

that he does not willingly grieve or afflict me, that he chastens me for my profiting, that he could not show so much love for me, by leaving me unchastened, untried, undisciplined. "We have had fathers of our flesh who chastened us—put us to tasks, trials, griefs—and we gave them reverence—felt, amidst all, they were good. Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of our spirits, and live?" Great is the faith that must save us. It is a faith in the Infinite,—a faith in the Infinite love of God!

From this faith arises another ground of consolation. It is, not only that all is well; but that in the great order of things, that which particularly concerns us—enters into our peculiar suffering—is well. Our case, perhaps, is bereavement—heavy and sorrowful bereavement. Is it a messenger of wrath? Is any one of its circumstances, of its peculiarities—so poignant and piercing to us—an indication of divine anger? Awful thought! Unmitigable calamity, if it were so! But no; it is appointed in love. Can God do anything for anger's sake? To me, it were not God, of whom this could be said. Let it be, that a *bad* man has died. Has God made him die, because he hated him? I believe it not. If he has lost his being, I believe that it is well that he has lost it. If he has gone to retribution, I believe it is well that he has gone to that retribution,—that nothing could be better for him being what it is. If I were that unhappy being, I would say, "Let me be in the hands of the infinitely good God, rather than anywhere else." But if it is a good being that has gone from me, an innocent child, or one clothed with every lovely virtue—one whom Jesus loved as he loved the dear brother in Bethany—to what joys unspeakable has that being gone! In the bosom of God—in the bosom of infinite love—all with him is well. Could that departed one speak to us—that lovely and loving one, invested with the radiance and surrounded with the bliss of some heavenly land—would not the language be, "Mourn not for me, or mourn not as having no hope. Dishonour not the good and blessed One, my Father and your Father, by any distrust or doubt. Mourn for me—remember me, as I too remember you—long for you—but mourn with humble patience and calm sustaining faith."

Sorrow we may, we must; many and bitter pains must we bear in this mortal lot; Jesus wept over such pains, and we may weep over them; but let us be wise—let us be trustful—let the love of God fill our hearts—let the heavenly consolation help us all that it can. It can help us much. It is not mere breath of words, to say that God is good, that all is right, all is well; all that concerns us is the care of Infinite Love. It is not a mere religious common-place to say, that submission, trust, love, can help us. More than eye ever saw, or the ear ever heard, or the worldly heart ever conceived, can a deep, humble, childlike, loving piety, bring help and comfort in the hours of mortal sorrow and bitterness. Believest thou this? This was our Saviour's question to Martha, in her distress. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?" This humble, this heart-believing, my friends, is what we need—must have—must seek. The breathing of the life of Jesus in us—the bright cloud around us, in which he walked—this can comfort us beyond all that we know—all that we imagine. May we find that comfort! Forlorn, forsaken—or deprived, destitute—or bereaved, broken-hearted—whatever be our strait or sorrow—may we find that comfort!

**AFFLICTION—AN ALLEGORY.**

"O God, spare my child!" were the words of an affectionate and almost idolizing mother, as she bent over the side of her dying child. The little sufferer, unconscious of its situation, was in a burning fever. The sands of life were fast running out, and the darting pains seemed well nigh to rend the spirit from the body. The piteous moan pierced the heart of the fond mother, and drove her, as the last resort, to the throne of grace, where she poured out her soul in prayer that her darling might be spared.

Nor was the cry unheeded. She heard a voice, saying, "Child of earth! since thou art unwilling to trust thine offspring's destiny in the hands of thy heavenly Father, thy prayer is answered. His fate is in thy hands. Whether he live or die, is for thee to decide."

A momentary thrill of joy rushed through the mother's heart, at these words; but it was only momentary. She felt the reproof. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how shall I decide the fate of my child? Should he recover, perhaps he will prove a bitter curse to me hereafter, and he may bring down my gray hairs to the grave. But how can I see him die, when it is in my power to save his life? O, that I had left his fate with him who gave him to me!" Filled with remorse for her unwise and undutiful conduct, she again betook herself to prayer, beseeching her heavenly Father to remove from her so fearful a responsibility.

Again her prayer was heard and answered: "O, rash child! why didst thou repine at thy lot? Couldst thou look into futurity, and behold thy child in the years of manhood? Or couldst thine eye pierce the vale of eternity, and behold the scenes that awaits him there? Why, then, didst thou not, like a confiding child, submit to the will of thy Father, knowing that he will do only that which is for thy good? Thou hast prayed to be delivered from this responsibility; thy prayer is answered. Go, and learn from this never to repine at the allotments of Providence."

