyancy was all gone. She *could not* rally her spirits. She finally said she felt herself to be a guilty and wretched sinner against God, and knew not what to do. And then began that vain work of my lips, which many a minister as vainly does much of, the effort to make the plan of salvation plainer than the Scriptures themselves make it; the effort to use words more intelligible than those which the Holy Ghost has employed; to invent more simple and fundamental forms of expression than he has furnished; to make the way of salvation plain to the sinner's *intellect*, before the sinner's *heart* is willing to see it. Wearied at length with long, painstaking and repeated explanations of faith, and trust, and submission, and coming to Christ and receiving him, I told her I would pray for her, but could not save her; but if she did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that too with the very heart, I had nothing but the ruin of her soul, and that too for eternity, to promise her, and rode away to another place.

The next day the text was, "Say to the righteous, it shall be well with them." The house was again as still as a sepulchre. The sermon was "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." I felt as a soldier may feel when commanded to mount a breastwork, the dust of the surface

of which is constantly thrown up into the air by a sheet of grape-shot. The discourse was poor enough, no doubt, but the text was a two-edged sword. It was in the hands of the Spirit of God, standing between the earth and the heaven. He was not visible, like the angel whom King David saw by the threshing-floor of the Jebusite. But we could *feel* his presence. The death-like awe of silence and solemnity sometimes seemed as if it was the hem of the robe of his glory waxing all but visible.

The first inquiry meeting was appointed for the ensuing Wednesday. Four persons remained in church after dismissal, deeply awakened. One was my *vis-a-vis* in the carriage. The next time I saw her, at the next inquiry meeting, her countenance had lost its cloud; hope was shining on it. The Saviour had in all probability entered into her heart to dwell forever.

This was the commencement of a powerful revival of religion in that congregation. It was probably much like other revivals of religion. The reverse is not pretended. Nor is it likely to be so interesting, by much, to others as to my own soul. But oh! in these days of rebuke, and of the awe and terror of the sword, not of the Spirit of God, but of fierce, hostile, hating man, those golden scenes of the past, which are sacred in memory as scenes of the visits of the Spirit of the Lord to his earthly tabernacle, come back upon us ever and anon, bearing such a precious light, and in such celestial forms and hues, that it is hoped they may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to others. There may seem to be some appearance of egotism about my sketches. But I do not know how to avoid the appearance, without needless circumlocutions, in other way than to endeavor, by divine grace, to avoid the thing itself, and then to speak right on what I have felt and seen and known.

My next neighbor, and most intimate co-laborer, came to us eight days after that sacrament. He preached in the

morning and I in the evening, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Those were three memorable days. I have since seen the efficacious grace of God poured out, on more occasions than one, upon a greater number of persons; but scenes which have since passed before me have not at all obliterated the memory of those sweet and solemn days. Quite the contrary. The assembling of the people in those quiet picturesque shades, in the tranquil, pure, pearly air of the first week of October, seems often now to pass before my eyes as a pageant of the inner world, of which the colors can never fade and the forms never dissolve. Political discussions are not heard among them. Crops and markets fail to interest the farmers. Gaieties and gallantries are not now the uppermost thoughts of the young. The people seem to be all thinking of eternal things. The church members have manifestly come from secret prayer. If, by the grace of God, we arrive at the abodes of the ransomed in the future world, may not visions of such scenes be frequently allowed to revisit us there and refresh our eyesight and re-invigorate our souls even in heaven, just as we would now enjoy a good picture of a past home, a vivid vision of holy pleasure past, called up clearly to our mind, or a healthful quiet dream of the sunbeams and the orchard shades of childhood?

My brother minister and myself accepted an invitation to visit dear friends, seven miles from the church, that Tuesday night. We had anxiously discussed the character of our discourses for the next day. It was clear to us both that there ought to be an inquiry-meeting appointed on Wednesday, if we continued to see and feel the presence of the Spirit of the Lord as powerfully as on Monday and Tuesday. That day was therefore to be the crisis of the work. We felt the importance of the first sermon on Wednesday morning quite as deeply, in our sphere, as a warrior feels the importance of a pitched battle. To my surprise my co-laborer informed me immediately after supper that he *could not* preach any discourse he had with him, on

the next morning; "his feelings *would not* enter into any of them." And calling for writing materials, he immediately withdrew from the delightful social circle to his chamber.

Past eleven o'clock, I found him still absorbed in the unfinished skeleton of a sermon for the morrow, simply remarking that he had "had a terrible struggle." The nature of the struggle, and the character of the new discourse, were things left for the morrow to show.

The text greatly surprised me. It was this: "We are not ignorant of his devices." A sermon on Satan! at such a time as this! thought I, as I sat behind him in the pulpit, grieved, anxious, praying for the preacher, praying for the people. But I soon saw that it was an arrow shot from God. Never was there a much clearer case of it in common times. The preacher described in a more vivid and solemn manner than I remember to have heard it done before or since, the earnest and powerful agency of the fallen spirits to prevent sinners from coming to Jesus Christ. With deeper and deeper tones, with greater and greater earnestness, with clearer and clearer perceptions that he was bearing the audience along with him, and larger and larger liberty from God, he pressed that telling discourse to a conclusion. Earnestly praying that we might neither presumptuously go before the Spirit of the Lord, nor with treacherous timidity lag behind him, we took the decisive step. We solemnly called on those who would to remain in church after the congregation was dismissed. Four persons remained. We conversed and prayed with them, and went to our noon repast in the grove. Just as it was begun, a friend touched me on the sleeve, pointed to a group a little way off, around a carriage, and said, "You would better go to see that man." I walked away; and on approaching his carriage, he said: "Sir, I am a lost sinner," and wept aloud in fearful bitterness. "I know that," said I, "but Christ is a mighty Saviour." He proceeded thus: "Last night I was urged by a friend to seek Christ. But I said, I believe the Bible to be true; is not that enough?"

My friend said that the *devil* sometimes tempted us to think such speculative faith sufficient; I denied that there was such a thing as a devil. I argued," said he, "that it was merely the bad passions of men personified. But the preacher this morning has shown me that I did not believe the Bible, even speculatively. My foundations are swept away. I am a lost sinner! Is there any mercy for me? I have deceived myself so long with these false hopes."

This man found peace in Christ. This was the rather singular manner of his awakening. Other things proved that discourse to have been "a message from God."

After that Wednesday, there were very few of what used to be called "extraordinary means of grace." There was preaching at the church at eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning, every other Sunday; and an inquiry meeting was held in the church immediately after service, at which the elders of the church and the most influential matrons were invited to remain along with the inquirers.

Then there was preaching in the neighborhood, at some private house, on Sunday afternoon or Monday afternoon, or on both, as seemed to be required. And there was frequently an inquiry meeting following the afternoon service in the parlor of the house at which such service had been held. This was the order of arrangements for something like three months. Steadily, quietly, powerfully, thus the work advanced for that time. Preaching ceased entirely to be a burden and a task. It became a positive luxury. There was always enough to say. Conversation with a single genuine, out-spoken inquirer after Christ would sometimes supply preaching material for a whole month. Sometimes a half page of my study Bible would appear as if inscribed on the blue sky before me as I rode along, as if legible from the zenith to the horizon; and the verses would begin to shine out in their characters, and clear up in their meaning, as if by the power of an unseen light on the eternal side. Then the method of a discourse would form it-

self among the eternal truths it contained, like the process of new crystallization among dissolved particles. Writing or arranging sermons became the mere process of recollecting these occasions of spiritual light on the pages of Scripture. Such are tranquil, happy, growing seasons to the soul of a minister of the word. One after another, the seals of the word are loosed. Flash after flash, irradiation after irradiation, the eyes of the humble see more and more of the *world* of the *word*. Sermons thus made are almost invariably instrumental in the conversion of souls. I have one on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which *came to me* at this time, which was then the instrument of the conversion of souls; and the same effect has attended its delivery more than once since that time.

There was preaching one Monday afternoon at the same house at which the awakening had occurred which is related in my first number. Two out of the three sisters were quietly and humbly hoping in Christ. Two or three young persons of the neighborhood, deeply awakened, were conversed with in the front porch and passage. I was to remain there for the night, as the weather was keen and wintry, and twilight was coming on before we got through the services. The young ladies resident there, two, as beforementioned, now indulging hope, the third as shy as a fawn, though she was the eldest of the three, had not yet been conversed with on their spiritual condition, as was the uniform rule of a visit in those days. For this I waited until the company who resided in the neighboring homes had departed. Then calmly taking a seat by the parlor fire, I sent for the first awakened, who was then under the broad beams of full hope, and with a few words of mingled congratulation and caution, asked her if she would please retire and send her sister, naming the second one, who was indulging a hope of conversion. She came promptly, and was full of peace. With a similar treatment to her, I asked her if she would retire and tell her other sister, naming the eldest, who had stayed at no inquiry meeting, permitted no

approach, and confessed no interest in the subject whatever to any one that I knew of, that I would be obliged by the opportunity of a word with her also. After a long delay she crept cowering through the door, kept round next to the wall on the left, and came and sat down with her face half turned to the wall, not far from me and from the fire. Feeling the clear certainty of an issue of the life or death of a soul hanging on the conversation, in the most awful solemnity of feeling and circumstances, yet with a tranquil composure which surprised me at the time, I said: "Miss S., your sisters seem to be very happy. Your cousin, also," naming one who was sojourning with them, "seems also to have found peace in Christ. Are you hereafter to be *alone* in the house?" She said, "I don't know. I do not feel on the subject of religion." I said, "Yes, I have heard it said in the congregation that you did not feel on the subject; that your heart was very hard." She quickly replied, with a hissing voice, and a sharp turn of her eye full upon me, "Who says that? Who says that I am hard-hearted?" I replied, "I heard it said yesterday, not by an enemy, but by a friend, by one who, I know, loves your soul, and has been praying for you." She said immediately, "Who is it? I wish to know who it is that says I am hard-hearted." I replied, "Miss S., I cannot give you the name of the person who *did* say it. I can only inform you of one who *does* say it, who says it distinctly, in deep sorrow. I am myself that person. How can you have witnessed this opening of the door of the kingdom of heaven all around you; this entrance into it of so many of your youthful companions; these faces all around you everywhere with new peace and hope legibly written upon them; and the entrance into the kingdom of heaven of your cousin and your very sisters at your side; how can you live in this golden opportunity, fleeing *from* all influences which might lead you to Christ, and yet doubt for a moment that your heart is fearfully hard?"

There I stopped, positively resolving not to say another

word. We sat in silence for some minutes. She had been sitting perfectly erect and stately. Slowly her head went upon one hand, which held a white handkerchief. Her countenance began apparently to wither and to wilt. Her proud, beautiful form actually appeared to break, and to be crushed down. With head bent nearly to her knees, she finally said, "My heart *is* hard, *very* hard. Can I be saved? I suppose not, with so hard a heart;" and the tears burst over the handkerchief. I said, half calmly, half carelessly, "Jesus Christ can save you. I cannot. He says he will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and give a heart of flesh. All I can do is to direct you to him, and to pray for you. Let us pray." Sliding her chair off to the side of the wall, she knelt, threw herself across it, and wept like the dew of an August night. I knelt, and made a short, simple prayer, telling the Almighty of her case precisely as it appeared to me. When the prayer was ended, there she lay, and wept, and trembled. I felt a strong temptation then—oh, it is the giant temptation of a minister in such circumstances!—to attempt to speak comfort to her. But instantly there came into my heart the felt veto of God. The blood of a soul forbade it. I stepped away to her chair, gave her my hand, and raised her to a seat, saying simply and firmly, "I can do nothing for you. Jesus Christ can do everything. Apply to him."

Thus she left the room, looking as if she had lived a lifetime, and grown aged, withered and infirm in half an hour. She was not at the supper-table. Family prayers were held at nine o'clock. She came to the prayer-bell, and sat in the same place against the wall, in a kind of icy, inane, absent, statue-like solemnity, which looked sometimes almost frightful.

I did not see her any more on that visit, as it is now remembered. On riding away the next morning, I handed to a sister of hers a copy of Newman Hall's *Come to Jesus*, with the request that it might go into her hands.

It was a fortnight before I saw her again. But the Spirit

of the Lord and the precious little tract had meanwhile done their work. She had found peace with God. No one now charges her with hardness of heart, especially not the poor whom she can help, the sick whom she can serve, or the friends whom she can cheer.

One likewise indulging new-born hope entreated me, I think it was that same evening, to come to see her younger sister, a girl of seventeen, somewhat noted in the neighborhood as fond of the dance, highly intellectual, influential among young persons to carry them into worldly pleasures, on account of a certain calm, collected, determined cast of mind and manners. I should not have dreamed of speaking to her, for fear of a cool rebuff, but for being informed by her sister that she was deeply awakened. She was calmly sitting in the parlor, by the arrangement of her sister, when I entered. I said, "I have been informed that you sometimes feel unwilling to remain in your present impenitent condition." "I do," said she, "I wish to be a Christian"; calmly closing her lips as if in a severe struggle. I sat and simply spoke to her of Christ, and of the burden and darkness which come upon a sinner's soul when *the law* is upon him, until he will turn his eye to Christ in an appeal against the curse of the law. I knelt and prayed. She remained sitting, with open eyes, perfectly upright, but with large tears marking their slow tracks down her cheeks. To this girl I said, when I next saw her, and she had deep peace, "You have enjoyed the dance! Tell me—I wish to know, and to tell others—how your present enjoyments, from acquaintance with Christ, compare with those pleasures to which you used to be so attached, those of the gay assembly." She replied, with that same erect calmness, "I have more real happiness in one hour of what I now enjoy than I have had in my whole life before." That was her deliberate testimony.

There was a case of awakening in the congregation which lingered strangely and painfully. It was a young girl of

sixteen, the daughter of pious parents, well and faithfully instructed in the Catechism and the Scriptures, surrounded by about as good influences at home as any in the congregation, having been a regular and diligent member of the Bible-class, manifesting nothing whatever like a disagreeable shyness on the occasion of pastoral visits, frankly conversing on the subject of practical religion whenever spoken to, always speaking on the subject with dignity, with profound respect, and with the confession, in every becoming manner, of a personal interest in it. Her elder sister indulged, among the earliest fruits of the revival, a quiet, intelligent, settled hope in Christ. She herself appeared even to manifest something like pleasure in every new case of conversion which was reported. There was a daily expectation of her whole circle of acquaintance to hear of her conversion. The expectation met with a steady disappointment. Frequently, on leaving that neighborhood and going to the other part of my charge, to be gone over one Sabbath, I would expect that the report of her conversion might meet me promptly on my return. But the hope was vain. What could it mean? Again I would call at her home; again see her resolutely and calmly remain in the inquiry meetings at church; again assent to everything; again agree that she was deeply concerned. But this was all. There was some dangerous mystery in the case. Not many years afterwards, I saw a similar case, in which the mystery was not solved at all, until long after the departure of the Spirit of God from the congregation. Happily it was not so in this case. Communicating my anxiety and alarm to her parents, in which, by the way, I found them beginning seriously to share, they called her from the school-room to the parlor, and themselves retired, requesting that, in a patient interview, faithful and strict effort might be made to discover what her difficulty was, if possible. Charging her to be honest with herself, as she cared for eternal things, I began to ask questions:

“You believe the Scriptures to be the word of God?”

“Of course I do. I entertain no doubt on that point—have never entertained any.”

“You are truly and heartily concerned to secure the salvation of your soul?”

“I am; I care for nothing in comparison.”

“Do you know what you must do to be saved?”

“I think I do: believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; come to him, trust in him, receive him, and rest upon him for salvation as he is offered in the Scriptures.”

“Why do you not do this, then, as you know so well what you ought to do?”

“I do try, in every way that I can think of, to come to Christ and believe on him.”

“You know what is said about his willingness to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Do you ask him for the enlightening and converting power of his Holy Spirit?”

“I do ask him constantly, repeatedly, earnestly.”

I may not record the precise language. This was the substance of this conversation. Earnest prayer for God's presence in the interview was not unheard. The case began to clear up. There was in the tones of her voice, her whole bearing and manner and spirit, the air of one *persecuted of God*. Evidently she thought the Spirit of God dealt *severely with her*—not to say unjustly. With great natural sweetness of manner, she tried to prevail with her pastor, with deep seriousness, to take sides with her against God—to admit that he dealt hardly with her. She believed his word; was willing to trust in Christ; was willing to give up all things for Christ—what more could she do? What lacked she yet? Why would not God have mercy on her? Why would not Christ accept her heart?

As soon as the features of the case became distinctly clear, I said: “My duty to your soul is done. I now leave you in the hands of God. Depend upon it, if your soul is lost, eternity will show that the guilt was yours. It is hidden from your eyes. It is not hidden from God. It is not entirely hidden even from me. It is in your spirit. You

are relying on your parents and your pastor, and blaming the Lord that died for you. I will have no share in it. I shall not come again until I hear that you have made peace with God, unless I am sent for for some other purpose." Not staying to take leave of any other member of the family, I rode directly away.

Thank God! on returning to the neighborhood ten days afterwards, I heard of her joyous, full hope in Christ, long before coming near her father's house.¹

At the inquiry meeting held about this time, some forty or fifty persons remained to be conversed with. We had the presence in the pulpit of a solemn, earnest, able, faithful man from the Valley of Virginia. It was now the first of December. The same awful, breathless silence still reigned in the congregation. Still the word of God was quick and powerful. New cases of awakening occurred steadily, which afterwards proved to be genuine. But the kingdom of heaven was becoming "like unto a net which was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind." The cases of awakening now lost that clear type which they bore while they were confined to the trained children of the church. Several influential men of the neighborhood professed to have found peace in Christ at home. A noted infidel came occasionally to church, and went weeping home. A buzz on the subject of *immersion*, as the only mode of baptism, sprang up all around simultaneously.

A gay, cultivated lady, who had been reared in the Roman Catholic faith, remained in church at the inquiry meeting. Being spoken to individually, she admitted a deep concern on the subject of practical religion, but requested an interview at the parlor of one of the elders with whom she was sojourning, on the next day. At the appointed time and place, I found her among other persons, who soon retired. The conversation was about this: "I am glad that you have become interested in the great sub-

¹The above occurred in Louisa county, Va.

ject of personal religion. Will you be kind enough to tell me how the subject presents itself to your mind? I suppose, of course, that you know and feel yourself a great sinner in the sight of God?"

"Indeed, sir, I do not feel myself to be a great sinner; I may have committed little peccadilloes, have fallen into little faults and foibles; but a great sinner! certainly not!"

"From what, then, do you wish to be saved? Religion is salvation—salvation from sin?"

"Oh! I do not seek religion as salvation from sin! Whenever I have been conscious of sin (as I have been sometimes, in small matters), I have been conscious of a sorrow for my sin and a repentance for it immediately afterwards. But I see the religious people, especially the young converts, at present so frequent, around me, enjoying a happiness with which I am not acquainted. It is to obtain that happiness that I am seeking religion."

"But do you not admit the fallen condition of your own spiritual nature? Do you not admit original sin, and the loss of God's image in original righteousness and holiness, without the restoration of which, by the Spirit of God, we cannot see the kingdom of God?"

"I do not take those dark and puritanical views of human nature. I do not think it so lost and fallen as those views represent it to be. There is much that is good and kind and amiable in human nature."

"There was no doubt much that was good and kind about Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, who came to Jesus by night; but our Saviour distinctly announced to Nicodemus that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Ah! that new birth is at our baptism. It is there that we are thus born again. I have been baptized in infancy."

"But you admit that you have not the comfort of the new converts around you. We must be born of water and of the Spirit also. Your inward nature is fallen and guilty, and must be renewed in the image of Christ and by the Spirit of God."

“I would not on any account adopt those gloomy views of human nature.”

I do not know that this case was managed correctly. It was managed according to the measure of grace given me. It was unsuccessful—sadly so. I never heard that her religious impressions proceeded any farther, or that the attitude of her mind changed at all on the subject. Thus, in human probability, she will go, if she is not already gone, into eternity. It was the case of a mind fully and sincerely swayed by religious opinions not derived from the word of God, and, indeed, directly at variance with that word. There must always be many such cases, where the religious training of children is not faithfully attended to. May the Lord God pour out, in rich and prevailing effusion, upon the hearts of Christian parents, the spirit of faithfulness to their covenanted offspring, that their minds may be suitably formed for the exercise within them of the converting power of the Spirit of Christ.

Through these solemn weeks it was my habit to say a word, if possible, on the subject of a personal interest in Christ, cautiously and humbly, but faithfully, to every one who was thrown into my way. During the mild open weather in the early spring there was to be a funeral at a private house in the congregation. One of the most precious of the children of God had passed away, confessed to be among the few righteous chosen ones by all who knew her, her task on earth accomplished, ripe for heaven, and at a full age thus to be gathered. The morning was fair, but there was that peculiar hue and shade and tint about the sky, often observed on such occasions, which makes one feel as if it was, in its whole blue circle, the face of God, wearing a mild, benignant, tender smile of sympathy and love. Of all the many expressions of the face of the sky, this is one of the deepest and most unearthly in meaning to a serious soul.

The coffin was delayed, and the friends and neighbors

began to drop in a good deal in advance of the hour of public worship. Among the early arrivals was a near neighbor, a man whose residence I knew only from the distant view obtained of it from the public road, whom I had never seen at church, but with whom my acquaintance was very kindly for so slight an acquaintance. We sat solemnly waiting together in the porch, thinking and occasionally speaking of the deceased. With the most studied respectfulness in my manner of approaching the subject, and with the most cautiously kind tones of voice, I asked this man if he was himself ready to meet God when his own time came?¹ He replied:

“I endeavor to discharge my duties to my fellow-men. That is all I do.”

“But have you not a soul? and is there not also a God above, to whom we owe duties, as well as to our fellow-men around us?”

“There may be a God or there may not be, and I may have a soul or I may not have; these are things too deep for me.”

“You do not feel sure, then, whether there is a God or not, or whether you have a soul or not?”

“No, I do not feel certain. How do we know that it is anything more when a man dies than when a horse dies?”

“We see many things die in the winter and come to life again in the spring. Every blade of grass that springs up from a seed which has been buried in the winter, every butterfly that springs from a worm, every new robing of the trees and fields in green, is an eloquent argument for the immortality of the soul.”

“That may all be so; but those are too deep waters for me to fish in. I cannot understand the immortality of the soul and the existence of God; and until I can comprehend them in some way or other, there is nothing which stirs me to prepare for another world.”

¹This conversation is from copious notes of the interview, committed to writing immediately after its occurrence.

“Do you comprehend how the corn grows in your fields, or the grass in your pastures, or the young fruit in your orchards? You admit that you do not?”

He did admit that.

“Why, then, do you not take the same ground concerning your corn and your cattle and your fruit, which you take concerning your soul; that as you do not comprehend how these things grow and ripen, you find nothing stirring you to provide for your family.”

“I do endeavor to provide for my family, to pay my just debts and perform my duties to my fellow-men; that is all that I can understand.”

I saw immediately that I had unskillfully employed one of his hobbies as an illustration, and he speedily leaped from the argument to the back of the hobby. I said:

“But you cannot understand how the cultivation of corn will provide for your family. You admit that you do not comprehend the growth of the stalk and the blade and the ear; yet you do cultivate it, and it does become a provision for your family. Why not cultivate the garden of your soul on the same principles upon which you work your corn?”

“I can see the effects of the working of my corn.”

“So also you can see the effects of the soul. Motion, voice, smile, speech, are all the effects of the soul. And you may just as well believe in the existence of an immaterial and immortal soul, because you can see its effects, as to believe in the existence of the inward life and sap of the corn, because you can see its growth.”

“I do not comprehend all that, and there is nothing to stir me up to think of such things or to take any concern about my soul.”

“Yet you do not reason in the same way about your crops as about your soul. The soul, like the soil, must be deeply plowed to produce a crop.”

But now the hearse entered the yard, that solemn black-waving thing whose curtains cast a gloom over the whole

sky, and we entered the house for the funeral services. Outward scenery sometimes connects itself with the thoughts and experiences of our souls in ways which seem fortuitous at the time, but which afterwards have a strange and mysterious depth and likeness to destiny, and the touch of the hand of the unseen intelligences above us. With a sinking heart I record that case as one terminated by the entrance of a hearse and coffin. He came to church once or twice after this, and then subsided again to dark settled atheism, in the oldest of the States of the Union and in a neighborhood thick with churches! There had been, as I learned, deep and dreadful defects in his education. His faith still indubitably suffices to cultivate corn, but not to admit the unseen things of religion.

There was a case of religious interest not far off, just about the antipodes of this. There had appeared regularly in the inquiry meetings a young woman, of some of the most excellent of intellectual gifts, whose parents had been of the most cultivated and faithfully pious and godly people in the whole community, and whose life was of that tranquil, sequestered purity, met with more eminently, to say the least, nowhere that I know of than in that excellent type of country-house society in the Southern States in the olden time, which one fears is now passing away, or is failing of a just and due appreciation, even from those who owe it a large and generous revenue of love and gratitude.

In frequent interviews she admitted to me that she felt a deep concern for her salvation; that a faithful and godly brother would not leave her to security in sin; that his letters kept her mind directed to the subject; that she read the Scriptures with an earnest spirit of inquiry; that she prayed frequently for direction; that she gave very close attention to preaching; that she earnestly desired to feel deep contrition for sin, but could not do so. With the exception of a vein of sarcasm which occasionally showed itself, her life was admitted by all to have been so pure as

to put that of many professors of religion to the blush. I tried all the Scriptures about the carnal mind and the natural man. She admitted them all to be true; admitted them fully and cheerfully; said she had always admitted them and endeavored to profit by their teachings. She knew she was a great sinner by nature, and earnestly desired to feel deeply that horror of great darkness from the clear conviction of sin, which she believed to be a necessary part of saving repentance, but could not feel it, and all her prayers for grace and light would not induce the Almighty to send her that gift. There was not a single spark of implication that God was dealing unjustly, unequally or severely with her. On the contrary, she appeared to think that there was some hidden cause which rendered it entirely just and righteous, and consistent with the Scriptures and the plan of salvation revealed in them, that she *should not be saved*; some destiny of woe, independently of God's promises as revealed in the Scriptures, on account of which he would not hear her particular prayers for a contrite heart. She did not think, either, that she had committed the fearful sin unto death, the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; but only that on some other ground, and for some less glaring reason, God would not hear her prayers and had no mercy for her. It was a lingering and distressing case. I studied it as closely as I could for weeks and months. It finally became my conclusion that nothing could be done, but just to tell her to look entirely away from herself to Christ; not any longer to spend her time on those Scriptures which analyze and cut up guilty human nature, but on those which present the Lord Jesus Christ; and to hang upon the visions of him wherever they occurred, with constant prayer for grace to perform the act of faith. This was the touch of the right string. It had been an attempt at a Christless godliness before, bearing about the same relation to true godliness, in its power to cheer the heart and life, which the starry skies in July do in their power to warm the earth,

to the sun in his solstitial beams. In many cases, it appears to me that sinners must be commanded to look at once to Jesus Christ and live, entirely irrespective of their own consciousness of the state of their own hearts. And moreover, a heart experiencing the darkness and gloom of daily sorrow *that it is not contrite* is in fact often indeed the most contrite of hearts. In an interview soon afterwards she simply said, "I am resolved to trust." And she has, I think, heartily trusted and believed, and loved and served Christ ever since.

One day I was informed that the wife of one of the elders of the church was extremely ill—that she was so ill that her recovery was regarded very doubtful, and that they were all anxious to see the pastor of the church. It is an act of cheap and easy kindness to your pastor to let him know when there are circumstances in your family which require a visit from him. It is an act which not every one, however, will perform. There are persons who will keep perfectly still under such circumstances, without ever taking the least pains to see that the pastor knows the state of things, and say, Let be, let us see if he will come to see *us* as promptly as if *we* were his *favorites*! Such persons will most generally be a little dissatisfied with their pastor. Looking back over many laborious and delightful years with harness on, my testimony is, that the worst method in the world to make your house a favorite resort of the pastor is to be always reminding him that he does not take pleasure in coming to see *you*; always holding him to account for not doing so; always exacting duty of him in duty's name, and for duty's sake. It is a wonder that he visits you at all, if such is your habit. He needs to be cheered. He will naturally prefer cheerful, hopeful spirits, and associate with them, as far as he can control his own associates. And then, in fact, your pastor will find a constant difficulty in performing his duty towards you, when it is exacted as a duty for another reason: he will think your ex-

action selfish and not unselfish ; jealous and not liberal ; embarrassing to him, as it is your duty not to be, instead of helpful, as it is your duty to be.

The elder in this case, like a true friend as he was, had quickly contrived me word of the desirableness of a visit, and accordingly the visit was paid forthwith. I found the patient under typhoid fever, and becoming prostrate rapidly. She had joined the church on examination about two years before this time. I felt well satisfied, as I saw her from time to time, that she was living the life of the Christian, and patiently making her way to final glory. But her husband, a settled, quiet, decided Christian, informed me, immediately on my arrival there at sundown, that she was in a fearful religious gloom. I approached the bedside with this communication in mind. It is not mentioned here to extol the skill of the instrument, but to show the methods of the Spirit in such cases. She was requested to state, as exactly as might be, the causes of her gloom. She said she had been looking back, from what might be her dying bed, over her past life, and was dismayed, and all but overwhelmed, to find how dark it appeared. She had been a mistress and head of a family, she said, and had endeavored to perform her whole duty in that most important and responsible relationship. She did not know but, in a few days or even hours, she might have to look upon her past life as mistress and head of a family, drawn out in vivid pictures, before the eyes of her soul in eternity, and before God. And now it appeared so dark! In the same manner she said she had been trying also to look at her life as a mother and wife, and as a Sabbath-school teacher, and as a church member, and as an individual soul in the sight of God. All was dark! Could I give her any comfort? Did any comfort properly belong to her? Did her case admit of any comfort?

Humbly lifting my heart to heaven for guidance, I gave her answer about as follows: It is very natural, at such a time as this, that you should be examining your past life.

You have also skillfully distributed it under the various heads or departments of life under which it may be most conveniently contemplated. It is also entirely natural that you should desire to find your obedience complete and perfect as you look back upon it; for nothing less than complete and perfect obedience will satisfy divine justice at the judgment bar of God. But the complete and perfect obedience in which we are to appear in the eternal world is not our own. It is the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. When you were first brought to Christ you had—did you not?—a view of sin as appallingly dark and aggravated.

Then came the gospel of Christ to you, saying, from the Redeemer, "Look unto me and be ye saved." You found that the plan was, that you should look away from dark and aggravated sin, look away from weak and helpless self, look away from vain and ineffectual earthly help, look away from every earthly refuge, to the atoning Son of God. And it was not while looking at your sins, but while looking at the Lord Jesus Christ, that comfort came. That was the plan of salvation while you were seeking to be justified; that is the plan while you are seeking to be so sanctified as to be prepared for eternity. It is well that you have been talking with your past hours, and asking them what report they bore to heaven. It is well that you have been endeavoring to look closely and honestly upon the scenes of past life. But every man's life, even the life of the most eminent saints that ever lived, must appear spotted and imperfect under such circumstances, because it is spotted and imperfect in fact. And these spotted and imperfect righteousnesses can never appear before the holy eyes of God in heaven. When, therefore, your imperfections as mistress and head of a family rise to your view, your privilege and duty as a Christian is to look away from your own spotted and imperfect righteousness, to the spotless and perfect righteousness of Christ, and to appeal to the bleeding Redeemer upon the cross, and say, "It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?" So also, when your imperfections as wife and

mother arise to view, appeal to the righteousness of Christ. So, when your shortcomings as a Sabbath-school teacher arise, appeal also boldly to the Lamb of God, to the righteousness of another, to Jehovah our righteousness, to him who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. So also, when Satan accuses you, or memory accuses, or truth and fact accuse you, of imperfections as a church member, or as an individual and responsible soul in the sight of God, or in any other respect which a faithful conscience can bring up, the peculiar act of Christian faith is to appeal from these condemning voices to the righteousness of the Great Highpriest of God's appointment, wrought out in the wilderness, in Gethsemane, and on the bloody cross, presented on our behalf by the divine Highpriest himself in the holy place in heaven, humbly received by faith, and rested upon in love and confidence. This appeal to Christ from the accusings of sin and Satan was illustrated by reference to an event in Sir Walter Scott's account of the night before the battle of Flodden at the market cross in Edinburgh. A voice is heard, as is related, summoning the nobility of Scotland to their doom on the approaching bloody field, and fearfully calling their names aloud. But two of those whose names were called were there present and heard, and arose and defied the dark voice of doom, and appealed against it to the living God. So our souls appeal from sin and Satan and memory, to the great historical and glaring and blazing fact that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that they are not to appear in heaven in their own righteousness, but in his.

Then we all knelt to pray. When we arose from our knees, the calm tears of peace and satisfaction were streaming down the cheeks of our sick friend. "I have been so comforted in prayer" were her only words. That was the turning-point of her disease. There was rapid recovery. Her mental gloom had been a great part of her disease.

FOSTER NOT MY PRIDE.

IT is forty years ago. Sweet and sacred, the scenes, incidents and persons rise to view. Strangely the scenes of former days ever appear distinct to the soul's view, although memory's visions almost always have some clouds over them. There was some solemn preaching going on at the C—— Church. There was a faithful, fearless, able pastor in that congregation at that time. We mean no invidious comparison by this remark, and wish to be far from any innuendo. There was also aiding the pastor in a series of services, Mr. N., a man who was preaching in a pointed, earnest and solemn manner, as if trying to save souls with a single eye. His preaching on this occasion made good a remark of his own on the text, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did," that the preacher who *tells sinners their hearts* is not likely to want for hearers; for the invitation to come and see and hear him will be given even by such people as the woman at Jacob's well.

Just before those days there had been a very generally-prevalent aversion from Christianity on the part of the members of the legal profession. That the sage of Monticello was an infidel is a proposition which all may not be ready to receive. He said of himself, in a celebrated letter to Dr. Rush, that "he was a Christian in the only sense in which Jesus ever wished any one to be: sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preferment to all others; ascribing to himself every human excellence, and believing he never claimed any other." We feel that this rejection of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and rejection of the divinity of Christ, is all the same as infidelity. Certainly his influence

over that noble class of men, the legal profession in Virginia, during the first quarter of this century, which influence was almost unbounded, made them either what he himself was, or proud, indifferent worldlings, or avowed unbelievers. It is a small matter how we may choose to conceive, or to express, the patent fact. It was noised abroad as a strange thing, that the preaching of this revivalist, this awful and solemn man, this iron flail of a preacher, was beginning to be listened to respectfully by the lawyers. And we ourselves know more than one such, men who would have been, with the simple addition of a decided, an intelligent, and a spiritual religion to their characters, an ornament, a charm and a strength to any society, who were probably attending upon the preached word on the very occasion of which we now speak. There was on that occasion, not only pointed preaching from the pulpit, but earnest prayer among the people. In those days pious ladies in the more elevated walks of life, who were the wives of worldly men, wrote letters to each other at a distance away, to request the concert—each of the other—in earnest prayer, that the Spirit of God might awaken their husbands and turn them to Christ. The wife of the distinguished lawyer of whom we now speak, Mr. S., had been praying, in concert with others, frequently and earnestly, for the conversion of her husband, previous to this meeting.

All parties saw at once, when the sacrament Sabbath came, that the crisis of the meeting was come. Will there be an inquiry meeting appointed? was frequently asked among the people, as their numerous carriages drove slowly and solemnly to church. They left it to the ministers and elders to decide; and these, in their turn, left it to the decision of the Spirit of God. And the appearance of the congregation at the communion was held to justify an inquiry meeting; and an inquiry meeting was accordingly appointed for the hour of "candle-lighting" that evening. Now, Mr. S., the prominent lawyer, had promised his wife,

that if there should be an inquiry meeting, he would attend it. So he set out on horseback to attend the inquiry meeting. He was a man of honor. He had promised his wife that he would go to this inquiry meeting. He was not in the habit of violating a promise given to his wife. Therefore is he here, on his way to church, to an inquiry meeting. But Satan, said my informant, met the lawyer at the tan-yard, as his horse paused there to drink; and pauses in enterprises requiring physical or moral courage are ordinarily fraught with great evil. So it was in this case. Satan withstood him in that pause. Pride was his weak point. The aim of the tempter, therefore, was to inflame his pride. This he did by a suggestion which almost amounted to an audible voice; at least, his soul could hear it, as plainly as if the ears of his body had heard it. It said: "Go back; what business have you at an inquiry meeting?" "I promised my wife that I would go!" VOICE: "Go back; are you not ashamed of once thinking of going to such a place?" "It will do no harm, just only to go to the place, and thus honorably redeem my plighted word." VOICE: "You! *you!* you! going into that pest of a place! that sink of superstition, that conglomeration of the women, and weak minds, and fearful souls! You!" "No harm to keep my word," said Mr. S.; and, convulsively plunging the spurs into his horse's flanks, he dashed on to the inquiry meeting.

On arriving at the place he strode backwards and forwards in front of the door which opened to the inquiry room, like one of Charlemagne's paladins. One, and another, and another went in. Like Naaman the Syrian, Mr. S. thought the minister would make a great parade over *him*. But that calm, wary man did nothing of the kind. After the persons who might be expected were arrived, the minister simply stepped to the door, laid his hand on it, and said: "Mr. S., will you walk in? We are about to close this door." And Mr. S. did walk in. And Mr. S., not having a parade made over him, and not having his pride

pampered, and not having an obstacle made of his own good opinion of himself thrown in his way, soon found "peace in Christ." His testimony was, that his fiercest struggles were those on the way to this inquiry meeting, and at the door. Thus an eminent lawyer, the first fruits of many, entered the church as a young convert. Thus I have heard it.

THE HIGHEST PHILOSOPHY;

OR,

HOLINESS THE HANDMAID OF INTELLECTUAL POWER.¹

PART II.

“ I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.” —*Shakspeare.*

IT will be necessary to delay a little longer in examining whether history is against us in the position we have assumed, that *holiness strengthens the intellect*. It was before alleged that we do not believe it is against us. We allow that there is a seeming opposition. Those whose names have been bruited and blazoned across the world as synonymous with all that is great in humanity have, in too great a majority of instances, been utterly destitute of true holiness. They are pronounced by the acclamations of mankind to have possessed great minds—to have been giants in intellect. But that intellect was never brought under the influence of holiness. Before the beaming intellect of Cæsar the republicanism of Rome disappeared as the hoar frosts of autumn melt at the rising of the sun. Yet there were no influences of holiness upon Cæsar's mind. He was a fine writer, a powerful orator, and a victorious

¹ These essays were written at the age of twenty-two, just after Mr. Bocoek left college. Unfortunately, the first part has not been preserved.

general; but there was not manifested in his conduct any proof that self-denial constituted any part of his greatness. We might mention many more well-known characters that have received the highest praises of men for strength of intellect, though they knew nothing of holiness. We admit that such cases are seemingly adverse to our position, but shall attempt to exhibit the considerations which induce us to think that they are only seemingly, not really so.

Let Julius Cæsar be taken as a fair representative of that small class of men who have arisen in the world as the sons of destiny, who have been attended in their solitary course by portents and prodigies, and have won the praises of greatness in most instances by ambition; the most insatiate and the most reckless of human woes scattered thickly around the path they trod. Cæsar was, perhaps, the greatest spirit that ever trod that circle. Amongst the great conquerors with whom he is often compared, all of whom are allowed to have been gifted by nature with talents impelling them far above the sphere of ordinary careers, to him may be assigned the loftiest ascendancy. The character of his mind seems to have been aptly set forth in the stupendous empire of which he was the founder. There they both stand upon the page of history—"the gorgeous pandemonium of imperial Rome," as it has been called, and "the human Lucifer, all-grasping but not remorseless, who laid its foundation stone"—alike the study and the wonder of the world, the part and counterpart of each other. Yet we do not believe the greatness of such a man to have been true greatness. Would not a pure well-spring of holiness in his heart have given his character a far brighter touch of true beauty? Was his career one at which it becomes frail mortality to aim? Does any man come into this world with a patent from his God to plant his happiness in soil enriched with human blood?

Let us, however, endeavor to apply to the character of this great man the test which we before mentioned: that is the greatest mind which has accomplished the most diffi-

cult things. This criterion is exactly analogous to that by which bodily strength was judged in the times when personal prowess was the means of gaining celebrity. Hercules and Achilles are honored in song on account of the arduous labors and the difficult and dangerous exploits which they performed. If anything within the compass of human ability could have been named which they had not accomplished, most manifestly they would have deserved to be placed, and would have been placed, in the second, and not the first, rank of athletics.

The propriety of the same rule, when applied to mental achievements, seems to be equally manifest. The question will now properly recur: were the deeds which Julius Cæsar performed of the most difficult sort?—were they intellectual exploits of the highest order?—were they the mental energies of the truly great? Perhaps one of the most severe mental conflicts that he ever felt was experienced by him while hesitating to cross the Rubicon; and the circumstance throws a good deal of light upon the character of the man. The Roman senate had declared it sacrilege and parricide to lead a single legion across that stream. He himself seems to have felt that he would appear even to his own eyes chargeable with deeper guilt, if he should commit that deed, than was pleasing to his own self-respect. To disregard the decree of a Roman senate, a body that he had regarded with the deepest reverence; to violate a solemn law of his country; to declare himself an enemy to Rome; to confess sacrilege and parricide; and to involve his country in unknown woe and bloodshed, were things which he dreaded—but which he did. And what was the consideration which in the mind of this great man weighed down all those startling reflections? What was that for which he paid so high a price in crimes of his own and miseries of his country? All must give one answer: Cæsar loved himself more than his country—more than the world. It was the problem of his life to glorify that object of supreme attachment. There was about him

little of that which we insist on calling true greatness; that magnanimous disregard of self in obedience to pure and high principles of duty and propriety; that which most we admire and love in the character of Washington; that with which the obscure are often great, and without which the honored, though seen in the processions of a thousand triumphs, are truly little. We have seen somewhere a sketch of Caesar on the Rubicon, which seemed to be intended to show the manner in which that warrior decided questions when duty was on one hand and daring on the other. He is informed that the Roman senate have made a decree directing him to disband his army. He is on the northwest bank of the little stream that separates his own province of cisalpine Gaul from sacred Italy. He feels that that decree, if obeyed, loosens from his grasp all that he has fought for his whole life long. There steals over him, in spite of himself, a sense of desolateness. He looks for firm friendship to the scarred legionaries alone, whom he has so long led to victory. His old veterans, who are sincerely attached to him personally, are called around him, and on his naked sword renew their oath of eternal fidelity to his interests. It is night, and the legions rest upon their arms. Caesar too goes to his couch, but not to rest. Impending events weigh too heavily upon him to allow of sleep. Long before the morning star has left the bosom of the Adriatic, he is up and treading slowly along the banks of the fatal stream. He is at a distance from the camp when he hears the morning trumpet that arouses the legions. It has caught him in the midst of his meditations. He turns slowly back to meet the legions as they come. He feels the bracing winds blowing down from the Apennines, and quickening his pace, soon meets the soldier who is bringing him his war-horse. He mounts, and the soldier retires. His bands are now within hearing, in their march along the bank of the river. The fog breaks suddenly away from the bosom of the Rubicon. Cæsar perceives just before him, standing at the water's edge, a dim

vision. It looks as a mailed warrior crowned with laurels, and seems to beckon his notice. Cæsar approaches on one side, and the vanguard trumpeter of the cohorts on the other. Just as the trumpeter approaches, the brilliant rays of the sun dispel the fog from the scene. The apparition seizes the trumpet from the foremost herald, and blowing upon it a blast that makes the Apennines speak in reply, rushes at once across the "small impediment." "It is fate," cries Cæsar, and himself spurring his charger, plunges across the stream; and the Gordian knot is severed.

