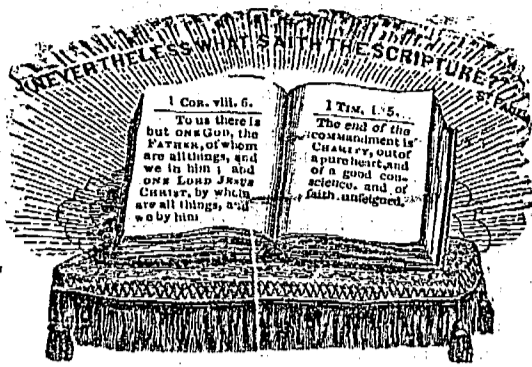


# THE BIBLE



# CHRISTIAN

TRUTH, HOLINESS,

LIBERTY, LOVE.

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## Poetry.

### SONG OF HUMANITY.

In the God of Truth be strong!  
 For the truth shall perish never,  
 Nor the weak be crushed for ever;  
 Right shall triumph over wrong.  
 Cherish, then, our bond and union;  
 Live in brotherly communion;  
 Love our neighbour; help our brother;  
 With our watchword cheer each other;  
 "BE STRONG!"

In the God of Truth be strong!

In the cause of man press on!  
 Let new sympathy be kindled  
 In the breast where love hath dwindled,  
 Until warmth of soul be won!  
 Here upon our common altar,  
 With true hearts that ne'er shall falter,  
 Let us pledge our life's devotion  
 To humanity's promotion;  
 Press on!

In the cause of man press on!

Man is destined to be free!  
 Free from slavery's aggression—  
 Free from tyranny's oppression,  
 And from cheerless poverty;  
 Free from prejudice and error—  
 Free from vice, the greatest terror.  
 Since the days of hapless Edom,  
 Truth hath pled for human freedom;  
 Fear not!  
 Man is destined to be free!

### THE LINK BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Hopeless grief for the dead, in being passionate, is tempted to be faithless too; for it has no remedy but in suffering remembrance to fade away, and employing the gaudy colors of the present to paint over the sacred shadows of the past. On the other hand, the most distant promise of a renewed embrace is sufficient to keep alive an unforgetful love. Come where and when it may, after years of ages, in the nearest or furthest regions of God's universe, it passes across our minds the vision of reunion: it opens a niche in the crypt of the affections, where the images of household memory may stand, and gaze with placid look at the homage of our sorrow, till they light up again with life, and fall into our arms once more. It matters little at what point in the perspective of the future the separation enforced by death is thought to cease. Faith and Love are careless time-keepers: they have a wide and liberal eye for distance and duration: and while they can whisper to each other the words "Meet again," they can watch and toil with wondrous patience,—with spirit fresh and true, and amid its most grievous loneliness, unobscured by one good sympathy. And since the grave can bury no affections now, but only the mortal and familiar shape of their object, death has changed its whole aspect in relation to us: and we may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence. It is a divine message from above, not an invasion from the abyss beneath; not the fiendish hand of darkness thrust up to clutch our gladness enviously away, but a rainbow gleam that descends through tears, without which we should not know the various beauties that are woven into the pure light of life. Once let the Christian promise be taken to the heart; and as we walk through the solemn forest of our existence, every leaf of love that falls, while it proclaims the winter near, lets in another patch of God's sunshine, to paint the glade beneath our feet, and give "a glory to the grass." Tell me that I shall stand face to face with the sainted dead; and, whenever it may be, shall I not desire to be ready, and to meet them with clear eye and spirit unabashed? Shall I not feel, that to forget them were the mark of a nature base and infidel?—that under whatever pleasant shelter I may rest, and over whatever wastes I may wander

as a wayfarer in life, I must bear their image next my heart;—like the exile of old, flying with his household gods hidden in his mantle's secret folds? That the Gospel leaves undetermined the period and place of restoration;—that we call it 'hereafter,' and know not when it is: that we call it 'heaven,' and know not where it is;—detracts nothing from its power to unite into one family the living and the departed. It is the office of pure religious meditation to thin away the partitions of time till they vanish, and cast a zone around space and enclose it all within the mind; to feel that whatever is certain must be soon, and whatever is real must be near at hand. And hence, it is the characteristic of Christianity to be indifferent to the time and locality of the events in which it excites our faith. Content with scattering great and transforming ideas, it allows every kind of misplacement in these accidental relations: for, if true portions of the invisible are given to our belief, what matters the disposition into which our thoughts may throw them?—Early or late, near or far, are alike in the eye of God, and may well be left open to mutable interpretation from the wants and affections of men. Jesus himself spake much before his crucifixion, of his reunion with his disciples. It was his favorite topic throughout that parting night;—the subject, now of promise, now of prayer;—the vision from which, in that hour of anguish, he could never, for many moments bear to part. He leaves the impression that it would be very speedy; and so thought the apostles ever after. And as to place, his expressions fluctuate somewhat between *here* and *there*; though his hearers thenceforth looked, and looked in vain, for him to come back with them. But of what concern was this? For, were they not ready to meet him, be it where it might? Did not that hope keep alive within their hearts the divine and gracious image of their Lord, and, at the end of forty years of various toil, still evoke it, beaming and breathing as though it were of yesterday? Worlds above, and worlds below;—mansions are they all of the great Father's house: and the disciples' greeting would be equally blessed, whether the immortal Galilean descended to the embrace on this vestibule of finite things; or summoned them rather across its threshold into the Presence chamber of the Infinite. And no less indifferent to our affections are the localities beyond the grave. Having faith that the lost will assuredly be found, our souls detain them lovingly in the domestic circle still, and own one family in heaven and on earth. We may cease to ask, in which of the provinces of God may be the city of the dead: a guide will be sent, when we are called to go.—James Martineau.