The child died; and as the mother took her last look, and then resigned him to the grave, she meekly adopted the language of one who had drunk deep of the bitter cup of affliction,—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

**RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.**

Men do not often nor easily place themselves in the situation of others; least of all, of their opponents. The dominant sect of a country little know to what they subject an individual, when they cut him off from so many of the sympathies of the social world around him. To a man who has spent his youth in severe and wasting studies, with the honourable and ardent hope of being useful and acceptable to his fellow-men, who, with patient enquiries and earnest prayers, has sought for truth; who, in deep and solitary meditations, has sought for the pure fountain of all generous and holy influences where-with he might nourish and quicken the piety of others—to such a one it is hard to meet with no welcome in the countenance and manners of society; nay, to meet with suspicion and hostility where he looked for welcome, to be summoned to strife, where he desired peace and amity, to be brought to the bar as an accused person, when he hoped to be hailed as a messenger of glad tidings. And he feels—the honest and affectionate advocate of religion feels, that he has glad tidings to communicate. His heart is ready to kindle with his theme; he would spread before mankind the venerable and lovely perfections of God: he would call and win them to piety, and virtue, and glory; he would gladly cherish the tenderness, and love, and charity that belong to a mission so sacred and merciful; and how is his heart smitten within him, to reflect that all these sentiments and affections are denied to him, that he is looked upon as engaged in a bad work, that multitudes regard his doctrine, and preaching, and person, with aversion or horror! Besides, that must be a bad mind, indeed, to which contention is not in itself painful. Who does not feel sometimes tempted to leave the world to its controversies, to leave the opposing sects to fight it out among themselves, if they will,—to withdraw from the visible ranks of all religious denominations, and to take his way, alone and peacefully, to the grave, where all these strifes are so soon to be composed? Who that feels how many are the necessary trials of life, how becoming are sympathy, and pity, and forbearance, in such a world as this, how great is the moral work which he and every man has to do, and how solemn is the destiny of eternity: who, I say, feeling all this, does not grow sick at the thoughts of contending with his brethren in ignorance, and frailty, and affliction, his brethren in the great errand and end of life, his brethren in the solemn account of an hereafter?

I confess, that under the influence of these considerations, I am sometimes ready to shrink from what I do nevertheless conceive to be the duty of contending earnestly for those principles, which I hold to be the faith once delivered to the saints. So far as I might consult the first feelings and impulses natural to me as a citizen, a friend, a social man, I should sedulously avoid it. I should choose to pass in society without attracting any attention to my religious belief. I should reserve the comfort and joy of religious fellowship for my intercourse with those who would meet me in the affection and confidence of that fellowship. I would endeavour so to enjoy that privilege, as not to have the reflection forced upon me, that I am surrounded by suspicious and strifes, or by benevolent, though as I think mistaken, anxieties and regrets.

If, then, I address any who have a strong aversion to controversial discussions, I may safely affirm that I feel it not less than they. I have a good mind, at times, to sweep from my table every controversial book, tract, publication, Review, and Newspaper, and henceforth to know nothing, and to care nothing about them—to know nothing and to care for nothing but religion as a general subject of contemplation, and a guide and comfort of life. There is no honour nor comfort to be reaped from these contests; and to the honourable, the liberal, the better and more sacred feelings of the mind, they are attended with no little danger. I said, no comfort. There is the satisfaction, indeed, arising from the discharge of what is believed to be a duty; and that, I trust, is the consideration that, with me, settles the question.

This must be the repose of faithful and honest minds, engaged in controversy with those whom they would fain regard as brethren and friends.

**YOUNG FEMALES.**

The increasing privileges which an illumination has conferred upon our sex, exceedingly heighten their responsibilities. Formerly, to be "faithful over a few things" was all that their limited sphere required; now they are both qualified and expected to be made "rulers over many things." The treasures of their own minds are revealed to them, and they are summoned forth as laborers in the wide field of benevolence. The temple of science is no longer inaccessible to the foot of woman. From its pavilion, whence with Moslem jealousy she was for ages excluded, a voice addresses her, "Enter in and live." Of treasures which had been from ancient times accumulating, yet strictly sealed from her eye, she is invited to partake. It remains to be proved in what manner this invitation will be received—th's admission valued. Will she loiter at the threshold of this magnificent temple? Will she amuse herself in its courts by gathering it briefs flowers that spring up where is no deepness of earth? Will she just enter the gate, and proclaim with the shrillness of vanity, her own initiation? her own proficiency in the mysteries of knowledge? Or will she press to the innermost shrine, among those true-hearted and meek-souled worshippers, "whose candle goeth not out by night."