To this has been added another more recent and notorious instance in which the plea of destiny has been offered to palliate deeds of the most heaven-daring outrage upon the immutable principles of right and justice. These it is far harder to obey. It is thus that the Cæsars of the world are greater and less than mankind. Daring enough to defy the wrath which insulted justice can inflict, and does inflict, but not brave enough *to do right*.

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand *may* slip by justice."

But let this world's opinion concerning such characters as that we have been examining be as it may, we ask of young Virginians, what will be the award of that nobler assize which awaits us above concerning them? If we have not erred in understanding the written laws of that court, it shall say of all Cæsars and Napoleons, "Mean enough to obey a wicked destiny;" "not great or brave enough to do justly and love mercy."

If it is understood that we have been striving to show Julius Cæsar not to have been naturally endowed with gigantic intellectual powers, we are misapprehended. We meant to concede to him explicitly native intellectual greatness—a quality of which, by the way, neither praise nor blame can be predicated. Moral greatness, true magnanimity, pure elevation of soul, this we denied him. The point, then, if it need again be presented, is, that if Julius Cæsar

had been a truly holy man, he would have exhibited a different and much superior order of intellectual greatness. A pure heart makes a clear and well-poised mind. Holiness *strengthens*, and in a diversity of ways *improves* the intellect.

It will be remembered that in support of the position, when we first took it, we appealed first to history. Hitherto we have been attending to some cases which occurred to us, as seeming, at first view, to be against us. We have selected one from among great military chieftains, and have attempted to show that history is not against us in reference to him. We shall delay on the negative part of historic testimony long enough to examine a single additional character only. We shall select the case of Lord Byron, believing him to be a remarkable example among poets of exalted but unsanctified intellect.

PART III.

“But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
 And but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest: a fever at the core
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.”

—*Childe Harold.*

Upon the dead, especially the honored, upon whom whole nations have by acclamation showered freshest, thickest honors, I think it is meanness to cast the least unnecessary aspersion for the sake of propping a position or abetting an argument. Everybody kicks the *dead* lion, and those hardest who most feared the *living*. It is very unmagnanimous when it is wanton. Against Lord Byron it would be arrogant in the writer of these sketches to allege anything that is not first *true* and then *necessary*. It can-

not be very requisite that he should express his opinion of the natural gifts of the noble bard. But he will say that he sufficiently appreciates the genius of that poet to shrink from anything like an unhallowed intrusion upon the rest of his slumber in death. He would not be alluded to at all in these sketches but for a single consideration—

“Such men there are of whom it may be said,
Their spirits conquer when their clay is cold.”

The spirits of some men, unluckily, would win us away from the good path into the bad. With such we have something to do—a serious matter to settle, even after there is nothing left of them on earth but their names and their examples, that will float around us and work evil. Byron's name is often quoted, oftener thought of by young gentlemen of highest promise as a proof that to be great, to think noble thoughts, to feel finest sensations and win most blushing honors, there is no need to be religious. Here I will be allowed to join the issue and appeal to the circumstances of the case. I have no fears for the position hitherto maintained, tried even by this, the most unfavorable case perhaps which could be selected. It has not been contended that strength of intellect is always found in connection with holiness of heart; but that, native endowments being equal, the holiest minds are the strongest, the best adapted to the business which the mind ought to perform in the concerns of life. And is there anything in the case of Byron contradictory to this? Would not holiness have made *him*, too, as it has every man who has felt its pure influences, better and *wiser*?

It is a prominent incident in the life of the noble bard of whom I am now undertaking to speak, that he was driven into an unhappy exile from England, which he must have truly loved, by wounded pride. England held the birth-places, the heritage and the sepulchres of his fathers. In it were received the earliest and the strongest impressions his mind ever received. We have no good reason to think the circle of friends in which he lived there were less.

true and generous than other persons. Surely he might have lived pleasantly with them, had he not been too proud to make a sincere endeavor to do it. But his pride exiled him from his home and from everything that is intertwined into the tenderest and dearest hopes and feelings of humanity. He found himself entirely unfit to act the part which his situation demanded. Those into whose company he was oftenest thrown were not persuaded that his being a better writer of verses than they placed them under any obligation to show all that profound respect and pay all those deferential observances which he considered due to his dignity. Conscious superiority of intellect had, perhaps, unconsciously given rise to arrogance of superior claims to every other sort of deference. He fondly regarded himself as one of nature's aristocracy, and was accustomed to look downwards on other men. The regions above his own sphere (if such there were below the floor of the empyrean), he thought no mere mortal, scarcely angel, might attain unto.

We are apt to feel some pique when our estimates of things are at total variance with other people's. Too many dissented from the opinion which Byron formed of himself. In the society of such he found anything but enjoyment. He was not the stoic to abide their "sly hints, curve of the lip, side looks, treacherous smiles, flings at poetry, shrugs at noble authors, slang jokes, idiotic bets, enigmatical appointments, and boasts of being senseless brutes." These he could not away with. These were arrows that stuck him in the spleen. He fled from them, to wander a misanthrope and an unhappy stranger in strange lands. No one can believe that sneers so insufferable would have been wantonly aimed if there had not been a very conspicuous mark. True personal humility would have blunted those arrows. There can be little doubt of it. If his situation of comparative poverty was a misfortune, his conduct in that situation was a crime. It was folly. If I mistake not, Byron soon found that he had laid

the charge of his misery at the wrong door. After he had fled from that society upon which he had charged it, the wretched consciousness still haunted him like a ghost. He found very soon that he carried the source of misery in his bosom, and that to flee it he must flee himself. In all his journeyings, Byron was wretchedly self-haunted. It is easy enough to discover it in almost all his writings. Go where he would, there stood before his mind's eye the crested, basilisk image of pride. He could abuse human nature. He could speak kindly of Jehovah as of his familiar equal. He regarded his own mount of fame as little lower than the throne of the Eternal. And let the mind of the reader recur to his adopted standard of true greatness when I ask, do the pages which record the feelings and the fame of Lord Byron record a single act of true greatness?—his character any component of true wisdom? He obeyed the impulses of his feelings instead of obeying the immutable dictates of right. To the greatness of self-control he was a stranger. He could look with eagle's eye up to the highest regions of earthly speculation; but he could not steadily and repentantly look upon the faults of his own life. Such views of self as gave no pain, nor caused a mortifying struggle, he could take. The pleasant lowliness of humility he never knew. He could not know and be himself. He could feel no complacency in the thought that the moral universe is governed by a great law, swaying from the tallest archangel to the lowest unknown being of felt accountability, requiring in all due self-abasement. He seems to have regarded his own greatness as competent to produce a suspension of that law in his favor. He would have felt the deepest degradation in bowing to that pure code of morals to which Newton and Pascal counted it honor to bow as little children. That code declares, "he that humbleth himself (and he alone) shall he exalted." Byron could not trust his exaltation to his humility. He must take the matter into his own hands. He sought "to save his life." Did "not he lose it?" Do not the intel-

ligent young gentlemen of Virginia feel a deep conviction of the immortality of the soul? And can they under that conviction see anything in Lord Byron's career to imitate? Can they?

I shall not say, for I do not believe, that the poems of Byron do not contain very many passages of unequalled beauty. It is granted that he was born a poet. Nature had formed him in her most celestial mould. His mind was originally that of a bard in the highest acceptation of that term. The chambers of his own soul—the haunts where every true poet most habitually dwells—were richly furnished with the most unearthly and halcyon images, hostages for the future immortality and heavenly conversation after which his soul then aspired, and to which she might, under a holier guidance, have attained. Thoughts of glory and bliss afar away often traversed those chambers, waking into life and brilliancy those pictures upon their walls, and enhaloing them for a moment with the radiance of spirits of light, as though a sunbeam should for a moment illumine the countenance of every divinity in the panteon. There were moments in which Byron longed for heaven. Such were those moments. In such moments his soul forced upon him the consciousness that she was made for heaven. She wept, and would not be comforted. She was cheated of her destiny. O that Byron had been fitted for a holy heaven, that he might have attained it! In the blessed abodes the archangel bards would have emulated the tones of his lyre. But there was a glaring defect in his character as a poet which his warmest admirers must often feel. In much of his poetry they must feel unhappy themselves, and must know that the poet was unhappy in the hour of writing. They must feel that there are certain genial regions of the heart, the regions where dwell

“Pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
That hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And the unblemished form of Charity,”

with their gentle sisters, Humility and Tenderness and Truth, unto which the lays of the bard seldom wandered, and of which he was not allowed to sing. He can never be pronounced a perfect model of a bard, in whose writings man's highest trait, his *moral* character and immortal destiny are dethroned from their place of preëminence. We cannot easily persuade ourselves to take for a complete pattern and sample of mental power a man who thus totally misjudged in regard to momentous matters. It affords no proof of that sort of intellectual power which alone is valuable. Thus to misjudge is truly, as holy writ calls it, *folly*.

I have expressed above a wish that Byron had been a holy man. That wish may seem as though the firefly should pity the radiant sun and wish his beams were brighter. It may seem like wishing to draw down greatness by casting envious pity on it from below. But he is now where neither my pity nor my contempt extendeth unto him. Let us, however, turn from the painful remembrance of what he was, and be refreshed by the pleasing thought of what he might have been had he been holy. I assume, that without holiness he *must* have been what he was. With a clean heart he would have known that the best way to obtain a complete and virtuous victory (if victory he had sought) over those pretending, false friends, was to bear those jeers and taunts with the heavenly meekness which adorned, and was adorned by, the Son of God, and to notice them only so far as to be reformed from the faults or follies at which they were aimed. He would have felt that calumny and contempt are not the greatest ills of life; that it is a matter of much more concernment whether or not they are justified by his conduct who is the butt of them.

Had the vexations and embarrassments of his situation in his native neighborhood been many times more serious than they were, he might have regarded them (many a holy man of whom the world has scarcely heard would have re-

garded them), as happy facilities afforded by a providence smiling behind frowns to exhibit to the world the interesting spectacle of a great mind inhabiting a sphere too high for little impediments, and in the serenity of its self-possession looking down with smiling but compassionate disregard of the trivial tempests that little spirits have raised around it in the vain and malignant hope of ruffling its dignified rest. The mind which in its range embraces motives drawn from the juster view of human existence, as not limited to time, but verging immeasurably into eternity, and finds in that view such consolation as enables it to rest in humble confidence of conscientious rectitude, while the world around is piercing it with its thousand arrows; the mind which is endowed with strong sagacity enough to appropriate to itself, as a felt and fundamental principle of thought, the fact that its own worth or unworthiness is a matter between itself and God, and that no man on earth has a right to one single dictatorial word in arbitration of that matter; a mind that is not afraid to meet in full weight the thought of its own responsibility to God—let such a mind be called great. The greatness of its power is its *holiness*. And by the aggregated might of this world it cannot be shorn of its locks. It can retire into its own pure depths, be delighted in itself, and vindicate its own innocence to itself, like the afflicted patriarch when “the Sabeans” and the “fire of God” and the “Chaldean band” and the great winds from the wilderness conspire to break away every hold of its affections upon life. Such a spectacle—beautiful! redeeming our species in the eyes of superior beings—might Lord Byron have afforded had he been a holy man. Such a spectacle did Milton exhibit when, aged, indigent and blind, the light and peace and rest he enjoyed within made him an object that the cumbrer of the gilded couch might well have envied. This sort of greatness, this sort of intellectual power, holiness confers.

If the views I have taken in this short sketch be cor-

rect, there is yet no negative on my position. These views show that every man may expect the real and valuable powers of his mind to be greatest under the influence of holiness. The course through life which is guided by a regenerate mind is the most prudent, the safest, best, happiest. To be holy is to be wise as well as happy. I shall next appeal for support to the affirmative voice of history.

PART IV.

“Such was Simon Peter. He has long since followed his beloved Saviour into the abodes of bliss. There he is to-day, crowned, and palms in his hands. O that his mantle and a double portion of his spirit might rest on some one now present!”—*Prof. Park's Sermon.*

It must needs give the sensible heart pain to think of the unhappy fate of those who might have been the honor and the ornament of their times, yet whose light has been extinguished in a darkness into which we dare not allow our thoughts to penetrate. We must mourn over them from that affection which all our race claim from us. What they have been in this world is written on the pages of history, and on their own pages by their own hands, as a lesson for our instruction. What they are now in that other sphere, for which they and we were created, and to which they, before us, have taken their unfriended flight, our heart misgives us when we think. Peace to their memory. Thanks be rendered that we are not their judges. It is pleasing to feel that duty no longer requires us to wound their names. Of each of them it seems to us that it ought to be delicately felt, and we are willing to obey the injunction :

“No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

It is much more pleasing to contemplate that different class of characters (of which there have been very many and bright examples) whose powers have been employed in

a better service, and have been in their turn improved by that service. Commencing at the outset of Christianity, the lives of most of the apostles are in point. Most of them were illiterate men. They had about them originally nothing at all that we know of to make them uncommonly influential in society. Yet, perhaps, the influence of few men that have ever lived in the world will compare with that of the least and weakest of them. Nor does it seem that this ought to be ascribed to their being apostles and some of them inspired men. Though they were endowed with the power to work miracles, and were guided in writing the truth, yet they were not inspired to follow an unerring course of conduct. And we may infer that the effect wrought upon their minds was the same which true religion will work upon the mind of any and every one of whom it can obtain the same undivided possession. At least, so we have ventured to understand the matter of their inspiration.

I have selected Simon Peter from among them, that attention may be particularly directed to some passages in his history. With other reasons I have done so, because I regard him as that one of the apostles whose character is most strongly marked of all. By remarks that are sometimes met with in conversation and in reading, one is made to feel that the speaker or writer treats this apostle as though his having denied Christ put a sort of reprobation upon his character as a man. Indeed, I do not know but it is natural for a feeling of that sort to infuse itself imperceptibly into the mind of every one while perusing the account of the fact. It is hard to avoid feeling some contempt for the man who, after so many loud protestations, came off so sorrily. But after all, this feeling may be unjust. It is Cecil, I think, who has remarked that "a change in our condition of life is a very critical period. In a rise of circumstances the man becomes in his own opinion a wiser and a greater man." The time of a reverse, whether suffered internally or externally, is also a critical period.

When any good thing is suddenly removed from the reach of a man's hope of fruition, he is, in his own estimation and in fact, a weaker, a less man. Take away our hopes, and you remove from us all that makes us manly. You leave us nerveless as the lithe willow. We are poured out as water. Such, by the appointment of Providence, was the condition in which, in some measure, the great day of trial found Simon Peter. It was the very time for temptation to be dangerous.

Till this very day Simon Peter had hoped and believed that Christ's triumph and his throne were to be earthly. The brilliant spectacle which he saw at the transfiguration had perhaps confirmed his opinion and also much raised his expectation of personal participation in the honors. I do not recollect that Christ ever did explicitly discountenance this hope. Peter certainly cherished it until the occasion on which he drew his Master aside, and began to rebuke him, saying, "Be this far from thee," because his prophecies of himself were not exactly smooth enough for Peter's palmy anticipations.

When the Jewish mob arrived, with Judas as their leader, on the evening of the betrayal, and when, instead of that triumphant resistance which Peter expected, and which he actually attempted to introduce by cutting off the ear of the highpriest's servant, Christ turned and submissively said, "All this is done that the Scriptures may be fulfilled," then we believe it was that Peter gave up his ambitious hope. Then reluctantly was wrenched from him that vision of grandeur, which till then had constituted much of his being. To this sudden revulsion in his hopes we ascribe his dreadful fall. He was not prepared for such a thing, and it unmanned him.

I now pass over his great crime, without wishing to extenuate it at all. My object is not that transaction itself, as much as its consequences. He recovered from that fall by deep and immediate repentance. By that repentance, and by the blessings of which it was the indispensable con-

dition, he was more ennobled than if the blood of the Cæsars had been poured into his veins. To confess that crime fully, and to forsake it at once, was a bravery of which many of the loftiest and proudest princes of empires are incapable. There were the haughty rulers and priests and scribes to sneer at him for it, but, regardless of these, he went in that way which his conscience said was right. In those days of anxiety which intervened till the resurrection, he was in an obscure part of the city studying the philosophy of repentance—that true philosophy that reaches the heart. Better far was he thus employed than if he had howled at the moon on the tops of all the hills in the world in search of the planet-struck vagaries of Pythagoras, or had abode an age with Plato in the empyrean spheres. Our blessed Saviour himself scarcely rose more like a phoenix from his own ruins than did Simon Peter. Can we not now see that new and bright face, denoting a pure and light heart, with which he presented himself at the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection? There came the angel of the Lord in supernal glory, but there came also Simon Peter, in the comely honors of bright-eyed humility!

Is not this Christian doctrine of relief by repentance the very thing for which the ancient philosophers were seeking? When they were theorizing and speculating, and striving after some unknown thing they could not obtain, had any one of them then felt the vital efficacy of this doctrine, would he not have been satisfied? Would he not have chosen to perfect his intellect by this rather than by all his schemes of moral refinement?

Nor does it seem to me at all at variance with the common modes of influencing the human heart, to allege that this doctrine, in its proper connection, has in it a power of amelioration not possessed by any other ever proposed to human belief. The mind of the person earnestly engaged in this work will be all turned inward upon itself. Conscience will glare with the severest keenness at the memory of every thought, feeling or action of which he has ever

been the author. Memory itself will awake anew, as though its record were sympathetic and were warmed into the most accurate faithfulness by the glow of contrition. Then will be scrutinized the true character of every act of moral being—whence it arose; of what constituent elements it was formed; to what chains of emotions in its turn it gave rise. All these will be held up to the pure face of the moral law as to a clear mirror. Conscience will condemn all that then appears wrong in them. The soul will resolve (not proudly) to avoid all these things ever after, or ever to condemn them when detected. As a mental exercise alone, is not such a process as this of inestimable value? But it has a far higher value.

It is repentance alone which can unbind those heavy weights that past errors would hang about our necks. By virtue of its interposition we learn the great redeeming mystery of the atonement. It is the only medium by which we can know of Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Howsoever dark the deeds of which we have been guilty, our character may yet be made to appear in the eyes of the Deity as untarnished as the virgin petals of the first lily of spring; and as the cups of that flower expand to receive the soft droppings of the early dew, so a cleansed heart, over which heaven once stretched as a dreaded canopy, may gently and tremblingly open and rejoice in the refreshment which it receives from him that sitteth in those skies. To the cleansed heart also the face of nature seems to be changed. If we judge ourselves closely, there is nothing there which we ought to fear. When we are relieved of all the forebodings of fear which we found in ourselves, we may rejoice in all things seen. A new feeling of kindred springs up between the soul and the works which it sees around it, made by the same hand as itself. It loves them for their origin. The green robes in which her Maker arrays the earth; the light in which she swims as in a sea of glory; the grey stars that shine upon her; the lark that flutters in the morning air; the smallest herb that springs

up—we learn to love them all with a new love. From the chambers of the heart all that pertains to ourselves as individuals receives its coloring. When those chambers are crowded with the registry of guilt (like the secret chambers of some pirate, full of dead men's bones and blood-stained gold and clotted weapons), the whole complexion of our days and nights will be gloomy. Such a heart cannot have rest. The intellect cannot be healthy. When the fountain of thought is purged, then may the stream be pure and pleasant, and our life may then—

“Run glittering in the sunshine and be blest.”

In the enjoyment of such blessings after his repentance, we may suppose that Simon Peter recognized the hand of Providence in his fall, and was thankful for the withdrawal of that hand for a short while, as it led him to lean on it more affectionately and constantly afterwards. As every man will feel who has once trod the way of repentance, he perhaps regarded that conjuncture of circumstances that brought him so low as a priceless blessing. It first brought him to be acquainted with that repentance under whose influence his whole character underwent a blessed “sea-change.”

I have endeavored to make myself understood as maintaining that repentance has a true and proper tendency, as one constituent of holiness, to give strength to the intellect; that if you will make the heart pure, the head will be clear. I go upon the assumption, that there is as strong a sympathy between the heart and the brain as there is between the latter and the optic and auricular nerves. And I have supposed, that for the human intellect to reach the highest state of perfection of which it is capable whilst in its present alliance with the body, it is far more requisite that it should be united with a pure and pious heart than that it should possess the utmost acuteness of sensation.

I would now advert to another advantage which the apostle derived from the state of repentance into which he was

permitted to bring himself. He was, in a most impressive manner, taught *distrust in all human strength*. He had thought himself ready for every trial that might come upon his Master. He had too pertly uttered the thought. The bitterness of soul which came with his conviction of that error made him long remember it. We cannot indulge a doubt that the experience of that occasion gave him in general a much more sound and just habit of thought. It became to him a volume of practical wisdom. And the lessons which it taught were the very things which might have been in a great measure redeeming to Byron, and a number of others whom pride has ruined. When poor human nature has learned to put no trust in mortal arm, it has learned what may be of more worth to it than the treasures of worlds. Then will it put all its trust, and lay up all its treasure, where alone trust and treasure are safe from the buffetings of this world.

And now, before every young gentleman of my beloved native State who is solicitous about his intellectual influence, his peace in this world, and his rest in that unknown future one which lies just before us all, I set the history of Simon Peter. He may compare this man if he will with any character not under holy influence that he may choose to select. Let him remember what he was; what he became afterwards; how he excelled in that best wisdom which turns many to righteousness; and lastly, let him transfer his thoughts to that abode where the apostle is now seated, with a crown and a harp, to reign and to rejoice forever. Will each one make the comparison for himself? Whose modes of thinking will he adopt? Whose humiliation will he share? Whose mind will he pray that his may resemble? Whose life will he lead? Whose death will he die? With whose plea upon his tongue will he choose to enter another unending life?

ON AR HEMEROPHANTON.

ARTHUR: Oh! I have had wonderful dreams! It seemed as if the mysteries of one world after another were disclosed to my soul. In a boat, steered by an angelic form, I was gliding down a vast river, which flowed with waters shining in all their surface with a sweet and soft glory; and populous worlds of wealth and splendor crowded its banks, like chains of Grecian cities of marble. Incessantly there burst upon my sight scene after scene, absorbing my spirit with their colors as beautiful as those on the morning of creation, and with the imposing and awing grandeur of Tuscan porticos, and Doric arches, and Corinthian columns, as if Temple and Pantheon and Parthenon were mingling orderly in the vision. There was a strange, deep zest in my soul for the vision, as in succession we came to it. And still, forever, the new worlds came on, as we swept down the glowing waters, like clusters of pearls radiant with every color of the rainbow. Now a shining city would glide by, having its temples, and porticos, and arches, and roofs, and towers, and steeples, as purely and spotlessly white as if erected by the fingers of the sun's light itself, and ever kept purely white by the ablutions of the dews of heaven; or as if everywhere covered over with the sheen of such garments as the ransomed out of great tribulation wear around the throne of God. And now there came a city clothed everywhere in that celestial blue which reigns in the tranquil sky, as if it were a reflection cast below from mirrors above, of things which could be seen of flesh and blood, only by reflected and secondary light. And everywhere around, as small fleecy clouds lie

sleeping in quiet troops around the blue arches of heaven on tranquil summer days, so, small winged and marble lions couchant appeared amid its gorgeous scenery. Again would come a city of scarlet and crimson hues, with crimson banners waving on many towers, and images and troops in its market places, of male and female forms dressed in crimson and in purple, with golden crowns upon their heads, and thoughts and words of meek yet regal dignity upon their lips. And then a city of roofs and towers, surrounded by trees deeply flushed with the rich verdure of tropical forests, with many hues of light and shade playing among the leaves and branches of the trees, and sounds of sweet, wild and mystical music, winding among the green arcades as if they were voices of unseen spirits lingering there. Thus long lasted the charmed vision. And methought my spirit imbibed life from beholding it, more than is ever imparted by the most entrancing visions of the waking eyes. If it was a dream of death, there lay all over it hints, suggestions, foretellings, auroras of immortality. If it was a dream of life, it lay in the calmest dignity and the most thorough repose of the soul, as if to give quiet facility for the utmost enjoyment. Never before, either sleeping or waking, has my soul seemed so thoroughly filled with the purest satisfaction and delight.

BERNARD: I too have slept and dreamed, and seemed to move rapidly away from earth in my sleep. But are we yet fully awake? What place is this, and what objects are these which we see around us? Where are we? This place is unknown to me, and more like the scenes which we behold in our dreams of heaven than any real place on earth which I have known. Methought I had been in pain, and the pain had passed away, and at the dawning of day I had fallen into a sweet sleep, looking out from my cottage window upon the eastern sky where the sun was to rise; and a honeysuckle arched the window, and some strange bird came and lifted up its head to heaven, and twittered there his sweet morning song. But this is not the place at

which I fell asleep; nor do I know such a spot as this in all the neighborhood. Does it seem so strange to you? Do you know where we are? Or am I yet asleep?

ARTHUR: The place, now that I have looked well around, appears as unknown to me as to you. But, indeed, things have not the air of an unfriendly or savage land. If during sleep we have been carried by some strange mistake on board some outward bound ship, and so caught by the wild roving winds, and driven upon some unknown coast, surely it is a pleasant and friendly shore on which we have been cast. How like the breath of home is the air which we breathe here! I too had fallen into a deep, sweet sleep, after a night of burning fever, and the vision I spoke of came in that sleep. What a peaceful appearance all things wear here! The thought comes incessantly, and strangely and sweetly to my mind, that we have nothing to fear from the inhabitants of this land when they shall find us upon their shores.

BERNARD: I own that something of the same confidence springs up within my own heart. I am not terrified as one should be, at being suddenly taken away from home and cast upon an unknown shore. But do you hear nothing? I thought for an instant that I heard a beautiful melody, and then the happy murmur of voices, as if in bliss too deep for thought of self. It seemed to come from the other side of this hill. Let us pass around it.

ARTHUR: Let us. But oh! friend Bernard, a thought has just occurred to me. This is a strange land. We are both home-keeping men. We have never before visited strange lands. What if this is Death through which we have just passed? How light now are our steps. Look, too, at these clothes which we have on. Both yours and mine are white. You see, too, that they have now begun to assume a shining hue. Neither do I feel the weight of my robe, nor that of my body which I have felt for years.

BERNARD: But oh! Arthur, let us not deceive ourselves. Some illusion is over us. We are yet dreaming. It is just

midsummer upon the earth, when they tell us that dreams are deeper than at other times, and lie nearer to eternity. Depend upon it, we shall awake, and stand again in our places in life. Have you been aware of death? I have not. He is no King of Terrors if we have met him. But let us go to the other side of this hill, and see where the sun is, from which comes this beautiful unearthly light which casts no shadows behind us.

ARTHUR: The music of which you spoke is now distinctly audible. It is growing both sweeter and clearer as we move around the hill. Oh! do but look at yonder burning pile! Is it not glorious? Is it a glowing fire? or is it a mass of burnished gold? or is it the sun setting here, near us, just behind light fleeces of golden clouds? Hear now, oh! hear those sweet voices mingled with the music! And the rainbows span around the burning pile, how grandly! And those rays from what seems a golden throne fly wide asunder in every direction like the rays of the setting-sun, but they are much brighter than sunbeams. There is no sun in the firmament, although the daylight is so broad; but the light comes from that place. Nor does this light dazzle our eyes, although it is so brilliant. And do you not perceive? it is now producing in our hearts a strange joy and peace and rest, as of a man coming home after years and years of absence, only much greater joy it is than even such as that.

BERNARD: I am surprised at the effect of this scene and this music upon my feelings. I have always suspected excitement of the senses, and endeavored to lean to the sober side in judging such things. I have felt more from the thought of the condescension of the Son of God to our guilty world than from all excitement of the senses together. Yet I feel inexpressibly at my heart the power of this vision of glory, and this enchanting music.

ARTHUR: Let us ascend higher up the hill. Do you not now see that shining river, above which that bright throne stands, and those rows of glossy marble pillars on each

bank, which support the throne! And those beautiful trees on each bank, how laden they are with fruit; and that large open space on each side of the river around the throne. And see those awful, strange, unearthly four living ones around it; and that company of noble looking men, each wearing a crown, and each waiting as if to have his own throne brought out, like an assembly of great kings. See, now together they lift their faces to gaze once more upon that ineffable throne for the refreshing of their own spirits. Now again they bow down, and lay their crowns upon the sparkling pavement beneath their feet. And now again, clearer, louder, sweeter, arise those strains of music which we heard on the other side. Surely you do now believe! And see, too, those beautiful villages scattered over the plain here around us, embosomed in groves of green trees; and the air which breathes over them seems to awaken in us new thoughts, new emotions, new existence, and new relish for all things.

BERNARD: May not this, after all, be the mere phantasm of some artful illusion! a mere midsummer night's dream of some fairy realm! a mere trick of the human imagination! Let us awake from this illusion! It fills me with awe! It is so much deeper and clearer than any usual dream. Yet there is no painful, nor hideous, nor panic sensation about it. It is more calm and serene, and broadly in the light of consciousness, than usual day dreams are. One would not wish to be deluded about such things. Yet it seems to me that my senses are truly awake, sober, calm, clear. My eyes are open, only I have somehow laid down the weight of the weary limbs of the body. This is my proper self, with memory of all the years, the busy scenes, the pains and struggling faith of mortal life; though now young, healthful, with a deeper fountain of hope in my heart than ever has glittered in and laved it since early youth.

ARTHUR: O Bernard! Bernard! we have died! and these are realms of immortality! See! they have discovered us.

Here comes a troop of the shining ones, to go with us into the presence of the Lamb! Hark! hear you not, singing through the air, like the songs of the earthly birds of tranquillity, their words? Now we may hear what words they are as the voices approach:

VOICES: O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

ARTHUR AND BERNARD: It is! It is heaven and glory! and we are safe! safe! Safe for ever and ever!

VISION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

A GREAT multitude appears approaching the Holy City. They are the sons and daughters of Jerusalem eighteen centuries ago. Some wild excitement possesses them. Every face is turned ever and anon to the youthful form of a man riding in the midst of them.

Upon one of the smallest of domestic animals used for the saddle, attended by her colt cowering and frightened at her side, rides Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth. There before him is a score of men stripping themselves of their outer garments, like athletes in the Grecian games, but paving his path with their garments. Others strew the way with the green branches of the trees.

The thoughts of men go backward into the deep abyss of their sacred history. They have discovered that this Man is the Son of David; and there is a mighty Son of David in the prophecies. Of some deeper type than mere earthly conqueror, this, the spirit within them doth whisper, is the Son of David. The welkin rings with the glad triumphal sound, "*Hosanna to the Son of David.*" He is approaching the gates which lead to the city and temple of God.

The veil which divides the spiritual from the material world falls from our vision. Upon the tombs carved in stone on the hillsides around us, there appear seated the spirits of the old kings of Judah. Shadowy crowns are upon their heads, gleaming with jewels of the light of eternity. Shadowy sceptres are in their hands. Their faces, like the faces of the mortal crowd, are all turned towards him who slowly rides in the midst of that crowd. They sit upon their tombs like sentinels at the doors of eternity. Each has a

golden-clasped volume beneath his arm, containing the annals of his reign over the holy nation; and between each of their forms and him who rides the highway there lies a strange, dark shadow reaching from him to them, and from them to him; a shadow which grows brighter as it approaches him, and is lost in light at his feet. From the clasped volumes which they bear voices of song are heard, which, amid broken murmurs, audibly say, "*Hosanna to the Son of David.*"

On the brows of the hills around the Holy City, looking through the veil which divides us from the eternal things, we behold assembled senates of angelic beings on this hill and on that, in every direction around, looking with fixed gaze on him who rides in the midst of that mortal crowd. The Angel of Light and the Angel of Strength and the Angel of Love are there. There are principalities and powers, thrones and dominions. So he that fell asleep on the banks of the Ilissus, gazing on the sun that descended over Athens and the mountains of Attica, and saw the city bathed in liquid gold, dreamed of the glorious forms of the immortals on the Grecian hills; such, but more glorious far, were the forms of the immortals which now appeared seated on the hills about Jerusalem. They too gazed with intense vision on the youthful rider whom men saluted as the Son of David.

Upon the battlements close by the gates to which they approached, hundreds of the fairest maidens of Jerusalem clustered to look over the strange scene. Behind them lay the city, moved at his coming as if a hand from eternity had touched the springs of their spirits. Here and there through the streets men met and asked, in a deep, low voice, "Who is this? What Son of David is this that cometh? What meaneth the echo of these strange shouts ringing above the roof of the Holy Temple? What meaneth the rustling of these wings above our heads, as if the air was filled with multitudes of the heavenly host?"

Thus sat the spirits of the ancient kings of Judah, gazing

upon the new Son of David. Thus sat the princes and the enthroned ones of the heavenly dominions, gazing upon the youthful Prophet of Nazareth. Thus stood the maidens of Judea, gazing from the battlements with their deep woman's heart, and eyes radiant with the lustre of wild, prophetic dreams; and thus was the Holy City moved, when suddenly a voice was heard—whether uttered by one of the heavenly princes on the hills, or by one of the spirits of the ancient kings, or by some Pythia or Cassandra of the Jewish maidens, or by one of the seraphs whose wings were heard over the city, none knew—saying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Then, with voice as if transmuted into something more than mortal, spake one of the fairest maidens from the battlements, saying, "Who is this King of Glory?" And the unknown voice answered, "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle!" And turning as if to the gray-bearded Levite who kept the temple, the wild, strange voice again said, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Then said the Levite, "Who is this King of Glory?" And the voice replied, "The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory."

Suddenly the gates of the city and the temple became illumined as with the floods of pearl and of gold with which the setting sun crowns Mount Gilead. Open flew the gates of city and of temple, without the touch of mortal hand. Amid the shouts of the multitude the Nazarene Prophet came in. To the money-changers who sat in the temple his form towered and grew severe, as if he were the anti-type of the giants that strode over the land in the olden ages. With a small plaited thong he drove them thence. Again was the wild voice heard, sounding above the temple roof, "The Lord, strong and mighty, he is the King of Glory."

AUTHORSHIP AT THE SOUTH.¹

THE reproach is sometimes brought against Southern men that they have contributed less than their share to the book-making of the country. Our once rich, prosperous and happy States have made comparatively few contributions to the standard volumes of the libraries. It is a matter of some interest and importance to us to inquire whether or not this is a just reproach; and if it be, what are its causes, and by what means it may, by the blessing of God, be removed.

Now, in the first place, our Southern States have usually been more intent upon the production of men than of books. We have, whether wisely or not, preferred a living and spoken voice to a dead and embalmed and printed voice. There can be but little doubt in any candid and well-informed mind, that skill in popular public speaking existed to a greater extent among the educated classes of the South, down to 1860, than in any other population of the English-speaking nations. There is no doubt at all in relation to either New England or Old England. The only doubt we

¹This article was written at the request of the Editors of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, at a time when the South was being taunted by certain flippant writers as having "written nothing"; to which the ready reply was, that though acknowledging they had been indolent as writers, they had produced *men* instead. It appeared in that periodical in April, 1869, and the following note was added by the Editors: "In the hands of a literary gentleman of this city we have seen a list of some two hundred names of living Southern authors. That gentleman has a work nearly ready for the press, giving some account of all these authors and their various productions. Yet what are two hundred authors to the eight millions of our population?" To this may be added that recent years have increased greatly the number of Southern authors.—S. M. B.

feel is concerning the Northwestern States. We have preferred the power of "men, high-minded men," to that of books, even those of which it would have been good for us to have had more—"books which are the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." We have rather striven to emulate Demosthenes and Chatham than Plato and Bacon. We have felt that the problems of liberty and self-government were on experiment here and now, in this land and in the present age; and that he who could and would contribute to their maintenance on the floor of counsel and debate would deserve more of his race than even he who should have treasured up, in ponderous volume, the mental "seeds of things," which should fly through the air, and then at last lodge and germinate in many a place, but after the "summer was ended" and the experiment of free government a failure.

Observing minds everywhere will have noticed the great predilection of Southern men for the bar and for political life. Some sought political life through the apprenticeship of the bar, because that was the consecrated route to posts of public trust; and many sought political life by the direct road, and for its own sake. It was because *there* lay the experiment of the age. The thing on trial in the American States, as Northern men thought, was *power*: the power of the central government to maintain itself against all claims of rights whatever, whether they were State rights or individual rights. They always took the side of a large and loose construction of the constitution, except where their own purposes were concerned. The ear of time has hardly yet recovered from its deep amazement at the ridicule heaped by Northern tongues and pens upon a jealous guarding of the written constitution of the country by Southern statesmen, as "dealing in *abstractions*"; and at their derision of men jealous of all infractions of the charter of the liberties of the country, as "*abstractionists*." There never was a deeper, a blinder, a more doomed fatuity,

except that of those who in any degree felt the ridicule. The thing on trial in the American Union, as Southern men thought, was *liberty*—constitutional liberty: the power of the States, the power of persons, to maintain all their constitutional rights against all claims of power whatever; against the irresponsible constructions of the extent of its own powers by the Federal Government; against reckless and passionate majorities; against all overriding of rights which men in cooler moments established for their own guidance, and bound themselves by written constitutions not to override. Southern men did not have time to produce books. The great battle of historic and chartered liberty, they believed, would be fought, and won or lost, before those coming generations should arise to whom books of any intrinsic value are addressed. There was never a wiser, juster or more beautiful system of human rights, guarded by all those checks and balances and rightful and peaceful remedies which the watchful and studious care of the most profound political sages of any age could desire, than that which existed in this country while the Southern mind had controlling influence in it. It is the robe of Nemesis that this was what the fanaticism of the North called the *slave power*. And the overthrow of the slave power is so manifestly the overthrow of all jealousy of constitutional right, that Northern leaders do not now scruple to own that long courses of Congressional action are “outside the constitution,” and that Northern statesmen stoop to say that war, arms, numbers—mercenary Dutch and Irish numbers—have decided the most vital points of human liberty.

The best minds of the South, in the better days of old, were occupied in a closer study than that of him who makes a book; with those plans and devices of human rights which consider how to restrain the power of mad majorities; how to protect minorities; how to establish the reign of constitution, of law, of opinion, and of the consent of the governed. And while this plan of government prevailed in this country, it created a temple of liberty worthy of the

high principle, the lofty magnanimity, and the unsullied public virtue of that high-mettled race who guarded and frequented it.

Our Rubicon was crossed when men, acting under the constitution only, having sworn to *support* the constitution, and having no rightful power of any sort but what the constitution gave them, felt no guilt of perjury in enacting laws "outside the constitution." There rolled the waters of the fated river. It is true we hear pæans over the death of the ancient and chartered but troublesome rights of the States and of the people. Who knows not that rights of any kind are ever vexatious and unwelcome things in the ear of unlimited power? Who does not now see that ridicule of the jealousy of the South over those rights as "abstractions" was the first and cheapest weapon for their destruction, which was tried for economy's sake before the trial of force? And in the light of the low trick of emancipation *as a necessity of war*, admitted to be in thorough contravention of that sacred compact which formed the Union, who does not see what this nation has now to expect from any conscientious obligation of constitutions, of compacts, or of covenanted obligations? Who does not see the intended tendency of all those teachings in other days which sneered at constitutional scruples as "abstractions"?

The South has had little hand, indeed, in the change by which we have crossed the Rubicon, and has passed from the days of the old republic of the Scipios and the Catos to the empire and the days of the bleeding Julius and the silent and politic Augustus. In such days, all men indeed do not even know that their liberties are lost and gone. The ancient citadel of those liberties still stands. Some puny Hirtius and Pansa still stand, wearing the ancient names of consuls. The Senate still stands; the laws still stand. All ancient hallowed names still haunt men's vocabularies like lifeless shadows. The only living things are *treasure* and *sword*. They are still alive. Precedent and partisan passion have made great gaps and breaches in the

citadel of the ancient liberties. It is disloyal to *see* those great breaches. It is disloyal to call in question any of the acts by which they were made. All jealousy of right is disloyal. All saying or thinking that the sword is no logician; that might does not make right; that the righteous cause does not always triumph in one particular age, and that the voice of the people is not ever the voice of God, is disloyal. Then be it so. The Southern men were not hitherto a book-making race. They thought it their calling, as the sons of their fathers who won liberty at Runnymede, and at the Boyne, and at Yorktown, to guard the bulwarks of constitutional right and chartered liberty. Their occupation is gone. It is well that the sovereignty has been given to the *negroes*. There will be no "abstractions" among them. They are fitting guardians of liberty when she is to be murdered—fitting custodians of those old sacred chartered and hereditary liberties of the Norman race, when the constitution sinks and the will of the majority ascends the sacred throne of supremacy. We stand before God and the future, willing and anxious to declare that we take none of the honor of having sought the empire—none of the blame of having introduced it. However its annals may hereafter be studded with the shining names of Aurelius, of Trajan, of Vespasian, and of Titus; however rich in glory and in treasure it may hereafter sweep on through the long tracts of time, till the Goths and Vandals shall come, it was not we who did it in intention. We desired to abide among the Catos, the Scipios, the Marcelluses and the Fabriciuses.

And we take no pleasure (except such as proceeds from marking the deep movements of the hand of God) in observing that keen sting of Nemesis with which, as the years roll on, she stings the fomenters of stealthy revolutions and those who rob states and persons of their rights and liberties; how after the malice and ferocity are over, and they awake from the delirium of their artfully generated rage, it is but to find themselves forever enslaved by a master who,

whether monarch or mob, shall with great accuracy and by the decree of God "measure to them the measure they have meted to others." So it was of old; so it is now; so it will be hereafter. No ghost of murdered liberties can ever shake his gory locks at us, while yet the echo rings through the arches of the temple of liberty, of the laugh of the friends of power at our "abstractions"; or while the rattle of the musketry is yet in men's ears, with which we attempted to assert those ancient *rights of the States*, whose sacred and chartered and rightful existence we had learned from our purest, wisest and most trusted sages and patriots; or while the voluntary debasement of liberty and sovereignty, by bestowing it on the poor African, remains among other wonderful things in the memory and sight of men. Madly and in besotted blindness France followed the levellers into oceans of blood and crime and anarchy. Levelling is the deluge which breaks all the dikes of human law. It is the spring-thaw which dissolves all restraints upon the selfish passions. It is the turning loose of the wild beast of plunder upon human society. It is the lunacy of human logic. It is the Circean cup which in our very sight converts our fellow-men into swine, and we feel that they have parted the common bonds of our humanity. Others will rejoice, nay they do already rejoice, in the triumph of levelling. Now, over the possession by the poor negro of every privilege, every immunity, every liberty which can, in the remotest degree, be any real good to him of any kind, we scarcely trouble ourselves to say that *we* heartily rejoice with all who have sought those blessings for him from pure motives. In this, of course, we mean not to embrace the designing and envious and malignant demagogue, or the man who makes the Southern negro the despised tool of Northern hatred to the South; but all pure Christians and patriots who have thought, whether correctly or not we care not to inquire, that freedom would be a boon and a blessing to the slave, by which *they* neither expected to gratify their malice nor to replenish their purses, nor to build up the selfish power

of their party. Take out malicious and selfish emancipators, and we rejoice with all others over the freedom of the negro. But we summon the leveller to the tribunal of the Past. We summon him to the tribunal of the Future. With a clear conscience, but not without apprehension for the welfare of those who, amid all their injury and insult, are still our fellow-creatures, we leave him and his deeds there, to await the rolling of those wheels of Providence whose "rings are full of eyes round about," and ascend "so high that they are dreadful."