### THE BIBLE A SUFFICIENT CREED.

You might as well attempt to compel seven men, with seven glasses, each with a particular hue of the rainbow, to see all things of the same color, on pain of excommunication, as to compel all minds, of ten thousand diverse mental optics, to behold all things of one catholic, leaden hue. You might as well attempt to pack cannon-balls in a box, so tightly as to leave no space between, as to pack minds in a Church, I care not by what hierarchical lever you screw them, so tightly that they do not differ, and yet think. Leaden balls may be compressed so as to touch all around—so may heads, of the same material. Consequently, of all the immense delusions that ever bestrode the mind of man with a waking nightmare, that of a Church with an absolute unity of opinion, is the most astounding; and of all usurpations of the Divine prerogative which have desolated the Church, that of testing Church-fellowship by *orthodoxy*, instead of by experience and practice, is the most ruinous. Minds differ like faces, like forms, like everything that God ever made, or the devil ever marred; and the crowning glory of God's word is, that it will, out of its multitudinous, inexhaustible store of truth, fit to each mind that can be saved, that particular truth, yea, that particular shade of the same fundamental truth, necessary to save that mind. The only

thing that can, the only thing that does prevent the Bible from having this effect on every one of you this day, in this house of God, is, you do not read it; you do not wish to be saved by it. You find nothing in it. On you it has no influence, no chance to have any. This is fatal. God's blessed spirit is so solemnly linked with that word, by covenant and in actual fulfilment, that that word is ABLE to give the docile student true views of God, of self, of expiation, reconciliation, life, death, resurrection, and the world to come—views which, though they may differ from mine, are true; and differ from mine only because his mind differs from mine.

Oh! be it forever understood, that the only unity of faith, possible to us now, is the unity of RELIANCE on Divine testimony, with the unimpeded exercise of each mind, irresponsible to the mass, in making estimate of that testimony. In this view, the Bible is a living miracle among us. It does save men while disputing certain fundamental truths. The constitutional diversity of minds is so great, the knowledge possible to us so limited, the themes in question so vast, our logical medium so imperfect, that it is probable good men often rank on opposite sides of apparently fundamental questions, when God sees that as to what is really fundamental, they agree.

I can well conceive, and I rejoice in the thought, that the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose name be forever blessed, has been kindled like a pure altar-flame, never to be extinguished to all eternity, in hearts of men whose intellects could never agree in rendering a philosophical account either of his person or his work. They may have thought their theories fundamental, and have achieved long renown in battling therefor, while their God saw that the things they learned of Jesus, that made them love him, although so simple as to be quite overlooked in the arena, were eternally fundamental.

Hence, the grand work of the Man of God is not so much to elaborate truth from the word of God, and present it in systematic form for the acceptance of his flock, as, coming all glowing from the study of the precious word unfolding its holy beauties, to kindle in their careless hearts a similar ardor, and lead them to the same central sun of life and light.

The Bible, then, on all subjects, personal, pastoral, ecclesiastical, which he may be called to handle, is, to the Man of God, so boundless a repository, so superior an instructor, that therewith alone, he may regard himself as PERFECT, THOROUGHLY FURNISHED UNTO ALL GOOD WORKS.—Rev. Charles Beecher.

### THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and to forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when Nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it: and the child is solicited to reflection, when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father shall instil more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen, and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotype aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the head of a child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; the one is confirmed, and can bear exertion—the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts—to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail—in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to

the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period which is necessary to its health; and the best is oral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that, at this period of life, special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever either of these is withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend "trumpet-tongued" to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. "Give us free air and wholesome exercise; leave us to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our youthful blood!"—London Quarterly Review.

CONFLICT WITH MORAL EVIL.—As to us and our period of time, there is this grand form of moral evil standing boldly forward in possession of a large part of our world. But this is only one of the forms in which that worst enemy evinces a powerful and dreadful patience. We must, or we are ruined, be kept in an habitual and alarming sense of the fact, that the one thing in the creation which surpasses all others, an object for hatred, is here amidst us, and all around, in many diversities of malignant existence; and with all of them it is our vocation to be at enmity and war.

My brethren, it were in vain to seek to escape from the condition of our place in the dominions of God. A mind of wandering and melancholy thought impatient of the grievous realities of our state, may at some moments almost breathe the wish that we had been a different order of beings, in another dwelling place than this, and appointed on different service to the Almighty. In vain! Here, still we are, to pass the first part of our existence in a world where it is impossible to be at peace, because there has come into it a mortal enemy to all that live in it. Amidst the darkness that veils from us the state of the universe we would willingly be persuaded that this our world may be the only region (except that of penal justice,) where the cause of evil is permitted to maintain a contest. Here, perhaps, may be almost its last encampment, where its prolonged power of hostility may be suffered, in order to give a protracted display of the manner of its appointed destruction. Here our lot is cast, on a ground so awfully pre-occupied; a calamitous distinction! but yet a sublime one, if thus we may render to the Eternal King a service of a more arduous kind than it is possible to the inhabitants of any other world than this to render him; and if thus we may be trained, through devotion and conformity to the Celestial Chief in this warfare, to the final attainment of what he has promised, in so many illustrious forms to him that overcometh. We shall soon leave the region where so much is in rebellion against our God. But we shall go, where all that pass from our world must present themselves as from battle, or, be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors.—Foster.