

others. The flowers in such sermons don't grow from within, but are collected from without. The man who does this never will and never can excel, just because he lays aside his own capacity, his own mind, and puts himself under the tuition of another. Use your own gifts, your own intellect, be it what it may, and let the world see and hear you as simple men. And I may say, the topics of religion are such as ought to make everybody eloquent. Who can dwell upon God, exhibit the cross of the Saviour, speak of immortal men dying in their sins, and exhibit the glorious privileges and blessings of religion aright, without speaking of these things warmly, and if he speaks of them warmly he will speak of them eloquently. Here again then, I say, the religion of the heart stands eminently connected with the efficacy of the pulpit. . . . Then I may remind you of another great truth, which is this, that experimental and personal religion will be necessary to yourselves. You will often have to retire back to the religion of the heart. Sometime you will deliver your message with little effect; the carnal minds of your hearers will rise in revolt against the truth, you may present the Saviour in his rich merits and grace, but the people will spurn him; you may indulge hopes of a blessed revival of religion, but your hopes will be abortive. What is to sustain you but the religion of the heart? You may meet with backsliders and apostacies of the truth, in those whom you loved and esteemed,—perhaps with whom you had formed affectionate friendships; you may be sent into dark and barren regions in the character of home missionaries, where you may meet with rudeness, rebuffs, opposition, perhaps persecution, and what will sustain you but the religion of the heart? You will have to meet with many exercises in the study, you may go there, seeking after truth and preparation; you may turn over your bible, look at the books upon your shelves, to the light within you,—but these yield nothing;—you pace your study with deep anxiety, and probably think, "Why am I called? Am I in my providential way?" What is to sustain you, then, but the religion of the heart? And you will be embarrassed often in your preaching and pulpit exercises. You will be sometimes brought into a state of comparative bondage. Let me tell you, that life will not be to you what it appears—at this moment. Your path onward may be rough, rugged, dark, afflicted, trying,—and you will greatly stand in need of the religion of the heart. O, my young brethren, "take heed to yourselves." Remember everything depends upon this: everything will be right, if you cherish piety within you, everything wrong, if you neglect it.

The Rev. Gentleman then referred to the context, in which St. Paul gives instructions to Timothy respecting his being an EXAMPLE to believers in various particulars. Reiterating the address of the apostle, he invited them to consider what he had enjoined;—that they were to be examples in "word," or discourse, which ought to be wise, pure, good, christian, and edifying;—in "conversation," which referred to the heart and life, practical godliness;—in "charity," whether called into exercise as it related to their brethren in the ministry or to the people of their charge;—in "spirit," namely, in meekness, gentleness, lowliness, in frankness, honesty, candour, openness, and simplicity;—and in "purity," or christian holiness, embodying the privileges and joys of religion in their own lives. They could not be neuter;—they could not pass through the world without leaving an impression upon it;—they must of necessity do good or harm; and he called upon them to set forth the doctrines they preached, the discipline they administered, and the holiness they recommended, by a life corresponding with what they taught. . . . He then adverted to the injunction of the apostle, on "STRIVING UP" ministerial gifts, enforcing especially the duties of constant prayer,—diligent reading, particularly of Wesleyan theology, the best in the world,—and due preparation for their function. . . . On the subject of DOCTRINES, he advised them to be clear and distinct, and to prepare special sermons, on the subjects of repentance, the new birth, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and christian holiness,—dwelling particularly upon the last two points. . . . The Reverend Gentleman, in completion of his plan, showed, in conclusion, the influence which a faithful obser-

vance of the apostle's injunction would have upon their personal salvation, and ministerial success.

Go, my dear brethren,—(said he,)—and faithfully discharge your duty. Go,—and the blessing of all your fathers and all your brethren shall rest upon you. We had you as of us,—you belong to our ranks,—we love you as men, as christians, as fellow-helpers. You have our sincere, humble blessing. Go,—and be faithful to your Lord and Master, keep him in your minds,—set him before you,—do his work, exhibit his cross,—and endeavour, with the compassion which led him to suffer and die, to seek the salvation of others. He will be with you; "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Go,—my dear friends,—and prosecute your noble enterprise, your glorious work, count not your lives dear unto yourselves, so that you may accomplish your Master's will. Don't be afraid of poverty, privation, suffering. Be it your great concern to be faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Go,—my dear young friends,—and grow up from youthful vigour to ripened years in eminence, usefulness, honour, and grace. Aim at high attainments, high duties, great success. You will never accomplish great things in the service of God, unless you place great things before you. Don't be content with a little, shrivelled ministry, but make the world feel the impress of your presence, the weight of your doctrine, and the excellency of your character, wherever you go. Go,—and be faithful, keep your hand to that plough, to which you are, on this occasion put, remembering the word of your Master, that he that looketh behind is "unfit for the kingdom of God." In some sense, Methodism is deposited with you, and with the men of your age. These beloved venerable men, around me, will soon be gone; and the men of my own class will soon be gone also: our deposit, our holy, sacred deposit, my young brethren, is with you. Keep the brightest examples before you;—be men;—maintain sacredly that which is committed to your trust;—and, in the evening of your days, let it be seen, that you have kept this holy covenant, now in some sense deposited with you, faithfully unto death. We shall all speedily meet to give our account, and those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. May God bless you,—guide you,—strengthen you,—and save you, and those who hear you, for Christ's sake Amen.

