

heart, and it is a true principle of philosophy that there can be no desire in the human breast but what there must be something in the universe to gratify that desire. Now, if this is a correct statement, permit me to address a query to those who do not believe in the Bible: If the Bible is not true, from what source do you expect to have that desire for eternal life gratified? This is a question we are sure you cannot answer. Where, indeed, can you point for evidences that though you die you shall live again, if you reject the testimony of the Prophets and Apostles? Will you look to Nature for evidences? She will answer in a plaintive accent: "from the smallest particle in my body to the heaviest orb that floats in its sphere, change is my order, and destructibility my nature!" Look around you, child of mortality, and you will perceive that every thing above, below, and around, proclaims, in silent eloquence, fluctuation and decay. It is not then on the decaying ruins of nature that Hope has kindled her torch, but on the battlements of Zion. Persian Philosophers built their towers, raised their telescopes, and directed them to every part of nature; yet they never once perceived a single ray of Hope shinning from one of nature's battlements on the tomb! No, not one! Greece, and Rome, with all their boasted philosophy and burning eloquence, were equally benighted, until one called a babler, whose name was Paul, preached *Jesus and the resurrection* to them. Thus has God shorn philosophy of its pride, and scepticism of its boast, by bringing "LIFE AND IMMORTALITY TO LIGHT THRO' THE GOSPEL." To one of two conclusions must the rejector of Revelation come:—either he will endeavor to extinguish the desire of eternal life which flutters in his bosom, and consequently declare war as well against Nature and Philosophy as against the Bible; or he must conclude to direct his attention to the Prophets and Apostles, and rest on their testimony for a hope of that which he so ardently desires. When a man looks at the rapidity with which time wings his course, and with what unerring precision he sweeps off, by ten thousand instruments, the generations of Earth, how wise to ask himself the question—*what is my hope?* "The hope of the wicked shall be cut off, and that of the hypocrite shall perish in his death," is the decision of inspiration. But not so with the righteous; the testimony of all the Prophets of God forms a bulwark in the rear of his hope, and the demonstration of their testimony by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, has raised such a mound around his expectations of the life to come that the waves of persecution can never wash away, nor the hand of time deface the place where it stood.—When the soldier upon the walls of a besieged city arises from the slumbers of the night and hears the assaults of the besiegers, his first object is to see if the walls are good and unbroken; so the Christian, when his hope is assaulted awakes to an examination of his fortress. How pleasing the survey? He beholds the wall, commencing with Abraham, on Moriah, and ending with John, on Patmos. The great and the good of every age he sees engaged in the heavenly task; and, rather than abandon the