

æsthetics—the march of intellect—the phenomena of science and innate ideas; but he thinks very little of the Bible—or of the teachings of the Holy Spirit; and is generally to be found either “standing in the way of sinners, or sitting in the seat of the scornful.”

Speak to this extraordinary person about christian missions—or on any subject connected with religion, and he will laugh at you as a fanatic, and denounce you as a hypocrite. He declares that Christianity and all its appurtenances are founded upon Pricstercraft, and that the administration thereof is only a DECENT BURLETTA.

He can see no beauty in holiness—no excellency in the knowledge of Christ; and as for the mysteries of BETHLEHEM and CALVARY, and such episodes, the angels may desire to look into them; but he cannot perceive anything in them, worthy of either investigation or contemplation.

This is genius without Christianity—this is philosophy without Christ—this is reason inflated with pride—this is “WORLDLY WISDOM” intoxicated with arrogance—bewildered by the fumes of its own presumptions and impiously protesting against Jesus Christ, his Gospel, his miracles, and his mission.

The Epicureans acknowledged no God—The Stoics and Peripateticks held much the same view. The disciples of Zeno; the scholars of the Portico—the academicians or Platonists, were all alike destitute of the wisdom that cometh down from above; and to be persuaded of this—to be convinced that “the world by wisdom knew not God,” we have only to consult the works of Plato, of Aristotle, of Juvenal, of Pericles, Ovid, and others. And the evidences which a perusal of these erudite productions will supply, will be at once corroborated and increased by examining “CICERO, DE NATURA DEORUM”—and “LUCRETIVS DE NATURA RERUM.”

These are the creations of genius—the fruits of high mental cultivation—the acquisitions of profound research—rays emanating from the sun of Philosophy—streams issuing from the fountains of “WORLDLY WISDOM.” The above works, and others of the same class, and of similar import, are replete with all the ornaments of Rhetoric and Elocution; and fraught with all the graces and beauties of the Latin and Greek languages. They are still standards of classic taste and elegance; and the best models of pure style and chaste composition. But touching the immortality of the soul—the resurrection of the body—the final destiny of man—being and attributes of God—and all the great truths of revealed religion, they are dark and dreary—without one ray of light to guide us—without one word either to comfort or instruct us—or a single landmark to assist us in our explorations, or to shew us the way that leads to happiness.