The best minds of the South, we have said, were not of old the men to produce ponderous volumes of learned lore. Washington, Mason, Taylor of Caroline, Jefferson, Madison, Henry and Giles, of Virginia; with Rutledge, Drayton, Gadsden, the two Pinckneys, of South Carolina, and others like them in other States, were men who rather strove to build the temple of liberty in act and fact than to write about it. They were not cloister men, but actors in deathless deeds in men's sight, and in the brightest of earthly light for all time to come. Builders of the temple of constitutional liberty on these shores, they left the recording of that work of building—the memories of themselves and their deeds—in some cases not with entire impunity to Northern men. Marshall, indeed, gave us a native history of the great Southron, Washington; and Professor George Tucker another of Jefferson; and W. C. Rives still another of Madison; but we wonder why memoirs of some of them have never been written at all.

And there is a name of one more modern, who well deserves to have a place among the highest and purest of the guardians of constitutional liberty; the name of one whose bust, we learn, has been removed from the public hall at West Point, lest it might contaminate the future fighters for power who are to be trained there; the name of one now unpopular because the liberties and rights he guarded so well are dead, and lost, and gone; and who has left on record defences of those rights, as constitutional

and sacred, which have never been answered, and never probably can be, or could legitimately have been; one who requires no apology for not having made books. There stand upon our shelves four massy volumes of his thoughts embalmed in record. They consist of a disquisition on government in general; a discussion of the constitution and government of the United States; and speeches and reports on all the whole range of subjects which occupied the thoughts of the American statesman for forty years before he passed from among us. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only such printed expositions of constitutional liberty as he has left. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only the record which he left, of personal contests for constitutional rights. When he disappeared from the scenes of this life there was nothing to be alleged against his personal character, even by those who desired to dislike him. There was nothing against him but those opinions as a statesman for which he made the defences of a giant, and which produced far more of personal dislike than of candid and fair answer. No man could dislike him without forfeiting all claim to magnanimity, and constituting himself so far a persecutor for opinion's sake. Some disliked him as the intended invader of your home dislikes the sleepless watch-dog; others because he made arguments for constitutional rights which they could not answer, and did not wish to yield to, to believe in, or to respect; and others still because his name was a trusted, revered, venerated authority on the side of that invincible logic of State rights which, they themselves being judges, no similar weapons of logic could refute, but for that purpose the logic of the musket and of military necessity must come in. His is a name now under a cloud, and not to emerge into sunshine, with many other deep intrinsic things, until the wild theories of the levellers shall receive in their turn the refutation it is pretended his theories of State rights have received—the refutation of the logic of events—and the minds of men shall subside through an-

archy, social convulsion and bloodshed, to the sober level of law, order and respect for social worth. We need not say that we refer to the illustrious name of John Caldwell Calhoun.

The volumes of Washington's writings, although we believe edited in Massachusetts, are still Southern books—books of rebeldom, and full of deep resolved rebellion against unjust and persecuting power. The volumes of Jefferson's writings, always excepting the unfortunate infidelity which never ought to have been foisted into them, and never would, we believe, if the wishes of the writer of them had prevailed, are Southern books, and the deep thoughts of a rebel and a revolutionary sage and patriot. We may also enroll among Southern classics Wirt's *British Spy* and *Old Bachelor*, and his *Life of Patrick Henry*, where again we strike that peculiar Anglo-Saxon and Norman thread of gold, of resistance to oppressive and unjust authority; and our youth are sent to primeval forests to commune with him who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

And when we pass our eyes over the unwritten annals of the bar, and of public life in any and every Southern State for years past, our own patience has need of the best apologies we can discover, when we observe, taking out, of course, some vicious and worthless characters, how rich are the remaining materials—how rich in worth, genius, patriotism, true eloquence, and true honor—which have been permitted, save and except only a few such books as Baldwin's *Flush Times in Alabama*, to dissolve away like the precious pearl of the Egyptian queen, in the dull waters of Lethe! We look back with surprise and deep regret that the bar of Virginia has not yet had its historian. There has scarcely been a more readable book issued from the English press in recent years than *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. Through what varied scenes of history, and among what rich specimens of character, it conducts its readers! And beginning with the wigged and starched and ruffled coun-

sel for the crown in colonial times, including that splendid man, Peyton Randolph, who encountered Samuel Davies at Williamsburg on the subject of religious liberty; and descending through the annals of the State, while there were reverence and reason among men to heed her warning and jealous voice concerning constitutional liberty, down to that true and splendid man, John Randolph Tucker, who held the seals of her first legal office when the sword became her sceptre—we question whether Lord Campbell had a much richer subject than he would have who should properly conceive and adequately execute a history of the lives of the judges and attorneys-general of Virginia. Nor would “every charm of wisdom and of worth,” by a long measure, be embraced in even that rich and glorious list. There have been legal Titans of the land who never ascended the bench nor held the seals of the State; such as, in our own early days, were Chapman Johnson and Benjamin Watkins Leigh, whose names were an ornament and a strength to the land, and whose existence caused every man to feel that, while they lived, wrong was less potent against right, lawlessness against law, and falsehood against truth, than if such men had not been bestowed upon us. Of the judges and attorneys-general of South Carolina, from the beginning down almost to the present time, when the sun of both institutions seems to have gone down for the present in clouds and darkness, we have some record in the late Chief-Justice O’Neale’s work, *The Bench and Bar of South Carolina*. What learning, what eloquence, above all, what *character*, did ever adorn, down to this present day, the bench of the Palmetto State! And what a list of honored names belong to the past history of her bar, where Pringle and Lowndes, Hayne and McDuffie, Cheves and Grimke, Preston and Legaré, Elmore and Petigru, illustrate so nobly the glory of their profession! Hugh S. Legaré’s writings have been collected and published; and a brief notice is given by the author named above of each of these other eminent lawyers. Yet how brief and insignificant!

Of these and many more in their State, and of many illustrious sons of other Southern States in their line of service, we have sadly to say, with an implication not altogether without reproach to our men of letters, and with adaptation to the Christian spirit in which we desire to write :

“Vain was the chief’s, the sage’s pride,
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they toiled, in vain they bled,
They had no poet, and are dead.”

The life of Washington has been written by Sparks and Irving; that of Jefferson by Tucker and Rayner and Randall; and none of these writers, we believe, had anything in common with the present fashionable school of malignant vituperators of all we have and are, whose misrepresentations are designed somewhat to excuse to themselves their persecutions. But let the literary men of the South look well to it that these men are not left to write biography for our children much farther down than the life of Jefferson or John Randolph. For, in that event, upon their pages we shall not be able to recognize or to identify the plainest facts of modern history. If it should chance, as often has been the case amid the events of time, that they should deem *truth* itself *disloyal*, then they will boldly lift their eyes to the face of God and maintain the falsehood of truth, the right of wrong, and the evil of good. We shall not know ourselves; we shall not recognize our glorious mountains and plains; we shall not recognize the very names or forms of our own sires or sons in their narratives.

In the department of the history of their own States, Southern pens have not been altogether idle. We do not pretend to make a complete catalogue of what they have prepared, but we may refer to the collections made and published by historical societies of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and other States. Histories of Virginia have also been produced by Beverly, Burk, Howison, and the Campbells; of North Carolina, by Williamson and by

Wheeler; of South Carolina, under different forms, by Ramsay, Lawson, Drayton, Moultrie, Hewatt, Garden, Mill, Simms, Carroll, Gibbes, Rivers, Logan, LaBorde; of Georgia, by McCall, Stevens, and White; of Florida and Louisiana, by Latour; of St. Augustine, by Fairbanks: of Louisiana, by Marbois and Stoddard; of Tennessee, by Ramsay. Besides these, there may have been published such works relating to others of the Southern States. There have been some other histories and biographies: as Chief-Justice O'Neale's *Annals of Newberry District*; Judge Johnson's *Life of Greene*; James's *Life of Marion*; and Dr. Joseph Johnson's *Reminiscences of the American Revolution in the South*. There have also been some scientific histories of several of these States. For example: Elliott's *Botany of South Carolina and Georgia*; Tuomey's *Geology of South Carolina*; Holbrook's *Herpetology*; Dr. A. W. Chapman's *Southern Botany*; Dr. Peyre Porcher's *Resources of Southern Fields and Forests*, besides some other works of his; Mrs. Ryan's *Southern Florist*; sundry agricultural and scientific works by the two Gibbeses, and by the Ruffins; Bachman's labors in conjunction with Audubon, and his learned defence of the *Unity of the Human Race*. Here, also, let us refer to Dr. Cooper's works, to Fitzhugh's, to Bledsoe's, and to Professor Dew's very able and philosophical writings in defence of slavery; and to the same Professor's *Exposition of the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations*; to Professor George Tucker's works on *Political Economy*, and his *Constitutional History of the United States*; to Professor Henry St. George Tucker's *Lectures on the Constitution of the United States*; to Professor Lieber's *Political Ethics*, published whilst at the South Carolina College; and to that work of the sage of Monticello, with which we might well have headed this list, Jefferson's celebrated *Notes on Virginia*.

Besides these histories of the several States, there is a Southern book which deserves to be called historical in

more senses than one—Mr. Stephens's *Constitutional History of the War between the States*. So, too, Alfriend's *Life of Jefferson Davis* deserves ever to be honorably mentioned by every Southern man, both for its own sake and for its noble subject. Matthew F. Maury's *Geography of the Sea* is a Southern book; so are Garland's *Life of Randolph*, and Cook's *Life of Jackson*. And there is another book of great literary interest, written by a Southern scholar in the true sense of that term, and published magnificently in England during the war, by Theodore Wagner, of Charleston, which reflects honor at once upon its writer and its munificent patron, as also through them both upon their native Carolina—Jamison's *Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin, a History of the Fourteenth Century*.

Moreover, the South has had a few poets and successful writers of fiction, amongst whose names we can easily recall those of Mrs. Le Vert, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. Preston, Miss Evans (now Mrs. Wilson), Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Gilman, and Susan Archer Talley; those also of John Esten Cooke, Beverly Tucker, James E. Heath, Albert Pike, Grayson, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Barron Hope, Thompson, Philip P. Cook, Professor W. H. Peck, and others.

In that vitally important department of school-books and of text-books for the higher institutions, what has Southern talent accomplished that is adequate to our wants? The professors at the University of Virginia have published some good text-books. The two LeContes, now, alas! partly driven, partly drawn away from the South to the University of California, have, it is understood, prepared, but not published, some more. And Wm. Bingham, of North Carolina, deserves the honorable mention for what he has accomplished. A few other Southern teachers have exerted themselves in this direction, but how few! The country is flooded with Northern school-books in every department and of every degree of merit. We have not room to say here in full what we think on this subject. A very high educational authority in Virginia is of opinion that

our State institutions of learning are all to be *radicalized*. If we will let them, these busy people will gladly dispense their ideas in every form to our children and youth. Teachers will swarm to these genial climes from cold New England. Let them come. The door is open, and we would by no means have it shut. Let them come in swarms to teach both black and white; and the good which they may do we will accept as good and rejoice in it. But if we would counter-work their evil influence, we must teach our own youth, both white and black; and to this end we must support our own schools and make our own text-books.

We are not able to say what the legal and medical professions of the South have published; but we know that her ecclesiastical men, compared with their Northern brethren, have published but few books. Some few of her sons have indeed had the honor of publishing translations of the Scriptures and of Christian books into the languages of different nations whom they went forth to evangelize. And then, with reference to publications by Southern ministers at home, there recur to our thoughts several volumes of sermons by Drs. Kollock and Preston, of Savannah, and Drs. Keith and Buist and Rev. Mr. Ashmead, of Charleston; *Elements of Moral Philosophy*, by Dr. Jasper Adams, and *Philosophic Theology*, by Rev. Professor Miles; Cassels on *Pedobaptism*; Dr. Smyth on *Apostolical Succession* and on *Presbytery*, besides several minor works; Dr. J. L. Dagg's and Dr. C. F. Deems's theological writings; Dr. T. N. Ralston and Dr. L. Rosser on *Divinity*; Dr. Hazelius's *History of the American Lutheran Church* and his *History of the Christian Church from the Earliest Ages*; Dr. T. O. Summers' various productions; Dr. Thornwell's *Essays on Truth* and his work on the *Apocrypha*; Stuart Robinson's *Church of God* and his *Discourses on Redemption*; Dr. Breckinridge's *Theology, Objective and Subjective*; Dr. Armstrong on *Baptism* and on the *Theology of Experience*; Dr. Dabney's *Defence of Virginia and the South*, and his *Life of Jackson*;

a variety of critical, practical, and theological works, by Drs. Plumer and Scott; Dr. B. M. Smith's share in the joint commentary on the *Poetical Books of Scripture*, by Fausset and Smith; Dr. Moore's *Commentary on the Prophets of the Restoration*; Hoge's *Blind Bartimeus*; Ott's *Nicodemus*; Dr. C. C. Jones's *History of the Church of God*; Dr. Daniel Baker's *Sermons*; Dr. Sampson on *Hebrews*; Dr. Ruffner's *Fathers in the Desert*, and his work on *Predestination*; Dr. White's *African Preacher* and *Letters to a Son*; Dr. Matthews on the *Divine Purpose*; and no doubt a good many other works which have not occurred to our recollection. Indeed, there is one man's works which we must not fail to add to the Southern books above named, because the South only lent him for a special service to be performed at a Northern place of residence, but he remained ever Virginian and Southern. Training for many years successive classes of ministers in theology, he made his mark on the whole church through them, and then the evening of his life yielded a harvest of other good fruits, the fruits of his Southern pen. We must claim Archibald Alexander as of us, and his writings as of ours; and if any demur, we shall go further and lay claim even to his two gifted sons, James Waddell and Joseph Addison, and to all which they produced.

To all this, let us add that in the department of Southern church history, we have four volumes of Dr. Foote, of Romney, two of them *Sketches of North Carolina* and two *Sketches of Virginia*—the Froissart of the State, full of diligent labor, full of particular fact, worthy of all honor, not justly ever to be forgotten—devoted to the Presbyterian Church chiefly. And then we have Dr. Hawks's *Ecclesiastical Sketches of Virginia*, written, of course, from the very churchly standpoint of the author. And we have also that valuable contribution to the history of the State, of course also from the Episcopalian point of view, Bishop Meade's *Old Families and Old Churches of Virginia*. Here, also, we recall the work of Dalcho on the *Episcopal Church*

in *South Carolina*, and Strobel's *History of the Salzburgers in Georgia*. But why have we not had histories of every Christian denomination in every one of the States? And why has not the list of theological, critical, and practical writings given above been made to be one hundred times longer? Have all our Southern ministers except these few been asleep! Or have they not known what a mighty power for good and for evil the press can and does wield? Or have they really been so busy preaching as to have had no time for efforts with the pen? And why have Southern poets been such rare birds, and treated us so seldom to their sweet songs? And why have her scientific men been so well content to commune with, but not communicate to, their fellows? And why have her scholars so generally and to so great an extent eschewed the types? We own ourselves somewhat at a loss for the answers to these questions, notwithstanding what has already been said, and what remains to be said, in extenuation of the neglect of authorship at the South.

It is to be remembered, we grant, that much of the best writing of the day, both in this country and in Great Britain, has been given to the world in the shape of contributions to the reviews and magazines. And some of the best volumes of current writing are composed of the productions of a single writer, thus brought together as the offspring of a single mind. The miscellanies of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Carlyle, and Sir James Mackintosh, from the *Edinburgh Review*; those of Sir Walter Scott, from the *London Quarterly*, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Wilson, from *Blackwood*, have constituted a very large share of the desirable polite literature of the last forty years. In a little over that time we have had issued from our own presses the *Southern Quarterly Review*, at Charleston; the *Evangelical and Literary Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, both at Richmond; *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, at Columbia; *The Land We Love*, at Charlotte; and the *Southern Review*, at Baltimore. Three of these do not

and three do still exist. And from the sides of those three which do not now exist we firmly believe that volumes might have been cut off of solid intrinsic value which would not have been unworthy of reproduction, and which would have been of more use to the Southern people than the English books which they have substituted in their place, because nearer to their sphere of life. Of those three which do still exist it may be wisest to say little; but we have no fear that the truth of the same remark concerning them would be denied by any one of just judgment.

One of the best books of the *Spectator* and *Rambler* species is the *Mountaineer*, first published in series in the *Republican Farmer*, of Staunton, Virginia, by Dr. Conrad Speece, between 1813 and 1816, and put into a volume in 1823. And, though not having it now before us, we remember to have seen a copy of the *Golden Casket*, by old Governor William B. Giles—a volume of admirable political essays, which had their history and accomplished their work—first published in the columns of the *Richmond Enquirer*, between the years 1825 and 1828, in the administration of the younger Adams, and afterwards collected into a volume. The reprint of such volumes is not now demanded, although in many places they would be worth their weight in gold. And why have not volumes of the productions of such men and such thinkers as John H. Rice and James H. Thornwell been demanded, published, read, treasured, cherished among us?¹ Few voices will be found to reply that it is from the want of intrinsic merit to be expected in such volumes. To explain it, but not to account for it—needing itself to be accounted for—there lies that strange unfaithfulness of the South to its own thought, its own books, reviews, magazines, which is to-day the very worst foe to all literary enterprises in its borders.

We mention, then, as second among the causes of the neglect of authorship at the South, the want of apprecia-

¹ Dr. Thornwell's writings were published by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 1871-'72.

tion among our own people of our own productions. There has been a habitual and deeply-seated fondness among our country gentlemen for English literature of the reign of Queen Anne. It is barely yielding recently, but yielding, not to home thought and writing altogether; but still yearning for the English, if it must accept the modern. Many planters of cotton and tobacco appear to have felt that the problem of literature was solved by the mother country; that the office of books to furnish elegant instruction, culture, amusement, was fulfilled by English letters. And then Northern literature, which ever assumes to itself the title of American, and which has concurred with our own readers and buyers in the one point of undervaluing our own writers and their productions, has been so justly offensive to our people that they have preferred at once the writings of the English. We were never very ardent admirers of the cold Unitarianism of Dr. Channing, with all the elegant and finished splendor of his periods; nor of Mrs. Stowe, with all the genius for which her sympathizers give her credit; nor of Theodore Parker's flat pulpit infidelity, with all his blaze of pulpit brilliancy; nor of Prof. Park's incessant attempt to try how near he can come to heresy without heresy, for all his powerful and clear current of sense. We preferred the silly humanitarianism even of the spoilt boy Leigh Hunt, who so fiercely rebukes Dante for seeing and describing perdition in the *Divine Comedy*, because we believed that his silly, sickly and sentimental humanitarianism was but the whim of a spoilt boy, to that of Channing, of Mrs. Stowe, or of Theodore Parker, because we knew their humanity to one race to be largely composed of envy and malice to the other, and because we knew them to be conspirators against the constitution, the liberty and the peace of the country. It is not, then, wonderful that that which was called American literature in America, being in large part from Boston, was not popular at the South. There was, indeed, sometimes unfriendly fanaticism in the utterances of the British press; but there

was far more of magnanimity and less of unfriendliness to our constitution in them.

But it was a great mistake which the Southern people made when they thought that English literature, old or new, would serve for this country. It is a great mistake to suppose that, because the human mind has been well expressed in one age, it needs not to be expressed in a subsequent age. It is a great mistake to think, that because Shakspeare so thoroughly fathomed human nature in the reign of Elizabeth and James, there was no need for Walter Scott in the reign of George and William; or that, because Shakspeare and Scott have heretofore so thoroughly understood and exhibited human nature, there is no need for great masters of human nature hereafter. For human nature is ever new and ever unfathomable in its depths, because, with all its perversities and dislocations and gigantic ruins, it was the work of God. It is a great mistake to suppose that the works of Taylor, and Barrow, and Leighton, or of those master spirits of the British pulpit of any age, Howe, and Hall, and Chalmers, have left no further need for the production of divinity in the English language. For, granted the fact that new religious doctrines are not to be desired or expected, still the contact of the sublime and awful truths of the word of God with the mind of man must and will have its restatement in every age, because the mind of man is ever original and ever unfathomable in its depths by all but the word of God. And the contact of the word of God with the mind of man in every age will emit bright new sparks, not altogether similar to those which any former age has seen, leaving no place whatever, as we do not mean to leave, for heretical glosses or infidel speculations. Along that line of sparkling contact lies the path of a true and sincere and heart-speaking religious literature of every age for itself. It is a great mistake to suppose that the *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, the *Guardian* and the *Rambler* have left no room nor necessity for any other essayists than Addison, Steele and Johnson, because those exquisite masters of other days have left

us their works, and have tastily exhibited the social side of human nature and life. The social side of human life is perhaps as different now from what it was in the days of Queen Anne as it ever was in any two ages while the same language lasted and the same words were understood and spoken in both ages. A whole world of history has been enacted since then, and a whole world of new thoughts been born among the people, which must make society differ, notwithstanding those great substantial identities which endure from age to age. The life and thought of a people, the life and thought of the whole race of man, is forever moving onward. There are certain respects in which human nature is the same in every age. There are certain other respects, easily distinguishable by a candid mind, in which human nature differs in every age from what it was in any former age. There are in every age new points of contact between the mind of man and the providence of God. That is the real vitality of history when it sheds some intrinsic light upon man's nature and destiny and duty, by showing us the character of that age in the mental pursuits of that age, and construing the providential events of that age. An age of liberty, of prosperity, and of the piping times of peace, and an age of bondage, of gloom, of the hiding of all signs, and the slow waiting for the coming of the morning; an age when Fabricius and Regulus are possible, and an age when Nero and Caligula appear; an age of the jealousy *for* liberty and *against* power, and an age of the jealousy *against* liberty and *for* power; an age of the republic and an age of the empire—are essentially different phases of nature and providence, and will be marked by different utterances of the human soul. If we do not now bear our full share of the use of the printing press, it will be abundantly used for all that; and used by those who will not only not do us justice, but will do anything, even down to deliberate violations of historic truth, rather than to do justice to us or appreciate our men of worth and merit. The men whom we esteem the saints

of the age will be made the sinners; and the men whom we esteem the sinners of the age will be made the saints. Not that we esteem the utterances of the Southern mind alone, or of the Northern mind alone; the utterances of the American mind alone, or of the British mind alone; those of the Anglo-Saxon mind alone, or of the continent of Europe alone, to be the mirror of the shape and form of that age, to be sent to future years as its full and fair picture; but every people who have a character of their own, and feelings, wishes and aspirations of their own, are bound, in justice to history and to posterity, to leave upon record the showings of their own mind, thought, purposes, ends and aims.

In the third place, the sparseness of the population in the country at the South has hitherto been a great hindrance to literary pursuits. Our country has been too purely agricultural; the homes of our people have been too isolated and too far apart; the type of our society has been too patriarchal; there have been too few accessible to each other of the cultivated ranks of people, and too many around them of the servile class, for literature of some descriptions. And then the classes of people to be found in these sparse and scattered homes of the South were not of that simple and bucolic race among whom the literature of sweet rustic simplicity flourishes, such as grew around the Grecian Theocritus. But they were modern people in the patriarchal state—people who frequented the cities in the winter and the watering-places in the summer, and who caught the spirit, and in some measure kept up with the ideas, of the noble and unmalignant of their own race, while they governed the teeming African race around them with the interest-bound munificence and generosity of Abraham and Job, but with that necessary firmness of a magistrate which good government and social order required and scriptural Christianity regulated. They were not book-makers, but hereditary rulers. And when the musket shall be held to be logician of sufficient force to

overturn that eternal truth of God which has hitherto survived all wars, and risen unconquered from all assaults of infidelity, then may the Southern people pause to make apology for having built upon the pure revelation of God. And while they would firmly, and we believe almost unanimously, decline a restoration of their old responsibilities as slaveholders, yet they as firmly and as unanimously decline any share of the responsibility of the abrogation of those old and benign institutions which are now things of the past, and are gone up to appeal to the Judge of all the earth, who sees correctly and will judge justly. But such patriarchal institutions were not favorable to literature, except that deeper literature of the statesman which was too ponderous for general circulation or for the gossiping surface of men's minds. The Southern people were devoted, by their inheritance and by the necessities of their position, to the raising up of the African race from the beastly barbarism of the most wretched of untutored races. They were training and governing barbarians rather than making books. The white people were too often foregoing the pleasures and privileges of the society of their own race in order to discharge themselves those duties which the sacred Scriptures enjoined upon them as masters and mistresses. Many of them felt the calls of duty to be louder in their ears than those of pleasure, even of that pleasure which is among the purest and noblest, the pleasure of literature and the elegant arts. On the crowded plantations of the South, the lives of the proprietors were, in many cases, for long parts of the year, lives of solitary and self-sacrificing duty, deemed by them to be laid on them by God's providence, and submitted to calmly by them for that reason. But it is by the constant attrition of frequent intercourse with other equal minds that we may best read and interpret our own minds. Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Modern literature has therefore frequented the cities, where man knows and reads both books and men. Cities there are, and have

ever been, no doubt, in the South. But it has not been the case in the South, as in the North and West, that the best type of its society has been in the cities. We avoid comparisons which are invidious and "odorous." But the characteristic Southern type, in the era which has just past and gone, was the plains of the planting regions, their vast fields of cotton, tobacco, wheat, and corn, surrounded by enclosures stretching too many miles for hedge, or post and rail, or post and plank; deep in the recesses of which, in that central grove, upon that central hill, stood the dwelling of the proprietor; and in that other grove stood the huts and cottages of the laborers who tilled these fields. That was the South. The cities were simply its marts. They were its cosmopolitan features; they were its reluctant and often puny attempts to conform to the world's will and the world's way. But those planting plains, those tree-embosomed mansions three miles apart, those other tree-embowered cottages, over which hung rich shade in summer and the smoke of the broad cottage-fires in winter, those vast pastures and their wealth-looking denizens, those vast sheds, folds, shelters from winter winds, and those large hamlets of clustered out-houses, all in the same seigniory—those were the South, properly so-called. Never was any society less literary in its structure, if we take literature to mean the mere extemporaneous gossip and chatter of the pen, substituted for that of the tongue.

We wish we had time and space to discuss some of the questions presented in Macaulay's famous article on "Milton" in the *Edinburgh Review*, which would be pertinent here. We especially refer to his remark, that "as a magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age;" and also to those other remarks by which he seeks to show, we believe successfully, that Milton had extraordinary difficulties to contend with as a poet in the age in which he was born. "Every generation," he says, "enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented by fresh ac-

quisitions to future ages. But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with Scripture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may, indeed, improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical; that of a half-civilized people is poetical."

Without accepting as true all the dicta of this famous essay, of which we have somewhere read how the distinguished author himself said, that in mature years there was scarcely a sentence or a sentiment which he would adopt without modification, yet there is unquestionably a certain truth in the principle that the increase of light and the increase of self-consciousness which cultivation produces are not favorable to that illusion of the mind upon which the highest literature, such poetry as Homer's, depends for its success. And we have ever felt that the mingling of the different lights of different ages at the same time in the South had much to do with accounting for her failure to bear her full part in authorship by the English-speaking people. As literature is analytic and philosophic, the South could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence and spirit, as the highly developed consciousness of her Caucasian children would have prompted her to do, because that race had so much to do with the inferior servile race, in its ignorance and superstition. And as literature is poetical, she could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence in all the dark and gorgeous romance of superstition, because she was in communion with the world of the English and Caucasian race around. Her social mind had not been able to find a firm and settled unity. And with some diffidence we suggest this to the people of the South for the

justification of their land in the past and for their cautious reflection and guidance in the future.

Again, fourthly, the tranquillity of our career as independent States hitherto until recently; the barrenness of historical romance which has marked our localities, and the absence of those times of trial, of suffering and of heroic deeds, which invest localities with golden charms, and are the true staple of the best historical romance—these things have had their share in repressing the growth of literature among us heretofore as they will not do hereafter.

We shall come more fully into view of the force of this consideration, if we think back in the history of England and Scotland, and inquire what the literature of that island was previously to the distressing era of the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and what contributions to it grew out of that era. The only books now known out of public libraries or antiquarian book-stores, which were in circulation when the royal standard of Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham Castle, in August, 1642, are Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and Shakspeare's Plays. Perhaps to this brief list we must add, in divinity, the works of the British Reformers, with Hooker and Chillingworth; and in law, the *Institutes* of Sir Edmund Coke; and in Scotland, George Buchanan and Drummond of Hawthornden; and they can hardly be said to be known out of public libraries or antiquarian book-stores. But from out of the era of the civil wars, and out of the events of the civil wars, have sprung a large share of the glory of Britain, a very large share of the romance which irradiates her history: Milton, Herbert and Bunyan, among her poets (we *mean* to put Bunyan among the poets); Howe, Baxter, Bates, Flavel, and Alleine, Taylor, Barrow, South, and Cudworth in divinity; Locke and Newton in philosophy; and in law, the *Petition of Right*, and, springing therefrom, the soul of liberty and the essence of liberty, to animate its martyrs in every succeeding age. The whole face of literature had been changed. She had ceased to be a trifle in the haunts of human life with "rare

Ben Jonson." She had ceased to be adorned with jewels of paste. She had cast off the fetters which bound her to the stage and the drama. She had become earnest, intense, deep-hearted. She wore for jewels genuine diamond of Golconda. She deeply feasted upon the Greek classics, and with them she strangely and richly blended the deep-toned godliness of that age. The Muses had had a resurrection to new life, which, differently from that which awaits man in the world to come, was not merely a resurrection of that which had been under a new form. But the Muses, in the sleep of their death, had received into their being the gorgeous ideas of the Grecian mythology. They had discovered in their re-awaking that though they were to be baptized into Christ, yet that the classics were still their friends and not their enemies. Occasion in literature is golden-slippered. Beautiful upon mountain and upon plain are her feet. The thick "drop serene" had fallen upon the eyes of Milton, and the grand song of "Paradise Lost" sung itself through the ears of his soul, like the roar of the waves on the shores of eternity. Bedford jail had received John Bunyan into its dismal chambers, and the track of the pilgrim had risen to his view in that gloomy repose. Chalgrave field, Naseby, Worcester and Marston Moor had received their consecration, not soon to fade away. Deeds had been done, words had been spoken, principles had been announced, which had far more vitality in themselves than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success could give them.

The tranquillity of our career, the barrenness of romance of our localities, have departed. We have had our trials and our sufferings. We have deathless names to care for and defend, of those who have wrought heroic deeds, investing localities with golden charms. We have made acquaintance ample with that adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Occasion golden-slippered has come. Beautiful upon mountain and plain are her feet, if we can forget the dread time which brought her to our literature. Upon our soil and in our story are a bead-roll of battle-fields, to which Chalgrave, Naseby, Worcester and Marston were mere skirmishes. Upon our recent annals are names which yield nothing in real lustre to those of Hampden, of Russell, and of Sidney. Deeds have been done, words have been spoken, principles have been announced, which have far more vitality in them than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success can give them.

Never were any people placed in circumstances which called more loudly for diligence and fidelity in history than those which at this time encompass the people of the South. We have every reason to believe that the people who, in former years, avowed their purpose to have an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, whether they were the true Bible and the true God or not, will have a radical history of their attacks upon the South before the war, a radical history of the war, and a radical history of the persecution since the war. Such histories will be written; they are being written in great numbers. The important question is, are they loyal?—not, are they true and impartial? And there are few sane men, North or South, out of the radical party, who can accept such histories as either impartial or true. It is held to be the bounden duty of such historians to represent their armies as always victorious (if it can be done, and yet account for the four years' fighting), and ours always defeated; to represent all the fearful colors of cruelty to prisoners as shown at Andersonville, and none at Camp Chase or Fort Delaware; to represent Davis, Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Hampton and Hill, as traitors, and Lincoln, Seward, Brownlow, Butler and Hunter, as sages and saints. The practice of loyalty to the powers that be will be esteemed as much a duty in history as in other walks of life. It will be deliberately chosen and preferred to truth in the sight of God, if truth is seen to be in

favor of the *rebels!* And he is already subject to severe reproach, and a very poisonous name is ready to be applied to him who feels called on to speak the truth when the truth is in favor of the rebels. It is as much a part of the common law of the land that justice shall not be done to the South, nor to its cause, nor to its leaders, nor to its armies, nor to its principles, nor to its battles, as it was before the war that the Bible was to be forced to be an anti-slavery Bible, the constitution an anti-slavery constitution, and God an anti-slavery God. Under these circumstances, every man who has brain and nerve to wield a pen, and a heart in his bosom which loves truth for truth's sake, is called on more solemnly than has often been known in all the history of historic truth the world over, to see to it that materials for a correct judgment of our cause, our conflicts, and our heroes, shall go down to posterity.

And never were any States more enriched than ours have been with all the romance of true heroism. Never were any set of homes such a series of "altars of sacrifice" as ours have been. Never were any fields of conflict better baptized with the best blood of the youth of the land than ours have been. No Spartan mothers were ever superior to ours in fidelity, nobleness and self-sacrifice; and never, that we now recall, were a set of heroes clustered together in any single cause, in whose breasts, as far as man can judge, so much of pure Christianity breathed.

Dead and cold and ignoble indeed must be the heart of any generation to whose ears such voices as these shall speak in vain. But we shall not permit ourselves to think that such voices will utter themselves in vain in the ears of our men of letters. Already we have the earnest of the vintage. History, biography and romance press as eagerly forward to the notice of our impoverished people as if they were not impoverished. Once they were able pecuniarily to encourage their home authors, but unfaithfully sighed after English literature. Now English literature utters but a cold voice over the ruins of their cause—but a cold, un-

sympathizing voice over the trampled good names of their Christian sages, patriots and heroes; and they sigh for the means which they once possessed, but would not employ, to encourage Southern letters which may speak the voice of truth and eternal right.

Without friends in Europe who understand our cause, or who will risk anything in its defence now it is fallen, any more than they would risk anything for it before its fall; without friends in the North and West who have the power to shield us from legislative persecution, still we occupy a sublime position. We are witnesses for the good names of our fathers and mothers who have gone to glory to meet the spirits of their own slaves trained by them for that glory. We are martyr witnesses for the good names of our patriot brothers and sons who died for the maintenance of the old and sacred cause and constitution and rights of our fathers. And we are witnesses against the humanitarianism and semi-infidel ideas which have trampled boldly upon the plain dictates of the word of God, and have threatened both God and his word with constraint and force by the spirit of the age, if they would not speak in accordance with that spirit. And we are witnesses for a pure revelation, uttering God's mind, unswayed by the passions of men, and heard high above the heads of the busy ones of this world, now as of old, as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." Happy shall we be if it be a forerunner of the presence and power of him in this world, with some new vestments of power, whose pure word it is, and upon whose pure word we have relied.

FOOTE'S SKETCHES OF VIRGINIA.¹

WE have read this book with unfeigned surprise at the immense labor it must have cost. "Records of civil courts and ecclesiastical judicatories, in manuscript, have been examined, volume after volume. Private journals, diaries, memoranda and family genealogies have been consulted and freely used. Magazines of unquestioned standing, and pamphlets to be relied on, have contributed largely." So says the author. The book shows that the *Statutes at Large of Virginia*, the *Archives of New York*, the records of more than one presbytery, and of more than one synod, the library of more than one seat of learning, the tombstones in many graveyards, and the memories of many living persons who could tell of the illustrious dead, have been laid under contribution with a diligence and a regard for accuracy which are worthy of high praise. There are provoking typographical errors in this book. They sometimes, by the strange places in which they occur, make the author murder Aristotle, Quintilian and Lindley Murray outright. They have doubtless arisen from the remoteness of the author's residence from the place at which his book was printed. They may appropriately inspire the reader with the wish that the printer's knuckles were soundly rapped as those of school-boys are wont to be for such blunders. But the book will live. It exhibits very high claim to the boon of existence. A peculiar grace or elegance of composition is not among the claims of this book to the public attention. But marks, everywhere

¹This article appeared in *The Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1851.

abundant, of the most thorough investigation, the exhibition of historic facts of capital importance, and a gentlemanly and Christian temper throughout the book, are among its claims. This author has made himself a benefactor to the domain of history, by not contenting himself with a vamping up of the old modicum of information in lithe and sleek sentences with flying pen, and yelepting that a new history; but by protracted and tenacious industry he has made solid additions to the historic knowledge of the reading public. The author of every such work has a right to the acknowledgment of our gratitude.

In returning to this work at the present time, we have an advantage which we should have lacked had we attempted a complete review at the time of our introductory notice in February last. We have had facilities for the formation of a judgment, like those which the Persian king is recorded to have enjoyed in listening to the debate between Mardonius and Artabanus: "When various opinions are not heard we have no chance to choose the better, and must adopt that one which we hear (or which we entertain); but when various opinions have been uttered we have an election; as indeed we should not always know the excellence of pure gold by itself, but when we rub it against other gold we then know that which is better."¹ The question, for instance, whether this book of Dr. Foote's is a readable one—that vital question to the lazy skimmers of books, the enervated loungers of literature, the epicurean dreamers of gold and purple dreams of romance, in this age of shallow romance—that question is solved by the fact that many have read the book, and probably every one has regretted when he came to the end that it was not farther onward. The question whether the book will take its place on the standard shelves of the well-informed man, by the side of Campbell's *History of Virginia*, and Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*, all three of them thorough, excellent Virginia books, well imbued, as they ought to be, with the precious old Virginia

¹ *Herodotus*, Book I., 1.

spirit—that question is answered by the fact that Dr. Foote's volume has certainly gone to that place in many a library, and is as infallibly on its way thither in many more. The question whether the obvious faults in the execution of this work will stand materially in the way of its solid value has also been solved by the fact that most or all of its readers—all who know anything of the author's circumstances—are apologists for its small faults and decided honest eulogists of its greatly ponderating real worth.

It is not a very easy task to furnish the means of a correct estimate of the book before us without trespassing upon the grounds which are necessarily prohibited in such a journal as this. The title of the book does not convey an accurate idea of what it is. It is in fact a sketch of the rise and progress of religious liberty in Virginia, as connected with the instrumentality of the Presbyterians. That is about what it is, and might as well have been called. It is not an easy task to tell how this then entirely new pearl of mental and spiritual freedom was won by one class of Christians who were not the favorites of Cæsar, from another class who were the favorites of Cæsar, and who had formerly enjoyed exclusive possession of that pearl; to point out all the difficulties which attended the tardy and reluctant divorce of church and state; and to show these things with anything like the clear striking shape and sharp angularity of meaning with which they certainly occurred in fact in the days of old; it is no easy task to do these things as they ought to be done, and yet avoid as clearly as we would wish to avoid the prohibited ground of controversies. We cannot, therefore, adopt such a course of remark as the work before us would justify, but must be content with such an one as is demanded at our hands by the proprieties of the circumstances under which we write. We have obtained the pearl—religious liberty. All voices are now joined in praising the pure lustre of the pearl. Few persons will now admit that they do not prefer perfect religious liberty. To make such an admission would be to

confess the intrinsic weakness of the principles which they hold who might make it, and which they would desire to see abetted by the civil arm; for the advantage of a state of complete freedom of religion is that religious principles then stand or fall, as they ought to do, by their own intrinsic strength or weakness. In the great struggle which this volume records, both parties did indeed set a high value on the right to worship God, both those who then enjoyed a monopoly of that right and those who struggled to share it in common. They differed in this respect, that the one party thought the privilege would not be less valuable to any by being made common to all, while the other party seem to have thought that their own enjoyment of it might be taken away by making others participants of it. But this mistake has passed away, and all are now satisfied with the result. It cannot, therefore, be just cause of offence to any truly Virginian heart that we should take in hand at length, and all too tardily as it has been, to render due honor to the spiritual heroes of our olden times and of the peculiar mould of our own State—the great old men from the North of Ireland, from Scotland, from France, as well as from the more liberty-loving parts of England, who strove so earnestly for the priceless pearl and won it, and have left it to us all in its native, clear, shining purity.

The present people of the commonwealth of Virginia are incessantly twitted in certain quarters with making empty and undue glorification over the great names with whose fresh and thick honors the annals of our past so greatly abound. It is said that by this incessant pointing to former years for our jewels we confess, at least by implication, the worthlessness of the present generation. And however frequently this may continue to be said in the quarters in which it is now said, and though it may be said hereafter even more than it has been heretofore, with a certain Sardonic piquancy of air, which betrays something deeper and bitterer than mere calm judgment, and though it should

come to be said in far more respectable quarters than those from which it at present comes, yet it does not follow, and it is not so. We have no occasion to be greatly troubled by these amiable accusations. Thank God, we have a past. We have a past worthy of the explorations of the historic muse. We have a past rich in already written glories, and rich in yet unwritten glories. And when civilization, so called, shall roll forward so fast and so far that it becomes reproachful to have a history, reproachful to think and speak of the spirits of the mighty who shed a golden light over that history, reproachful to render due honors to their lofty deeds and high daring and great virtues, then we shall be well content and proud to receive such reproach, and to part company with the car of such a picayune civilization. We shall willingly become confessors and martyrs, so far as our inquisitors can confer the crown of martyrdom, to that truth which is as old as Greek civilization, that man is a being who looks at the past and the future as well as at that small segment of time which lies beneath his nose. We shall treat those wicked and silly iconoclasts, who would deface the images of glory which time and nature and God have hung before our eyes in the temple of history, with as keen a rebuff as we would treat some spiritual saw-bones, some surgical fiend, who should bring his saw and scalpel from the world of wicked spirits to amputate memory from our minds, to dissect from our spirits their high joys over the nobleness of souls in other days, to put out that eye of our souls which gazes with delight on the loftiness of the virtues of other years. Thank God, we have a past! Aye, we will indeed talk of Washington and of Henry. We will remember Marshall and Jefferson. We will not forget Madison and Giles. We will mention Mason and Randolph. Nor shall Makemie and Davies, and Waddell and Smith, and Graham and Hoge, be unremembered and unhonored in our future histories. They are ours. We will not be cheated of them. The right to claim them is ours. We shall assert that right. If

this be weakness, then we are very weak. Neither are we as yet become ashamed of our weakness. We yet dare to say that we would rather read these deathless names in our annals, we would rather see these awful forms in our history, than to gaze on shabbier forms and stir our spirits with the example of meaner names. And we would even rather read far inferior names on the rolls of the past, and see far inferior and less venerable forms in the domain of history, than to look upon a past of worthless, blank oblivion.

This work of Dr. Foote's, if we do not mistake, has made permanent additions to the Virginia pantheon of illustrious historical characters. Its attentive readers will long remember certain very striking *tableaux*, almost *vivants*, presented in it. They will often recall to their mind's eye Francis Makemie standing before Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, accused of preaching the gospel; Samuel Davies confronting Peyton Randolph to assert toleration in Virginia; and James Waddell standing blind at the communion table, with William Wirt in the audience. The names of these men, with others which may be seen in the book itself, will escape oblivion, not only because they were illustrious confessors in the cause of religious liberty, but on account of original gifts of nature which made them illustrious confessors, and made them much more besides.

