

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

TO WISDOM.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

I met a hoary pilgrim on the world's highway,
A sage itinerant, through many lands,
Whose patient steps no lure sufficed to stay
From picking pebbles from life's ocean sands:
No curls of beauty deck'd her lofty brow,
'Time's ruthless hand had torn them all away,
But ah! a richer crown he leaves thee now,
His hoary locks of venerable grey.

All humbly robed, by gorgeous thrones she stood,
A stern reproof to vanity and pride,
And gathered gems in stores of mental food,
From little morsels counters cast aside,
By heaven chartered to amaze the earth,
Through realms afar her patient course she ran,
Diffusing blessings; in her breast their birth
Became the grand catholic of man.

Again I met her in the humble cot,
Where gleanings knowledge from the silvered sage,
She fostered blessings for the human lot,
Bright sands of Gold to gild the preachers' page,
No lordly fane was hers, an humble cell,
A rill beside, and stately pines above,
Where meditation would delight to dwell,
And where to live the alchymist would love.

There wisdom dwelt, a sybilline retreat,
Beneath an oak with trailing ivy twined.
In which when e'er she deigned to take a seat,
Kings seeking counsel, at her feet reclined:
Among the devotees who gathered there,
I mark'd one form of mild majestic mien,
On whom the goddess smiled with favor rare,
I looked and saw, 'twas Britain's lovely Queen.

Each voice was hushed when wisdom spoke, each sneer
Of maudlin mirth, and frothy fancy's will,
Sunk back abash'd, her sage remarks to hear,
While pale-faced pride grew even paler still.
Her words with honey dropp'd, were sweet and mild,
Bright inspiration framed for mortal ears,
For man instruction,—precept for the child,
The sage experience of a thousand years

A gentle guide, to all who seek to learn
The paths of virtue, and the ways of truth,
Severe for honor and for justice stern,
The faithful guardian of unfein'd youth;
God's gracious gift to Israel's favor'd king,
Thou at prayer's voice bade ignorance depart,
Bade faith her halo round the soul to fling,
And hope to dwell within the human heart,

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THE SCRIPTURES AND THEIR INTERPRETATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN GILMOUR.

Man remains ignorant of many of his moral relations, and ultimate destiny, while destitute of the oracles of God. That nation or individual has received no ordinary blessing to whom are committed the oracles of God. So thought Moses, David, and Paul. God had distinguished the Israelites above many nations of the earth, especially because unto

them he had committed his word. He communicated these oracles through various instruments under the ineffable guidance of his Holy Spirit: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Every thing in them is true. They constitute *objective* religion perfect; and so far as any individual understands and is assimilated to them, he approaches *subjective* perfection. The word of the Lord is perfect, but its influence upon the mind may be very imperfect. Due attention to this distinction would prevent many loose statements about the doctrine of perfection, and serve to correct some errors on that point.

No part of this perfect system of truth can be at variance with any other part; nor can its statements be in contradiction to any other portion of truth throughout the universe of God; for he who inspired the one produced the other. This revelation is in harmony with every fact in space and duration. The former may impress us with the immensity of Deity, the latter convey some idea of his eternity—subjects far above our comprehension; yet, with revelations, light will often induce us to call in expressive silence to muse his praise. The mind floating on the immensity of space exclaims, where will wonders end? and, in working up the stream of time, finds even its antiquity beyond the power of thought. The fossil dates baffle calculations, and should we in the ascent by imaginations power, place our foot on the first jot of material creation, there lies a gulf between us and the Great Unknown which we cannot cross. "Who by searching can find out God?" There is no point in space nor period in duration with which he is not intimately connected, acquainted, and present. We may therefore safely conclude, that no communication of his will to man will contradict the facts of creation and its history.

Nature is the product of God: the interpretation of it is the effort of man. The Bible is the product of God; its interpretation the work of man—the products are divine and never contradict one another—the interpretations belong to man, and may be contradictory. Hence follows an important practical lesson. The interpretations of nature and revelation may discord, while nature and revelation are in perfect harmony. Because some new interpretation of nature seems to contradict some interpretation of revelation which I entertain, it does not follow that revelation or nature is at fault, but that our interpretation may, and needs to be, carefully revised. Between a thing and its interpretation there is a mighty difference;—the thing itself *true*, my interpretation at fault; nature true, revelation true, suspect them not, submit them to no torture, suspect *your view* of them, and submit it once more to the crucible.

Sir Isaac Newton teaches that the earth goes round the sun. This is a confirmed and admitted fact. Some interpretations of the Bible led people to think the sun went round the earth. Now, which shall we deny—Sir Isaac's theory or the Bible? Neither.