Young females, these interrogations are emphatically for you. With you it is the time of culture, the day of hope. Suffer not the allurements, the temptations of indolence, to prevent your oblation on the altar of wisdom. Come while the dews of the morning are fresh about you. The meridian sun may absorb your vigor, or find you toiling in different and more sterile fields. May you not be constrained to adopt the lamentation, "my own vineyard have I not kept." A time will come, should your days be prolonged, when life may seem like a twice told tale, when, the present and the future disrobed of novelty, the mind will turn for enjoyment to the past. Lay then, a deep foundation, and collect a store of imperishable fruits for this season of retrospection. Convinced that "knowledge is power" seek it when it may be obtained, and so use it that all within the sphere of your influence, may be prompted by your example to the attainment of moral excellence, to the pursuit of "glory, honor, immortality and eternal life." —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Christianity has two dangers to contend with. Some, by superadding unintelligible and incongruous ideas, would weaken, by obscuring it; and leave it little else than a purposeless and tormenting puzzle. Others, by depriving it of everything properly supernatural, would equally, or more fatally, assail it, by resolving it into a system merely human, yet full of enigmatic and inexplicable circumstances.—With neither of these can we be satisfied. To the former we would say, Give us a religion in which, as reasonable men, we can believe. To the latter we would say, Give us a religion in which, as weak and fallible men, we can confide. The Gospel invites to stand upon a rock: we would not, with either of you, be tempted to substitute a cloud.

I consoled myself with the reflection, that from every wrong a greater right must grow; that there is an ebb and flood tide in the great ocean of mutable opinion, and in the social condition springing therefrom; and that awakened humanity never retrogrades, but to bound forward with redoubled vigour. —*Zschokke.*

**SELF CONTROL.**—Let no one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying into action; for, what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

**ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.**—A blacksmith once complained to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money, he could not pay his rent. The merchant asked how much run he used in his family in the course of a day. Upon his answering the question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his run amounted to more in a year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic, that he signed the pledge, and determined to buy and drink no spirits of any kind. The next year he paid his rent and bought a suit of clothes, out of the saving of his temperance. He persisted in it through life, and the consequence was, competence and respectability.

Those creeds are best which keep the very words of Scripture; and that faith is best, which hath greatest simplicity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The proclamation of war passes sentence of death on thousands of our innocent fellow creatures.—*Channing.*

*The Bible Christian.*

MONTREAL, JULY, 1846.

**THE TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY.**

The first and fundamental difference between the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, is to be found in their views of the Deity. While the former asserts that God is one, and one only, the latter asserts that although God is one, yet that he is "three in one," or "trine."

When the Unitarian theologian proceeds to establish his system, his first business is to prove from reason and scripture that the Deity is one, and one only. And this is what he always does.

When the Trinitarian theologian proceeds to establish his system, his first business is to prove from reason and scripture,—or by whatever evidence he thinks fit to produce, that in the one Deity there are three persons, co-equal in power and glory, &c. But this is very seldom done.

This, we say, is very seldom done. The Trinitarian, generally seizes some one point of doctrine in which he knows the popular feeling is strongly interested, and having established this to his satisfaction, he rests in confidence as if his task were completed.

The point thus seized on is almost invariably "the Supreme Deity of Christ." When this is proved it is thought the Unitarian is vanquished.

But does it never occur to the controversialist himself, or to the public, that in admitting there is only One God, and the proving the Supreme Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, it is but establishing Unitarianism in another form, viz.: the Unity of the Deity, and making our Lord Jesus Christ the one Supreme God. Thus excluding the Father and the Holy Spirit—the first and third persons of the alleged Trinity—from the God-head.

There is occasionally some notice bestowed upon the Holy Spirit, with the view of establishing the distinct personality and separate Deity thereof. But, if we might judge from the time and attention usually devoted to this subject, it is regarded as of much less importance than the other.

It may be alleged by the Trinitarian, that there is no occasion to enter on any proof of the Supreme Deity of the Father, since that is admitted by the Unitarian. But will the Trinitarian accept the Deity of the Father in the sense maintained by the Unitarian? The latter asserts the *sole Deity*—the *unrivaled Supremacy*—of the Father. Will the Trinitarian receive this doctrine? If he does, he abandons his Trinitarianism, and becomes a Unitarian.

If he does not receive the Unitarian doctrine of the sole Deity of the Father, then he has no right to avail himself of the benefit of an admission which was never made. For the Unitarian never admitted the Deity of the Father in the sense the Trinitarian puts upon it—that is, in conjunction with *two other persons*.

It is incumbent on the Trinitarian theologian then whenever he proceeds to establish his trine theory of the Deity, in opposition to the Unitarian system, to commence properly at the beginning, and advance systematically onwards until he reaches the completion of his task. His work comprises four distinct steps or processes of argument. 1. He has to prove the Father to be Supreme God. 2. He has to prove the Son to be Supreme God. 3. He has to prove the Holy Spirit to be Supreme God. 4. And he has then to show how these three constitute only one Supreme God. This is the task which he is fairly called on to fulfil. And to whatever extent he fails or falls short of this, to the same extent must his work be regarded as unsatisfactory and incomplete by the candid and intelligent enquirer.