The admirer of historic curiosities will find the year 1683 a remarkable and memorable one in both hemispheres. On that year occurred the great siege of Vienna by the Turks, which was raised by Sobieski of Poland, with the aid of a great eclipse of the moon, acting on the superstitious fears of the besiegers. On that year Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney were beheaded in London. On that year the first house was built in the city of Philadelphia. And on that year Francis Makemie, the father of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, was ordained by a Presbyterian in the North of Ireland, and designated for a mis-

sion to America. He first went to the island of Barbadoes, and came thence to the county of Accomac, in Virginia, about the year 1690. His dwelling, and also one of his points for preaching, was at a place called Pocomoke, in that county. His chief preaching place was Snow Hill, then in Somerset, now in Worcester county, Maryland. With him the problem commenced to be wrought out whether the blood which was even then flowing in England and in Scotland on religious accounts under the heel of the Sadducean tyrant, Charles II., and the blood which was soon to flow so copiously in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, under the still worse, because abler and more respectable tyrant, Louis XIV., should be followed by similar flowings of blood in America on similar accounts. He looks almost like a mythical personage, making his appearance on the stage of history as it were unexpectedly to the beholders, and yet suggesting to all minds, as soon as he becomes visible, anxious anticipations of the most momentous and lasting consequences. He comes as a stern, bold man, with a spirit full of life, and nerves strung for all events, and sets his foot down among these rising colonies, to try if liberty of soul may be had, and what he deems pure truth may be spoken among them. It is true that before his settlement in Virginia the revolution in England had occurred, the royal fool who "lost three kingdoms for a mass," the worst and last of the wretched dynasty of the Stuarts, had been hurled from the English throne to a piteous dependence on the king of France, and William of Nassau was king of Great Britain. And it is of course remembered by every reader that the act for the relief of their majesties' subjects dissenting from the Established Church, commonly called the Act of Toleration, was passed in the first year of the reign of William and Mary. But the American colonies had been so completely isolated from the great forty-six years' struggle, by which the hearts of men in the fatherland had been taught a distaste for inquisitorial cruelties, that they on this side the Atlantic had

missed the precious lesson which had been learned there; and what was there the era of the end of the struggle was here about the era of its commencement in good earnest. Severe acts of uniformity were passed by the Virginia House of Burgesses as early as 1659, 1660, 1661 and 1662, against Quakers and other separatists.¹ A congregation of Puritans, who had settled in the county of Nansemond as early as 1648, in the very hour of the power of Cromwell, had been persecuted and scattered, and are not heard of afterwards.² The great Act of Uniformity went into operation in England on St. Bartholomew's day (24th August), 1662, more than a year after the restoration of Charles II. So that it will be seen that the Virginia Statutes of Uniformity were actually in advance of the English. Yet, until the days of Makemie, when the English Act of Toleration had given some foothold for liberty, there could hardly be said to be any contest of much consequence against the establishment, as there was no legal ground to wage one. The first colonists of Virginia were not, like those of Massachusetts, refugees from oppression, either civil or ecclesiastical. They came here, as their children have since gone to Kentucky, to Missouri, to Alabama, to Florida and to Texas, to obtain greater affluence than they might have had at home.³ They brought with them their attachment to the Church of England, and indeed ministers of that church as their chaplains and pastors. According to Governor Berkeley, in 1670, however, they were generally the worst of the Church of England ministers who were sent here. Perfect uniformity in religion was the golden dream of men everywhere in that age—in Holland, in Scotland, in France, in England, in Massachusetts, and in Virginia. They had not yet learned the wickedness of such a requirement by any earthly power. The great mind of

¹ Foote, pp. 34, 35. ² *Ibid.*, p. 31.

³ It is of course admitted that there were *some* Cavalier refugees who came here in the days of the English Commonwealth, *some* Puritans after the Restoration, *some* Whigs at Monmouth's rebellion.

Oliver Cromwell first conceived in modern times the idea of a general toleration, and even he excluded from it the Papists.

The great legal question which Makemie, Davies and others brought up before the courts in the colonies was, whether the Act of Toleration applied to the colonies. That act was passed for the relief of dissenters from the Church of England. It permitted them to enjoy their own modes of worship, provided they adopted the *articles* of religion of the state church, except the thirty-fourth concerning traditions, the thirty-fifth concerning the homilies, the thirty-sixth concerning the consecration of bishops and ministers, and so much of the twentieth as declares that "the church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith." That is, the dissenters agreed to the *doctrinal* articles of the state church, but rejected the *ceremonial* articles and those concerning church power. They held unanimously that "power to decree rites and ceremonies" and "authority in controversies" were divine prerogatives belonging to the Head of the church. They were required by the Act of Toleration not to lock, bolt or bar their houses of worship; and also to make known their places of worship to the bishop, arch-deacon or justices of the quarter sessions. On their complying with these conditions the clerk or register gave them a written certificate of the fact that they had complied with the terms of the act, and that certificate was a *license of a preaching place*.

The Legislature of Virginia distinctly recognized the application of this act to their colony when, in 1699, ten reluctant years after it passed at home, they provided for the exemption of dissenters from penalties according to its provisions. They also recognized it in their revisal in 1705.¹ It does seem to us that this recognition by the legislative authority of the Act of Toleration ought at once and conclusively to have settled the question which we shall after-

¹ Foote, p. 49.

wards see to have been so tediously mooted between Davies and Peyton Randolph. There was, it is true, among the colonists about this time a sort of spirit of independence of English laws, manifested in reference to civil affairs. "All the elements of the Virginia character," says Dr. Foote, "in its excellences and follies were in operation in 1688,—wealth, love of ease, profusion of expense, generosity, unrestrained passions, chivalric attention to the fair, high sense of honor, personal independence, carelessness of money, sense of superiority and easy manners." As early, indeed, as the year 1666, one hundred and ten years before the great revolutionary struggle, the House of Burgesses of Virginia had claimed against Sir William Berkeley the right to lay the levy of their own taxes in their own house, and had successfully maintained that right by obtaining from under the governor's own hand his written assent to this claim, "to remain on record for a rule to walk by for the future."¹ But this spirit of independence of English laws never appears among the cavaliers of Virginia in reference to ecclesiastical matters. Their loyalty to the king as head of the church is unquestionable.

Makemie obtained from the county court of Accomac the license of two preaching places in October, 1699. But his main trial was in the city of New York. There was no religious establishment in that colony. This was in 1707. Queen Anne was on the British throne, and Edward Hyde, her own cousin, was governor of New York, under the title of Lord Cornbury. This man Cornbury was the grandson of the great Earl of Clarendon, the historian, and son of that Earl of Clarendon who figures in the pages of Macaulay in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. He came to America with a very sorry character, and did nothing to improve it after his coming. "A young man of loose principles, slender abilities and violent temper," he had been among the earliest to desert his royal uncle, James II., on the landing of the Prince of Orange.² Blake, in his *Biographical Diction-*

¹ Foote, pp. 37, 38.

² Macaulay, Vol. II., p. 461.

ary,¹ records the following characteristic anecdote of Cornbury after he came to New York: "A great sickness prevailed in New York in 1703. Lord Cornbury retired to Jamaica, on Long Island; and as Mr. Hubbard, the Presbyterian minister, lived in the best house in the town, his lordship requested the use of it during his short residence there. Mr. Hubbard put himself to great inconvenience to oblige the governor, and the governor in return delivered the parsonage into the hands of the Episcopal party, and seized upon the glebe."

Before this man, as royal governor, came Francis Makemie, under the charge of having preached a sermon in an open and public manner at the dwelling-house of William Jackson, on Pearl street, New York. The provincial assembly of that colony had, in 1693, passed a law for the settlement of a "good and sufficient Protestant minister" each in the city of New York and in the counties of Richmond, West Chester and Queens. This Lord Cornbury interpreted to mean an Episcopalian minister exclusively. In addition to this, he had received private instructions from Queen Anne, based on her ecclesiastical supremacy. Such were the laws which Makemie had violated—Cornbury's interpretation of the act of the provincial assembly, which was indeed a very Cornburyish interpretation, and certain unpromulgated instructions of Queen Anne to her governor. The trial may be found in Foote's *Sketches*, p. 66, and in *Fourth Force*, and indeed has often before, at least in part, been before the public. It is impossible to quote any part of it here without spoiling it. We must earnestly refer the reader who loves the sublimity of manliness to the pages of our author for the whole trial. A jury under Judge Mompesson discharged Makemie, June, 1707, after mulcting him with the whole expenses of the trial. When Makemie stood before Lord Cornbury, the latter and his attorney-general maintained that neither the Act of Uniformity nor the Act of Toleration, which was intended to take off its edge, ex-

¹ Article, "Cornbury."

tended to the colonies, and he relied on the queen's instructions based on her supremacy. But when Makemie stood before Judge Mompesson, the attorney gave to the jury as in point the *statutes of Elizabeth and Charles II. for uniformity*, omitting all mention of the Act of Toleration! which, he had before admitted, extended as far as the acts for uniformity. Truly this was the age of Judge Jeffreys. Were we requested by some American historical painter—some one who had the soul to understand fully what an American historical painter and an American historical painting should be; some one who would not bind himself to the examples of the tame and soulless things which have hitherto gone by those names—we could not probably do better than to indicate to him Makemie and Cornbury confronted. The old world and the new world stood face to face. The old Stuartism and the new western spirit were placed in antagonism. The one was connected with nobles and with kings, who had played their parts according to their characters in the great religious drama of the seventeenth century; the other was to be connected in a future succession with brave, stout spirits, who would kindle up sacred liberty for America for the great drama of the eighteenth century. The representative of a spirit once mighty, but approaching a death which should know not resurrection, stood before the representative of a spirit which was now in infancy, but which would be mighty, and should not know decease.

At this point we are constrained to pass unnoticed several chapters containing matters of deep moment to the main design of the work, that we may at once advance to another capital figure in the great drama of coming liberty—*clarum ac venerabile nomen*—we advance at once to the life and times of Samuel Davies. The parents of Davies were of Welsh extraction. He was born in the year 1723, in the county of New-Castle, Delaware, and was educated at Blair's famous school at Fagg's Manor, in Pennsylvania. In 1747 the Presbytery of New-Castle ordained him as an evangelist for Virginia.

In the county of Hanover, in Virginia, a preparation had been going on for seven years for the coming of such a man as Davies, and for the influences which such a man as Davies would bring with him, in which it would seem that any eye which ever sees such a hand at all in human affairs might see a higher hand than that of man. George Whitefield had passed through the State in 1740.

Reports had reached certain men in Hanover of the great increase in parts of Maryland, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England, of a more vital spirit of religion than prevailed in Virginia. They had been regular attendants at the parish churches. But they did not find at the parish churches what their newly awakened spirits craved. Some stray leaves of *Boston's Fourfold State* fell into the hands of one. He sent to England by the next ship for the whole book; and when it was obtained, he professed the faith exhibited in that book. A copy of *Luther on the Galatians* fell into the hands of another, with the same result. A third obtained somehow a volume of Whitefield's *Glasgow Sermons*. Without any concert, four gentlemen absented themselves from the parish church on the same Sabbath and for the same reason: that they might direct their attention at home to subjects more to their tastes than those presented at the parish church. For their delinquency they were summoned to answer on the same day before the same magistrates; and not until they met to be punished as culprits did either of them know that he had three fellows in this strange offence. It is not positively known who these four men were. One of them certainly was Samuel Morris. Hunt, the father of the Rev. Mr. Hunt of Maryland (who gave a very minute account of the affair to a gentleman of Albemarle, in 1792), was pretty certainly another. We are probably to look for the other two among the persons who afterwards obtained license for houses of worship on their lands: David Rice and Stephen Lacy, of Hanover, and Thomas Watkins, of Henrico; or we are to look for them among those who were indicted for worship-

ping contrary to law during the short visit of Davies' fore-runner, Rev. Mr. Roan: Thomas Watkins, son of Edward, Joshua Morris, Isaac Winston, Sr., John Sims, son of John, Roger Shackelford, Thomas Green and William Allen. The first four confessors were, no doubt, Morris, Hunt, and some two of these. In order to understand correctly the nature of this movement, it is indispensable that the reader of Foote's *Sketches* should retain distinctly in view the fact—of which the book furnishes ample proof—that it was not sectarian or schismatical in its character. It was very far from being a movement *growing out of* opposition to the peculiarities of the established church. It grew out of a desire for things which were believed to be the soul of all religion, which were not found in the establishment; they felt themselves compelled to forsake a particular form of church government from fidelity to that without which all forms of church government are empty and vain; they were far from being mere proselytes from one sect to another; they were converts to the Holy Evangel in its living power; they had no definite idea of the form of church government to which they were going; they had no definite objections to the form of church government (considered as such) from which they were going; they left the established church not on account of what it had, but on account of what, so far as they saw, it had not. It is true that at the sessions of the general court, in April, 1747, Robert White, Sr., Margaret White and John White, Jr., were presented by the grand jury for reviling the Church of England. And there were presentments of the same description against that probably not very discreet minister Roan, and others at the time of his visit to Virginia, two years before. But this was several years after the opening of the reading houses, and grew out of a peculiarity of spirit in Roan, which most others embarked in the same cause regretted. Moreover, these charges were afterwards disproven.

Among these non-conformists, Samuel Morris seems to have been deservedly regarded as the leader, both as to

the firmness of his principles and his discreet conduct. Again, the four men, probably the same four who had met at first before the county magistrates, were summoned to Williamsburg, to answer for themselves before the governor and council. Morris had been fined about twenty times for dissent. He and his brethren had at first called themselves Lutherans, on account of the great service rendered them by Luther's work on the Galatians, and because they merely knew Luther as an eminent Reformer. But during their famous journey to Williamsburg, this title was relinquished, and another adopted in its stead, under circumstances deeply striking and romantic.

It seems to have been summer. One of the party was, by some means or other, detached from his companions during the journey, and while travelling thus alone was overtaken by a violent storm, from which he sought shelter in the house of a poor man by the wayside. There was in this poor man's house an old volume, lying upon a shelf, covered with dust, which our traveller took down for his entertainment while he should be detained there. To men who had seen no summary of religion but the articles of the establishment, to which the law itself allowed certain exceptions—men who called themselves Lutherans merely because they had made important practical use of a commentary by that Reformer on one of the apostolic epistles—to men who *felt* the form of their religion rather than saw it anywhere clearly summed up, such a volume as this proved to be must have been very acceptable. When the storm had abated, and the traveller was to resume his journey, he offered to purchase the book; but the poor man made it a present to him, as being of no use there. The book was examined by the whole party when they got again together; and they all agreed, with surprise and pleasure, that it was a methodical statement of the faith which they held. The title-page of the book was probably torn off. It does not appear that these men knew the ecclesiastical name of the church of which it was the symbol. But on

their arrival in Williamsburg, they presented it to the governor and council as the symbol of their faith. It was the *Confession of the Church of Scotland*. Gooch was governor, and Gooch had himself been educated in the Scottish Church. He knew the book at once, and declared that men of that faith were to be acknowledged as a part of the Established Church of Great Britain. In addition, he had promised kindness to the professors of that faith in the valley of the Shenandoah a few years previously, on account of the resolute and sturdy defence which they made of the frontier of the colony against the Indians. These things which disposed the mind of the governor to clemency on the occasion did not of course operate on the council, and they might still have been found refractory; but again there was a severe thunder-storm, raging while these men stood before the council, the second occurrence of the kind which had been linked with their affairs since they left home, "shaking the house and wrapping all in sheets of fire," which had a softening influence on the minds of the governor and council, inclining them to deal gently with their fellow-men.¹ The confessors were accordingly dismissed with gentle admonitions to preserve the peace. There is much significance and grandeur in that scene when it is fully conceived. On the one hand the governor and his council, bearing themselves with the dignity which marked public men, especially in our colony, from the earliest times, and dressed in that really splendid and gorgeous court-dress of those times, which those who have seen the full-length portraits of "King Carter," of Corotoman, the predecessor of Gooch in the governor's chair, can appreciate; on the other hand, the confessors themselves, stout-hearted, yet staid, sober men, unwilling to be breakers of law, yet asking rights of conscience, wishing to render his own to Cæsar if they may at the same time render his own to God; then there was the old and probably dilapidated volume, of whose historical importance they to whom

¹ *Foote*, p. 124; *Campbell*, p. 116.

it afforded present shield and defence were not informed, passing from their hands to those of the governor; and lastly, the lurid flashes of lightning illumining the scene, and awing to gentleness those who might otherwise have been severe and harsh. It may remind us in some respects of that other scene so frequently met with in pictures on the walls of American people, where nearly the same number of men stand presenting to the Continental Congress the first draft of the Declaration of Independence.

It was among these men that Samuel Davies made his appearance as their teacher and guide. He appeared before the governor and council at Williamsburg, in April, 1747, with a petition that they would grant him liberty to officiate at four preaching places in and about the county of Hanover. The annoyances of the Dissenters had not ceased. Other missionaries had visited Hanover since 1743. A presentment had been made against one of them, Mr. Roan, in 1745, which, together with those against the Whites, already mentioned, could not be sustained, and were accordingly dismissed. But the suits against certain persons as the hearers of Roan had not been relinquished, and some of them were actually on trial in court on the very year and month on which Davies obtained his licenses for Hanover. In fact, in two days after the date of Davies' license, the trial of those who had been indicted for hearing Roan commenced before the same tribunal, at the same place. And on the next year, when young Rodgers, who afterwards became the famous Dr. Rodgers of New York, came down to Virginia with Davies, and at his earnest solicitation, to become his co-laborer, should the way be clear, Gooch successfully exerted himself with the council to prevent their withdrawing from Davies the licenses they had given him. And as to Rodgers they said: "*We have Mr. Rodgers out, and we are determined to keep him out.*" Gooch has been charged with duplicity in thus favoring Davies and presenting so different a front to Roan and Rodgers. It is thought to have been a personal favor of the governor

to young Davies. There is a power in the spirit of a naturally noble man—in his very eye—which in such cases often commands respect and conciliates favor imperceptibly to him who exerts it, and to him who nobly feels and owns it, and which it is hardly less complimentary to be under the influence of than it is to wield it. Such we believe to have been the true secret of the favor with which Governor Gooch treated Samuel Davies. Yet there are not wanting some other little incidents in the life of Gooch, in addition to the kind treatment extended by him to the first four confessors, and afterwards to Davies, which show him to have been very capable of generous impulses without any other than the best motives being imputable. One such incident occurred during the short time which Rodgers spent in company with Davies in Virginia: “One of the clergy of Hanover followed Messrs. Davies and Rodgers to Williamsburg, and complained that Mr. Rodgers had preached in the province without license, and demanded the rigid enforcement of the law. From members of the council he met with encouragement, but from the governor a rebuke: ‘I am surprised at you!—you profess to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and you come and complain of a man, and wish me to punish him for preaching the gospel! For shame, sir! go home, and mind your own duty. For such a piece of conduct you deserve to have your gown stripped over your shoulders.’”¹ It is in reference to this period of time that Burke, the historian, makes his noted remark (quoted by *Foote*, p. 166), that “almost all the intelligent men in the colony, and among the rest several who afterwards became distinguished as the champions of an unqualified freedom in everything relating to the human mind, and even the venerable name of Pendleton, appear in the class of persecutors—a proof that liberality and toleration are not instinctive qualities, the growth of an hour, but the result of wisdom and experience.”

Though Davies was now settled in Virginia himself, and

¹ *Foote*, p. 168.

had obtained four preaching places according to the Act of Toleration, yet when he attempted to introduce Mr. Rodgers as his assistant, the Williamsburg tribunal held that the interpretation of the Act of Toleration was doubtful as to the admission of *preachers*; and when Davies applied, as he soon did, for the licensure of three additional places of preaching, then the Williamsburg tribunal held that the interpretation of the act was doubtful as to the licensure of additional *places*. The king's attorney-general at this time was Peyton Randolph, a man whose course, as the standing adversary of Davies during all this struggle for toleration, appears the more singular, as he afterwards became one of the leading asserters of civil liberty in the colony. He was in fact the first president of the Continental or Rebel Congress, and but for his untimely death, in 1775, in the fifty-second year of his age, would probably have been the leading lawyer and statesman of the American Revolution. His opinion on the whole subject of toleration seems to have been an opinion constructed for a purpose, not an opinion dictated by fair judgment. From all that we now know, he did not admit the application of the Act of Toleration to the colonies at all. But Davies being in, he modified that opinion so as to hold that Dissenters ought to be limited to a very small number of places. And yet, if the license of Davies was lawful, the license of Rodgers under the same circumstances would have been lawful; and if it was lawful to open four places for Davies, it was lawful under the same demand to open forty places for Davies, and for whomsoever else the worshippers might desire. And on this subject there was almost a lifelong contest between the king's attorney and the dissenting leader, the champion of uniformity and the champion of liberty. In the modified opinion on the subject which Randolph adopted on the occasion of Rodgers' application for license, and on the occasion of Davies' application for the three places additional to the first four, the attorney seems to have conformed to the views which

had by that time been made known of the Bishop of London, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, to whose diocese the province of Virginia was recognized as belonging. That eminent prelate thought that one preaching place was all that a Dissenter in Mr. Davies' situation could ask for; and to this opinion Peyton Randolph seems to have immediately conformed, forgetful of the fact that though the Bishop of London might hold it consistently, yet it involved *him* in inconsistencies on every side. To hold that a Dissenter was entitled to only one preaching place was to stultify the government at Williamsburg, which had already granted Davies *four*; and it was also an admission that the Act of Toleration did apply to the colonies, a position that he had long battled against, and which he still continued to resist.

That notable occasion of the "keen encounter of their wits" between Davies and Randolph, of which our ancestors retained for two or three generations a remembrance probably as vivid as is now retained of the great debate between Webster and Hayne in the United States Senate, was, without much room for doubt, when Davies applied for license for the three additional places of preaching.¹ Davies was permitted to speak for himself on the occasion. He was about twenty-seven years of age. His opponent was the attorney-general of Virginia, one of the ablest lawyers and most eminent men in America. The attorney-general was believed to have intended the amusement of the court that day at the expense of the Dissenters. Perhaps it was owing to that intention on the part of the keen, high-spirited cavalier lawyer, himself just at the same age as Davies, that the latter was permitted to manage his own cause on the occasion. Randolph's intention had probably been *scented* during his opening speech. A "titter" circulated in the audience as Davies rose to reply. When he had been speaking for awhile, one remarked, as his anticipated fun was in the act of being spoiled or transferred,

¹ *Footc.*, pp. 171-293.

"The attorney has met his match to-day;" another said, "There is an excellent lawyer spoilt." Nor is it remarkable that an intelligent audience should have made such remarks. Randolph had maintained, perhaps rather more unguardedly than usual, that the Act of Toleration did not apply to the colonies. And though nothing of his speech has come down to us except this general ground of it, yet we may well conceive that his argument would be drawn from the fact that the religious laws of the British Parliament, growing out of the circumstances of that kingdom, and made to meet the exigencies of that people, could not therefore be properly applicable to the colonies, where the same circumstances, the same exigencies, did not exist. This argument Davies turned completely against him, by arguing that if the Act of Toleration did not apply to the colonies, neither did the Act of Uniformity apply to the colonies, since the same things might be said precisely of the adaptation of that act also to the exigencies of the mother country. The Dissenter gained "the laurels" of that day, and also gained his cause. The governor and a majority of the council sustained him.

But the opposition of Randolph did not cease there. In the year 1753, Davies went to England, partly on behalf of the new college of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and partly on behalf of the Dissenters of Virginia. A diary which he kept of his journey, in fifty rather closely printed pages in the work of Dr. Foote, giving with great distinctness a view of Great Britain as it then was, which we should not know where to find elsewhere, is itself alone worth the price of the volume. But he had not escaped his "old adversary" by crossing the Atlantic. Under date of March 4, 1754, he says, "I find Peyton Randolph, Esq., my old adversary, is now in London, and will no doubt oppose whatever is done in favor of the Dissenters in Hanover." And again, under date of March 16, he says, "The death of Mr. Pelham, the prospect of sending a bishop over to America, the confusion between the governor and assembly in Virginia, and

Mr. Randolph, my old adversary, being now in London, are all great obstructions at present to the relief of my oppressed people." Yet he did succeed in obtaining the opinion of Sir Dudley Ryder, the king's attorney-general for England, in opposition to that of the king's attorney-general for Virginia, that the Act of Toleration did extend to the colonies.

The storm of war now came on, first the French and Indian War of 1755, and afterwards the wilder and fiercer storm of the Revolution. They were in effect like the flashing tempest which surrounded the council chamber when the first four confessors stood before the governor and council; they "had a softening influence on the minds of men, inclining them to deal gently with their fellow-men," who were their fellow-citizens, and were struggling with them with mighty ardor for civil liberty. The harassing trials of the Dissenters now in a great measure ceased.

It would be pleasant to occupy more space than we can here claim to speak of those sermons of burning patriotism which Davies delivered to the Hanover volunteers, which stirred their spirits more than drum and fife, after which they were ready to say, "Let us march against the enemy," "let us conquer or die;" after which new men would rush to the recruiting officer to be enrolled in greater numbers than he was authorized to receive; after which whole regiments would crowd around him to catch every falling word, and from which there is good reason to believe that

"Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas."

first caught the electric sparks of his high oratory, his bold spirit and his love of liberty.¹ The forest in which Lord Byron represents his American Demosthenes as being born was the forest in which Davies preached, and the forest in which the young Demosthenes used to drive his mother in a gig to hear Davies preach. But we must leave these things to be sought in the *Sketches* themselves by those who

¹ Campbell's *History of Virginia*, p. 133.

love to trace those inward genealogies which sometimes exist by the wafting of sparks of the spirit's purest fire from one to another, and their kindling to the highest issues.

Davies was elected President of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and removed to Princeton July, 1759. He departed this life in February, 1761, aged thirty-seven years. Gordon, of Wicomico, says in his journal, under date of March 12, 1761, "Yesterday heard the disagreeable news of the death of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Davies. Never was a man in America, I imagine, more lamented." It was perhaps Sir Walter Scott who said, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron, "Only thirty-seven years old, and so much done for immortality!" The manifold works which Davies had wrought for immortality by the same period of life crowd upon the thought in thick-coming forms of reality, and of so much more lasting material, and of so much higher dignity than the deeds for immortality of the bards of the nations, who, high and admirable souls as they often are, yet only sing for the ear of earthly fame, or seek the prizes of human ambition, that we pretend no adequate expression of them. He has left nobler monuments for the future than even emancipated Greece. His ecclesiastical posterity regard him as probably the best preacher whom America has to this day produced. His printed sermons are to this day probably the best on the book-shelves; taking precedence over those of Robert South, as being equal to them in every important quality, and far superior to them in temper and spirit; taking precedence, at least for practical worth, over those of Robert Hall, as coming down more directly to "men's business and their bosoms" than the more stately and classical orations of the great English Baptist.

We are yet arrived only at the fourteenth of the twenty-four chapters of *Sketches*. There are scenes and persons in them yet untouched in this review which would probably possess a deeper charm for many readers than those which we have brought forward. But for having already

taken so much space, we should strongly desire to speak at some length of James Waddell, the blind preacher; of Wirt, the blind secluded Milton, yet the eloquent Chrysostom of the book, whom we seem to see far more distinctly in these pages than we had seen him before. We should much desire to speak of the "three auxiliaries to the cause of liberty of conscience," of which the fourteenth chapter treats, and of the progress of that cause during the Revolution, and of the deeds of Jefferson and Madison in its behalf, of which the fifteenth treats; where a high tribute would be due to the men of the old Hanover Presbytery, whose recorded action is now for the first time, we believe, collected before the public eye, and whose motives are placed beyond the reach of obloquy by the incontestible proof that they preferred general liberty to a proffered participation in the benefit of the legislative enactments on the subject of religion which were proposed and which they resisted. We had also much wished to quote at large Patrick Henry's powerful and characteristic speech in a cause involving religious liberty, at Fredericksburg, which we believe is not found in Mr. Wirt's pages; at least it was new to us here. We also desired to call attention to the circumstances in which the College of Hampden-Sidney had its rise, and the care which was taken by Henry, Madison, Cabell, and its other first trustees, that it should be and remain a seminary of the principles of freedom indicated in the names which it bears; and to those thrilling times when the President of Hampden-Sidney, Blair Smith, and most of its students rushed as volunteers to the Revolutionary standard. We should much like to sketch on these pages the rise of Washington College, and the life of that great, strong man, William Graham, who led it into existence; and the life of the silver-fisted Lacy, one of the most pleasant characters in the book; and that strange scene at Harrisonburg, when an armed force interfered in a debate between Hoge and Graham, on Hoge's side, and were quelled by Hoge's rushing among them and entreating order and peace. Of

these scenes and persons, and of many other scenes and other persons, worth the attention of every reader who loves the good fame of his State, as made up of the noble spirits and noble deeds of the olden time, we should have greatly desired to take a much more extended notice, if this article were not already so protracted, and if we did not earnestly hope that the greater part of those who may peruse what is here written will also read the book of which we have been speaking.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.¹

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the deepest mysteries in the ancient Greek philosophy is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—the metempsychosis, as it was called. According to that doctrine the soul of man moved forward from body to body in the drama of this world. The soul which was Euphorbus at Troy, was afterwards Pythagoras, the wonder-worker of Greece. While one day musing in an Argive temple, the spirit, then in the body of Pythagoras, saw and knew upon the wall the shield it had worn at the siege of Troy when it was in the body of Euphorbus. “*Clypeo Trojana reflexo tempora testatus.*” And the mystical sage professed that some rays of memory of those grand old days at Troy actually broke in upon him there in Argos, after the lapse of full five hundred years:

“Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.”—*Ovid.*

We shall ever believe that there was more of the soul, if not the body, of truth, among those noble old lovers of the spirit's mysteries, than there was among the Hobbeses and the Humes and other dry-as-dusts, their scoffers, in modern times. As wild a thing as this metempsychosis seems to be, it is easy to show that, like several other things which satyrs and sadducees had hooted away, and which deeper, humbler souls are bringing back, it takes its rise from among the very crystals around the fountain of human thought. Its germ was truth; and although its growth became excres-

¹ This article appeared in *The Southern Literary Messenger* for December, 1848.

cent, yet it still continued to tell a certain truth to all meditative minds. The following passage by Sir William C. Smith, late Baron of the Irish Exchequer, a man of a very highly cultivated and philosophic mind, probably describes the very mystery of human nature which gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis with the Samian sage, and to that of all knowledge being but the memory of a preëxistence as taught by his great disciple, Plato :

“In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be permitted here to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own? I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one which, in the very place and in the very words, with the same persons and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some preëxistent state.”¹

¹The following was added as a footnote by the editor :

“This striking passage from Baron Smith seems but another form of expressing what Sir Walter Scott has so finely suggested in the person of Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. The reader will perhaps recollect the train of thought in which Bertram indulged on revisiting the castle of Ellangowan. A resemblance so remarkable could scarcely have been accidental. We quote from *Guy Mannering*, in the opening of the forty-first chapter :

“‘Why is it, he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas, which the scene prompted,—why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts,

The biographer of the Irish lawyer says that the fact of such mysterious appearances is beyond all question in minds of a peculiar constitution, and goes on to give a conversation not long since had with another distinguished member of the bar, a man not very prone to airy fancies, who said that, "once when shooting in a remote part of the county of Cork, which he had never till then visited, he reached a certain spot which he had the most distinct remembrance of having seen before; the hills, the trees, the river, the old tower, in fact everything served to satisfy his memory."

If one should take this fine piece of metaphysical analysis in his hand, and visit the parlors of the best cultivated and most reflecting characters from the Potomac to the Roanoke, a wager could hardly be lost on his finding more witnesses to its truth than he would find Hobbesists and Humeists to scout the grand old mysteries. And the witnesses for it would weigh more, as well as number more, than those against it. An hundred men would say, each of them, that he had an hundred times had the same experience; that in passing some country-seat with its avenue of tall trees, or in coming upon some wild, striking scene by a sudden turn of the road, or in looking out from the window of a stage-coach unpremeditatedly, in places he was visiting for the first time, he had caught "that momentary flash of reminiscence," that "dark reflection of times past."

This is, perhaps, the truth which is at the bottom also of some of the most mysterious things related of Cornelius

which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonsie *would have ascribed to a state of previous existence?* Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet *feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers nor the subjects are entirely new*; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!"

Agrippa, the German magician of the fifteenth century; especially of what was said to have occurred on the occasion of his meeting with the poet-earl of Surrey at the court of the Elector of Saxony. Among many eminent men present was the famous Desiderius Erasmus. All wanted to see some famous man of the past presented to view by the power of his art. One wished to see Plautus; another Ovid; but the wish of Erasmus prevailed, who desired to see Tully in the act of delivering his oration in behalf of Roscius. It is said that the Roman did appear and did deliver the oration *just as we have it*, with such gestures and animation and spirit that the audience were ready again to acquit Roscius by a unanimous verdict. The truth that is in the marvel is perhaps this: The very soul of Erasmus had been nourished and brought up on the genius of Tully. The same was probably true of others, perhaps of all in the company. It is plain in the very terms of the story that they were all lovers of the new classic learning which was then just fairly beginning to brighten the spirit of Europe. The magician may have struck "the electric chain" of their memory by means not more abstruse than those known to be in the employment of mere legerdemain, so as to produce an impression of the presence of a scene upon which their thoughts were turned, and which their own deep anxieties were assisting him to present. At least Erasmus could without great difficulty dream he saw and heard Tully, and the others would not wish to have seen or heard less than the learned Herr Erasmus. It is to be well noted that the exhibitions of Agrippa to his various customers were always those persons of the past upon whom the deep passions of the spectator ran—the dead object of love—the scenes of some splendid work of ancient genius—the object which genius or ambition emulated. He is said to have had an interview with the Wandering Jew, that interloping outlaw of modern romance, in which he showed to the fascinated soul of that being the Eastern maiden whom he had loved in his youth, under a palm-tree by a fountain some-

where in the East. Sir Thomas More was a great lover of the new Greek learning, and Agrippa showed Sir Thomas More the destruction of Troy in a dream. By-the-by, it was a dream which a Sir Thomas More of this day would count it no great marvel to have without an Agrippa, provided he had spent the preceding day and evening deeply wrapped in the Iliad. To Thomas Cromwell, the magician showed Henry VIII. and a bevy of lords hunting in Windsor forest; and to Charles V. of Germany, a man ambitious of a sort of glory which came not swiftly enough upon him, he showed David, Solomon, Gideon and the nine worthies, in their appropriate dress.¹

These men, it is true, Agrippa and Pythagoras, had much of what we should now term *humbug* about them. Yet they probably felt some mysterious but true laws of the soul more strongly than other men. The Greek was evidently a man of the deepest idiosyncrasies. Emotions which in other men show no great prominence, because they are balanced and counteracted, were probably the daily governing impulses of his mind. The world, as he saw it, was not the calm world of spirits with which, though it is invisible, yet other men, indeed all men of meditative habits, feel that they live and move and think in contact; but it was the world of spirits exhilarated with some ethereal drink of spirits, and dancing in wild revelry on some Grecian Walpurgis Night. Consequently there was a monstrous deal of overacting in his life. There was as much overstatement in his philosophy. The golden apples are almost undiscoverable in the redundancy of the thick many-hued foliage. May we not here turn Pythagorean or Agrippist for a few chapters, and feel and live along the chain which binds us to the past?

¹ See Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*.

CHAPTER II.

It would be a rich fruit indeed of spells and enchantments, a noble crown of mystical lore, could we call up the men of the olden time, whose spirits should give us living light upon the grand old cities, their arts, their poetry, their every-day thoughts and ways of life. Could we invoke, for instance, some man who had lived at Athens in her grandest days, who should appear not awaking from three and twenty centuries of dreamless slumber, but knowing the present, remembering the past, and bearing in his one spirit the scenes and events and thoughts which man evolved in the intervening years, it would be truly a glorious shade. The real shades of the men of Athens, like those of other men, have entered into that immortality not of earth, of which their half-inspired Plato dreamed. But there is also an earthly immortality of which men speak, not altogether in a figure; and shades which, whether in fact or figure, inhabit those earthly immortalities. And even here, "farther west than his sires' islands of the blest," such an one may not disrespectfully be invited to give us at least the shadow of light upon things of old.

"I come. You shall hear me, if you will hear. Let your spirit fly far backwards in the long journey of the marching years. Of a distant age, of times when a different light lay on the spirit of man from that which I now see upon it, and of a distant land, you shall hear, if you will hear. At Athens, I was Theophrastus. My birth was in Lesbos, the land of Sappho. I first saw Athens just after the day of Mantinea, when Epaminondas fell in the greatest glory of all the Greeks. The Athenian warriors had fought against the Theban that day; but the Theban had beaten the Spartan wing, not the Athenian wing; and as the news of the fight spread in the marble city its mercurial men highly extolled the great dead Theban as comparable even to their own Pericles, inquired briefly of the battle, gave a few words of pity and regret to their own dead who had

fallen there, and rushed to a drama of Euripides at the theatre. Pericles had been dead nearly seventy years. Since he was taken away, the disastrous close of the Peloponnesian war, the reign of the Thirty, and the liberation by Thrasybulus, had come and gone. Iphicrates and Chabrias were the leaders of the state in its new freedom; but they were not sons, hardly were they effigies, of Pericles. Had you compared them to him in the Agora, some aged man, with his braided hair surmounted by the golden cicada, mingling in his tones sadness, reproof and a sense of triumph in the old times, would have shown you Pericles in the field; would have told you how the eloquence of Pericles inspired thoughts so lofty and heroic that the people called it Olympian, and said it thundered; would have described to you the scene when the throneless and now childless old statesman came one day into the Pnyx, into the public assembly, where the fickle Demos had a little while before fined him fifty talents; how the crowd saluted him with deeper reverence than ever, and sobs of contrition burst from the whole assembly; how they all earnestly entreated his forgiveness, and by one sweeping vote re-invested him with all authority in the state. 'That,' he would have said, 'was indeed a man.' Zeuxis and Parrhasius were men when Pericles was a boy. Phidias, the sculptor, was near the same age as his great patron, and died less than one Olympiad before him. And of about the same age was also Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. I myself, in the latter years of my life, saw Praxiteles, who came from Italy and wrought in Parian marble instead of the Pentelic, which had been chiefly used before. These were the men of Athens of that grand day, which was just before my day, in the arts which shed glory upon outward life. I saw their works about the city—the canvas of Zeuxis and the marble of Praxiteles at the portico of the Poecile, which caused one to feel, on entering and looking around, as if he had entered Jove's richest hall on Olympus, and found a conclave of the brightest gods and goddesses sitting to-

gether, consulting or enjoying their tranquil blessedness; the Propylea with the widely beautiful temples on its wings; the statue of Minerva Promachos within the enclosure of the Acropolis, lifting her tall crest and spear-point so high as to be visible to sailors at sea farther off than Sunium; and to crown all the works of glory, as it crowned the Acropolis, there stood the Parthenon itself, and within it the gold-and-ivory statue of Minerva by Phidias. There was a robe of beauty about these things, a seeming life and meaning and language which spoke to the soul as you gazed, and most clearly to the highest soul, which nothing but the sudden breaking out of a vernal sunbeam on an Attic landscape could illustrate. It was a city, then, in which an hour's walk in the common haunts of the citizens sent dreams of ideal loveliness into the soul fairer than men of all other ages and climes have since attained to form or to conceive.

“Such beauty in the outer world singing its daily song to the eye and to the imagination—almost indeed singing to the ear—was sure to breed its kindred things in the inner world of man. It is true, indeed, that Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, had all passed away. But, though dead, yet they were still speaking to the Athenians in the theatre. And by feeding the spirits of men with the intellectual beauties they were prepared to taste, the tragedies were preparing them, by the mystic and prophetic strains of the choruses, for higher things yet to come. From such a cradle, in such an age, Plato came; and none less than Plato would have been a worthy offspring. I, a schoolboy, was sent from Lesbos to be his pupil; and I saw him first seated in the grove of the Academy, venerable with more than sixty years of age, surrounded by a crowd of the young nobles of all Greece, modestly professing to teach them merely the philosophy of the murdered Socrates, yet bearing away his auditors, their heads inclining to him and their countenances lighted with rapture, in the flights of a genius which all felt to be of far more nervous wing, and higher

soaring and keener eye, than that of Socrates. Some years after my coming, there came also one day, from the city of Stagira, to school there, young Aristotle, a gentleman of the most accomplished manners, scrupulously elegant in his dress, contrary to the maxims of the first Academy, and of a sort of inexorable justness of thought, which led him often to scruple at the loftier visions of the poet-sage. This finally made his house a rallying-point to those members of the Academy in whose minds the rational and reflective understanding was stronger than the poetic faculty, and was the nucleus of the school on the other side of the city in the grove of the Lyceum; but not until after the death of Plato. For twenty years Aristotle lived with his master, beloved by him, and by him called the '*mind of the school.*' I became a member of that school in the Lyceum called Peripatetic, and finally succeeded Aristotle as its head. From this new location, between the city walls and Mount Hymettus, on the southeastern side of the city, being not far from the theatre of Bacchus, we could often hear the plaudits of the people and the soft, wild chorus of flutes, causing us to feel that Athens was learning rapidly to speak to the ear in music, and clothe in sound the mystic joy and love and aspiration of mortal life, as she had before spoken to the eye and the imagination and the reason by sculpture and poetry and philosophy. Then it seemed to us that the beam of light was perfect, having all its prismatic rays, and was pure and clear white. But it was not yet so; there was yet another earthly ray to be added; another yet, different from that beam, from the higher God, which was to shine on another city, far eastward of Athens, and which Plato foresaw and longed to see with open vision, and which he said some greater Socrates, descending from a city above, even higher than that of the Olympian deities, was to visit the earth to bring down.¹ There was yet another ray to come beside that. A young orator whom I had known a short while as a senior

¹ Plato's *Alcibiades*, lib. 2.

school-fellow at the Academy was the next year hissed from the Bema of Athens. For some years he had been lost from public sight. Few cared to inquire what had become of him. Of those who spoke of him at all, some said he was taking private lessons from an actor who professed to see a jewel in him; and others that he was living in a cave by the seashore, declaiming in great anger to the angry waves. But suddenly one day there came a tremendous shout from the public assembly. It was the day on which the repeal of Leptines' law came up for discussion. This man, making an invidious distinction in favor of the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogiton, had proposed and carried a heavy tax on every other citizen in Athens. Young Demosthenes had re-appeared that day, and seizing on the occasion which gave full scope to his favorite passion, as well as the favorite passion of his audience, the pride of Athenian glory, he overwhelmed Leptines in an oration 'on the immunities of Athenian citizens.' With such an orator as he proved himself to be on this and on other occasions, when even the schools of philosophy went to hear him, not excepting the snarlers of the Cynosarges themselves, we *felt* that the beam of the intellectual light of Athens was complete.

"Yet, fair as was that shining city, it is not the mere perception of its wonders which chiefly returns to me now of the reminiscences of that Athenian life of mine. Although I have stood in the Propylea when some grand procession of citizens of all classes and ranks, clad in mystic or triumphal dress in honor of Minerva, was about to pass through, and seeing the bronze valves of the five gates fly suddenly open, have felt the force of the exultation of Aristophanes:

"Shout, shout aloud of the view which appears of the old time-honored Athenae,
Wondrous in sight and famous in song where the noble Demos abideth,"

when the grandeur of the Parthenon burst upon my view; although from one of the hills of Hymettus I have looked upon the city in distant view, on a fair day, when it seemed

as if a bevy of the spirits of the blest had descended to nestle and abide there; although I have gazed and wondered for hours at the Poecile and in other porticoes of the artists; although in listening to legends of Pericles or in hearing an oration of Demosthenes, I have had visions of civil grandeur brought before me of great magnificence; even although I have gone along with some chorus of Euripides in the theatre, or some rhapsody of Plato in the grove, to the highest reach of their soaring powers of invention, yet it is the response to these things in the depths of my own soul which now arises to my view, rather than the bare memory of the things themselves. The arts of Athens sprang from certain primitive fountains of the love of beauty in the human soul. They did not create those fountains, as some suppose, but were born of them. And as offspring is like parent, as face answers to face in a glass, as the sky which appeared beneath the waters of Sunium was the image of the sky which glided over Attica, so were the arts of Athens the images of the love and the dreams of ideal beauty in the souls of men. And our souls respond in flashes of inward light and glory to their own image in their own offspring. It is those flashes of light which now return upon me in connection with the grandeur of Grecian life, rather than the memory of the scenes and perceptions themselves, which were but the connecting chains by which the inward and the outward world held communion. And flying from life to life those gleams of inward light pass down the stream of life in devious and wonderful ways. As a poet of the race which is, in the modern world, what the Greeks were in the ancient, has said:

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come.”¹

¹ Wordsworth.