A hymn was sung, and the proceedings were closed with prayer by the Rev. Messrs. SCOTT and WADDY.

**Biblical Department.**

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SCRIPTURES.**

1. The philosophy of the Scriptures is at once sublime and simple. It satisfies the highest aspirations of the highest minds, and it falls within the comprehension of the humblest inquirer who honestly seeks to understand it. It embraces the material universe, with its glories and complicated system of  
 "—planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
 Whirling unshaken through the void immense,"  
 the moral world, where the ruling spirits of good and evil carry on a perpetual warfare, with alternate, and apparently not unequal advantage,—the great problems that have attracted, exercised, and defied the severest study of generation after generation,—it embraces them both with unshrinking grasp, and solves them with a single word. It carries home the sublime truth to the simple heart of the common believer with a clearness of conviction, that Socrates and Cicero, in their happiest hours of inspiration never knew. This word of power that solves these mighty and momentous problems, that carries home this cheering conviction to the believing heart,—need I say to you, gentlemen,—is God!

When from the merely spontaneous exercise of our intellectual and physical powers, we must turn the mind inward to reflection upon its own nature, and outward to an inquiring contemplation of the objects around us, we find ourselves part and parcel of a vast system. We ask with intense curiosity, with agonizing interest, "What am I! Whence came I! What means this glorious panorama of ocean, air, and earth that I see around me,—these splendid orbs that illuminate the day and

night,—these lesser lights that twinkle and burn around them,—the seasons with their ever-changing round? Who can tell me the secret of the being and working of this wondrous machinery? Did necessity fix it firmly, as it is, from all eternity? Has accident thrown it together to remain till some other accident shall reduce it to nothing, or did some master-workman adapt it, with intelligent design, to some great and good end? If so, what means this dismal shade of evil that overshadows with its dim eclipse so large a portion of this good and fair creation? What relation do I bear individually to the grand whole? Am I a mere ripple on the boundless ocean of being, swelling into life for a moment and then subsiding forever, or is this curiously compacted frame the abode of a substantial, immortal mind, destined to exist hereafter through countless ages of happiness or misery?"

The greatest and wisest men of all ages and countries, have undertaken to answer these questions in various ways, but generally with slender success. One tells us that the origin of all things is in water, another that it is in fire, a third places it in the earth, and a fourth in the air. Epicurus resolves the universe into primitive atoms, while Zeno fixes it firmly in the brazen bonds of necessity. In regard to the problem of the moral world, opinions are equally various. In one system fate is the supreme arbiter, and chance in another. Some acknowledge the existence of gods, but place them apart in some remote celestial sphere, where they live on, regardless of the stir and bustle of this lower world. A few, more wise than the rest, obtain some faint glimpse of the truth, of which, however, they avow that they feel no certain assurance. All is doubt, uncertainty, error. There is no absurdity so great, says Cicero, that some distinguished philosopher has not made it the basis of his theory. The labours of modern inquirers have not been attended with better results. They have terminated in reviving successively, one after another, the exploded follies of antiquity. One denies the existence of mind, and another that of matter, while a third doubts the reality of either. All—I mean all whose researches have been conducted independently of Scripture—deny the reality of moral distinctions, and reduce man to a level with the animals around him. Such are the noble and consolatory views which the wisdom of Europe proclaimed within our own day, through the mouths of her ablest and most judicious apostles, as the last results of the labours of all preceding ages upon the great problem of God, man, and the universe.

