

ideas which when connected in a certain manner form a truth, yet when other relations are asserted among them, may become an untruth. The most imposing web of falsehoods ever made *must* have been spun out of threads of truth!

It is to this very characteristic of falsehood that the success of error, such as it is, must be attributed. The various imaginary beings of ancient mythology were untruths formed out of the ideas, wrongly put together, to be sure, which the mind already possessed.

The natural weakness of untruth is manifest—nothing of her own; all is borrowed. She endeavors to prevail in opposition to every law of nature. These facts alone sufficiently foretell her final destiny.

Truth has been so often entwined with error, that to tell impartially the story of the one, involves the history of the other. Ever has error been a parasite on truth. Her beauty and vigor depends upon the beauty and vigor of the plant on which she feeds; and often so thick and exuberant is her growth, that truth is *all but* obscured, but still so much of the latter generally appears as to make the deception complete. Some grand truth of more than giant's strength, of more than oak-like vigor, able to move not one, but a universe of worlds, such a truth has been entwined not once merely, but a hundred times, with the parasites of error. And so the unthinking traveller through time, with the careless glance of mind, the puny effort of reason, and the thirsting of soul after a something to fill the conscious void, drinks in, with a degree of eagerness, for fact and truth, the nauseous draught of error, mixed with only so much truth as will flavor the poison.

What is Pantheism but the perversion of one of the sublimest truths that can find an entrance into the mind of a created intelligence,—the truth that there is one God, and beside Him is none else? It is fact that all creation has proceeded from God, that every created object is only the embodiment

of some idea eternally in the Divine mind, but neither the idea, nor the object embodying that idea, is either Deity, or a part of Deity. The great Creator is not a mass of stereotyped ideas. Thought is not the essence of mind, though it springs from that essence, any more than the nervous impulse is the nervous centre. But the Pantheist, laying hold on this grand truth, that God is the Author of the universe—laying hold on this, the sun of the whole system of truth, he builds it up as the wall on which his numberless weak tendrils of error may climb; plants it as the rock on which to feed his hosts of parasites, and thus gives to that system—which is in itself perfect weakness—the appearance of strength, beauty, and sublimity.

Now the Pantheist is not satisfied with Deifying every vegetable parasite, but he makes every object in the boundless universe, from the brightest orb in heaven down to the smallest animalcule in a drop of water, a feeder upon the fatness of this truth of infinite grandeur. He would make every one of the countless beams of light which visit earth a lying messenger, so that that sun, instead of being a voice which every corner of the earth which is in the utter darkness of ignorance and steeped in the mire of depravity might hear saying, as he flings all around his gladdening beams, "I am a type of the Sun of Righteousness, only a glittering symbol, look to Him for a higher light and a deeper joy than I can give"—instead of this he would make the heavenly torch declare that he is not a symbol of God, but God Himself; not a piece of the Divine workmanship, but the embodiment of very Deity.

It is not marvellous, then, that Pantheism, speaking with so many voices, should have had some listening ears. Why, it would turn all creation to utter untruth! the breeze to whistle it, the waves to moan it forth, the thunder to roar it, the rocks to echo it, the earthquake to utter it in the convulsive throes of its parturitions. It would