CHAPTER III.

ACCOUNTS which seem entitled to credit say that sometimes the dead, in what is called the vampire state, are found, weeks and months after interment, with undecayed flesh, cheeks of life-like color, the old skin sloughing off like that of a serpent in early summer, and new and fresh skin forming underneath, as if the body were preparing to come out of the grave for another life on earth, or as if some mysterious power of nature were sporting in images of resurrection, in types and shadows of the future history of the grave. Perhaps this is a mere superstition. If it is not, it is one of the many things in heaven and earth yet not more than "dreamed of in our philosophy"—a mysterious *vis vivida* able to exist still in the house of death; a strange power that can beard the old Stygian lion, corruption, in his very den. May it not be regarded as a just emblem of some of our Piedmont landscapes? In these landscapes the parts of many a hill-side which are not furrowed with ghastly red gullies, are covered with ash-colored and worthless grass, which "withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." The slight waves into which it is indented by the winds of autumn seem as grinning mockeries of the waves of golden grain to be seen in other fields far away. Its complexion is that of the old skin of the dead. Too often there are no signs of the new robes of green springing up at its roots. Too often it is the mere and only robe of an unreviving decay. Not spring, with all the revelry of the days of vegetable resurrection, nor the sunshine of May and June, nor the showers of mid-summer, which seem almost to gladden the earth to its core, can awake in it the greenness of life. Such fields are desolate indeed, when skirted and spotted with ragged thickets of dwarf oak and pine. But in some regions the pines have ceased to be dwarfs. They stand as uniform in height as

if they were a harvest growing to be reaped by the scythe of some Titan or son of Anak. Even in the desolation of winter there is an indescribable charm in the deep green of their evergreen foliage. Like the cheeks of the vampire, they seem to triumph over winter and desolation, in retaining still that color which is the livery of summer and of Nature's life; and which has doubtless been chosen for that livery on account of its gratefulness to the eye, and may it not be added, on account of its mysterious charm for the spirit of man. A writer of very great genius locates one of the most fearful crimes which his own or any other pages unfold, under a "bare, wan and giant-like tree" surrounded by a ghastly wilderness and dead hedges. Who can tell what would be the social character of the men of this earth, if for one half-century summer should fail to give foliage to the woods and flowers to the earth, leaving the trees gaunt and unsightly, the gardens unadorned?

In regions where the pine groves are lofty and of uniform height, scenery is sometimes to be met with, which, if we saw things at home with as deep a spirit as we dream of things afar away, would probably be thought not to yield to "Arcadia's rocks and pines" in power over certain emotions of the mind. The flooring in such a grove is more uniform than in other woods, as it is covered with the spears of the foliage which has fallen. And when in addition it is carpeted with pure snow, and gleams of sunshine, on days fairer and far more blessed than was made by that grand "Sun of Austerlitz" which so deeply impressed the mind of the French Cæsar all his after life, mingle with the canopy above, making a rich vault of green and gold, and then fall sparkling on the floor of snow, and pour the varnish of an ineffably soft golden light over its surface of pearl, it is a scene fit for brighter beings than we; suggesting thoughts of things not realized in this life; perhaps a fit place of conclave for those pure visitors of earth which a dreaming poet has described, apparently with some such scene in imaginary view:

- “Look! look! in the shade of that grand old tree,
 What a glorious group is collected there,
 Who move like the streamers of light which we see
 In Aurora’s strange night-scenes in northern air.
- “Or like winter-day sunbeams at noon in the grove,
 As they reach through the boughs to the snow beneath;
 Or as dreaming we image the spirits of love
 Whom the light and the glory of heaven enwreath.
- “As men in Elysium enchanted, they stand,
 And their forms seem the models of heroes sublime;
 Their faces how radiant! how peerlessly grand!
 And their bearing, how nobler than beings of time!
- “For they are indeed spirits who here had their birth
 And were righteous, and now live in glory above,
 Whom heaven has allowed to revisit the earth,
 And enquire for awhile of its light and its love.
- “Now they hear and they see, not as we of this world,
 But whole cities and states from their chosen arcade
 They distinctly can hear and see, plainly unfurled,
 By the change in their senses which heaven has made.”¹

Agriculture has not contributed as much to our scenery as it might have done, and as it will do hereafter. In many places time and taste and spring and summer do much. But there are few places where, if you stand and look around with calm eye, and watch the richer sunsets, and await the fairer seasons, and learn to know their favored times, you may not catch glimpses of the grand spirit of nature, and feel the strange sympathies of your kindred with sky and air and tree and flower. True, the sympathies of that kindred have yet been but little uttered in appropriate expression. Our pines have not yet had their Theocritus. That voice of the wind among them, concerning which there is an insoluble doubt whether it is a sigh or a shout, a hallelujah or a dirge, is just the same as the “*ἄδὸν τὸ τῶν φελήμεσσαν,*” the song of the pines, of which the Syracusan poet sung in the dominions of Ptolemy Philadelphus. They lack the charm of the thought that a poet has been among

¹ Anonymous.

them; they lack the charm of the pagan dream that huntress Diana has made them ring with the chorus of her phantom dogs, and the wild woodland revelry of her buskined train of nymphs; and the charm of the thought that Minerva too has mused among them, who "*non minus in sylvis errare quam Diana.*" Yet they also have their charms. They are the produce of a renovating power in nature, as dark to our knowledge as the growing of the vampire skins of the dead. Their color is that of summer and hope and joyous life. They seem, too, to disport themselves in types and emblems. Theirs are colors over which winter, the annual shade and ghost of death, has no mastery. They stand there forever showing and singing forth the tidings of an immortality which the grave touches not but to brighten. Their line of blue lies along the horizon like man's redemption in the horizon of history, a sign and an actual source of bright hopes yet abiding in the land. Above them are often spread the glory-wings of a sunset probably quite as fine as the Athenians ever saw over "sea-born Salamis." In such an hour they deeply mingle in the dreams which the soul has brought with it from the unknown realms. In those mystic recognitions there is always a sense of the present as well as of the past. It is this which is now before us that is made to seem an apparition of the past. It is a strange thing of two widely different eras. The hues of the time now, and of the time long ago, are both upon it. It is a pageant whose costume varies like an alternating star between the robes of the fashion which we see now and those of which we know not where to find legend or chronicle or brazen clasp old enough to tell us.

CHAPTER IV.—DELOS.

IF Athens was, as the great bard called it, the *eye* of Greece, the little island of Delos may, with quite as much justness of metaphor be called the *heart* of Greece. Not that its soil was the richest in Greece, or its people the most warlike, its fortresses the most impregnable, or its citadel the most defensible; but that island, "*longe clarissima, cyckladum media, templo Apollinis et mercatu celebrata,*" was the organ, as it were, of some of the strangest social feelings of the Athenian confederacy with which it was joined. It was their treasury, their congressional city, the Bethlehem of their purest deities, the Mecca of their pilgrimages; the spot which they purified when their fortunes were and their deities seemed adverse; the altar to which they sent their most sacred and mysterious offerings by their fairest and noblest messengers; the port from which the sacred bark must return before even such enemies as Meletus and Lycon and Anytus would compel the hemlock to the lips even of so dangerous a prisoner as Socrates; the sacred isle which Cicero tells us was safe without walls—*sine muro nihil timebat*—when the pirates were swarming in the Greek and Italian seas, which Polycrates of Samos spared when he was irresistible on the ocean, and which even the Persians themselves dared not violate in a war which laid Athens in ruins. That island we would see in whatever sense the vision may be won. Yet, a vision of Delos as it lies in the past is the only one which is worth having. As the island now is, there is no voice of glory heard in it save the voice of the memory of far remote centuries. Like Milton's Eden after the deluge, it is but "the haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mew's clang." The whole island has been rented as pasture-ground for twenty crowns a year!

Poetry sees and shows and sings Delos rising from the depths of the ocean, drifting in the Ægean sea, and at length fixed in its place at a critical period as a receptacle for that unpopular courtesan of the gods, the unwedded mother of

Apollo. But the sterner pages of Herodotus and Thucydides exhibit scenes in Delos, in more sober colors and more sober times, which we would rather have toiled to some high place to witness than even the emergence of the seeming leviathan, and the smack of the perturbed waves against the sands of Rhenea and Myconos, and the drifting about of the unsteady float, and the air-borne Latona alighting upon it, trembling lest so frail a floor should yet careen with her weight, and again go down; the stroke of Lothario Jupiter's sceptre which made it fast; the relinquished pursuit of foiled Juno, and the scene beneath the sacred olive-tree which gave Apollo and Diana to Greek adoration. Let us rather look upon the Delos of historic times.

There was an annual day, in later times, when the trailing-tuniced Ionians, with their children and their modest spouses, from many an Ægean island, assembled at Delos in great, joyous, bustling festal crowds, for contests of pugilism and orchestry and song;¹ when, among other things which awoke the spirits and gave light to the eyes of the assembly, choirs of the brightest maidens of the islands, arrayed in the most imposing forms of Greek dress, walked in graceful order through the crowd, and uttered the purest sentiments of Greek imagination in tones of the wildest and richest music of the Greek islands.

It was on one of such days—we have a hint of it from the chief actor himself²—while these bands of the fairest maidens were moving through the great crowd with measured step and voice, that suddenly a voice was heard which was none of theirs, blending with their notes, and a half joy and half surprise arose among them, and looks of enquiry and wreathed smiles were exchanged, and one said to another among them, “O girls, what prince of singers is this man who has come among us here?” And when they have seen from whence the voice comes: “This man was announced as a poor stranger, and we are all so delighted with his singing!” And when no answer is returned to the

¹ Thucydides, lib. iii., 104.

² Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*, 165-176.

enquiry, and the stranger himself has heard the gossip of the merry maidens, he answers for himself: "A blind man, and he dwells in rugged Chios." Rather than any of the scenes of a cloudy mythology, we would see the assembly of that day, with its crowd of Ionian islanders, who came there with their spirits steadfastly gazing forward into the then very imperfectly explored realms of human art and intellectual beauty, its bands of Ionian maidens at length collected on the day and at the place for which their highest odes and the sweetest melodies of their voices had been reserved, on the occasion of their purest worship offered to those of their divinities, for whom alone of all the pantheon the purest cheeks among them need not blush. Suddenly there is a pause in their measured tread. They incline their ears to catch a new voice breathing through the song, as wild souls stricken with the music of the spheres are fabled to incline their ears to the stars at night, and listen to catch more surely the strange melody; and in their own partial silence it is now distinctly audible, "new as if brought from other spheres," sweet as if from the lips of Apollo himself, easily confessed to be the voice of a prince of singers. Rather than any secrets of the Hyperborean mysteries on which Herodotus so expatiates, we would have heard the voice of that question—it was doubtless one of the most queenly of the island maidens who uttered it—"who can this prince of singers be, who was announced here as a poor stranger?" Rather than the blazing wheat-straw of the Hyperborean mysteries themselves, we would see that "*ὑποκρίνασθε ἐνφύμωζ*," that courteous, artful, smiling evasion of the others of the choir, as if they would make sign that the strange voice itself must answer; and more than all, the pausing step and voice and the reverting head of the blind man of Chios himself, his sightless eyeballs upturned, and their lost cunning transferred to the portals of the keen ear, while, with half sad, half smiling face, and in the same gentle, kind voice which had called forth the question, he answers: "A blind old man, and he

dwells in rugged Chios." That scene did linger in the spirit of him who was the jewel of it—HOMER—although it reached him only through the portals of the ear.

Delos on another day within the light of assured history would be worth seeing. It is a scene reminding us of the visions of the beings of the world above, which came to the Hebrew patriarchs of old, and the significant names and monumental places connected with those visions—their Nissi, their Bethel, their Mahanaim. It seems a visible motion, among the mysteries of this life, of a spirit greater than human, greater than Apollo, or Jupiter, or Fate.

It was not lawful either to be born or to die in Delos. Both were held impure. The couch of Latona might be the couch of no one else; in the birthplace of Apollo and Diana no one else might be born. Those who were approaching either of the two forbidden events were to embark immediately for the neighboring island of Rhenea, which had been devoted to these purposes by a solemn bond. Death and burial in Delos had been sometimes winked at when fortune smiled on the Athenians and adverse fate seemed afar off. Pisistratus had undertaken to purify the island before the Peloponnesian war, but Ananias-like he had deceived the Latoides and done the work but partially. He had disinterred and removed only the dead bodies which were buried within reach of the eye from the temple. The conscience of Attic Greece was only partially purified. Thucydides tells us¹ that when the Peloponnesian war broke out, there was a headlong rush to arms on both sides, each seizing their sharpest weapons, because there were many youths both at Athens and at Sparta who had never seen war, and thought of it only in the hues of its romantic glory, not in those of its crimsoned battle-fields. But at that time a prodigy occurred which checked even the martial fury of the Athenian warriors. Delos was shaken by an earthquake! as it had not been in the memory of man, and as it had been supposed that the stroke of Jupiter's trident secured it from

¹ I. 8; III. 104.

ever being. This shook the hearts of the Athenians. Delos was then not acceptable to the gods. The conduct of Pistratus came into remembrance. Delos was not perfectly purified! And rashly as they were rushing to battle, this earthquake, together with a "certain oracle" to the same effect, arrested their steps, and they sent a solemn deputation to purify the soil of Delos of all the dead who had been permitted there to sleep in the dust of the earth. Perhaps classic antiquity hardly presents another scene in which the mysteries of the moral life of the Greeks stand out so palpably as on that strange day of resurrection at Delos. It is not summer; the forests are bare except the gloomy cypresses; the fields are not waving with ripe grain, that these groups of men which appear in them should be thought to be Delian harvesters. Nor are they sportsmen; the precincts are too sacred to permit the rude revelry of field sports; nor are they funeral processions employed in those solemn ceremonies of respect for the dead, which will release their manes from an hundred years of vagrancy on the hither shore of Styx. They were not, indeed, Delians at all, but Attic men, reversing funeral obsequies, disinterring the dead, taking away from this island the odor of death which may offend those immortal powers who preside over the destinies of men; obeying the dictate of last summer's earthquake, complying with that deep and strange conviction which has seized on the minds of the Attic statesmen, that all is not right between themselves and the immortal impersonations of truth and purity. They are purifying this soil that they may thus purify the spirit of the Attic confederacy, and prepare it to enter with firm heart into the struggle for existence with proud Sparta. They stand in the sight of all future ages testifying by the singular and significant action in which they are employed that there is an innate moral sense in man bearing reference to his weal or his woe, distributed by invisible powers above. So let every nation purify its Delos.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WHY I LOVE MY CHURCH.

MY church is the old Presbyterian Church; rich, through all ages of her history, in divine learning and in human learning, in deep thought and in deep faith: She is my church; and with fervent charity and kind goodwill towards all other friends of our common Lord, and to the churches into which they are gathered, I confess that I deeply and truly love my own church. I will explain why. If my reasons are good and true, they may awaken the same sacred attachment in other hearts—perhaps in your own, dear reader.

I. I love my church because she honors the Lord Jesus Christ as a divine Saviour; loves, adores and enthrones him in her heart as the “only Redeemer of God’s elect”; receives him in all his offices, as Prophet, Priest and King; believes in him supremely as the Mediator of the covenant of grace; and owns and acknowledges him, and him only, as the Head of the church, on earth and in heaven.

II. I love my church because, with all her imperfections, such as may cling to the best of earthly things, still, the piety which is in her is true godliness; it humbles and warms and cheers the believer’s heart, and is produced to quite as great a degree as that in any other church by the simple action of the divine word on the human heart.

III. I love my church because she owns and calmly maintains among men the great and glorious doctrines of grace which are taught so clearly in God’s word (see Eph. i.; Romans viii., ix.; 1 Peter i.); which human pride and the carnal heart so much oppose, though they are so clearly

laid down in Scripture, and are so precious to the humble, teachable and renewed heart.

IV. I love my church because she holds the great doctrines of grace in such manner as that "thereby neither is God represented as the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established" (*Confession of Faith*, Chap. III., Sec. I.); thus maintaining both parts of the revealed truth on this great subject without undertaking to explain all the difficulties which may grow out of them, but believing and maintaining them with loyal and faithful heart on the authority of the word of God.

V. I love my church because she owns the necessity of a pure, holy, godly life, not conformed to this world. Her ordinary history bears the record, which will be so precious in the light of eternity, that she is willing to sacrifice none of the faithful strictness of the divine word, in order, thereby, to purchase or procure the friendship and support of the sensual, the worldly, the unregenerate and the unspiritual.

VI. I love my church because she teaches and maintains that the regeneration and renewal of the human heart is effected by the power of the Holy Spirit of God alone, and not by baptism, or any other religious ceremony, human or divine.

VII. I love my church because the prayers which she offers are expressions of her present, living desires, adorations, thanks, wants, and requests; as unquestionably the prayers of our Lord and of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles were; and because she is not bound to take the language of former generations and other ages of mere men as the sole language of her present worship; but her worship, like her religion, is an incessant living development and utterance of the power of the Divine Spirit in the hearts of her children.

VIII. I love my church because, with all the defects and imperfections of her ministers, who are, as others are, but

men, yet she has, and has ever had, both a godly and an educated ministry; and has never had, and will not suffer, either a ministry of cold, dead, and worldly learning without godliness, nor a ministry in which piety is connected with ignorance and superstition.

IX. I love my church because she has erected the whole edifice of her most holy and precious faith upon the word of God, and no part of it upon the doctrines or commandments of men. (See *Confession of Faith; Form of Government*, Chap. I., Sec. I.)

X. I love my church because she maintains the principles of true catholicity, as laid down by Paul in the fourteenth chapter of the Romans; not denying the baptism of her sister churches, or the orders of their ministry, because their baptism or their orders are performed according to their own consciences, and not hers.

XI. I love my church because her baptism is by pouring or sprinkling, as it appears that our Saviour's was; as best shows, by type, the pouring out of the Holy Spirit; as was the baptism of the three thousand at Pentecost, of the Apostle Paul, and the Philippian jailer, and probably others (Luke iii. 21; Acts ii. 41, ix. 18, xvi. 33); and because she maintains with special faithfulness the baptism of the Holy Spirit of God, as the thing exhibited by baptism with water, and makes covenant with God for her children.

XII. I love my church because she steadfastly maintains, and has ever maintained, the pure institutions of the Holy Scriptures and of the church of Christ in its purest and most uncorrupt ages, that ministers of the gospel should be appointed and ordained to their office by the teaching elders or presbyters of the church: as the Apostle Paul was ordained by the teachers at Antioch (Acts xiii. 1), and as Timothy was ordained "by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery" (1 Tim. iv. 14); and for which government to be perpetuated, a preparation was made by the apostles and their fellow laborers, when they "ordained elders or presbyters in every city." (See Titus i. 15.)

XIII. I love my church because she is a truly and thoroughly reformed church, on the model of the Holy Scriptures, with no likeness, kindred, or tendency towards the great antichristian apostasy.

XIV. I love my church because she obeys the Scriptures in letting no man judge her on the subject of "meats and drinks and holy days," and "ordinances after the commandments and doctrines of men." (Col. ii.)

XV. I love my church because, in all her history, she is identified with constitutional liberty, the government of law, and the rights and the duties of man; and has ever been the leader in the great cause of legal liberty in church and state.

XVI. I love my church because she is ordinarily above the littleness of proselytism; and after her zealous advocacy of the truth as she apprehends it, she leaves men to form their church connections according to their own consciences, in view of that truth.

XVII. I love my church because she is not, and has never been, indifferent to the distinction between truth and error on any important subject, and because she is as free as it often falls to the lot of earthly things to be, from impurity, from schism, from heresy, from any exclusive assumption, or from the spiritual death of mere form and ceremony.

XVIII. I love my church because she steadfastly believes in, earnestly prays for, and frequently, through the grace of God, richly enjoys, powerful revivals of religion; walking in a happy middle path between wild and dangerous animal excitements on the one hand, and the frozen and dead forms of Pharisaism on the other hand. Thank God for that happy middle way, in which our hearts may be warmed with living fire from God above, and made to glow with the mighty power of the spiritual life, and yet we may diligently preserve the good order and the deep solemnity befitting the house of the Lord.

XIX. I love my church for her solemn and earnest prayers; for her grave and decent good order; for her rich, cheering, and godly psalms and hymns of praise; and for

the precious gospel of Christ, which, with jealous faithfulness and without corrupt admixtures, she guards, defends, and preaches to the people.

XX. I love my church because she is an elective republic—holding the official equality of her ministers, according to the words of the Lord Jesus, “One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren”—without the power of a religious monarch on the one hand, and without the uncertain caprice of an unchecked majority on the other hand, but with gradation of courts and due rights of appeal.

XXI. I love my church because those found around her standards are, in general, people of at least as sober judgments, as candid and peaceable spirits, as thinking, inquiring, investigating minds, as others, and reflect in society, so far as their influence goes, fully as much of the light of revealed truth as others.

XXII. I love my church because she is so peculiarly apt to be disliked by the gay infidel, the licentious and ribald sensualist, the ungodly worldling, the dark and dangerous fanatic, and the cold and blank atheist and pantheist.

XXIII. I love my church because her doctrines and her discipline are as old as the Holy Scriptures; they were in the hearts and lives of many of God’s hidden ones in the ages when the church was in the wilderness; and when religion had its great revival at the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, these doctrines and this discipline arose from the word of God, where, according to our humble faith, they had ever been.

XXIV. I love my church because, with little or nothing to attract the world, save the precious gospel of Christ, she has yet been attended by the mighty power of the Spirit of God during the past twenty years, so as to have doubled the number of her members; having advanced from the one hundred and forty thousand communicants which she had at that time to the two hundred and eighty thousand members which she has at the present time.¹

¹ 1860.

XXV. I love my church because I can so truly and faithfully love her, in accordance with the foregoing devout profession, and in strict accordance with her own principles, and yet preserve the unity of the Spirit, the bond of peace, fervent charity, and communion in their gifts, graces, and sacraments, with all that in every place call with true faith upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours.

XXVI. I love my church because she heartily accepts the Redeemer's great parting commandment: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; because she is, and has been, among the foremost of the tribes of his people in seeking to spread among men everywhere the knowledge of the truth as it is in J esus; and because she is blessed with the possession of as complete an equipment, perhaps with a more complete equipment, for the missionary work of the bright coming ages, than most other churches. She is thoroughly equipped with schools, colleges, and theological seminaries, for the training of her sons and daughters for his service. She is thoroughly equipped with her Missionary, Education, Publication, and Church Extension agencies for the actual execution of the missionary work. And she is thoroughly equipped with her Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assembly, to administer the government of the church on earth under her great Head in heaven, and to maintain right, liberty, and purity, as she has ever been blessed with the divine grace to incline and enable her to do.

XXVII. I love my church because she is a branch of the holy catholic church in the purest and truest sense of the words. Her members are grafted into the body of Christ, not merely by the appointed ceremony which is the sign and seal of engrafting, but is utterly vain and empty when alone; but also by the Holy Spirit of God, who alone can bestow on any soul real communion in the true catholic church. And I love her because that true holy catholic church, of which she is a branch, is distinguished from the

world by the work of the Spirit upon the hearts of men, and not by genealogies and successions of men without the Spirit of God. And I love her because proof is constantly accumulating everywhere, in the providence of God, that her consistent members meet with abundant acceptance and salvation from the Lord.

RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

It is to me a matter of great doubt whether religious biographies do most good or most harm. I am persuaded that the self-consciousness which they are apt to beget is injurious to the soul. There is no religious biography I ever read which details the keen pain of the sense of sins and follies remembered from the past as keenly as I feel it. Past sins do pain and tear me deeply. Past mistakes, follies, blunders and awkwardnesses pain almost as deeply as sins. Our connection with the past is indeed a curiosity and a wonder. But the probability of future publication, which may hang around the most private correspondence, fetters these records of the soul, robs them of their holy sacredness, and therefore of their perfect honesty and their perfect freedom. How the sins, errors and follies of the past rise daily to memory and pain my soul; and how the buffetings of Satan are constantly sent me to keep me from rising out of their view; and how pride ever grows like the old hydra, if you kill one head another springing up, are matters of reality to me, but which the self-consciousness of comparing mortal with mortal, engendered in religious biographies, and the thought of future publication subtly ministering to that subtlest of all pride, the pride of humility, and the thought at bottom after all, that such humility and perception of sin show a good state of the soul, of which the writer must be supposed unconscious, but of which he is conscious, distinctly conscious, after all, prevent me from trying to record. *Simplicity* is an exceed-

ingly valuable and excellent part of religious consciousness ; a simplicity which is in the main occupied in looking at the *objects of faith*, and not in this self-conscious and often proud and mawkish self-analysis. Do religious biographies do more good than the evil which they do in promoting this self-consciousness?

It is amazing how much the past contains! and what an impression often haunts us that just near us is some invisible returned being of the past! and how strongly the great truth sometimes comes to us that the past is not gone entirely, nor disconnected from us, and from some present relation to our souls. The hours when we were under the roof and saw the smile of that representative of God to us, our earthly father, appear to be anything but the dead past to us. There are golden chains which bind us to our deeds in the past, and to our hours of reflection, and to our visions of the souls of others in their deeds and words and smiles, which are chains of the most mysterious construction.

GODLINESS IN PRIVATE.

WHERE, in these days, is that godliness which loves private life, and does not seek nor desire notoriety or fame, but which loves to walk daily with Jesus Christ, seeing a new side of his character every now and then? That godliness loves but few *books*, and those of good sense and deep religion. That godliness does not abuse and deride *fashion*, but cannot descend to fashion. That godliness observes cautiously when Christ shines most upon it, and seeks those times, attitudes and situations frequently.

This godliness is unhappy when Christ's face is hidden from it. The doctrines of religion have a vitality in its feelings. The cross is a *cross* to it—not a *toy*, nor *embellishment*. Home is a place of meetings with God, and of the

experience of all the deep mysteries of life to it. It is not prone to bewilder itself by desiring to mix up the sacred things and thoughts of home with gaiety and fashion and vanity. Home is a far deeper, dearer, and more significant place than a nursery of fashion and style. The spirit of the old Romans, their deep and stern personal independence in the days of the "unshorn Cato," ought to have a place, a baptized and christianized place, in our religion. The religion in which those deep thoughts of God, and all the mysteries of his world and of his grace which we experience at home, have a place, is a richer, better, more penetrating and powerful thing than the fashionable pietism of the present day.

LEGENDA.

In the exigencies of the human mind, different rules obtain at different times for the selection of books to read. An old officer used to say that he sometimes read a play or two of Shakespeare in order to acquire thereby a refreshed relish for the Holy Scriptures. There is no doubt a diversion and season of digestion needed by the human soul, to recuperate its appetite for grand and solemn and sacred things. It is on an account analogous to this that there may be rules which would be good for a mature Christian, which would not be good for a romantic and flighty young convert.

When a man's intellectual powers are weary with the study of those grand and holy things of which the spiritual soul may never be weary; when the awfulness and grandeur of holy things so absorbs the mind that the mortal needs repose amid the exceeding weight of glory; when we must pause from the study of eternal things, because they are eternal things, and we are blind mortals with finite powers, capable of enduring as yet the vision of the radiance of the glory of God only to a limited extent; when the time has come for us to descend the mountain, and touch the com-

mon and mortal earth again, and we discover the good and holy application of the fable of Antæus, who lived in vigor while he touched the earth, and could be strangled by Hercules himself only when lifted away from his native earth; then, at such times as these, it is sweet and good and right to read some books not actually religious. Then the mythologies, and the fine taste, and the shining diamond words, and the periods full of well-finished ideas, of the Greek classics, are sweet to the holy soul. And then the martial trump of the poet of war, and the lyre of the poet of love, and the harp of the poet of sublimity, are all pleasing, each in its season. Then the gorgeous book of travels, and the solid volume of the scenes of the cloth of gold in history, and the volume which inculcates, it may be under fictitious names, the deep truths of human and of social nature, and describes scenes and things which took place not once, but many times, and ever recur, with constant repetition, in man's experience—all these may delightfully and properly find their places and times, and have their due rights.

But when your soul is in its earnest moods, and is receiving that substance for thought on which it will feed as if upon truth; when it is exposing itself frankly and unreservedly to the influence of the things read, and putting the question under the control of your own conscience whether it shall be pierced with wounding and festering arrows, or strengthened by bracing inspirations, and nerved by rich suggestions of old truth newly disclosed and revealed, and cheered by airs from spirit-land, which breathe the spices and aromas to the soul as if they came from the Arabia, the Happy of the realms of thought, then there may be impulses given it which will act for years. Then soul-diseases may originate from noxious miasms, which will sicken you for many summers. Then some slight and almost unnoticed influence may poison you for many months. Then, as the miasms of physical nature are yet nearly or entirely impalpable to the minutest analysis, so the miasms of the

world of spiritual experience may imperceptibly bedim the eyes of faith, and bespot the white hands of hope, and blemish the sweet frame and form of charity, and set a harsh discord and jar among the chords of thankfulness, and dull, and drug, and drown the ethereal wing of imagination. Or else, then, it may feed on the rich reality of that old far-away type of manna from heaven. It may be learning better and better the blessed art of rising on the wings of eagles, of walking without fainting, of running without weariness. It may be expanding its sphere of thought, or increasing the store of holy truths digested, or widening the surface of those of its powers to which motives are addressed, and so approaching nearer every moment of such reading and meditation to that perfect subjection to truth, to reason, and to God, which characterizes the heavenly minds.

Oh! then, in those critical moments, when the book a man reads is more exactly that company he keeps, by which he is to be known, than any other companion, then deliver us from a CHRISTLESS book!—a book which treads the bright paths of science as if those paths in which all human sense is lost in its own littleness had been marked out by brainless chance; a book which speaks of man, soul and body, as if those awful depths of meaning which come out by glimpses, as his being touches one goal after another, were casual wave-prints on a casual sand; a book which knows no personal God as an object of love and fear and reverence, but dwells on laws of nature, and eternal phenomena, and eternal succession, and eternal divine absence—in other words, a CHRISTLESS book. Oh! at such times, deliver us from such a book!

G R E E K P O E T R Y .

THERE is in the Greek poets a beautiful, refined and delicate taste, which is almost worthy to be a part of redemption.

One of the passions of my life has been the love of these

exquisite touches of taste in the Grecian poets. I cannot think there is anything sinful in this passion. I cannot think nature is unholy; nor that that admiration of nature which has been expressed in the classics, nor that keen taste inspired by nature which they exhibit, is at all sinful. The Puritan passion against novels and plays was all right as directed against obscenity. It was all wrong as directed against a sense of natural beauty. Whoever undertakes to think of a coming world as the home of his heart and soul will find it difficult to anticipate a world satisfactory to him, that has not the changing seasons, earth and sky, sunshine and shade, with all the wonderful variety of nature to the eye and to the ear.

How much of the highest poetry is the lingering of the heart around the forms of nature! Think for a moment; there is the playing of "the wind on a bed of violets, stealing and giving odor," of Shakespeare. There are the

"West winds which with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smell,"

of Milton. The moon riding in the sky,

"Stooping through a fleecy cloud
Oft as if her head she bowed,"

of the same writer. There are "the live thunders leaping from peak to peak the rattling crags among," of Lord Byron. There is the crowd of Greek men at Olympus, beholding the chariot races, and the eye of Pindar looking to the skies, to the immortals, whence cometh the honor to the victors. There are all the scenes and beauty of Grecian life, dancing through all the Greek poets like halcyon forms in the clear pure air of spring. There are all the enchantments of youth which necessarily hang around the forms of nature. There are the bird and bee and blossom of the poets; the deep forest, the midnight stillness, the dark forms and fears of the romancer, which constitute much of the charm of life while it has been connected with the body.

We have always been embodied spirits; we have never been disembodied spirits. Natural form is deep in our existence; our souls are fitted for bodies which have a sense of form and speech. We do not think the perfect happiness of man is consistent with the shutting out from his soul the beauty of form. We feel that the idea that natural beauty is not sinful has not been sufficiently vindicated in Christian writings, and would plead in our defense that he who said that one lily of the valley had more beauty of array than Solomon in all his glory did not mean to condemn the beauties of nature. There are forms of beauty brought to mind in these writers which seem to have nothing to do with sin; which no spiritual perfection can be supposed to wipe away; which are not akin to Lethe. And the passionate exclamation of the youthful martyr to poetry, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is a truth after all; and we trust a holy eternity itself will never dissolve the pearl of that truth in the cup of Lethe.

MUSIC.

MUSIC has a relation of great significance to gifted minds. We understand at once that skill in music is no criterion of mental gifts. Some musicians have great gifts; others have none at all. Skill in music is an attainment of science—the result of study. But there is a certain *ear of the soul*, to which music has a significancy, exactly as if that ear re-organized sounds of an agreeable description, familiar to it in a previous existence, in another sphere, and in a former dimly-dreamed-of time.

Music has thus a significance to those who are no performers. If its significance and power over the soul should be increased as much by the freeing of the soul from corruption at death as we are accustomed to think the other faculties and habitudes of the soul will be, the power of it will be immense in heaven. It is a deep mystery that cer-

tain notes, and series of notes, mean joy; certain others sorrow; others a mixture of joy and sorrow, others deep awe, others clear and cloudless mirth, and so on. It does not explain it much to say that these emotions get associated with those sounds; for their getting associated mainly in the same connection with the whole race of mankind proves the fitness of those sounds to become associated with those ideas rather than others. And this is all we meant at first, a natural adaptation between them. We believe there is a consciousness felt too, often, that such and such meanings attached to notes of music are *not* associations, but *original* and *primitive instincts*. And, oh! how like notes and messages from the spirit-land these primitive and plain speaking notes are! How they bear their own meaning along with them, like the sunbeam, or the articulate voice!

THE WEALTH OF SCRIPTURE.

YOUR Bible sometimes wears a worn-out appearance to your eye. The great principle, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God," seems to have been sucked dry of its nutrition. The great promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," seems to have been shorn of its power. The great sermon, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," seems to have lost its commanding ring in your ears. All is "stale, flat and unprofitable." It is dead, being alone. The book is made for the human heart. Its wonders and glories of many-colored meaning shine out only when applied to the heart of man.

But principle, promise, and precept have a wonderful fruitfulness of meaning. They look back to the life of every holy man that ever lived in the world. They reveal the invisible God, walking in this world, by the side of every penitent, sin-sick soul whose footsteps have ever been upon this earth. They show the Divine Redeemer in sight of every believing eye that was ever open in this world.

All through the gorgeous ideas of Scripture, all through

the sublime doctrines of inspiration, all through the believing conceptions of godly men, there walks God the Revealer, Redeemer, Friend, Guide, and Brother of man. And there is ever renewing, freshly-blooming and thick-coming instruction, as the ideas of the divine mind strike the human mind.

The secret things belong unto the Lord. The things which are revealed, in all their vast wealth, belong to us and our children. What wealth it is!

Sometimes Christ Jesus appears sitting in unruffled glory in his yet unincarnate divinity in eternity, letting his thoughts run upon man and the habitable parts of the earth, and upon man's salvation; sometimes, with marred visage, rejected of men, and having hidden from him the faces of men whom he came to save; sometimes as a traveller from Bozrah, with garments dyed in the blood of victory; sometimes as a staggerer under the burden of the sins of men, and wrestler in prayer, in the garden and the night; sometimes the walker amid the golden candlesticks, amid those celestial lights in the place of the banishment of an apostle. Go count the stars of the sky, the leaves of the summer forest, the sands of the seashore when the tide is out, and get some idea of the visions and glimpses and gleams of Christ in the Scriptures, in their endless exhibitions of him to the loving and believing soul in its various apprehensions of him.

None can say how endlessly diverse is the amount of light cast from time to time by the Holy Spirit around the meaning of Scripture. What a sad deprivation the poor Roman Catholic is forced to suffer by the chains of superstition, in never knowing the honest touch of the pure word of God upon the chords of his heart; in never enjoying the music which the sun-light strikes out from that wonderful Memnon's statue, the spirit of man! We ought tenderly and fervently to pray that God would strike off these chains of superstition from the poor Roman Catholic victim's soul.

Sometimes the Spirit makes the promise glow like some

shining label over the door of life. Sometimes it shines with common, sober light. Sometimes our guilt obscures it; our want of faith hides it; or our sensuality blurs and dims it. There never were such a set of *important* things written anywhere else—election, justification, increasing faith, growing grace and sanctification; such a set of *beautiful* things—the song of the morning stars at creation, that of the angels at Christ's birth, that of the adoring saints and angels around his throne, the remembrance of old Eden, the expectation of the New Jerusalem; such a set of *glorious* things—as Christ Jesus in his blessed appearing, surrounded by the holy angels; the earth full of the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea, and heaven with all its saints perfect in holiness, and hoary with the full years of an unending bliss.

Let me spend my years in learning more of these things. Let me look again at my Bible. Let me get some new *baptism of humility*. It is not my Bible which is worn out. That is, indeed, a deep, ever-flowing fountain of sense. Let me pray, and suffer, and look again.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

BIRTHDAY, 1870.—I have just passed my fifty-seventh birthday, probably my last on earth. Disease has forced me for nearly a year to look death in the face. I have sensible peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. I seem not to dread the bar of God, or the judge, or the opening of the books, or the revealing of my secret life, full, fearfully full, of sin as it is! The great event of this world is the covenant of Christ to save. The only hope of men is the fact that, through the fearful opposings of life and death and principalities and powers and sorrow and pain and temptation and death, he finished the work given him to do! He permits us to trust him. To his own, whom the Father has given him and whom he undertook to save,

he gives grace to trust him. I feel that I am one of those. He has brought me to love his great name. Even so, Father, so it seemed good in thy sight. I do not doubt acceptance in the Beloved! I expect to be saved, not by the hold I have taken of Christ, but by the hold Christ has taken of me. I do not fear on the great question of acceptance.

But, oh! I fear the scenery of eternity as strange and alarming! I fear the article of death! I fear the disclosures of eternity! Some left out! Some precious ones absent whom I had hoped to meet; and other nameless fears—"the mists that hang o'er parting life," the parting grasp of death and sin and hell, their struggle to let go! I must soon try them all, as those who have gone before have done. Oh! that my dear children, *every one*, may early learn the tremendousness of death, and prepare for it! Oh! that no name of theirs may be left out! Gracious God, for dear Jesus sake grant it.

I have no presentiment of death; but it is eminently probable that I shall not see another birthday.¹ My bodily health is so utterly bad. I have been praying for and trying to learn that utter and complete confidence in God which is so becoming, so warranted, so plainly permitted, commanded and invited.

Oh! how far into darkness men's hearts do drift in this fallen and sinful world, that it is so hard, so contrary to its ways, simply to believe the word of Christ to be true as we would believe any one else, and avoid insulting him as we would avoid insulting any one else by questioning his veracity where he pledges his veracity, and that too in a way of kindness to us.

The Lord is my Shepherd! I shall not want!—food! raiment! faith! hope! grace! a staff! attention! companionship! *bearing through!*

¹ The paralysis came on a short time after this was written.

P O E M S.

OUR SON IN HEAVEN.

WHEN in thy gurgling throat and glazing eye
I read the doom that thou, my boy, must die ;
When the last ray of life thy face forsook,
And in its stead there came that meek death-look ;

There fell a shadow thenceforth on my soul,
Which still hangs on it, though the years do roll ;
Then went a light away from earth to me,
A golden light that came to me from thee.

Thy little form and face and deep soft eye
Seem now as if made for eternity ;
And even then, when thou wert with us here,
They seemed too precious for an earthly sphere.

It is a thing too strange to tell, this loss,
This going on, away, afar, from us
Of thy bright soul ; the light that from thee came,
That which was thee indeed, not shape or name.

There will be yet a finding of things lost,
A landing shore for things on dark seas toss'd,
A place where things of time come forth once more,
And land upon the blessed Aiden Shore.

Then shall we meet a wingéd smiling boy,
Radiant with more than infant's prattling joy ;
With days and dreams and memories of heaven,
Back to us then thou'lt be forever given.

SABBATH NIGHT.

Rest, weary spirit, rest,
From toil and trouble free ;
Lean on the Saviour's breast
Who giveth rest to thee !

Lie there, ye cares and fears,
 I cast you at his feet;
 From all my fears and cares
 I take this sure retreat.

Beneath his wings I crowd,
 Close to his side I press :
 None such was e'er allowed
 To perish without grace.

O sprinkle me with blood!
 My heart would feel the stream
 From out thy side that flowed,
 Us, sinners, to redeem!

Yet closer still I come!
 Reveal thyself to me ;
 O let me feel that home
 Is at thy feet to be.

I calmly seek repose :
 Pardon my Sabbath sin,
 And to my dreams disclose
 That heaven thou dwellest in.

THE OLD NON-CONFORMISTS.

Busy from house to house, with constant toil,
 Those reverend shepherds of our mother isle
 Are feeding hungry souls with bread of life,
 And speaking words of peace in days of strife.

In England's ancient minsters they are preaching
 The gospel pure as pearly dew from heaven ;
 The law of love to men of hatred teaching,
 Whose perfect pattern by the Lord was given.

Young ALLEINE, with his Master's spirit warm,
 In Taunton sounds his earnest, kind "Alarm :"
 St. Dunstan hears the silver-tongued "BATES,"
 While the great "Harmony" of heaven he states.

Bold BAXTER lifts his voice in Cromwell's host ;
 To men of England, although now distrest
 By din of war, in civil tempest toss'd,
 He shows in heaven an "Everlasting Rest."

Lo! where, in Bedford jail, in lofty dream,
Genius on BUNYAN pours her brightest beam;
And learned CHARNOCK, with a sage's ken,
The "Attributes" of God displays to men.

Good FLAVEL, with a spirit rich in "grace,"
Stands by the "fountain" of man's "life" eterne;
While HOWE, with thoughts magnificent, does trace
Splendors that in the "Living Temple" burn.

TWO HOURS OF SUMMER.

UPON some evening when the earth is parched,
And showers seem heaven's best benisons to earth,
Look calmly where the mighty sky is arched;
Where storm and rain have their refreshing birth.

It is a very gorgeous sight to see
That sky with its blue deeps above our head,
Or when in grand electric revelry
Its lurid lightnings fill the heart with dread.

And it is ancient too, this white piled sky,
For such as now it is our fathers saw,—
Such Cromwell saw, with deep dreams in his eye,
Such did Aquinas see with monkish awe.

And Paul saw such, and in bad Ahab's reign
Eagle Elijah saw clouds piled in heaven;
A cloud led Moses through the parted main;
And mighty clouds with awful lightning riven

Were wrapt round Sinai's brow when there was given
The fiery law to man, and Moses heard
The trumpet's pealing sound, so that he, even,
Trembled exceedingly and quaked and feared.

Perhaps on high-piled clouds old Abram mused
Among the wild star-gazing Chaldee race;
Such Noah saw, much wondering, as he cruised
In safety o'er the entombing water's face.

A small dark cloud lies just upon the sun,
And casts a partial shade into the air;
Upon its edges bright, white light doth burn,
Almost as if God's "great white throne" were there.

And soon the thunder booms from that small cloud,
 And steaming mists from earth rise meeting it,
 Like lurid spirits in a misty shroud
 Adoring and for showers entreating it.

And quickly from the ether deeps around
 There flows the electric breeze, as if to own
 That some Promethean spirit there had found,
 For homage in the air, his rightful throne.

Then comes an interval of deep still heat,
 And fleecy racks glide on their gathering way,
 To where the cloud-king holds his rallying seat,
 And calls aloud to all the wide array.

Around him muster all the cloudy band,
 Driven fast and furious by the hunter-winds;
 Swift glide their shadows o'er us on each hand,
 And each into the dark gray mass he binds.

Upon one mighty cumulus's brow
 His royal post he takes, by Germans named
 The *stacken-cloud*, and top and bottom now,
 The *twain-cloud* in its chasms is darkly framed.

And then he wraps the *cirro-stratus* round,
 And *cirro-cumulus*, with melting power:
 Then reaches up into the blue profound,
 And drags the lofty *curl-cloud* from its bower

In the Hesperian regions of the sky,
 And casts it round his throne, for gauzy veil;
 And then around he bids the lightnings fly,
 To bind the mass more close, and brew the hail.

His throne is now his chariot;—and their wings
 The swift winds spread, beneath the lightning's face,
 And Cæsar's triumph o'er a hundred kings
 Was children's sport to his tremendous race.

And there has come a wide-refreshing shower;
 The earth laughs grateful to the gracious sky;
 There is new life in maiden, bird, and flower;
 And man is glad that God is King on high.

SAYINGS BY THE WAY.

[Some of these selections are excerpts from longer pieces; many of them are musings dictated when Dr. Boccock was too fatigued or ill to write, and when his utterances were deemed by his wife worthy of preservation if only as day-dreams. Others are simply stray thoughts jotted down by him from time to time; and few, if any, were revised. The first selection, for example, is a bit of verse impatiently pencilled on the paper cover of a volume of Southey, at the end of a weary evening beguiled in looking over its pages; and the second was taken down from the midst of an afternoon talk.]

EPIGRAM ON SOUTHEY.

Bob Southey, Bob Southey,
You are very mouthy ;
You're a great poet-laureate, though ;
You are a vast writer,
An endless inditer ;
Your words have a manifold flow.

There may be good sense in
The shapes that you fence in
With cranky and many-formed verse ;
But the verse it is odd,
And the sense ollapod,
And the rhetoric not very terse.

You wrote of Kehama,
Ladurlad and Brahma,
A wild and a wonderful tale ;
Of Thalaba and Neuman,
Of Madoc the true man,
And many more like things for sale.

Your book is a big one ;
 Its reading will dig one
 Right keenly beneath the fifth rib ;
 Oh! had you writ less,
 I shrewdly do guess,
 'Twould have brought just as much to your crib.

I WANT a book containing the piety of John Newton, mingled with the romance of Walter Scott, picturesque and true to nature, without being anti-evangelical. I want a book with the grand sublimities of Ezekiel by the Chebar and the Ulai, but with the affectionate simplicity of the Gospel of Matthew.

I want a book with the soaring imagination of John Howe, the copious flow and grand verbiage of Barrow, the thoughts of which should be rich without being stiff, elevated without being cold, learned without being pedantic. I want a book with the heart-warming wisdom of Richard Cecil, and with the clean-cut and accurate learning of C. C. Colton. I want a book addressed to religious principle, but addressed also to the reason; a book of poetry, but a book also of law, truth and right; a book of high flights, of prophetic rapture, but a book also of plain narrative.

Where shall I find this book? Can the Westminster reviewer tell me where? If he cannot tell me, I can tell him. It is that book of which German philosophy and British infidelity combined are endeavoring to deprive this dark and ruined world; that book which, according to its own profession, was indited by holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—a book which has given ten thousand proofs of veracity to every reader in every way, and which, if it be veracious at all, is inspired of God—the Holy Bible.

THE SEVEN WHISTLERS.¹

It was in early youth that I heard in very truth
 The voice of the seven whistlers clear;
 The clouds were looming proudly, and the whistles sounded
 loudly,
 In that fen that by the western woods was near.

And around went the song, and it rose and fell so long,
 That it seemed to be a voice of thin air;
 And at last like a dream, or a faint and falling scream,
 It died away mysteriously there.

I can see how looked the vales, when the shrill and ghostly wails
 Rang out and echoed there once for all;
 And how voiceless were the rills, and how silent stood the hills,
 To see whom the Seven Whistlers would call.

And what for came the notes of those mystic whistlers' throats
 Upon my father's fields in those days?
 And what could it have meant, that they were then, and then only,
 sent,
 Then and but that one time for always?

There are sounds not of earth, which in air have their birth,
 As the tones of the life of great Pan,
 Which once in his career every spirit ought to hear
 Though he never in his life hear again.

And through the ether wide, on cloud or planet's side,
 How many are the voices to be heard!
 Where sings eternal sense, in its choral tones immense,
 Strange and mystic sounds by mortals to be feared!

Then all the hills around, in my father's proper bound
 Seemed to catch the ringing mystery from them,
 And the hills and the shadows, o'er all the plains and meadows
 Joined in speaking things above mortal ken.

And when the stars came out, each appearing with a shout,
 And joining thus in anthem with the world,
 It was good to be alone, to hear thus the eternal tone
 To which the wheels of nature round are whirled.

¹ Suggested by an old superstition of Lower Virginia, connected with certain birds that travelled in sevens. Their notes, which no one ever heard but once, were believed to be ominous of some important event to the hearer.

LINES IN A YOUNG LADY'S BIBLE.

Like purest dew-drops from the sky
That fall upon some summer rose,
And trickling to the core, there lie,
Freshening the germ in soft repose,
So the rich gems of heavenly truth
Are shining on the holy page,
And stealing to the heart of youth,
Its thoughts with cordial peace assuage.

SERMONS.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.¹

“Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—Rom. v. 1.

ONE of the greatest blessings of Christianity is that the inspired oracles tell us clearly on what terms we may have peace with God; so that if any man wants to make a new religion, according to which we shall *not* be justified by faith, but by something else which man is to prescribe and point out and require, this cannot be done until the inspired oracles are silenced, or bribed, or muzzled, or made to philippize, like the Delphic oracle against the Greek orator. No man in this country can tell how much the free, open oracles, without the mediation of human priesthood, are worth, till he sits down and thinks of the difference between a free soul, bound only to the throne of God, and a priest-ridden soul, bound for salvation to the throne of a human mediation and mortal dispensation of eternal life.

The subject of the text, and of the sermon intended to be founded on it, is the justification of the sinner's soul in the sight of God, before the judgment bar of God, and in the eye of the law. Nothing hinders our salvation but sin. If we can tell how to be *justified* from sin, or delivered from sin, or properly counted and treated as *clear of sin* in the eye of the law, and of justice, and of God, we shall have found the way of peace with God, and of salvation in heaven.

I. The Condemnation. II. The Object of Faith. III. The Nature of Faith. IV. Result.

¹ Preached in the Capitol at Washington, 1859, and published by the request of some who heard it, on account of its containing what they considered an unusually simple and clear statement of the plan of salvation.

I. When the text says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," it implies that we have not peace with God if we have not been justified by faith. That is, the text takes for granted our condemnation as sinners under the sceptre of law and justice. It is a voice uttered upon the brink of an abyss just escaped from. It is the voice of a man just come out of a state of condemnation, telling how he got out of condemnation, taking that condemnation for a granted fact, and pointing back to its deeps to show the road by which he has walked through those dark and dangerous deeps, and gotten out of them.

To see more clearly the nature of the justification, let us look a moment at the nature of the condemnation which precedes it.

Both are the *voices of law*. Condemnation is the voice of a sentence which law has pronounced on soul, body, or estate. Justification is a sentence, in like manner, which law has pronounced upon us in some one or all of our relations to God, or to each other.

The condemnations and the justifications of this world, and of this world's affairs, may be unjust condemnations, or unjust justifications, pronounced by erring and fallible laws, and, in matters not understood, may relate only to body or estate.

The condemnations and justifications brought to our thoughts by this word of God are things laid upon a *man's soul*.

They are laid on him by just laws, in matters fully understood, and both of them—both the condemnation and the justification—are capable of immortality, and, in certain circumstances, sweep down unchecked through eternity.

In the darkness of mind and condition which precedes justification, the sinner is condemned by the *law of God*—that law given to Moses on Mount Sinai—which was then written on stone with the finger of God, and had been written long before that by the same finger of God, on the

tables of man's soul. That law justly condemns us, because such creatures as we ought to do the things commanded in that law, and we do not do them. This, then, is our condemnation, that we ought to do the things commanded in the law, and we do not do them.

From our relation to God, we owe him those things, and a great many more besides ; and we fail to pay the moral debt. We are thus condemned. It is vain to try to get out of this condemnation by atheism, for it is nothing else than an immense idiocy—one vast and total want of sense—to look abroad on this world of natural and moral things, the most wild, wonderful, deeply involved and complicated piece of machinery, by a thousand per cent., that ever was put together, and turn and say, *there is no God* that made it. It is equally vain to try to escape the condemnation of the divine law by sophistry denying that we justly owe those duties to God which the law commands us to pay ; for the whole frame of human law, justice, manners, and good morals, is built around those duties, just as a ship is built around its main timbers, or a house around its skeleton frame. It is vain to try to escape the condemnation of the law by the cry of persecution as if the law was too strict and too sharp-cornered, and too fiery, and too severe for it has an *ally* in our own bosoms when our own *conscience* speaks out, and says : We really *do owe* those things to God ; we ought to love him with *heart, soul, mind and strength* ; and we ought to perform those duties to him and to our neighbor which are the expressions of love and goodwill, and there is justly and truly no hardship in them.

And it is equally vain to expect to escape the law by merely *thinking* ourselves out of its reach—by choosing to count ourselves out from under God. If a man jumps from the top of a high building, or takes strychnine, or saws his throat with a razor, professing to believe, with some ancient visionaries, that there is no external world, and that it is nothing but the *idea* of a high building from which he jumps, or the idea of poison which he takes, or the idea of

a razor with which he gashes his throat, he will die about as certainly as if he admitted the existence of high building, strychnine, razor and all!

And so the wickedest sensualists and libertines, who expect to protect themselves from the divine law by adopting sensualist and libertine opinions which deny the law, are in just as complete condemnation to it all the time as the brave humble man who looks the law in the face, and much more complete, indeed.

And the more we think of the law of God, and the more we apply its straight edge to our lives and thoughts and manners, and the more we try to think fairly on the subject, and the more we pray to the Divine Spirit to enlighten us, to guide us into correct views of the subject, the *worse*, the more *deeply*, the more *justly*, the more *thoroughly*, we feel under condemnation from it.

And the more we creep and feel around the barriers of God's dominion, and the dominion of his holy and just law, and try our soul's length of wing for escape, or try the height of the wall that we may leap over, or think of our powers of resistance or endurance, the more hopeless the whole thing, without divine help, becomes.

How, then, shall man be justified before God? What a tremendous beam of light this book which answers that question casts upon this world!

II. The *answer* which this book gives to the question is, that we are justified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The *direction* given the sinner to find the way is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house"; and the invitation of the Redeemer himself is: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Let us strictly attend to the fact that faith in any kind of thing will not justify us before God. Faith in Moses will not justify, nor faith in Elijah, nor faith in Isaiah, nor faith in Matthew or Luke or Paul; but faith in Jesus Christ.

Saving or justifying faith, then, must be fixed upon the right *object*. Faith in a *wrong object* will not justify.

This shows why so much of the history of the dealings of God with our race is occupied with revealing his Son to be a great Prophet, Priest and King, Mediator, Redeemer and Saviour. It was necessary that there should be a proper object of faith for sinners to look to. That proper object of faith must be one who had kept the law which we have broken; and kept it not only for himself, but for us; some one who could dispel the moral darkness which hangs on us; some one who could defeat the enemies whom our sins have brought upon our souls. He must first work out salvation for man before he can be the object of man's faith, or have any salvation to give. He must be a man, because he must be under the law which we have broken, and which he is to keep for us. He must be God, because he has to render a magnifying and honoring obedience to the law—such as will flow over the measure of his *own debts*, and have some merit left for the salvation of those who shall believe on him. Now, this book which we call the Bible, or the Word of God, is the history of a long line of *priests*—human priests, most of them hereditary priests for some thousands of years. First, every man is the priest of his own family and tribe. Then comes the mysterious form of Melchizedek, king of peace and king of righteousness, like a long fresh shadow upon the dewy and golden morning light of history, in a peculiar priesthood, in which he is to have but one single successor, and that the great Son of the morning, the Son of God and Priest of salvation. And then come Aaron and his long line, through many rolling centuries, in a gorgeous and theocratic priesthood in a nation where the nation is the church.

But suddenly the line of the priesthood is *lifted from the earth* and from humanity, up into the realms of divinity. It ends in Jesus Christ. He is the other great Priest of the order of Melchizedek—the last great Priest of noble birth, that Aaron's line pointed to.

When the Son of God thus comes in his priesthood to finish all the types and shadows of other priesthoods, he too has a *victim* to offer. That victim is himself. He voluntarily delivers himself to Pilate, the Roman governor, and to the Roman centurion, who stand round the scene of his death as representatives of the Gentiles. He voluntarily delivers himself to Judas and to Caiaphas, and to the fierce multitude. He is condemned, derided, crucified, dead, buried. The earth quakes. The sun is darkened. The dead arise. It is the great sacrifice of the great real priesthood of the world, of which all other priesthoods are shadows, and after which there can be no other priesthood. And this sacrifice of himself is made that he may obey the law for sinners, which demanded their death, and thus be an object of saving faith for them.

This book contains also the history of a long line of *prophets*.

There are Moses, bringing down the words of God to the people from the awful mountain top, and Elijah, and Isaiah, and Daniel, speaking in God's name in the kings' palaces; and Ezekiel, lying mourning and weltering in captivity by the eastern rivers, seeing visions of God, and telling them to the people; and Jonah, speaking in the name of God to Nineveh, that great and crowded, but dimly historic city of the East; and Micah and Malachi, beholding the coming messenger and the glory of the latter day. This long line of persons had it for their office to speak the words of God to men, in the name of Jehovah, their God. This line of prophets comes to an end in a greater prophet than any of them—the Son of God! They spoke in God's name. He speaks in his own name. They cannot say, even if it is to save life, one word more or less than God commands. But he gives full and copious instructions in language which sinks into the very deeps of human thought, and reverberates through all the realms of the human conscience and reason. He goes about teaching *who shall be blessed, who shall be saved*, wielding the *key of knowledge*, opening the

door of salvation, settling in a single sentence great deep questions, which had hopelessly puzzled and confounded all the sages of Greece and the East. The Divine Spirit of light and truth is given to him without measure. The eastern magi come to him. The line of the prophets sends out wings and ascends above the earth, and ends in this Divine Prophet. All prophets afterwards are his mouth-pieces. He is the Great Prophet; that he and his teachings may be the objects of justifying and saving faith to sinners; that they, being thus united to him, may receive light and life from him.

The book contains also chronicles in various forms, of a long line of *kings*. There is the first king, Saul, a head and shoulders taller in body than other men; there is David, shepherd, warrior, musician, poet, sinner, penitent, and royal friend of God, whose pen has furnished the chief part of the heart-language for the church of God in all ages; and Solomon, the wise man and the sinner; and Ahab, and Hezekiah, and all the royal line, down to a blind man, bending like a worm in abject dependence to the court of Babylon, and down to old Herod who killed the infant children, and young Agrippa who heard the Apostle Paul preach. But this long line of kings comes to an end in another of the tribe of Judah—a Bethlehemite and a Nazarene—the son of David and the Son of God. The sceptre which was departing from Judah and falling away from earthly hands came into his hands. The crown alighted on his divine brow. He claimed to be a king. He expressly told Pilate so on the occasion of his trial for rebellion against Cæsar: “*Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world.*” He makes war as David did, with his own and his people’s enemies. He encounters Satan in temptation in the desert, on the temple’s pinnacle, and on the exceeding high mountain. He turns Satan out of his haunts in the souls of men. He beholds him fall from heaven. He conquers sin by enduring the penalty due for it. He conquers death by enduring it and

raising some from bodily death, and raising many more from spiritual death; and he conquers the carnal heart of thousands of men by subduing it to himself by his grace. As a great spiritual king, he is on a throne of grace, subduing men to himself, ruling and defending them, and restraining and conquering all his and their enemies, that thus as a king, he may be the object of justifying and saving faith to sinners, and by his power eternally defend and save them.

III. What, then, is *this justifying faith* which looks to this great object as prophet, priest and king, for salvation?

I. It is not a mere assent of the judgment to a historical proposition. It is that, but not that only. It embraces that, but it embraces more than that; for that is the faith of the *cast out fiends, who believe and tremble*, but are not saved. It is a free act of the soul, between which and its God, in that free act, no human authority has a right to come. "*With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.*" Neither is it a dry and lifeless and inoperative faith; for while we must conclude with St. Paul that a man is "*justified by faith without the deeds of the law, and that God can be fully just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus,*" yet we must also lend an ear to the voice of the Spirit of God by the pen of St. James: "*Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?*" *As the body without the soul is dead, so faith without works is dead also.* While we must ever cling to and rejoice in the clear simplicity of the great truth, that the soul may look to Jesus Christ and live, independently of all that man can do; and that this is the very knife which cuts the cords of all religious hierarchies and despotisms over the souls of men; and that it is the article of a standing or a falling church; yet we must also keep in view that the faith which justifies and saves the soul is not *dead faith*, not *idle faith*.

nor *empty faith*, but faith which works by love, and purifies the heart.

2. And what *relation*, it may be asked, has this saving faith to Jesus Christ, its object. The method of salvation stated in Scripture is a looking to Jesus Christ with the eyes of the heart: "*as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.*" In this place, the looking of a man bitten by a serpent in the Hebrew camp to the brazen serpent, the symbol by which he was healed, is made an illustration of the act of faith of the heart in believing in Jesus Christ. LOOK AND LIVE is the brief, clear plan of salvation; and faith is the lifting up of the soul's eye to Jesus Christ the Redeemer, where he hangs, suspended in view, in history, in all the glory of his priesthood, his prophet's office, and his high, bright, unearthly crown. He is a sacrifice and propitiation for his people's sins.

And faith is like the hand which the ancient Hebrew who stood by the altar and offered the sacrifice put forth and laid upon the head of the victim when he confessed his sins, and laid them on the victim's head. Faith is like the outcry of the soul up to God for help; like the outcry of sinking Peter, *Lord, save or I perish*. It is, so to speak, the *hand of the soul* which apprehends help extended to it, as the hand of the body of a man sinking in deep water apprehends a rope, or plank, or life-boat, thrown out to him. This faith is an act of *ours*, performed through the grace of God, and the inworking in our souls of the Divine Spirit's power, whereby we receive and rest upon Christ *alone* for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel. It is a *receiving* of Christ, offered as a *discharge*; a *coming to him* as a *friend*; a *drinking of the fountain of life* in him; a *looking up to him as a beacon of hope and salvation*.

IV. The result of this act of faith is, that we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

This peace with God is not a mere fact of revelation, but

it is a fact of the experience of individual men. It is one of those facts in religion which may be fairly put to the test of personal evidence. This gospel faith, it is true, might accomplish a mere legal reconciliation, without giving peace to the heart. But that is not the only peace which is meant. By *Peace of heart*, sensible peace is clearly meant also, *rest unto your souls*; the deliverance from burdens on the spirit; a peace which may become a matter of personal experience. Now, if it had not been the experience of unnumbered thousands, that faith in Christ does make our peace with God, experimentally, as *rest* to the soul, then experience would have been against this religion, or at least silent in its behalf. But infidelity is driven fairly out of court by the fact that the justified do experience this peace, the love of God being shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given them.

If ninety out of every hundred professors are hypocrites, the experience of the other ten fully, fairly and completely refutes infidelity and drives it out. Our peace with God is owing to the fact that *both parties* approved the Mediator and his work and scheme of salvation.

1. God approves of it, and man's conscience approves of it.

Every disease which Jesus healed by power above nature, proves God's approbation of him and his work. Nicodemus reasoned thoroughly correctly when he said to him, "*Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him.*" Not only do those express and audible voices of the very God himself, uttered from heaven, once at his baptism and once at his transfiguration, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," prove that God is pleased in him as Mediator, but every soul in Palestine, whom his word of power delivered from its inhabiting devil; every man that had his blind eyes opened, or his deaf ears unstopped; every man from whom the ill-boding leprosy was dispelled; every Lazarus; every widow of

Nain's son; every Jairus's daughter that he raised from the dead, proves that God was with him. Nay, those stupendous acts of his history—as stupendous as well attested, and as well attested as stupendous—his own resurrection from death and his ascension to heaven, and his opening the windows of heaven at the day of Pentecost, and pouring out the power of his Spirit on the hearts of men, prove the *divine* approbation.

And since that, earth, sea and air have been surcharged with proof that God is well pleased in him; the holiness which his word commands; his war against sin and Satan; his compassion for sinners; the kindred of the faith of which he is the object with every good thing, every holy thing, every blessed thing in all this life and the next, and the blaze of glory that his providence sheds around his word, his cause, his cross, and his crown, all go to the same point.

There is just as much proof that this faith satisfies the demands of our nature, the conditions of such a faith, and the cravings of our heart, as that it satisfies the demands of God's government. Every inspired shout of St. Paul in his Epistles; every joy in sorrow, light in darkness, and hope in despondency, which springs up in Christian souls; every song of the confessor in the midnight prison; every high and holy triumph; every death-bed on which is breathed out from the body a Christian soul, supported by divine grace; every heart cheered, supported, and made happy to in love; every company of hunted, persecuted worshippers in caves of mountains, made exultingly happy by psalms and songs of Zion; every company of worshippers, everywhere, who rejoice in the grace of God with full and thankful hearts, ripening for heaven, proves that man's nature is satisfied in Christ, and that he has peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, "by whom also we have access, by faith, into this grace, wherein we stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." Amen.

SPIRITUAL RELIGION AND CEREMONIAL CONTRASTED.¹

“As many as desire to make a fair shew in the flesh, they constrain you to be circumcised, only lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ. For neither they themselves who are circumcised keep the law; but desire to have you circumcised, that they may glory in your flesh. But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.”—GALATIANS vi. 12-16.

THERE is probably more danger than is commonly apprehended, that, in many districts of the country, the way of salvation will fade away from the view of the people, or be visible only in too confused a manner to be of any service to them. It is not an unheard-of thing in history, that the knowledge of the way of life should be almost lost from the earth. Twice at least in the flight of time this has already been the case—once at the coming of Christ, when Pharisees made proud prayers, wore broad phylacteries, and tithed mint, anise and cummin, but neglected judgment, mercy, and faith, and shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, neither going in themselves, nor suffering those who were entering to go in; and once, in the full bloom of the authority of the Pope of Rome, in the dark ages, when those who learned to escape the Babylonish woe were few and scattered. It is a plain truth, and a theme for grave meditation, that what brought both those deep midnight periods over the world was attaching spiritual efficacy to ceremonies and things outwardly done.

In the striking passage from Paul's Epistle to the Galatians which stands in front of this essay, occur these words: “In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature” (vi. 15), which

¹ The substance of a discourse delivered in the Presbyterian Church at Barboursville, Va., November 13, 1852. Published by request in pamphlet form the same year.

are presented to the reader, backed, indeed, by many things in Scripture of the same meaning, as the special and ample divine authority for the following discourse. We must hold, and we must declare, these things, while they stand thus looking upon us with stern and awful authority in the word of God, or else we must be knowingly and wittingly unfaithful.

That the comfort and confidence of the reader may be the greater, as founded on the clear and manifold authority of God, other passages to the same effect are here brought in: "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith, which worketh by love." (Gal. v. 6.) "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh. But he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." (Rom. ii. 28.) "That ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. iv. 22.) "For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 20.) "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." (John iii. 7.)

On these clear sayings of God we take our stand, and reaffirm with settled confidence, that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

The expression, *in Christ Jesus*, is one peculiar to the Bible, and, as far as we know, to books formed on the model of the Bible, and employing the dialect of the Bible. To see its meaning clearly, we must, therefore, bring together a number of places where it is used: 1. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away;

behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) Here it means a spiritually regenerate, or renewed soul. 2. "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 1.) Here it means souls who are justified before God from their sins, accepted as righteous, and freed from condemnation, through the righteousness of Jesus Christ. 3. "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." (John xv. 4.) Here it is a soul so united to Christ as to draw daily spiritual life from him. 4. "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) Here it denotes souls so spiritually united to Christ as to draw from him not only wisdom to guide them along the way of salvation, and not only righteousness to justify them from their sins, but progressive spiritual holiness through life, and final deliverance from all the curses of a guilty race and a doomed world. 5. "But God hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." (Eph. ii. 6.) Here it expresses the whole interest and participation of the redeemed in the covenant of his grace. 6. "And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." (1 Cor. xv. 17.) Here the expression, *in Christ Jesus*, has a meaning which extends into the grave, and lasts during the sleep of death. 7. "And the dead in Christ shall rise first." (1 Thess. iv. 16.) And here the spiritual union expressed by those words extends through death, and into that eternal world into which our reunited souls and bodies enter at the resurrection.

This comparison of places is probably enough to fix the meaning of the expression, *in Christ Jesus*. To be in Christ Jesus is to be a Christian; to be inwardly renewed by the Spirit of God; to be justified by the righteousness of Christ;

to draw daily spiritual life from Christ; to be delivered by him from the curses of this guilty world; to lean on his breast in the sleep of death, and to remain still united with him in the resurrection, and the life eternal. In fewer words, it is to be made partaker of all the inheritance which he has prepared for them that love him. The great question which was up before the thoughts of the apostle, in the sixth chapter of Galatians, was: By what means shall mortal man become partaker of so great benefits and blessings? This question he answers in the emphatic words, "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." As if he had said, the key to this mighty treasury of spiritual good is a new creation of your heart; at the beginning of this life of blessedness, ye must be born from above; for the opening of that door, for the entrance upon that life, outward ceremonies will avail you nothing. May God give the reader the meekness of wisdom to embrace this precious truth!

It may occur to some to inquire here, why it is that the apostle denies the avail of *circumcision* and *uncircumcision*, since that ordinance had no place, by divine appointment, in the new dispensation. The answer is, that the ceremonial humor took that direction in his day. It was inclined to wear a Jewish robe. It looked back with longing eyes to the days of the Pharisees, with their proud prayers and broad phylacteries, and tithes of trifling herbs, and mighty zeal for proselytes. It constrained men to be circumcised, that it might "make a fair shew in the flesh," and that it might boast and glory over them. Circumcision is of no avail. Uncircumcision is of no avail. It is sweeping and vehement language. It comprises all like things. Nothing of the kind is of any avail. The rule of understanding Scripture, that under one sin forbidden, or evil censured, or duty commanded, all of the same kind are forbidden, censured or commanded, is entirely plain and clear. If he had intended to say that these things are of no avail now, because

they belong to the former dispensation, and have passed away, he would have said Jewish circumcision is of no avail, but Christian baptism is of some avail. But he said no such thing; no such reasoning was in his mind, or is to be found in the text or context. The comparison was not between old ceremonies and new ceremonies. It was between the power of God's Spirit, on the one hand, and all ceremonies whatever, old or new, Jewish or Christian, on the other. Attribute to any ceremony whatever that spiritual efficacy which ought to be attributed only to the atonement of Christ, and to the power of the Divine Spirit, and then that ceremony, whatever it may be, becomes fully obnoxious to the apostolic denunciation, that it *availeth nothing*.

With this text thus cleared, we are now ready to take our stand on this divine authority, and to give practical reasons to fortify this vital truth. The two clauses of the text constitute the two divisions of this discussion: I. In the soul's securing an interest in Christ Jesus, ceremonies avail nothing. II. But the forming of a new creature within, avails everything.

I. *In Christ Jesus, ceremonies do not avail anything.*

1. Because ceremonies *never change the heart, life and character of their subjects*. It is contrary to the common knowledge of mankind, and beyond the lines both of Scripture and of reason to maintain, that ceremonies have, of themselves and by their own power, any influence to change the spiritual nature of man, except it may be that fasting may reduce the animal spirits, and thus remove that difficulty from the way of humbling the heart, or unless it may be that the self-whipping, or walking barefoot on sharp stones, which popish devotees undergo, may sour their temper, and cut them off from the innocent joyousness of life. There is admitted, of course, to be a sympathy of the mind with the body. But its power stops far short of any such thing as a spiritual renewal of the heart. We do not administer the same kind of healing balm to a

wounded hand or foot that we administer to a wounded conscience. The same medicine is not prescribed for a sick stomach, or a headache, as is prescribed for a burdened spirit or a contrite heart. Material, bodily remedies are for material, bodily diseases. Spiritual remedies are for spiritual diseases. When the Saviour healed bodily diseases, and it was found that the patient was rejoicing also in the forgiveness of sins, *walking, leaping, and praising God*, all will probably admit that the renewal of his heart was by a divine spiritual power, entirely distinct from the creative material power by which his body was restored. If not, then there is no difference between body and spirit, and man is but a reasoning brute, not to survive the grave.

Ceremonies, then, have no power of themselves to change the heart. Have they any such power by the appointment of God? That is the question exactly, as it stands between spiritual and ceremonial religion. Spiritualists maintain that they have no such power, either of themselves or by the appointment of God. Ceremonialists maintain that they have such power by the appointment of God.

Let us look patiently and prayerfully at the difference. The first sacramental ordinance that we hear of, as appointed between God and man, was the eating of the fruit of the tree of life in the Garden of Eden. When man had fallen into sin, he had no longer a right to this sacramental fruit. "And God drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest he should put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever." (Genesis iii. 24.) This is about as strong language as any in the Bible in favor of the ceremonialists. If their notions are correct, then if man could have gotten to this tree and eaten of its fruit, he would have had eternal life, even after his fall. And so the Roman Catholic writers maintain, who are the most consistent ceremonialists. All that is necessary, in all such cases, is to understand the nature of sacramental

language. A sacrament is a sign of some power of God. Sacramental language is language in which that power of God is called by the name of its established sign. The sacrament is used as a mode of expression for that power of God. And that is the very object for which a sacrament is appointed—to express some power of God, which would not be so easily expressed otherwise. “This is my body; this cup is the new covenant in my blood.” This is sacramental language. Its meaning is very plain. This bread is the sign of my body. This cup is the appointed sign of my blood. Man, then, was simply forbidden to have the sacramental fruit of spiritual life in the Garden of Eden, because he had lost that life itself by sin. Thus all is clear. We see at once the nature of sacramental language. If the ceremonial view of this language is correct, that the tree of life had, by divine appointment, the power to give life, then it was a saviour of sinners, and there was no need for the coming of Christ! So widely astray does any other than the proper understanding of sacramental words often lead. There was no such power in the tree. It was the sign of that life which man had lost; and losing life, he must also lose the sacramental sign.

So of the rainbow which God set in the clouds after the deluge, as a token of his covenant with Noah, that the waters should no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. The rainbow had no power, either of itself or by divine appointment, to hold back the rain. It was merely a token, a sacramental sign, of God’s power. So of the blood of the passover, which was sprinkled upon the door-posts of the Israelites in Egypt when the destroying angel was passing through the land. There was no power in that blood itself to stay the hand of the destroyer. It was a sign and expression of God’s mercy to his people, and of that power by which he restrained the sword of destruction from touching them. It was a sign, too, of the blood of a nobler Lamb and a better sacrifice. It was a token of covenanted mercy. That which prevented the angel from de-

stroying the first-born of the Israelites was not the authority of that blood, but the authority of the Son of God, of whom it was but a distant sign and type. When the prophet Elisha told Naaman, the Syrian leper, to go wash in Jordan seven times and be clean, no man with the eyes of his mind open can think that the seven washings themselves healed the leprosy, but the power of God attending the prophet Elisha healed it. Washing in water had of itself no power over the deadly leprosy. When our Lord anointed the eyes of the blind man with spittle, and bade him go wash in the pool of Siloam, it was, of course, the miraculous power of God in Christ, and not the clay, the spittle, or the waters of Siloam, by which the blind man's eyes were opened.

We are now ready to notice the often-quoted expression, "to be baptized for the remission of sins," and some others to about the same purpose.

This is the stronghold of ceremonial religion in our day. It would not, therefore, be right to pass by those places of the Scriptures which are thought to assert that baptism does good to the souls of men, without looking at them fully, and fairly, and candidly. We have brought with us thus far a great fundamental principle of the word of God, that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, nor any such thing, but a new creature." Thus far we have found this great principle amply supported and confirmed by the whole force of the current of the word of God. The question now arises, whether baptism avails anything in Christ Jesus to renew the soul. If so, it is a flat contradiction to the great principle of the text, and to the general current of the Scriptures. We must, therefore, look closely at those places of Scripture which are thus made to stand up in conflict with the other manifold and clear teachings of the word of God on the subject. We must do so for the honor of the Divine Spirit, that his word may not be made to jangle in the mouths of men. And while we are doing so, we hope we

shall not be thought to be trying to explain away one iota of his word from its just meaning and intent. We shall aim to show, by a fair examination, that the ceremonial meaning of these passages of Scripture is not the correct one; that the meaning which brings them into a full and clear harmony with the other Scriptures is the correct one; and that the great principle is still left standing, emitting its flood of light on the whole subject, that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." In this endeavor we hope to succeed, by the blessing of God and with the candid attention of the reader.

The principal passages of Scripture commonly referred to are the following: Mark i. 4: "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." And the statement of the same fact in the same words in Luke iii. 3. Acts ii. 38: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins: and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." Acts xxii. 16 (the language of Ananias to Saul of Tarsus): "And now why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."

This is about all the real evidence. These are about the only places in the Bible where baptism is even apparently and superficially connected with the remission of sins. We beg the reader to keep them clearly in view, while we offer a few remarks upon them.

Our *first* remark is, that the above passages are very obviously sacramental language. They are language in which the power of God is called by the name of its appointed sign. The sacrament of baptism is used as a way of expressing that power. This sacrament is used for the very purpose for which all sacraments are instituted, to express an inward thing by an outward and visible thing. It is just such language as: "This is my body"; "This cup is the new testament in my blood"; this bread is the appointed sign

of my body; this cup is a sign of my blood. This baptism is the appointed sign of remission of sins by the blood of Christ.

It is remarkable how easily the nature of sacramental language can be comprehended at once in reference to the Lord's supper; how easily the appointment of the bread and wine to be signs and emblems can be understood; and yet how much difficulty is raised about baptism, the other sacrament, and just such another sign and emblem. Let any man construe the words, "This is my body," just as the ceremonialists construe the phrase, *baptism for the remission of sins*, and that construction will land him in the Roman Catholic Church, and in the doctrine of transubstantiation inevitably. It would lead him to make a saviour of the tree of life in the Garden of Eden. It would lead him to make the rainbow a preventive of rain. It would lead him to make a saviour of the blood on the doors of the Israelites in Egypt. It would lead him to make the Lord Jesus to have been literally a keeper of sheep, because he says, "I am the Good Shepherd." It would lead him to make the Saviour to have been literally a wooden frame, because he says, "I am the door." It would make him literally a grape-vine, because he says, "I am the true Vine." It would make him really and literally a lamb, because John said, "Behold the Lamb of God." We do not doubt the power of the plainest mind to understand the nature of sacramental language, with these examples in view.

Our *second* remark is, that the language of Peter on the day of Pentecost, "Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," receives a full and complete explanation in an occurrence between the Saviour and the apostles but a few days before that Pentecost. "He breathed on his disciples, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained." The true meaning of the remission of sins

in this place has, we believe, been universally agreed upon among Protestants as simply the power to open and shut the doors of the visible church. Such is most obviously the grant of power here made to the apostles. It is simply the authority for church government, or as it is expressed by another writer, *the power of the keys*. It is the authority to exclude the unworthy from the sacraments, and to admit the worthy to them. If this is not so, then the monstrous claim of the Papists, really and spiritually to bind sin upon men's souls, or to remove sin from men's souls, by mere human authority, would have to be fully admitted. Man would have to pardon us, or we should be bound in chains of guilt forever. We surely need not argue at length against such gaunt and dangerous constructions of language in an enlightened and Protestant land. Now, it was with these very words from the mouth of his ascended Lord still ringing in his ears, and uttered but a few days before, giving him and his fellow apostles power to open the doors of the visible kingdom of God, and admit men to its privileges, that Simon Peter used the language in the second of Acts. Thus it is not only made clear that this language had a sacramental meaning, and not an actual, inward and spiritual meaning; but it can also be thus seen what the sacramental meaning was, to-wit: the admission of men to the visible church.

Our *third* remark on the above passages is, that they do not sustain the ceremonialists in any mode of interpretation. It is said that John preached the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. It seems, then, to have been a repentance for the remission of sins as well as a baptism; and that baptism, too, was preached. So in the address of Peter at Pentecost, the remission of sins, according to the most low, literal construction, depends as grammatically on repentance as on baptism. Some interpreters say that the structure of the sentence shows that remission of sins depends on repentance, the first thing mentioned. But even without all these crushing facts, it is a mistake, a total mis-

take, to draw from the phrase, *for the remission of sins*, the doctrine of actual remission in the act of baptism. A child is named FOR another person often, when the person that he is named FOR has been long dead. Persons in olden times were baptized FOR the dead. A thing may be done FOR the remission of sins, though the remission has taken place long before, or is to take place long afterwards. So the blood of Christ is shed for many FOR the remission of sins. Though shed eighteen hundred years ago, it is still FOR the remission of our sins. And it was FOR the remission of the sins of Abraham and Enoch and Abel also. The flat and bald mistake of the ceremonialists on this point is to make this word FOR connect things together as to time.

Our *fourth* remark is, that neither the above passages of Scripture, nor any others, do connect remission of sins with baptism *singly*. In two of them repentance stands with it. In the other, a *calling on the name of the Lord* is connected with it; that is, trust in Christ. In no case whatever, nor according to any interpretation whatever, is man's relation to God suspended singly on baptism. There could hardly be a fact of sharper edge than this to cut the snare of ceremonialism. We have seen that remission of sins might be connected with baptism when it had a sacramental meaning. And we have derived this meaning plainly from our Lord himself. But even then there is *always something else* besides baptism for remission to hang on. Now, let us see what remission of sins hangs on in Scripture when it has its real, actual, spiritual meaning of pardon, justification, a change of heart, and when it hangs suspended on some single things. "This is my blood of the new testament," says the Saviour, "which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." (Matt. xxvi. 28.) Here remission is suspended on a single thing, and that is the blood of Christ. "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke xxiv. 47.) Here it depends on a single thing, and that is repentance. "To him give all the prophets witness.

that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) Here remission of sins depends on a single thing, and that single thing is faith in the name of Christ. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." (Romans iii. 25.) Here remission of sins hangs suspended singly on the righteousness of Christ received by faith. And in the tenth chapter of Hebrews, 16th, 17th and 18th verses, remission of sins is made to depend on God's putting his laws in his people's hearts, and writing them in their minds. On these things: the blood of Christ, repentance, faith in his name, the righteousness of Christ received by faith, does remission depend, in its actual, spiritual meaning, and depending singly on one thing. This seems sufficiently decisive. Now, if the reader will but remember that these things, faith, repentance, trust, are works of the Spirit of God wrought in the sinner's heart; and if he will remember that baptism is the outward sign of that work of the Spirit, then he will see why remission of sins, in a sacramental sense, is connected in part with baptism, and in a real sense with the inward baptism. Used in an outward sense, remission of sins is connected with the outward sign. Used in an inward, real, spiritual sense, it is connected with the inward, real, spiritual things. This is all. It is sufficiently plain. Ceremonialism mismatches these two pairs of expressions, and thus confuses the whole subject. In every age of the world it has confused the way of life, by drawing the doctrines of inward religion from expressions in Scripture relating to outward things.

The way of salvation, really and spiritually viewed, is laid down with force and clearness in the Gospels, and in the Epistles to the Romans, the Galatians, and the Ephesians. But ceremonialism revels in the Acts of the Apostles chiefly; deducing the doctrines of spiritual religion, not from the Gospels and the Epistles, where spiritual religion

is professedly discussed, but from the Acts, where the establishment of the visible church is recorded.

Our *fifth* and last remark on these passages is, that facts beyond doubt disprove the ceremonial interpretation of them. Beyond a doubt, conversion, regeneration, Christian joy—call it what you please—was not imparted in the act of baptism in former times, and is not imparted in the act of baptism now. All men know that certain extraordinary and miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost were imparted to Christians in the apostolic times, which are not imparted to them now. Sometimes these miraculous gifts involved the conversion of the soul, but proceeded farther still. Neither of these, neither the converting influence nor the miraculous influence, was restrained till after baptism. Concerning the persons assembled at the house of Cornelius, it is said: “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?” They *had* received the Holy Ghost already, and that was the reason for giving them baptism. On the day of Pentecost *they that gladly received the word* were baptized. Their Christian joy came before their baptism. It was, in fact, the *reason why* baptism was administered to them. From the eyes of Saul of Tarsus “there fell as it had been scales; and he received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized.” Natural and spiritual illumination preceded his baptism. It was the ground of his baptism. “The Lord opened the heart of Lydia that she attended unto the things spoken by Paul.” And her baptism followed this work of God’s grace in her heart. So in the case of the Philippian jailer. (Acts xvi.) He is found washing the stripes of his prisoners, with the warm affection and contrition of a renewed heart, before he is baptized. So is the testimony of the Holy Scriptures. The reader may, perhaps, be able to recall more modern cases than these, happening under his own observation, where spiritual peace was clearly shewn not to be connected with baptism.

We have thus endeavored variously to illustrate and en-

force the proposition, that in Christ Jesus ceremonies avail nothing, because they never change the hearts, lives, or characters of their subjects.

2. The second reason we give why they avail nothing is, that *they lead to wrong views of God's commandments.*

Under the teachings of ceremonial religion you hear much, indeed, of the commandments. Much is said about obedience. Much is said about the keeping of the commandments of God. And in terms, this all sounds well. But it is one of the most fatal and deadly arts of such systems, that they employ religious language and religious words, which are in common use, but attach different meanings to them from their common acceptance. So that a statement may excite no apprehension by the sound of the words, but may be seen to be utterly hollow and ruinous when the meaning attached to those words comes to be clearly ascertained. Thus you may sometimes hear even the influences of the Divine Spirit strongly asserted under ceremonial systems; and yet, when you have ascertained exactly what is meant by the "influences of the Divine Spirit," you find it to be, not a power of God to open the heart to the truth, and to impress truth upon the heart, as it is usually understood among Christians, but simply the truth itself, without any superadded divine influence. And so it is concerning obedience to the commandments. When you have ascertained what exactly is meant by obeying the commandments, it is not so much obedience to the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, faith, and the love of God, as submission to ordinances, especially the ordinance of baptism. We solemnly believe, and appeal to thousands and thousands of witnesses for the truth of the remark, that this is what passes extensively under the name of obedience. That sacred term is not employed to comprehend so much "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," as it is employed in the Scriptures; but to bind men's consciences, by divine authority, to the necessity of a particular ordinance in a

particular form. It is as if a pyramid were turned upside down, and propped up, to stand upon its sharp point. The awful sanctions which God threw around himself upon the burning mountain; the deep utterances of man's duty to love him with heart and soul and mind and strength, which he there traced on tables of stone; the broad wealth of guidance and authority which he there laid over man's spiritual, moral, social and domestic principles, passions, habits and emotions, from which law-givers and nations have drawn their codes; the bright, searching light there thrown in upon the mysteries of man's inner spiritual life; the *exceeding broad* commandment; the *holy, just and good law*, convincing of sin, and leading us as a schoolmaster to Christ, is, in a great degree, summed up and reduced to the necessity of submitting to a particular external ordinance. With such systems we have, of course, no terms of compromise. For earnest and affectionate warnings against them, no reason need be sought, but simple faithfulness to God and to the souls of men.

3. A third reason why ceremonies avail nothing in Christ Jesus is, that *they do not supply the heart with daily grace, comfort and renewed forgiveness.*

We have already endeavored to show from the Scriptures that no ceremony imparts the Spirit of God to the soul of man, even at the very time of its administration. Were it necessary to do so, modern proofs might be adduced in abundance, of those who had expected the entrance of the Spirit of God into their hearts in ordinances having to go away at last in the anguish of a heart sick with vain and disappointed hope. But even leaving all this out of view for the present, a ceremony once repeated cannot give that daily remission of sins, that daily grace and comfort, that daily renewed forgiveness, which a Christian needs. It has no beauty to give for ashes; no oil of joy for mourning; no garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; no grace to be sufficient for us; no strength to be made perfect in weakness; no unction from the Holy One; no anointing which teacheth us of all things.

If sins be remitted in baptism, then what are we to do with those sins committed after baptism, in which *in many things we offend all*? Should we not need a monthly, a weekly, a daily, nay, an hourly baptism? If the remission of sins is tied to the receiving of the initiatory ceremonies of the church, then what became of the gross iniquity into which King David fell after attaining an eminent place in the church of God? And what became of the cursing and swearing and gross falsehood with which Peter denied his Lord? Shall we in America say, as certain ceremonialist divines of England are reported to have said, that if the sons of the church fall into sin after baptism, their mother has no second baptism to give them except the *baptism of tears*? Or shall we turn out of heaven the Royal Psalmist of Israel, and Peter, the apostle of the day of Pentecost, and Crammer, the martyr of the recantation, nay, and all the children of God who have been betrayed into sin after baptism, because the church has no second baptism to give? Is it replied that these second sins are remitted through the merits and intercession of the Lord Jesus, our advocate above, who is faithful and just to forgive our sins if we confess and forsake them? True! true! and as are the second sins remitted, so are the first and the last and all other sins remitted, which will ever be remitted on earth, through the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son, which cleanseth us from *all* sin. And let us, as erring men, send up our hearty thanks to God that forgiveness of sins is not taken out of his faithful, just and merciful hands, and put into the hands of man, or into a machinery; that it never was so; and that it never can be so.

4. A fourth reason why ceremonies avail nothing for good is, that *they lead to bigotry, separations, and sects, among Christians.*

It is a truth well-known among men, and one often of delightful influence, that Christian feeling can be brought to harmonize on the spiritual and practical doctrines and duties of religion to a much greater extent than can be

procured in connection with ordinances and ceremonies. Parties which are formed for or against particular ceremonies and ordinances are everywhere among the hottest, the most disagreeable, the most profitless, the most deleterious in their influence.

A *sect* and a *heresy* are the same thing in the Scriptures. The same original word is sometimes rendered a *sect*, and sometimes a *heresy*. The reader may consult 1 Cor. xi. 19; Gal. v. 20; and 2 Peter ii. 1.

The word heretic or sectarian occurs only in Titus iii. 10: "A man that is an *heretic*, after the first and second admonition reject." And the word heretic is here defined to mean *one who creates dissensions, introduces errors; a factious person.*

Now, it so happens that we have accounts of several sects, schisms, or heresies in the Scriptures. One is spoken of in the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It seems to have been formed by persons being led off from common Christianity to become the followers of individual men: "One of you saith I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." And this induced St. Paul to thank God that he had baptized very few of them, lest any should say that he had baptized in his own name; for that Christ had sent him not to baptize, but to preach the gospel. And the following of individual men, anxious for the notoriety of becoming the leaders of parties, has, in all ages of the world, been a most fruitful source of sects and heresies.

Another division in the same church is spoken of in the eleventh chapter of the same epistle, as having a connection with the celebration of the Lord's supper. And there was another heresy among the Galatian Christians, caused by those Jewish ceremonialists who wished to introduce their own initiatory ordinance, and their ceremonial spirit, into the Christian church, against whom the earnest words of our text were specially directed: "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision,

but a new creature." Now, these are most instructive facts. Every one of these sects seems to have arisen from giving too much importance to ordinances and ceremonies, to the neglect of the broad and common ground of spiritual truth. So far as these cases go (and we are not aware of any of a different significancy), we may define a sect, according to the teaching of the Scriptures, to be a party attaching little importance to vital, spiritual truth, and an exaggerated importance to ceremonies. Nor is the just and full force of this inevitable conclusion to be done away, when we hear ceremonialists endeavoring to turn away the public eye from the strict, clear and proper application of the term *sect* to themselves, by a totally gratuitous and arbitrary application of it to others who unite in a common gospel. On this point the reader will find much instruction in the following remark, taken from Archbishop Whately's *Essay on the Kingdom of Christ*:

"It is curious to observe how very common it is for any sect or party to assume a title indicative of the very excellence in which they are specially deficient, or strongly condemnatory of the very errors with which they are especially chargeable. Thus those who from time to time have designated themselves *quostics*, that is, persons *knowing* the gospel in a far superior degree to other professed Christians, have been generally remarkable for their *want* of knowledge of the very first rudiments of evangelical truth. The phrase, *catholic* religion, that is, *universal*, is most commonly in the mouths of those who are the most limited and *exclusive* in their views, and who seek to shut out the largest number of Christian communities from the gospel covenant. *Schism*, again, is by none more loudly reprobated than by those who are not only the immediate authors of schism, but the advocates of principles tending to generate and perpetuate schisms without end."

And had the philosophic bishop been acquainted with American communities, he might have added, as another proof of his profoundly keen and truthful remark, that there are none who have the denunciation of *sects* so fre-

quently in their mouth as those who themselves come up precisely to the true sense of that term.

This closes our portraiture of ceremonial religion. It is with the fair-minded reader to judge whether or not it is accurate. We have maintained that in Christ Jesus ceremonies avail nothing: 1, Because God has never given them power to change the heart, life, or character; 2, Because they lead to wrong views of the divine commandments; 3, Because they do not supply the heart with daily grace, comfort, and renewed forgiveness; and, 4, Because they lead to bigotry, separations and sects among Christians. We now pass to the second department of our contrast.

II. *In Christ Jesus a new creature avails everything, or spiritual religion is all in all.*

1. Because it changes the heart, life, and character of its subject.

“If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” “Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.” “If so be that ye have heard him, and have been taught by him, as the truth is in Jesus, that ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.” “Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.” The soul which is in Christ Jesus, as we saw at the outset of this discussion, is inwardly renewed by the Spirit of God; is justified by the righteousness of Christ; draws daily spiritual life from Christ; is delivered by him from the curses of this guilty world; leans on his breast in the sleep of death, and remains still spiritually united to him in the resurrection and the life eternal.

If it be asked how the soul of a sinner may get into this great salvation, it is answered, the Saviour says that he him-

self is the way, the truth, and the life. All the directions how to obtain salvation, given us in the Scriptures, lead to him and converge in him, like roads from every direction, leading to some great city.

We are commanded to *repent of sin*. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The times of a former ignorance *God winked at, but he now commandeth all men everywhere to repent*. But mere sorrow for sin will not save us, unless we are led thereby to lay hold on Christ Jesus, as the great deliverer from the power of sin, at whose cross the peculiar odiousness of sin, and its desperately poisonous and ruinous nature, may be seen. If a man cast out sin from his heart, without receiving Christ into it, he is in the situation of the man mentioned in the Gospels, whose heart was empty, swept and garnished, waiting for the return of the original inhabitant, with seven other spirits more wicked than himself. That repentance which is commanded will lead to a reception of Christ into the heart, instead of sin. He will be the way, the truth, and the life.

We are commanded again to *cease to do evil, and learn to do well*. Habits of sin are the darkening and blinding influences of the adversary. They must be removed as they are detected, just as we would remove obstructions from the windows to let in the light of the sun. If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. But our removal of sin must be in order to obtain a correct view of the cross of Christ. Our learning to do well must not be a laying of stone after stone on the walls of a temple of self-salvation and self-righteousness. It must be progress towards Christ. He is the way, the truth, and the life.

We are commanded to *believe* God's testimonies. And the whole revealed word of God is the proper object of man's faith. But faith itself is not a Saviour. Faith in God's word is but a simple act of duty, and has no power, in itself, to atone for a neglect of other duties. Neither will faith in what is recorded concerning Abraham, or con-

cerning Elijah, or concerning Daniel, save our souls. Our faith must specially lay hold on Christ Jesus the Redeemer as its main object. Nor does that faith then pay to the justice of God the penalty of a broken law which we owe; but it is the link which unites us to Jesus Christ, who has paid that penalty for us. If one of us should stand drinking fresh water from a pure spring, through a tube or pipe, it would not be the tube or pipe which quenched the thirst, but the water drawn through it. Such a tube may illustrate the office of faith. Faith is not the living water which the soul drinks and lives; but it is the instrument through which that living water is conveyed to the soul. And Christ himself is the living fountain from which it draws supplies. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Christ himself is the object of faith. From him it derives all its saving power. He is the way, the truth, and the life.

Again, we are commanded *to strive to enter in* at the strait gate. But the death of the Lord Jesus stands as a signal testimony to the universe forever, that God has removed all legal obstructions from the way of a sinner's salvation. Salvation is perfectly free to all who will accept it. *Without money and without price*, are the terms. The straitness of the gate does not, therefore, mean the strictness of a legal salvation. So to speak, one of the posts of the gate is a giving up of self-righteousness. The other is a submission to the righteousness of Christ. The strife at the entrance is not the fulfilling of a hard and severe law. It is the humbling of a proud heart to give up its own righteousness and consent to be saved, as a pauper, exclusively by the righteousness of another, bestowed as a gift. Here, too, he is the way, the truth, and the life.

And again we are commanded "to ask that we may receive, to seek that we may find, to knock that it may be

opened unto us." And it is expressly said, that God is willing abundantly to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask. We need not pause long upon the strange perversion of the passage sometimes heard, that persons seeking salvation have no part in this great promise, but only those already in a state of salvation; that is to say, they only may ask who have already received. They only must seek who have already found. They only must knock at the door who are already within the house. If any further refutation than this simple statement be needed, it may be found in the fact that, immediately after this exhortation to pray for spiritual influence, occurs the passage, "Enter ye in at the strait gate." That part of the sermon on the mount certainly applies to those who have not yet entered into the visible kingdom of Christ. And if that does so apply, so also does the one in question which immediately precedes it in the same connection. Yet this spiritual influence for which we are to pray is an influence to make God's people *willing in the day of his power*. It never gives a holiness independently of Christ. The Spirit of God reproves the world of sin, and of righteousness and judgment; of sin, because they believe not on Christ. That is the guilt, in great part, of which he convicts them. From that sin he leads them out by repentance. "He glorifies Christ, for he receives of his, and shews it unto them." Here, too, Christ Jesus is the way, the truth and the life, and *no man cometh unto the Father but by him*.

Spiritual religion availeth much, *secondly, because it gives a correct view of the commandments of God*.

It is necessary that men should know themselves to be sinners, and, as such, in a lost condition, before they will earnestly seek for salvation. The divine law is the perfect rule by which they are to compare themselves, to discover the extent of their transgressions and consequent spiritual ruin. It convinces men of the sinful pollution of their nature, hearts, and lives; humbles them in a sense of their sin and misery; and thereby helps them to a clearer sight

of the need they have of Christ, and of the perfection of his obedience. "The law was our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ, that we might be justified by faith." In this scheme the divine law is to be used in all the length and breadth of both its inward and its outward application. This is the office which the law performed in the conversion of St. Paul. "I had not known sin, but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. But sin, taking occasion of the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law sin was dead. For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. And the commandment which was ordained unto life I found to be unto death. For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. Wherefore the law is holy; and the commandment holy, and just and good. Was then that which is good made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful." (Romans vii.) Such clearly is the office of the commandments of God in the heart of an impenitent man. It is the sword by which the Divine Spirit slays the love of sin. It is the light by which he reproves men of sin. (John xvi. 8.) Its voice is that voice of terrible justice which drives the sinner's soul to a refuge in Christ Jesus.

The moral law, in all its length and breadth, has also a just and honorable use for all Christian people. It is the rule of their obedience, not binding them to ceremonial observances, but to inward purity of heart and outward purity of life. It informs them of the holy nature and will of God. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." It shows them how much they are bound to Christ for his fulfilling it and enduring its curse in their stead and for their good. Their obedience to the law is secured by their affection to it as holy, and just, and good: "I will put my laws into their hearts,

and in their minds will I write them." Spiritual religion avoids the mistake of the blind Pharisee in making clean merely the outside of the cup and platter. It effects a reformation of life and manners by commencing in the right place. It cleanses first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also. It makes the tree good, that the fruit may be good. It makes the fountain pure, that the stream may be pure. It binds the affections of the heart to the law, that the soul may, through love for it, render to it a spiritual obedience.

A third reason why spiritual religion availeth much is, that *it does supply the heart with daily grace, comfort, and renewed forgiveness.*

Certain noted facts are revealed in reference to God's care of his spiritual people, calculated to fill every spiritually-minded man with the strongest hope and confidence. One fact is, that if any man sin we have an *Advocate* with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous. And if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. No man, nor conclave, nor company of men, can bind sin upon our souls. We are not bound in the galling chains of a ceremonial forgiveness, either before or after baptism. But our souls are in the hands of God himself. So that we may expect to see in heaven the sinning, yet penitent Jonah; and the sinning, yet penitent Psalmist of Israel; and falling, yet rising Peter, the apostle of the day of Pentecost; and Cranmer, the martyr of the recantation; and all the children of God who have been betrayed into sin after baptism, but have turned again to true repentance and confession.

Another fact is, that God has built a *throne of grace* to hear when sinners cry. Unto that throne of grace we are permitted to come boldly, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. To that throne of grace we may go whenever we feel the buffetings of the messengers of Satan. We may go there in all infirmities, in re-

proaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake. From that throne it is that God speaks to man such answers as this: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

And another fact is, that God has sent his Holy Spirit to be the perpetual *comforter* of his people, and has furnished a great variety of exceeding great and precious promises as the means whereby his Spirit may operate upon the hearts of Christians as their perpetual guide, purifier, and comforter.

Such, so appropriate, so full, so complete at every point, is the spiritual provision for his people which God's covenant contains.

Our *fourth* reason, and the last we give, why spiritual religion availeth much is, that *it does not lead to bigotry, separations, and sects among Christians.*

It has already been shown that the sects and heresies mentioned in the Bible proceeded chiefly, either from the following of men ambitious to be leaders, or from attaching an exaggerated importance to ceremonies, and too little importance to vital, spiritual religion. The Scriptures, indeed, do not seem to contemplate a complete union in outward things among Christians. "One believeth that he may eat all things; another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth: for God hath received him. One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." (Romans xiv.) This is the only practical principle in relation to external things. A union in ceremonials is a demonstrated impossibility in any such times as have yet been seen on earth. The unity of which the Scriptures speak is a different affair totally. It is a unity of spirit among Christians like the spiritual union of the persons of the adorable Trinity: "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 the world may believe that thou

hast sent me." (John xvii. 21.) "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. iv. 3.) And it is now often seen that, in times of great spiritual influence and revival, the hearts of men can be brought together; they can be brought to work hand in hand, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the spiritual and practical doctrines and duties of religion, with the same hopes, the same joys, the same love to an unseen Saviour, the same earnest interest for a world lying in wickedness, in a much deeper and stronger and more cordial union than ever can be produced by a mere uniformity of ceremonies. There is absolutely no hope for a perfect outward uniformity in the visible church, as it seems to us. There is a full and authorized hope for the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace in those days of true millennial glory, over which the page of prophecy so exults, when spiritual religion shall be felt to be all in all, and when the precious words on which we have been speaking shall have their complete fulfilment: "In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I. The proper place for baptism and the Lord's supper is as outward badges and signs of the Christian profession. In them God gives a blessing to his own children, by the working of his Spirit in them that receive them in faith. They never turn enemies into children, and that power is not in them. They are to be maintained in their proper places, with holy reverence, as the appointments of God. When they are made to usurp the place of Christ, and are set up as SAVIOURS, every Christian is bound, by a full and complete obligation, to resist that usurpation by every possible means, for the honor of God and the good of men.

II. Those who make saviours of church ordinances generally go from one degree of error to another. They often send off sects and secessions from their own sides. But those sects and secessions are rarely seen to ascend to a purer

and more wholesome region. They are almost invariably seen going *down hill*, following wilder and wilder theories.

III. Let us most earnestly beware of the power of flattery, promising to us an easy salvation without conviction of sin, without wrestlings and strivings with sin, without yielding up our own righteousness, without submitting thoroughly to the righteousness of Christ, and without a change of the carnal heart. Why should we deceive ourselves when God says, "Except a man be born again, he *cannot* see the kingdom." Our mistakes do not alter his truth. Let us hold fast on his power to create our hearts anew in Christ Jesus. Let us be faithful to our own souls. Let us make sure work for eternity.

And now, whatever may be the force of the blow here struck—if it has any force at all—I humbly render thanks to God for having enabled me to strike it. There is no apology to be offered for it, except that it was not struck more heartily and with greater force. Personal offence cannot justly be taken, since no personal allusions, but only general allusions, are made. I am the enemy of no man, or set of men. Grievous error has often to be dealt with in this general manner to avoid all personal offence. Whoever feels the cap to fit may wear it. I pray that God's blessing may be with every such one, that he may be enlightened to his recovery from dangerous error by the Spirit of God attending his truth.

I do not expect that

"In dying, I shall wish to blot"

one material doctrinal statement above made. These, if I am not mistaken, are the brightest, clearest, most visible crystals at the bottom of the fountain of God's truth. They have been as clearly seen by thousands for centuries—perhaps more clearly seen than by me. I have no peace to make with a delusive religion; no apology to make to it. Against all such I will make no end of warning while life and breath and being last. If we are deluded and ruined here, there is no second world of trial.

S E R M O N .

“For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.”—MARK viii. 36.

OUR souls, as we here see, *may be lost*; and that is a loss which the gaining of the whole world would not make up to us. Our souls are worth more than the whole world. They are worth so much,—

I. Because they are *immortal*.

There may probably be prophecies of immortality within our souls themselves, in their own desires and longings after a life higher than this, and their hopes, aspirings, fears and forebodings of things in eternal scenes. To a pure eye there are analogies of man's immortality around us: in the resurrection of the spring from the death of winter, in the upspringing of wheat from the dead grain, in the rise of the butterfly from the worm, and in the fact that other things, which seem just as death seems, are but changes and advancements to other stages of being.

But it is in the Bible, and by the voice of God, that *life and immortality* are brought to light. There we learn clearly and fully that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this *mortal must put on immortality*. The righteous souls at the judgment shall go away into *life eternal*. The wicked shall go away into *everlasting punishment*. The gift of God is *eternal life* through Jesus Christ our Lord. *This is the promise* that he hath promised us, even *eternal life*. That, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the *hope of eternal life*.

The New Testament especially, infinitely stretches the value of the soul by showing plainly that it will exist forever in eternal happiness or eternal misery. Our souls are, therefore, worth more than the whole world to us, because when the world and everything in it besides man shall be burned up and taken away, then the soul will have an eternity before it to go on existing, in heaven or in hell.

Our souls must live forever and forever in happiness or in misery.

II. Our souls are worth so much on account of their *powers of enjoyment*. It is enough to fill us with astonishment to think of the great joy which, according to the word of God, the gospel pours into the human soul. When a soul enters heaven, it is said to enter into the *joy of its Lord*. When the prophet Isaiah spake beforehand of the diffusion of the gospel among men, he said that *everlasting joy should be upon their heads*; the kingdom of God among men is righteousness and peace and *joy in the Holy Ghost*. Along with the gospel the Spirit of God comes and dwells in the spirit of man, and three of the fruits of that Spirit are love, joy and peace. The Apostle John writes to the churches that *their joy might be full*. Jude says that those to whom he writes are to be presented faultless before the *presence of Christ's glory with exceeding joy*. St. Paul tells the Philippians that *the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus*. And Peter, speaking of the bond of union between Christ and his people, says, "Whom having not seen ye love, in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice *with joy unspeakable and full of glory*." And the Spirit of God puts into the rapt and glowing lips of St. Paul a prayer for Christians, that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith, that they, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. And the same apostle tells us that a certain process of discipline to which the souls of God's people are subjected in this world works out for them *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory in heaven*. These are the brightest pictures of *joy* that are to be found in any books of poetry or books of prophecy or books of imagination—and much more, books of fact to be found in this world. There is no joy of this earth that

can go higher than *joy unspeakable* and full of glory. And in reference to that glory with which the *joy is full* there is no glory known below which exceeds *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*. Man is capable of these enjoyments, of which fish and beast and bird are not capable, because man is gifted with an immortal soul. A man's soul is, therefore, of great value to him. It is of so much value that the gain of the whole world would not make up to him the loss of his soul.

III. Our souls are worth so much on account of their *powers of suffering*.

Those who know not God and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ shall, in consequence of the immortality of their souls, be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power. A process of destruction shall go on upon them which will be an everlasting process of destruction. There shall be *weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth*; for their *worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched*. Sin is such a deadly poison that when it gets hold upon the substance of a soul it *bites like a serpent and stings like an adder and eats like a cancer*. These are esteemed among the most painful modes of death. These are the ways in which the punishment of sin in the future world are set forth in the Bible. If we take along with them the thought that in the future world, if they once begin, they must endure forever and forever; if we multiply each of the agonies of a guilty conscience by endless years; if we consider well the decisive words of the Lord Jesus, that their worm *dieth not* and their fire is *not quenched*, we can see enough to show us that a man's soul is worth more to him than the world. If he loses his soul and gains the whole world, the gain of the whole world will not make up to him the loss of his soul.

IV. GOD'S ETERNAL LOVE of our souls shows that they are worth more than the whole world.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have

everlasting life. God surely did not love the sins of this world, for he once destroyed the inhabitants of the world by water on account of their sins, and he will again destroy the world by fire on the same account. He surely did not so love the mere *material* elements of the world, or the mere *bodily* part of man, as to give his Son to die for us; for all the material elements of this world, except so much of them as may have been connected with human souls, as the bodily tabernacles of those souls, will be consumed by fire when that day of the Lord shall come.

On that day *the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works which are therein shall be burnt up.* And if God's love for this world was connected with the material elements of it, beautiful as they are, and rich as they are in the wonderful proofs of his handiwork, he would not thus burn them up as soon as the immortal spirits of men, and the renewed tabernacles of those spirits, spring up into the air, and leave this world.

Nor did God love this world of sinners as a world of sinners, and because it was a world of sinners, for "God is angry with the wicked every day; if he turn not he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow and made it ready; he hath also prepared for him the instruments of death." And when he looked upon the old world and saw that "the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," such was the hatred of sin in the holy mind of God that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart; and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth;" and he did for their sins destroy that whole generation, leaving but one righteous man and his family.

It was not because it was a world of sinners that God so loved this world; nor because it was a world of beautiful material workmanship, fearfully and wonderfully made; but it was because of the *immortal spirits* which inhabit the

bodies of men in this world. It was because the soul of man is immortal, and has power to be happy and full of glory to all eternity, and has power to be forever in woe and anguish, that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to die for it. It was the *soul* of man upon which the love of God was fixed. "For the redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever." It was the soul of man, Jehovah's breath, lying in his sight weltering in sin and woe, condemned and dying, yet a priceless jewel capable of feeling the love of God, and of reflecting his glory, and capable of wearing a bright and burning crown of reflected glory in heaven. It was that soul of man on which the love of God was fixed with pity and purposes of mercy and of salvation before the foundation of the world. We may see the worth of our souls in the love of God flowing out towards them from eternity in spite of sin, and may so learn that if we lose our souls, the gain of the whole world would not make up the loss.

V. The Son of God coming from heaven, and taking human flesh and dying for our souls, shows their great value.

It was not to save the material universe from being burned up in the conflagration of the last day, nor was it to save the body of man from being stricken by the scythe of death, and spread out in the grave as a repast for the earth-worm, that Christ Jesus came into this world, but it was to *redeem the souls* of sinners from the condemnation of *eternal death* under which they lay.

The Saviour went about doing good to the bodies of men, healing the sick and cleansing the lepers, to show his compassion and to give vent to the tender pity he felt for the lost estate of man and all his woes. But his main occupation on earth was casting out devils, forgiving the sins and undoing the spiritual bonds of guilty souls, as a physician of souls. And his mighty miracles in feeding the thousands, and in speaking to and stilling the waves and the winds, and in raising the dead to life, though they were works of mercy in themselves, yet they had a deeper mean-

ing by far than mere mercy, for they were done to prove the consent of the treating power in heaven to the main great work which he had in hand—to die as the *Redeemer of the souls* of men. The language of the miracles to the hearing ear was the same as the language of that articulate voice itself once heard speaking immediately from the courts of heaven, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” I give my sanction to his redeeming work.

If Christ had come to be a mere Redeemer of the material elements from the bondage of corruption, he would have gone about the fields plucking up weeds and briars and thorns; he would have roamed about killing the poisonous reptiles of the world, fulfilling the low heathen idea of Hercules as a redeemer of matter and a deliverer from mere material evils; or he would have ascended into the fields of ether, like a new Titan, among the whirling planets of the sky, and he would have forced back the march of the earth in her orbit from that path in which she has been walking since her inhabitants were sinners, and in which she encounters the heat of summer, and the scorching fire of fever, and the sirocco and the tornado, and in which she encounters the snow and the ice and the chill blasts and the temporary death of winter, and he would have impelled her again into the path in which she rolled in the days of the paradise of old, in which eternal spring smiled over her borders, and the sweetness of even-temperature and the blessedness of perpetual youth and health were enjoyed by her inhabitants. But great as these things would have been, they were not the things that brought him down from heaven to earth. The *souls* of men were in thick darkness in relation to their spiritual concerns and in relation to the way in which a sinner may be restored to the favor of God. When he came into the world “the people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.” He declared of himself, “I am the light of the world;

he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "I am the resurrection and the life." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "In him was life, and the light was the light of men."

The souls of men lay under a heavy *load of guilt* also, which they had heaped up by despising and breaking every principle of the law of God, and the justice of that law which drew its mighty force and power from the just and holy bosom of God, thundered terribly over men's heads, and sent out its forked lightnings, and threatened soon to smite and sweep away their souls with the arrows of destruction. The main great work of JÉSUS Christ was to bear in himself man's heavy load of grievous guilt, taking the place of man at the bar of heaven's justice. Realizing more than the old fable of Atlas with the heavens upon his shoulders, he bore those heavier things than even the roof and ceiling of the heavens themselves, the wrath and curse of insulted law and justice, the wrath and curse of the God of justice, which was due to human guilt. In thus bearing our sins and carrying our sorrows in his own body on the tree he took away their power over our souls. Satan, like lightning, fell from heaven. Sin was conquered and retreated. Death, it is true, seemed to be victorious for a short time. He held the Saviour for one day and a part of two others locked fast in his once mighty and terrible arms. But on the third morning death himself was conquered. The seeming victory of the grave over him was soon turned into a complete and real victory of his over the grave. When he had thus died for sin and risen from the grave, the work which he came on earth to do was accomplished. And although we must believe that some mighty deliverance of some kind was wrought out even for the material world by his awful vicarious sufferings, because we are informed by inspired authority that the "creature itself also (that is, probably the material creation,) shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God;" yet when

that death and resurrection were accomplished, the main thing which was secured by them was the eternal salvation of the souls of men. The curse of justice which bore upon human souls, and would have sent them down to hell, was taken out of the way, being nailed to the cross, and then the *mighty principle* of divine government came to be acted on, and the mighty proclamation to be everywhere made that "whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The value of the soul of man "*glusses itself*," and is exhibited in the mighty mediatorial work of Christ, in his deep submission, his mighty agonies, his lowly and painful death, his sleep in the grave, and his eternal wearing about him of wounds received in the work of saving souls. The mediatorial but glorified person of Jesus Christ is said by the author of the Book of Revelation to exhibit itself in heaven, down to this very day, as a "Lamb that had been slain," bearing the wounds which were received on Calvary as the price he paid for man's redemption. And as those wounds will be a memorial of the mighty and evil power of sin, to be seen by the inhabitants of heaven to all eternity, so they are now, as we see them by the eye of faith, a memorial to us of the value of our souls, and of the great price that was paid by the Divine Sufferer for the salvation of our souls from sin which he offers to our acceptance.

In the great price he paid we can see the worth of our souls, and we may look upon his cross and learn that if we lose our own souls the gain of the whole world will not make up the loss.

VI: The SPIRIT OF GOD coming down from heaven to sanctify and purify our souls, shows their value as they are regarded in heaven when Christ had ascended up to heaven and the day of Pentecost was fully come, and the Spirit of God was to descend upon the earth. This was a part of the plan of salvation. He might have descended upon the minds of men to teach the correct principles of political government, and this would have been of great importance

and value, for the political world was just then entering into the iron age of the Roman military despotism. Or he might have descended into the minds of men to teach them the knowledge of science, and this too would have been good, for the age was then swiftly coming on when ancient sciences and arts were about to be lost, and the sciences had to sleep a long sleep in the grave of the dark ages before their modern resurrection came. Or he, the Spirit of God, might have descended to bring mere intellectual gifts, and this would have been a bright thing for the world, for genius was passing away, and second-rate minds were then coming uppermost, and intellectual darkness was seating itself upon Greece and Rome. But the Spirit descended for none of these things. He came to convert and to sanctify *the souls of men*, that theirs might be the blessing of the pure in heart who shall see God. "He came to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified, by faith that is in Christ."

He came to give the *new birth* to the souls of men, that being born again, born of the Spirit, they might enter into the kingdom of God; to take away the stony heart, and to give them hearts of flesh; to write God's laws as God's mark upon the souls of men, that they should not depart from him; to take away the carnal mind and the spiritual death that dwells in it, and give the spiritual mind with the life and peace that dwell in it; to be a *spirit of adoption* in the souls of the children of God, giving them an earnest, a prelibation of heaven, bearing witness that they are the children of God, and teaching them to cry Abba Father.

He came down to open the crystal fountain to quench the thirst of the soul, to give it sanctifying grace sufficient for its day and according to its wants, and thus to guide that soul through all the various scenes of life, until it arrive safely on the shores of the blessed Canaan, and at the New Jerusalem in heaven.

In the importance of that errand, which brings from heaven, not only the Son of God, but the Spirit of God, we may read the worth of our souls, and learn that if we lose our souls a gaining of the whole world will not compensate us for the loss :

1. Our souls are *immortal*.
2. They are capable of everlasting happiness.
3. They are capable of eternal misery.
4. God loved and pitied them from eternity.
5. Christ Jesus died to save them.
6. The Spirit of God descends from heaven to sanctify them.

“What, then, shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?” There are persons who always send the subject of religion away *to wait for a convenient season*; who devote to it the scraps of their time, or else no time at all; who allow it a place only in the refuse corners of their mind. But your soul is immortal, and of too vast importance to be dealt with thus. The angels of God in heaven have a different estimate from you on the subject, for “there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” If the soul is thus valuable, beware of the things by which men *lose* their souls.

1. Beware of *secret cherished besetting sins*. “If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.” Cut away the secret, cherished, besetting sin at all hazards and to the last extremity.

2. Beware of adopting *false hopes* upon presumptuous grounds. “Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.”

3. Beware of being satisfied with anything short of a *renewal of your heart*, a regeneration of your spiritual nature, a putting away of old things, a seeing of all things new, and a showing of your faith by your works. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you. Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha."

4. Beware of postponement and procrastination. On that rock thousands have split. Time is precious. You have none to spare. "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

S E R M O N.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—HEB. vii. 25.

IT must be remembered that the salvation offered to us in the Lord Jesus Christ is of a spiritual nature. A man may have succeeded in acquiring worldly substance, or in earning to himself an honest, good name, or in performing the duties of a good citizen in his generation, and yet not enjoy the salvation offered in the gospel, because, with all his temporal success, his soul may be spiritually in darkness, in guilt and in sorrow.

A man may have made a public profession of religion, he may have even connected himself with some church which in pure simplicity greatly exalts the power and glory of the Saviour, and yet he has not obtained a real salva-

tion unless he himself is delivered by the power of Christ from the darkness, the guilt and the sorrow of sin.

If we cast our eyes along the line of the communications of heaven to earth in times before our Saviour, we shall see that preparation was making for some mighty and real salvation in and through the incarnate Son of God.

1. We behold a long line of *prophets* appearing upon the scene of events, one after another, burdened with the messages of God to living men, and with the dooms of the nations and with the secrets of the future. They appear one after another in a reverend and awful authority, which places them at the very summit of mere human nature, until the prophet's robe rests on the shoulders of Jesus of Nazareth, and the prophet's office takes an immeasurably higher range, and is lifted up from off the earth and set in glory in the skies.

2. Then we see a long line of *kings* appearing one after another. Saul, towering with head and shoulders above other men; David, subduing all enemies round about him; Solomon, seated on a throne of wondrous beauty, or riding in a morning chariot of wondrous splendor; and so through a long line, until suddenly the crown and sceptre of Judah lights on the head and hands of Jesus of Nazareth. The kingdom changes from an earthly to a heavenly kingdom. The king is now no rival of the Assyrian, the Egyptian or the Roman king. Their kingdoms are of this world; his kingdom is not of this world; his crown is caught up among the eternal jewels of the skies; he wields the word of truth as his governing sceptre; his throne is in heaven; but as it is a throne of grace, it is bowed down ever within hearing distance of the earth, and near enough to hear the humblest contrite sinner's prayer. The King on that throne is "the root and the offspring of David"—David's greater Son—and "of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even for ever."

3. Then, again, we see a long line of *priests*, for many centuries entering the veil of the most holy place, and streams of the blood of birds and beasts ever flowing to make atonement for sin, and yet all pointing to some richer blood than they, which was afterwards to flow and to give them all their real power, until suddenly the line of Melchizedek's priesthood makes its appearance a second time, and cuts off that of Aaron.

The victim is the human body of the High Priest himself, the body of Jesus. The High Priest is the Son of man, like other priests; but he is also the Son of God. He has no atonement to make for himself like other men. He pours out his soul unto death; the veil of the old temple is torn asunder. He does not enter into the "holy places made with hands, which were the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." He offers but one sacrifice for sin, that is himself; and that puts away for ever the sins of those who accept his salvation.

In this change of a long and illustrious line of prophets into a divine Prophet, to foretell deeper and higher things; this change of a long line of earthly and temporal kings into a spiritual and divine King, to defend them against higher powers; this change of mere earthly and human high priests into a divine High Priest, who offers his precious blood for sin, we can see heaven's preparation and deliberate arrangement to bring in a nobler dispensation, to save to the uttermost, and with a real salvation, all who come to God by him.

I. He is able to save to the uttermost of *darkness*.

The teachers of religion in the old times enlightened the minds of the people by reading the law of the Lord in their hearing. Moses rehearsed to them all the laws of God, and required of them their covenant-consent to do them. So also did Joshua, and took a great stone and set it up under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord, and said unto all the people: "Behold, this stone shall be a witness.

unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us." So also did Ezra the scribe, after the return from the captivity, bring out the book of the law and read "in the book, in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." And thus "Moses of old time had in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day."

There were likewise in the old covenant many institutions and events and types and shadows intended to give religious ideas to the people. Blood was ever flowing in the temple, to show that without shedding of blood there was no remission. Some animals were clean, and some unclean; some persons were clean, and some (as the lepers) were unclean, to show the pollution and guilt and shame of sin; and brazen serpents were lifted up, and paschal lambs were slain, and hyssop branches sprinkled blood over the people to point to the coming Redeemer from sin, and to his atoning blood. "But God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake unto the fathers in time past by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." In him dwelt the fulness of the godhead bodily, and God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "In him was life, and the life was the light of men"—from the many-sided phases of the life that was in him, sparkling radiances of light as if of precious jewels, beamed upon the pathway of mortals to heaven. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who (now under the prophetic reign of his divine Son) giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not." "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace;" "for if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall

your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

Under this powerful arrangement of sending out his word and pouring out his Holy Spirit into the dark minds of men, he is able to save to the uttermost of darkness all that come to God by him. He casts out seven devils from the mind of one, and a legion of evil spirits from the soul of another; and the radiance of his beams shall yet one day illumine the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty.

II. He is able to save to the uttermost of *guilt* all that come to God by him.

The old high priest of the Jews could make atonement for some sins with the blood of birds and beasts offered on his altars. But he had to make atonement first for his own sins, and then for the sins of the people. And when the atonement was made, it would not last longer than twelve months' time. "Into the most holy place went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself and for the errors of the people." And even then there were many *sins unto death* which this one year's atonement did not reach at all. They that committed them were stoned to death, or fire came down from heaven and consumed them, or the earth opened and swallowed them, and they went down quick into the pit.

But we behold the form of Jesus Christ stalking forth in the gloom of the night hours from the upper chamber where he had eaten the passover, making his way deliberately to the garden of Gethsemane to encounter the heavy weight of human guilt. Three times he lifts his prayer to heaven under the pressure of that fearful hour. "Now is my soul exceeding sorrowful unto death," is his cry. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. He is bandied about from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod; he ascends the hill of sorrow: He is suspended on the cross. The earth is moved with terror at the awful scene; the sun is darkened that he may

not behold his dying agonies. The Father hath withdrawn from him in that dreadful hour; he enquires of heaven, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" Every cup of justice is emptied on his head. The mysteries of death for sin are all spent on his devoted person. The human being dies. The human life is taken away. Some think that he saw yawning just beneath him the dark abyss of total death, and was "heard in that he feared, when he offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears" to be kept out of it. The divinity that dwelt in him was consenting unto his death. The dignity of that divinity gave infinite merit to his death. The blood which reddens his cross not only speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, but through the eternal Spirit it purges your consciences from dead works to serve the living God; it "cleanseth us from all sin;" it raises up the prophecy from the years of old and makes it good: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

To show that this atonement reaches the utmost of human guilt, and that his power can reach its extremes with a word, he takes with him into paradise on that very day one of the thieves who hung bleeding by his side in the hour of his agony.

When, after a few days of risen life on earth, he ascends into the heavens, enters as a King the golden city of God, advances as a High Priest into the most holy presence of God with his crucified body and his wounded hands and side, there is sent to his assembled followers at Jerusalem the fulfilment of the promise given them before his ascension, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. On the day of Pentecost there comes from heaven a sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and cloven tongues like as of fire sit upon each of them. They are all filled with the Holy Ghost. Three thousand souls are converted from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God in a day.

It is plain that he is able to save to the uttermost of

guilt, from the fact that that three thousand, in the highest probability, embraces some who had cried, "Crucify him, crucify him; release unto us Barabbas."

Religion soon became so powerful in the city of Jerusalem that the angry and guilty people thirsted for the blood of a new martyr, and they stoned Stephen to death for his religion. The witnesses and executioners of Stephen laid down their clothes at the feet of a young man named Saul. And this man Saul saw them stone Stephen, and he was consenting unto his death. And then he himself, even this clothes-keeping Saul, leaped into the persecution, making havoc of the church at Jerusalem, and entering every house in search of Christian men and women to commit them to prison. And they fled before him as shivering doves before the hawk. He heard that some of them had gone up to Damascus, that beautiful city of the East, which lies at the fords of the Abana and Pharpar, drinking the pearls of their clear waters like a thirsty traveller. And to Damascus Saul goes breathing out threatenings and slaughter. If a man had been informed that he saw the visions of God in heaven on his way to Damascus, and were asked what he would think those visions of Saul would be on such a journey, he would probably say that he must have seen the Lord looking at him through the clouds, as he looked at Pharaoh at the Red Sea, in the morning watch, to vex him with derision, to trouble his soul, and to impede his progress. But to show that he is able to save to the uttermost of guilt, he calls this man to repentance, and washes off the blood from his *hands* and from his *conscience* with the blood of atonement, and sends Ananias to comfort his soul. And when Ananias remonstrates that he is a noted persecutor, the Saviour says, "Go thy way; he is a chosen vessel unto me." He that thus found mercy was forgiven of God for his persecution, but never could forgive himself. Sometimes he is "the least of the apostles, that am not worthy to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God;" then he is the least even of all saints;

and then his humble heart sinks lower still, and he calls himself *less* than the least of all saints and the chief of sinners. "Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life."

Then Christ Jesus appears, by the means of this chosen vessel, as able to save to the utmost of the spaces and regions of the earth, the guiltiest souls that come to God by him. First he becomes strong at Damascus, and confounds the Jews, and proves that Jesus is the Christ. Then he becomes an instrument of the power of God at Antioch and at Iconium; at Derbe and at Lystra; at Thessalonica and at Berea; at Ephesus and at Philippi; at Athens and at Corinth; at Casarea and at Rome. He stands before Felix and before Agrippa, before Festus and before Nero. If they put him into prison at Philippi, he sang praises to God at the midnight hour, and showed that Jesus was able to save to the utmost of the darkness of dungeons, all that come to God by him. If they bound him and sent him to Rome, he converted to Christ some of the very household of that poor hardened, reckless and shallow sinner, Nero himself.

III. He is able to save to the uttermost of *sorrow and distress*.

The Jewish high priest being only a man, could but explain the comforts of the law to the suffering sons and daughters of sorrow who came to him to be comforted. He could tell them how he had received comfort in his own experience by trusting in God and staying himself even in darkness upon the living God. If that high priest were a learned, a thoughtful, and a godly man, he could tell the sufferers that there are in the books of the prophets, riddles and enigmas of future comfort by means of some greater prophet than Moses or Isaiah, though I know not who he shall be; and by the hands of some more blessed priest than Aaron, though I cannot clearly discern in the

future the nature of his sacrifice; and by the hands of some greater king than David, though I can get no vision of the nature of his throne, and can give you only the distant promise of that comfort to God's people.

But Jesus is not only a High Priest that can be touched, like a brother, with a feeling of our infirmities, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, but by the eye of his divinity he knows men's thoughts afar off, and needs not that any shall tell him what is in man. He knows all the springs and sources of human joys and sorrows, and of all human thought indeed, and human nature, as he who made it all.

He fathomed the sorrow of the garden shade with soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. He trod the vales of poverty, of want and of human woe, as well as those of pain and death. When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. From the sepulchre in the rock, which was not even his private property, as a man, he ascended to the throne of grace in heaven, from which he sent down the Holy Spirit to be the Comforter of human hearts to the uttermost of all need.

To that throne of grace his illustrious disciple, Paul, once went to present his three-fold prayer that the messenger of Satan, the thorn in the flesh, might depart from him. He might have said, O Lord Jesus, thou rememberest thy sorrow in Gethsemane! thou rememberest how thou didst pray three times for the removal of that cup! remember thine awful sorrow, and then look upon my crushing sorrow. But as the cup did not pass from Jesus when he prayed his three-fold prayer in Gethsemane, so neither did the buffetting messenger of Satan depart from Paul when he prayed his three-fold prayer to be delivered. But as Jesus, bearing our sorrows in his own soul in the garden, was an infinite blessing to his people, so was the answer to the triple-prayer of Paul better far than that for which he asked. The messenger of Satan was not removed, but instead of that his divine Master gave him a promise, and

through him to all like him who should come after him : “ My grace is sufficient for thee ; my strength is made perfect in weakness.” And when the ample folds of that promise were wrapped around him, and its comforting spirit was breathing through his heart, so able did he find Jesus Christ to be to save to the utmost of sorrow that he shouted forth his song of praise, and said, “ Most gladly, therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ’s sake, for when I am weak then am I strong.”

IV. So also he is able to save to the uttermost of *time* (while the appointed time of mercy shall endure) all that come unto God by him.

He has raised up and carried away with him into heaven the very body which was pierced by the nails and the spear ; the very body into the wounds of which unbelieving Thomas of old thrust in his fingers, and in that body in heaven “ he ever liveth to make intercession for us,” showing the sacrifice of himself, and appearing for ever a Lamb that has been slain ; High Priest and victim all in one, passed into the heavens.

There the divinity which is united to his human nature is a well of immortality which upholds his priesthood and renders him able to save to the uttermost of time, through all genuine revivals of religion, and through all the glories of the millennial age, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

The peace which his blood makes between our conscience and our God to-day is as deep, as real and as genuine, as it was on the day of Pentecost or the day of the pardon of Saul of Tarsus. And the prophecies and all probabilities, and his unchangeable priesthood and his divinity, all show us that the peace his blood will make with the latest company of newly converted souls will be as deep, as gen-

unine and as real as that which may be made with him this day. And it will have to be made on precisely the same terms as that which may be made with him this day on his throne of grace. "Look unto him and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for he is God, and there is none else." "Come unto him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden" with darkness or guilt or sorrow, and he will give you rest.

THE FUTURE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.¹

EVEN to the coldest Thomas Didymus, not a bold and open infidel, the present question concerning the second coming of the Lord Jesus to this world must possess some interest. All that reluctance which an infidel feels to believing any event on the faith of the Scriptures, may exist to believing any event on the faith of the prophecies; intellectual pride may have peculiar possession of that part of our minds in which we delight to compare ourselves with weak and wild enthusiasts; the failure of past prophetic horoscopes may have led us to adopt an ultra stoic calmness on all that class of subjects; yet if there is to be a second advent of Christ, and if that second advent is to be anything more than a mere figure of speech, it cannot be unimportant or uninteresting to us. And there appears to be no way to get rid of the fact hanging so boldly and visibly in the apostolic writings, that there is to be some sort of a second advent, but by bold and open infidelity. When Christ was ascending to heaven in the presence of a great crowd of witnesses, there came two angels to them, as they stood with uplifted faces gazing upon his form departing into the skies, and told them plainly that, in the same manner in which they had seen him go away, *in that manner* he should come again to the world. That is itself enough. If that vivid scene stood alone on that point in the Scriptures it would be sufficient authority for the awakening of the expectations of men. But that fact does not stand alone; corroborations crowd the writings of the apostles. One says he comes behind in no gift, wait-

¹ Written in 1868. Now inserted by request.

ing for the coming of the Lord Jesus; and that his conversation is already in heaven, from whence also he looks for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; and he beseeches his brethren by the coming of our Lord as the most certain of events. Another beseeches his dear children to abide in Christ, that when he shall appear we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming. Another affectionately exhorts brethren to be patient in waiting for the coming of the Lord, in imitation of the long patience of the husbandman in waiting for the early and the latter rain and the precious fruit of the earth. And a fourth argues at length, to prove that the Lord is not slack concerning this very promise of his coming in the last days, as some men count slackness. It is admitted that these certain assurances of a second coming of the Lord Jesus to this world may be construed to suit either the premillenarian theory—that the history of this world will be far from its completion at the second coming of Christ; or the post-millenarian theory—that the second coming of Christ is to be at the day of judgment.

The advocates of these theories respectively, are so because each think their theory best explains and crystallizes these facts. But there is no diversity of opinion known to us among men who accept revelation as the ground of their religious tenets about the fact that there is to be a second coming, of some kind or other, and at some time or other. The names by which these theories are called are long, scholastic, it may be pedantic. They express very important divergencies of opinion—being, perhaps, the extremes between which somewhere lie the opinions of most thinkers on prophecy, and in all probability that truth of which no one needs to be ashamed.

But in the nature of the case, the particular interest of the present times in prophecy exists on the premillenarian theory. For if that sacred golden age, the happy thousand years of the millennium, is to come in gradually and slowly, and by human and visible instrumentalities to spread its

wings of holiness and righteousness over the world before the second coming of Christ, then that event is surely yet a great way off. There is visible at this time among the nations of the earth nothing whatever like the reign of Christ, spiritual or temporal. The reverse is nearer true. As wave after wave of relentless persecution rolls over Christians, they may rather look with meek and patient eyes up to the throne of God, and hope that the days may be shortened, and that they shall come to their end by the appearance on earth of such a power as shall forever put a stop to earthly persecutions. There is, at this day, an atheistic triumph of iniquity, a free course and glory of the three unclean spirits of the Apocalypse, a power exerted by fierce, levelling, and irreverent theories, which entirely takes away from the study of prophecy any special interest at this time in the post-millennial theory. We firmly believe that the world is growing, not better, but *worse*, every year, and that on that theory each succeeding year postpones still farther and indefinitely, considered as a sign, the coming of the Lord. But if that event is to "come as a snare on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth," if it is to be "at midnight," if it is to be "at such an hour as men think not," if one object of the Divine Sovereign in this return to the world is to show to the intelligent universe whereto the guilt of man will go, unrestrained by the fear of God; if another object is to display the disastrous and ludicrous failure of all human inventions and to stain the pride of all human glory; and if that second coming is to introduce "the times of the restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began," to bring in that manifestation of the sons of God for which the earnest expectation of the creature at present waiteth; and if the Lord, by his coming and his presence, whatever those may be, is to prepare this world for that golden age which lies in lines of orient light, alike in the poetry of the Greeks, and the prophecies of the Hebrews *then* we can see and

feel a deep interest in the prophecies and the interpretations at the present time.

For the firm belief that the coming of Christ is to be premillennial, and is now sufficiently near to be shrouded in that obscurity in which the dignity of the divine government clothes the near times and the seasons, we offer the following arguments and considerations. We do not forget that there are two sides to the question. We think the arguments on the one side are more weighty than those on the other and better explain the word of God. But we try to feel that modesty which is becoming, and which is taught by the example of Dr. George Baxter, even in those days of the giants, who incessantly inquired of thinkers and readers concerning the *slaying of the witnesses*, saying that he did not know where we were in the prophetic current of events until he could fix that event, which he had hitherto not been able to do to his own satisfaction; and also by the example of the elder Alexander, who, in a review late in life of some book on the prophecies, declared himself to be "waiting for further light." But after all, we are compelled to feel that the authority of inspiration, pronouncing the encouragement of a blessing from God on those who *read* and *hear* and *keep* the things written in that darkest and grandest of prophetic books, is paramount to all the "dicta of abstinence" of master minds on the subject. Prophecy surely would never have been written at all if there were not purposes for which the study of it is profitable. We have not, we think, the wish either to be immodest ourselves or to reprove others for not being so; but we boldly claim the full right of our spirits to be acted on by the word of God without human mediator. We must have theories. They are experimental limnings of thought for inspection, correction, erasure, or confirmation. Let us endeavor to hold our theories without dogmatism, always distinguishing between the prophecies and our theories of the prophecies, and always remembering that our theories are to be established only by being proved to be the true

sense of the prophecies as intended by the divine Spirit, and the same arguments in general by which the meaning of other Scripture is discovered. No man can tell at what time the key of the prophecies which are now so universally engaging the attention of thoughtful minds will appear in the world. It may have appeared since the giant Baxter and the sage Alexander watched and waited for its coming. It may be some event of no great significance in the outward and secular history of the world—significant only in that deep and splendid language of symbols, and in that deep thought of heaven of which the prophecies give us glimpses. It may have appeared in the journals of the day, even while these pages have been passing under the eye. It may be five, ten, fifteen, twenty years off still. It is not for us, and we shall have to learn the fact, to know the times and the seasons. We believe that no theory of prophecy is refuted by the failure of pragmatistical ascertainment of dates, for no theory of prophecy can be the correct one which does not leave room for that glory of God which accrues in the concealment of a thing. The German, Bengel (by the way a great millenarian), placed the second advent in 1836; many in the United States, in 1843; Faber and Cumming, in 1864-'65; Drs. Scott and Cogswell, in 1866. What of that? Does the failure to fix the correct dates of events, which events are clearly foretold, but the dates expressly concealed, affect the clear revealing of the events? Certainly not. It is appointed to men once to die; but there is a concealment of the day and hour of our death. Does this uncertainty about the time lead any reasonable man to discard the theory that he will die in the latter part of his life, and ought to expect and prepare for the event? Certainly not. This may not be an exact analogy, but it will serve the purpose of one. We admit no argument as valid against the premillennial theory drawn from the failure of former horoscopes, because precise dates are not revealed; and because there is a difference between events and their dates; and because in the

very act of attempting to ascertain dates lay the error—it may be the only one—of these theories; and because the things prophesied of not having occurred in the past cannot prove that they will not occur in the future, but only eliminates the past from the problem and shuts us up to the future.

We shall assume, for the present, that it is the habit and genius of prophecy to mingle everywhere certainty with uncertainty, just as in the book of the years of unfolding time a white leaf alternates with a black one in every diurnal revolution. We claim that the uncertainty attending the hour of the expiration of a period does not prove any uncertainty concerning the *length* of that period.

We, therefore, take the well-known expression, “a time, times, and the dividing of time,” “forty and two months,” “a thousand two hundred and three-score days,” frequently occurring in both Daniel and Revelation, and indicating by its occurrence in those two books alone that the periods of time in them are to be interpreted by the application of the same symbols, to mean twelve hundred and sixty years. This is on what is called the *year-day* principle. We cannot but accept this principle as one as well established as anything in the language of symbols has often been, or is likely to be.

The second chapter of Daniel, containing that great symbolical and historical image, with its different parts of gold, silver, brass, and iron and clay, and the stone cut out of the mountain which broke them in pieces, is one map of earthly history grouped under different periods of successive universal empires.

The seventh chapter of Daniel, containing the rise of the symbolical beasts from the sea, and the throne of the divine Son of man ultimately reigning over them, is another and parallel map of the same history similarly grouped under universal empires. These two chapters appear to relate to the fortunes of the West. The eighth and the eleventh chapters of Daniel have probably the same species

of parallelism with each other, and we understand them, together with the sequel of the great prophecy in the latter chapter (which extends through the twelfth chapter), to relate in like manner to the history and destinies of the East.

As there are four principal chapters of unfulfilled prophecies in the book of Daniel, so there are four principal chapters of unfulfilled prophecies in the Book of Revelation. And the idea is advanced, and seems eminently like truth and probably is such, that there is the same kind of parallelism between the two couplets of prophetic chapters in the Apocalypse, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, that there is in Daniel.

There may not be sufficient evidence at this time to establish this parallel in the Revelation. It seems difficult to distinguish the history of the East from the West in the gorgeous symbols of that sublime book. Yet it would not be surprising if the light of advancing years should establish this theory of parallelism as truth, that not only does each chapter repeat the foregoing one on the same department of history, but that the one book of prophecy repeats the other book, and that the visions of the seer of Patmos are rehearsals of those of the sage and prophet of the Ulai, five hundred years before, with an ever-increasing number of bright and significant points in the picture, as an ever-increasing number of stars appear, in strange and awful glory in the skies, as the hours of the evening advance.

We approve those interpretations which find the papacy in the little horn which rises among the kingdoms of the Roman empire, (Dan. vii. 24); which is diverse from the first set; which subdues and supplants three kingdoms; which speaks great words against the Most High; which wears out the saints, and thinks to change times and laws; and we firmly believe that that symbol describes that thing with a sublime and startling accuracy. In that prophecy we first meet with the great prophetic period, "And they

(the saints and the times and the laws) shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." (Dan. vii. 25.) We have this same period mentioned in the twelfth of Daniel, in a prophecy which, if our theory of classification holds good, relates to the affairs of the East as this in the seventh chapter does to those of the West. The great periods of the depression of true religion are of the same length in both. Their being of the same length does not prove, it is admitted, that they cover the same date, and have their beginnings and ends at the same time. One may begin twenty years before the other, or any other number of years. That only proves that it will end the same length of time before the other that it began. And yet the repeated parallelism of the East and the West, in the mind of the Spirit, both in the book of Daniel and in the Apocalypse, their being woven together as alternate scenes in both these sublime books, and the same period being the duration of the great oppressors in both regions, does raise the probability, that the periods East and West begin together and end together. There are also interpreters who think that it is requisite to the vast importance of the particular occasion, that the crash of the downfall of the great enemy of Christendom in the East, and the crash of the downfall of the great enemy of Christendom in the West, should occur at the same moment.

We frequently meet the same period in the Revelation. The time of the treading of the court of the temple under foot by the Gentiles, in the eleventh chapter of Revelation, is "forty and two months." The time during which the two witnesses prophesy in sackcloth, in the same chapter, is "a thousand two hundred and three-score days." The time during which the woman is nourished in the wilderness from the face of the serpent, in the twelfth chapter, is "a time, and times, and half a time." And the time during which the fearful beast with seven heads and ten horns and ten crowns was to continue in power, was "forty and two months." These are obviously the same period of time

variously stated in days, or months, or years, to confirm, to illustrate, to explain each other. A thousand two hundred and three-score days is just what forty-two months would make reduced to days. And forty and two months are three years and a half, reduced to months. Now, as has already been hinted, it is not so much the duration of those great periods in which the history of the world is grasped by the mind of the Spirit, which is to be concealed by the wise reserve of prophecy as their precise terminations. It is the "times and the seasons." So that it is but reasonable to suppose that some means have been employed by which to let fall on the earth a measuring line for this period so often used in the Scriptures. Is there not commonly some clue given to dark prophecies? Is not the number given as that of the name of the apocalyptic beast (Rev. xiii. 18) such a clue? Is any reason to be found in "the glory of God to conceal a thing," in the wise reserve and dignity of the inspiring Spirit against the probability of such a clue? Is not the hiding of the beginnings and endings of these periods a sufficient darkness on them to answer all the purposes of darkness? And does not the concealment, not only of the times and seasons of the beginnings and endings of great periods, but also of the very length of those periods themselves, amount to a denial of all revelation in the prophecies, and thus prove suicidal? We, therefore, think it rational to suppose that a measure of the great prophetic period should have been given us in the Scriptures. We find that measure in the seventy weeks of Daniel. They are the time between the giving of the prophecy and the crucifixion of Christ. That time was four hundred and ninety years. That proves that one of those weeks was seven years; that a day is the prophetic symbol for a year, and the accomplishment of one of those Old Testament prophecies, which stands fully and fairly in the midst of the others, shows the rule by which they are all to be interpreted, gives the clue of the dates, and is the voice of the Holy Spirit saying, in terms.

as plain as ought to be expected to be employed; the days in some prophecies are the same kind of symbols as the days in others; they are all days for years; and just so certainly as the event has proven that it was four hundred and ninety years till the cutting off of Messiah, just so certainly has the establishing of that measure fixed the great prophetic period at twelve hundred and sixty years. We confess that we have never been able to see a defect in this reasoning. We, therefore, hold it to be conclusive. We embrace, therefore, the *year-day* principle. We apply it to both couplets of prophecies in both books, conceiving that the event has established the fact beyond dispute, in other days, and that that event was of so centrally momentous a character, the bringing in of everlasting and vicarious righteousness, that it was most suitable and becoming to be used as a standard measure of time, during which other great events would happen on earth, marking the steps of the progress of that everlasting and vicarious righteousness to its rightful triumph over the race of fallen man.

Without presuming to shut out future light, and without assuming a positive tone, which is wholly unbecoming on the subject, we confess that we are inclined to think it a settled point of interpretation in reference to the couplets of prophecies in both books, and in reference to the the temporary triumph of the foes of Christ in both quarters of the world, that the great prophetic period is as certainly twelve hundred and sixty years as the time from Daniel to Christ was four hundred and ninety years; that a day means a year in all these prophecies, if it means a year in any of them; and that the event has already proved that it means a year in that one of them which was first fulfilled, and which was therefore best adapted to be made a standard of measurement for the others.

Of course, then, the question when this period of twelve hundred and sixty years commenced has fallen to be much discussed. Certain interpreters have fixed the foot of the

ladder of time at the decree of the emperor Phocas, in the year 606, constituting the Pope of Rome universal bishop. They claim that that decree gave the saints, and the times, and the laws, into the Pope's hand, according to the prophecy. With this decree they claim that the retirement of Mahomet to the cave of Hera, to compose the Koran, coincided; and that that was the era of the beginning of Islamism, the great enemy of Christianity in the East. Yet there is far too much "easy facility" about this coincidence; and not that darkness of birth which attends realities from the hand of God. We have never seen either satisfactory proof that the retirement of Mahomet to the cave was the great era of the commencement of the Eastern imposture, or so much as good reason to think it was an era at all in his public life. Probably it was the beginning of a serious purpose of imposture on his part, but hardly his entrance on such career; or if so, hardly a step in such career of sufficient importance to be the era of its commencement. As to this decree of the emperor Phocas, there is not wanting an amount of uncertainty about it. Mosheim tells us that it is stated "solely on the authority of Baronius, for no ancient writer has given such testimony." But he quotes Anastasius and Paul Diaconus for statements nearly equivalent: that Phocas, disliking the bishop of Constantinople, decreed that primacy to the bishop of Rome which had hitherto been claimed by him of the Byzantine capital; and what "was intended as a compliment was *artfully construed* into a grant of unlimited power," as is keenly remarked by the translator touching the matter.

There is a part of the great chronological series of seals, trumpets and vials, generally admitted to refer to Mahomet and the Saracens. It is in the ninth chapter of Revelation, and begins with the falling of a star from heaven to earth. In that place it is said that men should be tormented by that power for "five months." It is concerning this latter prophecy of the Saracens that the elder

Alexander, not a follower of either opinion, in an article in the *Princeton Review* for April, 1847, says: "There is nothing more remarkable in this prophecy than the precise agreement between the time specified and the actual progress of the Saracens upon the *year-day* principle. For commencing the calculation from 612, when Mahomet first published his pretended revelations, to the year 762, when they received the first effectual check in the south of France, is a period of exactly 150 years. And then occurred another event which had a greater effect in putting a stop to the career of the Saracens than the victories of Charles Martel, which was a division in the caliphate. In the year 650, the family of the Abassides were supplanted by that of the Ommiades. The deposed caliph fled to Spain, and *there* was acknowledged as the true caliph, while Almanzor kept possession of the East; and in this very year, 762, laid the foundation of a city on the banks of the Tigris, which became the capital of the East. From this time the conquest of the Saracens ceased. 'The locusts,' as Daubuz remarks, 'took their flight from Christendom.'" This is the calm thought of a wise man, with hardly sufficient partisan inclination to any school of interpreters to admit that there is a certain and ascertainable sense in the prophecies at all. He gives us a wonderful confirmation of the time which has been agreed upon for the rise of the Mahometan imposture in the minute prophecy. We see no reason for pitching upon one period in the minute prophecy, and a different period in the larger prophecy for the same event. Probably the fulfilment of the one in the past is intended to guide us in understanding the other.

Many students of prophecy have been struck by the exact fulfilment of the minute prophecy. The power which was to last "five months" lasted exactly one hundred and fifty years, or five times thirty days, putting a day for a year. We pretend not to fix dates; for, as has been said, we believe that God has cast particular shadows over their

edges. We think the passing by of 1866 without witnessing the absolute fall of the pope and the great Mahometan power of the East proves that the era of their origin was not 606. We see not that it proves anything else. We believe that the shadows of divine reserve have already gathered around both these powers. We are unquestionably near their fall as a prophetic question. The attentive observer will, we think, agree that the shadows of doubt have almost departed from them, considered as questions among the great powers of Europe. Admitting that the precise lapse of the times is reserved in the hands of God to check human presumption, we yet make no doubt, on the other hand, of the presence of the element of time and date in the prophecies. We yield to post-millenarians that the inspiring Spirit does not mean to make us *mad prophets*, but meek interpreters, and we claim that he does not mean to make us blind neglecters. If we were going to fix—as we are not—any time for the placing of the foot of the great period of twelve hundred and sixty years it would not be 606. It would be 612, because that was the period of the commencement of the Mahometan power in one prophecy which has already run its course and proved the date to be correct. *Further than this* we have no sympathy whatever with the post-millenarians, for which the reasons will be given further on. Good men there have been, but mistaken ones, who fixed the second advent at 1843, others at 1866. Their dates were erroneous, and they were mistaken in supposing that they had any vocation to fix precise dates at all. We go no further than this in making sport of them. That we have never yet died, does not prove that we shall never die. The delay of the flood and the mistakes which good and believing men might have made concerning the time of its coming did not prove, save to the prone sensualist, that it never would come. The taunting question spoken of by the apostle Peter, “Where is the promise of his coming?” does not disprove his coming. There is nothing like implied cen-

sure upon the prophet Daniel that he knew "*by books*" the time of the lapse of the captivity.

When it is affirmed to be the glory of God to conceal a thing, we understand it to refer to the knowledge of those minute circumstances which would make men enthusiasts or fanatics. Such confident familiarity must be offensive to the awful dignity, the intellectual reserve, the dislike of impertinent gaze and inspection, and the preference to work out his own eternal counsels, concealed from shallow and short-sighted mortals, which we must ascribe to the Holy Spirit of God. It is not for us to know the "times and the seasons," those minute periods of events and their happenings, which would if known remove the restraints, the boundings and the governings which ignorance of the future imposes on men's spirits, and cause bewildering lunacies of prophetic interpretation to spring up of which the world has had examples in many lands and in many ages. Judging from the dealings of Divine Providence with every individual man in concealing from him his own future, the cloud which now hangs over the future of the world, together with the wide-spread expectation and inquiry excited in thinking minds, is best for the mind of man, and most in accordance with the divine reserve. But that there will be great and sore trials of the faith of his saints by the long delay of his second coming, we gather from several places, especially from his significant question in the parable on perseverance in prayer, where he says, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" That neither this delay for the trial of his people's faith, nor the reserve of the day and hour and minute circumstances for his own secret knowledge, nor the failure of all attempts at fixing dates exactly, disproves his second coming itself, and does not disprove any theory of it, but does merely fulfill those scriptures which speak of its coming at an unlooked-for hour at last, we do fully and firmly believe. The divine shadow has already touched us. At least we are in its penumbra. Whatever may happen now

on any month and year with regard to those powers, and realms, and empires which constitute the subjects of prophecies, will in all probability be in the direct course to the consumation. It may not be intelligible to the slumbering world. It will be a part of the progress of the doomed powers to their doom, and of the progress of events to their long forespoken ends, and of the purposes of God to their accomplishment.

The overthrow of the papacy and Mohammedanism—and WHAT THEN? We shall attempt to answer as the Scriptures appear to us to teach, irrespective of all questions of power, or of the mode, or of the practical road from the present to that prophesied of, being confident that what God has said he will do, that he can do, and has known forever that he can do; and that his resources are as much above man's conceptions as is his omnipresence, or any other of his natural attributes.

In the great image in the second of Daniel, gold, silver, brass, iron, are symbols respectively of the four universal empires of ancient history, from early Assyria to the latest Roman ages. These symbols are solid material substances. Then a stone cut out of the mountain without hands smites and destroys this image. And the stone miraculously increases, and fills the whole earth. This smiting of the upper parts of the image by the stone is interpreted to mean that "in the days of those kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

In the old spiritualizing modes of interpretation this kingdom of the stone was the *church*. We believe this interpretation to be contradictory to the fundamental laws of symbolical language. That is a language in which one thing is expressed by another analogous to it. There seems to us to be no analogy whatever between the grace of God in the hearts of men which constitutes the church,

and a stone which crushes the civil and political kingdoms of the world. We believe there are already signs clearly visible that that interpretation does not satisfy inquiring spirits. The church is the most spiritual of things. This symbol, the stone, in which the old spiritualizers profess to find a prophecy of the church is the most material of things. The very declarations of the Lord Jesus himself—one before Pilate, that his "kingdom is not of this world," and one that the kingdom of God "cometh not with observation," but is "within you"—do themselves plainly show that the kingdom of God of the Gospels, and the kingdom of God of the prophecies, are *not* identical. The kingdom of the prophecies *is* of this world. It appears in the series of the kingdoms of this world. It is their successor. It is their successful rival. The weapons of the warfare of the church are not carnal. Those of this kingdom are so. It breaks in pieces and consumes other temporal kingdoms.

We are led to the same results by the parallel prophecy in the seventh chapter of Daniel, where a series of wild beasts arise amid the striving winds upon the sea, as a new set of emblems of the four great ancient monarchies. After the terrible Roman beast, and the little horn upon his head, representing the papacy with ghastly accuracy, "with eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things," "thinking to change times and laws," and "wearing out the saints of the Most High," and having them given into his hand during the oft-repeated prophetic period of a "time, times, and half a time," the vision still looks to the future to see the kingdom of God of the prophecies. The kingdom of God of the Gospels, the church, was then six or seven hundred years old. But the kingdom of God of the prophecies was to be erected upon the ruins of the papal apostasy and usurpation, and after that had had its long career. Unless, then, that prophetic interpretation which sees the papacy in this little horn, and which has the consent of a greater number of scholars than perhaps any other in the whole circle of prophecy, is itself a mistake, the

kingdom of God of the prophecies comes after the papacy, and cannot therefore be the church, which was long before. In those late days the political judgment throne is erected. Upon it sits one whose right to occupy it grows out of his eternal years, "the Ancient of days." Righteousness, under the symbol of "a garment white as snow," clothes him. His justice shines from "a throne like fiery flame," "wheels as burning fire," and "a fiery stream issuing and coming forth from before him." His power is seen in the thousand thousands that minister to him, and the "ten thousand times ten thousand" who stand before him. A sentence of fearful justice is executed. The beast which bears the papal horn is given to the burning flame. The power of persecution, that power so contradictory to Christianity, is crushed. Then the Son of man comes in the clouds of heaven, in which manner his coming is so often spoken of; he appears before the Ancient of days, and there, by a just decree of that political judgment, HE receives "dominion, glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him." "His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." We of course have no disbelief that the church is a kingdom of Christ, its crown one of the most glorious of the many crowns he wears; but to make this late kingdom the church, is to confound all sober distinctions of character, quality and date among the things in the prophecies. The grand old word of the seventeenth century, whatever they meant by it, FIFTH MONARCHY, is the correct one; a fifth universal monarchy, successor of Roman, Greek, Persian, and Assyrian; in which political crimes shall be judged and punished, political justice done, the wild political intoxications of men sobered; in which he will be King on earth who has long been King in Zion; who then first, in the full sense of the grand words, "shall sit upon the throne of his father David."

There are other prophecies in the Old Testament which

show the real nature of the kingdom of Christ, which we have not space here to bring together. We mention the second Psalm as a specimen. The old interpretation which spiritualizes the "*breaking of God's enemies with a rod of iron, the dashing them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and their perishing from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little*"; and makes them describe the operations of that truth and grace which come down like the dew upon the mown grass and as showers that water the earth, is so utterly unsatisfactory to any spirit of faithful interpretation that it cannot be necessary to argue it. *How could* a real and literal kingdom be affirmed if it is not by such images? Of course great splendor of the church is bound up with this kingdom of political justice. In the Old Testament prophecies the two combine in the images to a great extent. In the Book of Revelation we have symbols of purely civil power, as "the man child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron" (Rev. xii. 5); "one like unto the Son of man seated upon a white cloud, with a crown of gold and in his hand a SHARP SICKLE" (Rev. xiv. 14); "and the WORD OF GOD with vesture dipped in blood, followed by armies in white, going to rule with a rod of iron, treading the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God, with KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS written upon his thigh." (Rev. xix. 13.)

And then we have purely religious symbols, as the temple of God (Rev. xi. 1); the woman in the wilderness (Rev. xii. 14); the Lamb on Mount Zion with his elect (Rev. xiv. 1); the temple filled with smoke from the glory of God (Rev. xv. 8); the censer cast into the earth (Rev. viii. 5).

Amid these two kinds of symbols, civil and religious, in the four chapters of parallel prophecies, we have frequently the same period, "a time, and times, and half a time," or its equivalent in days or months, given as the time of the duration of the enemies both of a pure Church or a just State. There are many probabilities that these prophecies are parallel to those in Daniel, which need not be given

now. We have glanced at what is to follow the overthrow of the church's enemies in those prophecies. Let us now go to the Apocalypse to find what is its response to the same question.

We could never see any adequate reason for Dr. Henry More's celebrated scheme, that the messages to the seven churches of Asia Minor are descriptive of seven consecutive periods of time, or different ages of Christianity. There is also a learned note in Stier's *Words of Jesus* upon the same principle. We see nothing whatever to prove these messages to be chronological. The contrary appears to be clearly stated. The apostle was directed to write "the things which are," and the "things which shall be hereafter." The "things which are" extend through the third chapter. Then he is called at the commencement of the fourth to go through an open door into heaven to see the "things which must be hereafter." These marks of time appear in the text itself, and seem decisive that the seven messages are present things, and the things which are beheld after the seer goes through the open door in heaven are future things.

With the latter division, the future things, our present concern is. The scheme of the whole book is very grand. There is one rolling series of sevens; these seven messages to the churches, with their seven golden promises to him that "overcometh," embracing the things that are. There are three rolling series of sevens, only every seventh till the last unfolds itself into the next series. The seals are opened one after another to the seventh, which contains the seven trumpets. Then the trumpets are sounded one after another till the seventh, which contains the seven vials. Each seventh is expanded, for more distinct illumination, into seven sub-divisions. All the trumpets spring out of the seventh seal. All the vials are poured out in the time of the seventh trumpet. According to this plan, every seventh goes to the end. The seventh seal embraces trumpets and vials to the end. The seventh trumpet em-

braces all the vials to the last. The seventh vial is the last sub-section of trumpet and seal. So the last yard of a mile, and the last foot of that yard, and the last inch of that foot, all go to the end of the mile.

The contents of the little book are probably complete sections of the great period, cut through and through longitudinally, for clearer and better light, from different points of view, and in connection with the different matters of interest comprised in it. But the general plan is that of rolling sevens, each seven rolling out into sub-divisions. When the seventh seal is opened, the first seventh of future things, there are "voices and thunderings and lightnings and an earthquake," to denote those tremendous civil and social convulsions, perhaps also natural ones, which all prophecy teaches to precede the consummation of God's patience with the crimes of the world. The series of trumpets then begins, giving a more minute map of the period of the seventh seal. It rolls on to its seventh in turn. And when the spirit of prophecy arrives at a point at which the consummation may be made visible to human eyes and audible to human ears, then "there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.) This is the same thing of which Daniel speaks. The remarks there apply here also. Here is a definite answer to the question, after the overthrow of Christ's enemies, **WHAT THEN?** We answer that then the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. We are under no obligation to explain what or how it is all to be, as if we were God's counsellors. We are often amazed at the easy triumphs of the post-millenarian writers because others cannot explain all the *minutiae* and solve all the difficulties their fruitful imaginations can invent in connection with the sublime cosmogonies of the prophecies. They require that we should have the wisdom of the Creator. But he can solve them, if we cannot, and so will he

do beyond all controversy, if he has so said, even though it may involve the calling down of the twelve legions of angels who were not called down at the crucifixion of Christ. We pause not now to argue with schemes which make the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ a figure of speech, to be explained and attenuated away, or spiritualized into certain ecclesiastical happenings, which will still leave the world a prey to tyranny, to injustice, to fanatic phrensy, and to atheistic falsehood. We say emphatically that we trust not such interpretations.

The seven vials spring out of the seventh trumpet, in turn, to furnish a map of the last spaces of the prophetic period, on a more distinct and minute scale. When the seventh vial was poured out, there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven from the throne, saying, It is done! The trials of the faith of the saints; the tolerated triumphs of the persecuting, the ungodly, and the atheistic; the dark, deep, wise delays of the coming of his power are done, for that time at least, and for a long and blessed season after that. There is, then, another account, parallel of course, but, like other prophecies, filling out the matter more thoroughly by each succeeding repetition to that which occurred at the seventh trumpet, "There were voices and thunders and lightnings, and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell; and great Babylon came into remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath. And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent; and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great." (Rev. xvi. 18-21.) This is a still fuller and more minute description of the scenes and events at the end of the pe-

riod. Then follow three gorgeous chapters containing the drama of the destruction of the great enemy of the saints, here called Babylon, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth. The saints of God come out of her, as from a great edifice on fire. The kings of the earth witness the ascent to the skies of the smoke of her burning. The merchants and shipmasters sit on shore and lament her fate, but in terror lest the devouring flames should seize them also. God's holy prophets and apostles rejoice over the long delayed, but now fully, thoroughly, signally paid retribution. The *blood of the saints* was found in her. There is a great song in heaven in praise of the righteous and omnipotent dominion of the long insulted and defied, but faithful and true, Lord God. Dark crimes covered over with the adorning robes of success now assume their true and real shape.

Then goes forth, with vesture dipped in blood, that splendid and terrible personage, the Word of God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, to smite the nations with the rod that goeth out of his mouth; to rule them with a rod of iron; to tread the wine-press of the fierce wrath of God; to spread a supper on the flesh of kings, captains, and mighty men, for all the ravenous birds under heaven; to take and to destroy the beast and the false prophet, and cast them into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Then follow the binding of Satan, the enthroning of the saints, the first resurrection, the millennium or golden age of revelation; and then the judgment, the new heavens and earth, the golden city, the New Jerusalem, and the other unspeakable splendors of a blessed and holy eternal state.

These things furnish a more complete picture of the taking of the kingdom by the divine Son of man than that in Daniel. They are placed under the same limitations of time. The same period is constantly referred to in both. We have not a word to say on the questions on the mode and circumstances of the expected coming of Christ, whether it is to be visible or invisible; or about the first **Tx!**

resurrection, whether it is to be literal, figurative, or spiritual; or about the reign of the saints, whether temporal or ecclesiastical; or about the thousand years, whether to be taken on the *natural day* principle or on the *year-day* principle. All we have to say is that these are to be interpreted so as to be SOMETHING, and not so as to be NOTHING.

This is a fair occasion to state our objections to what are called post-millenarian views of prophecy: 1. They seem to us to strip the prophecies almost entirely of the deep moment and joyous importance which holy beings on earth and in heaven attach to them. One writer does not know, in shameful discredit of God's word, but that the millennium has been long going on! 2. These views seem to have their roots in an unwillingness to be caught too implicitly relying on the word of God, for fear that doing so will expose them to ridicule for the failure of their trust in God, as it is evidently believed that many good but misguided men have been caught heretofore, forgetting that men's horoscopes have failed because they intruded into "the times and seasons" which belonged not to them, and that there is less intellectual pride, and probably less sin, in mistaken horoscope than a cold disdain of God's voice in prophecy. 3. Post-millenarianism subsists upon ingenious difficulties stated in the way of our being able fully to conceive the *manner* in which the Almighty will reconstruct the moral universe in the millennium. Such difficulties may be set on foot in relation to the work of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of men; in reference to the concurrence of the divine will and the human will in the divine decrees; in reference to the union of two distinct natures in the one Person of our divine Redeemer, and many other points. They are not really of a great deal of weight. 4. We object to that attenuating process by which the prophecies are made mere figures of speech spiritualized or converted into oracles more slippery and illusory than the Delphic, so that they may mean that which would not.

be recognized if beheld in fulfilment before our eyes on earth around us. The prophetic language is the language of symbols, but not of jugglery. To check human presumption the symbolic veil is employed; it is not intended to conceal the uncertainties of the divine plan, as many seem to suppose, but to repress profane curiosity. There are inspired interpretations of many symbols: the four metals of the great image in one chapter of Daniel, and the four beasts in another, are explained to mean the four universal empires. They are not spiritualized away. The meretricious woman in scarlet and purple in the Revelation is explained to mean "that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." (Rev. xvii.) In these and many other inspired specimens of the solution of prophetic symbols we do not discover the attenuations of the spiritualizing process. States as well as churches, we believe more frequently than churches, are the subjects of prophecy. Some of the most fearful of the retributions of the reigning Son of God, when he shall come into this world for purposes of retribution, are to be upon apostate and persecuting states as the companions of apostate and persecuting churches. It will be a most instructive chapter to the student of the history of prophetic interpretation which records those theories in which men argue from the uncertainty of *times* and *seasons* to the uncertainty of the symbols and the things themselves, and from the cloud round about the *edges* of events to a cloud of uncertainty around the *great principle* of the divine fidelity in fulfilments itself. We may derive light upon the fulfilment of prophecy in future from the fulfilment of prophecy in the past. Prophecies symbolical and literal by Old Testament prophets and New Testament prophets have been fulfilled in the past. A virgin has conceived and borne a son. Babylon has been judged for her conduct to God's people. Egypt, Tyre, Dumah, have received dooms prophesied. A coming of Christ has occurred at the destruction of Jerusalem. Stars symbolical have fallen from heaven. Locusts

have gone forth. White horses with crowned riders conquering and to conquer, black horses with riders, bearing scales, and pale horses with Death as their riders have gone forth on the earth. We make bold to affirm that, so far as clear interpretations have been given to the prophecies of the past, we do not on any theory find any confirmation of the modern post-millenarian theory of attenuation, of spiritualization, and of the annihilation of the clear sense of words and symbols. We call in as a witness to this fact, that whole excellent and readable volume, *Keith on the Prophecies*. On one single point does this retrospect appear to diminish the meaning of the unfulfilled prophecies: A coming of Christ is prophesied of in connection with the Roman and New Testament destruction of Jerusalem. There was at that time, that has been recorded, no visible appearance of the awful Judge to that people. But it is a question by no means settled whether that is or is not one of those perpetual prophecies which repeated themselves time after time, after the manner of the foretellings of common principles in the moral government of God; and whether or not the first of its fulfilments did not leave some circumstances untouched which will yet appear with more and more perfect accuracy every time it repeats itself, till every jot and tittle is made good. And even if this be not conceded, the tremendous wrath upon that people at the time of that prophecy and that generation, including the deep and tremendous subversion of their state, does not seem by any means to make nothing of the coming of Christ to the world hereafter "to judge and make war."

The fall of the power of the pope, and the fall of the power of Turkey, the representative of Mahomet on the field of the old Roman empires, are the signs in every prophecy of the coming of God's justice to the world. Since the recent departure of the French bayonets from Rome, there has been strong temptation to a thoughtful mind to remember the forespoken and infallible doom of that hoary

iniquity. And whatever the powers of Europe may combine to do in the way of support to him, their so-called "Holy Father," when the time of God comes, their resolvings and their doings will be as the chaff of the summer threshing floor which the wind driveth away. And he who looks back to the times of Gregory, and Hildebrand, and Borgia, when Europe trembled at bulls, interdicts, excommunications, when popes dethroned kings, set their feet upon the necks of princes, kept emperors waiting for days for audience at their doors, or made them hold their stirrups as they mounted their steeds of hypocritical pride, will probably feel that the pope is already little better than fallen. And he who remembers how Europe trembled when the countless hordes of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha besieged Vienna in the *latter part of the seventeenth century*, just before the coming of William of Orange to the throne of England; and would have taken it, but for John Sobieski and his Poles; and then remembers how foreign bayonets propped the Moslem throne in the late Crimean war, and how soon the Russian Czar *would*, and how easily he *could*, make Constantinople once more the capital of a Greek empire, but for the jealousy of Western Europe, will be apt to think the same thing in relation to the power of the Turk. "From the barren plains of the North"—these are the words of a public journal since our article was begun, commenting on the New Year's speech of the French emperor—"the bearers of the cross are nearing those confines which shall bring them face to face with the glitter of the crescent and the purple waves of the Golden Horn. The fateful problem of that supremacy against which England and France have so sedulously fought through the agencies of war and diplomacy for many decades, will, if the omens be true, be decided ere long in the advance of Russia upon Turkey. Even now, as in a prologue to a coming tragedy, the issue is made with the Ottoman power by a band of hardy Greeks. And when the long-deferred fall of Islam shall be at hand, and the Russian Cossacks shall swarm to

the work that ceased for a while at Sebastopol, there will be time for his imperial majesty (of France) to declare in another prophetic enunciation from the Tuileries, that the hopes with which he entered the year 1867 have been baffled and destroyed, and that the revenges that come from battle and its results must again compass the ends of empire and nationalities."¹

We learn from the holy Scriptures, that when our Lord Jesus Christ last left this world in the body, he was then received by the heavens, "until the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." (Acts iii 21.) There are, then, RESTITUTIONS to be expected at his coming. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. *The material world* implores the coming of its divine Restorer, to deliver it from many an evil spell and charm of miasm, infection, contagion; and from many an evil spell and charm of sterility, barrenness, thorns, weeds and briars; and from poisonous insect and venomous reptile and fanged serpent.

The social world implores his coming whose right it is to rule, that persecution may at length have a law imposed upon it: Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed; that the power of tyranny may be broken, and the teeth of malice be extracted; that the voices of depraved numbers, whose passions have been artfully inflamed, may not be erected into a standard of eternal right; that men may recognize the chalice haunting their own lips, in the hand of Nemesis, which they have spent a life-time in preparing for the lips of others; that a set of principles may not be exalted to the skies, as the principles of the brave, the good, and the wise, in one century, if they succeed, and the same set of principles be condemned to the abyss, as the principles of the base, the evil,

¹ *New York News*, January 12, 1868.

and the fools, in the next century, if they fail; that one man may not waste and pine in captivity in one place, for the same acts, the same principles, and the same spirit and intentions, for which another sleeps in unrivalled earthly glory in another place; that it may be clearly seen, to the conviction of all intelligences, that the end does *not* justify and sanctify the means, and change them from crimes to good deeds, even though the end were a real good, and not selfish and in contravention of the good of others; that there may at length be some other standard of social justice exhibited to the eyes of the nations than that power founded upon mental darkness and passion; that the moral law of God may have full leave to throw its cords over kings, realms, states, conclaves, armies, populaces, as well as individuals; that the voice of truth may at length find instant response in heaven; that the prayers, and the tears, and the blood of down-trodden innocence, with whom there is no other helper, may come up to the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

The religious world implores his coming, that he may, with unerring judgment, discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that blinds himself with the delusion that the indulgence of unbridled malevolence is the service of God; that he may depose those who "say they are apostles and are not;" that he may apply a faithful test to that which says it is gospel but is not; that he may know and acknowledge his own people, and his own truth, and his own grace, to the reprobation of all counterfeits; that he may apply the touch of the Ithuriel spear to Satan even under the transformation of an angel of light; that he may try the spirits, whether they are of God, or are of the many false prophets that have gone out into the world; that he may convict of apostasy all sects, sections, churches, theologies, associations, synagogues, parties, and partisans whatsoever, who have disobeyed the authority of pure and simple revelation, and have followed the contrary humanities, or the contrary

ferocities, prompted by the unclean spirits which come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet; and judge them, as may become his kingly dignity and authority, for disloyalty to the King in Zion, while he was *but* King in Zion, and before he had taken unto him his great power to be King of the kingdoms of this world. We join our humble voice with the voices of the material, the social, and the religious world. Even so: Come, Lord Jesus; and come quickly.

ADDENDUM

The following verses (and many of the author's writings of the same deep heart-searching character had necessarily to be left out of this volume), were included in a small volume entitled "GOD'S WORD TO INQUIRERS," which was published by the Presbyterian Board in Philadelphia, in the year 1856.

I cry unto thee, O thou Sovereign most high,
From the deeps of this life where my spirit doth lie;
Thou Prophet, Priest, Saviour and Brother of man,
Who once wast on earth, and shalt yet be again.

I hope I am thine! born again from on high,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But oh! how I pierce by my passion and pride,
The body of Him who to save me hath died.

Thou sæest how the snares and the pitfalls increase,
Around and within me, despoiling my peace;
How passion, pride, folly, or slumber and sloth,
My days in the future with darkness do clothe.

O Saviour Jehovah! let thy mighty word,
Preside, order, govern, and guidance afford:
And let me not wound thee! O let me not fall!
Jehovah, my Saviour, my God, and my all!

In the paths of this life be thou still at my side ;
O Spirit, consume all my sloth and my pride,
And turn thou my taste from the garbage of earth,
To the manna from heaven fit for souls of new birth.

I am weak, I am wounded, I tremble, I fear ;
Thou Jesus—Jehovah, my feeble voice hear ;
O yield me thy staff my weak steps to uphold,
Send light from thy presence my way to unfold.

Do thou go along in my perilous way,
Permit not my dubious footsteps to stray ;
But teach me, and guide me, and fill me with grace,
That I may abide in the light of thy face.