If we turn to the teachers of the various religions, the scene is, if possible, still less agreeable. Stocks and stones, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air; the vilest reptiles; nay, the very vegetable products that serve for daily food, are held up by the most learned and civilized nations as objects of reverence and arbiters of human fortune. Enlightened Egypt, in her brightest days of power, wisdom, and glory, enrolled the beetle and the onion on the list of her divinities. The mythology of Hindostan is, if possible, still more monstrous.—Revolting or childish fables are presented as solutions of the great problem of the universe. The world reposes on the back of an elephant, and the elephant, again, upon a tortoise, which finally rests upon nothing. Even in the elegant creations of the brilliant fancy of Greece, we discern little more than the sports of infancy playing in wantonness with ideas, of the importance of which it is utterly unconscious. In its severer moods, the Greek mythology presents the most desolating views of the destiny and character of our race. Take, for example, the fable of Prometheus.—On the side of a rocky precipice of unmeasurable height, a human being extends his giant length, writhing in agonies of extreme torture. Chains of iron attach him to the cliff, while a vulture of enormous size, hovering over him, perpetually tears his entrails, which are constantly renewed by the supernatural fiat of destiny. This is the Titan Prometheus, as described by the gloomy genius of Eschylus. His crime was, that he had given life to human figures of clay of his own formation, by touching them with fire which he had stolen from heaven. He is intended as an emblem of humanity. The moral is, that wretchedness is the lot of man, and that superiority of intellect, though employed for the most beneficial objects, only dooms its possessor to intenser misery. The wayward genius

of Byron, who had chiefly sought for speculative truth in the sources to which I have alluded above, was captivated by this heart-rending fable, which he seems to have regarded as the vehicle of important truth, and has dressed it up in some of his finest poetry.

"Titan! to whose immortal eyes  
 The scenes of mortality  
 Seen in their sad reality,  
 Were not as things that gods despise;  
 What was the pity's recompense?  
 A suffering saint, but intense  
 The work the culture, and the chain;  
 All that the proud can feel of pain;  
 The agonies they do not show,  
 The suffering scene of woe,  
 That speaks but in its loneliness,—  
 And then is silent, lest the eye  
 Should have a witness, nor will eigh  
 Unless its voice be echoless."

All the errors, absurdities, and fables to which I have now alluded, have been sustained and illustrated in ancient and modern times, with the whole power of the human understanding in its most improved condition. Eloquence, logic, learning, and wit, have been employed to make the worse appear the better reason, until the honest inquirer, who seeks for truth through the mazes of these controversies, finds himself completely bewildered and hopeless of arriving at any satisfactory result, were there no other difficulty to be encountered but the extent of the ground to be gone over. To crown the whole, the severest and most celebrated metaphysician of modern times affirms, that the truth cannot, in fact, be discovered by the mere use of the understanding in the ordinary sense of the term; and in proof of his assertion furnishes what he considers complete and unanswerable demonstrations on both sides of all the great questions that most deeply interest the mind, at the head of which is the existence of God.

From the chaos of controversy, doubt, contention, and imposture, and error, we turn to the Scriptures. Here, gentlemen, we find ourselves at once in a new atmosphere. The very first sentence removes all difficulty. What do I say? The light breaks upon us before the sentence is finished. The first half-sentence settles at once and for ever the great problem of the universe. IS THE BEGINNING GOD. No metaphysics; no logic; no rhetoric; no tedious induction from particular facts; no laboured demonstration *a priori* or *a posteriori*; no display of learning; no appeal to authority,—but just the plain, simple naked, unsophisticated truth: IS THE BEGINNING GOD.

With the utterance of this little word, an ocean of light and splendour bursts at once upon the universe, and penetrates its darkest recesses with living beams of hope and joy. Order, harmony, intelligent design for happiest ends, takes the place of unintelligible chaos and wild confusion. A cheerful confidence in the wisdom and goodness of an All-Wise and Almighty Creator, is substituted for gloomy doubt and blank despair. Evil still remains, but how different is its character! In a universe of chance and fate, it is a blind, irresistible power, like the destiny of ancient fable, treading under its giant feet with remorseless tury, the fairest flowers of the natural and moral creation. "In a godless universe," says Madame de Staël, "the fall of a sparrow would be a fit subject for endless and inconsolable sorrows." With an Almighty Father at the helm, evil, physical and moral, puts on the character of discipline. We cannot, it is true, penetrate the necessity of its existence, or the nature of the good which it is intended to effect. We are tempted at first to exclaim with the eloquent sophist of Geneva, "Benevolent Being! where, then, is thy almighty power, I behold evil on the earth." But what then? Does our limited intelligence comprehend the universe? Can the infant at his mother's breast understand why the honied stream is removed from his lips, and a bitter draught of medicine substituted for it? Does the little child realize why the kind father confines him in schools,—refuses him the indulgences which he thinks so delightful, inflicts upon him, perhaps, a severe punishment for some, to him, unimagined fault? To the child, the lapse of a few years makes all these mysteries clear; in the mean time, his confidence and love for his parents induce him to submit with undiminished cheerfulness, where he cannot understand. Shall the frail being of a day repose with less faith and hope upon the bosom of Omniscient and Omnipotent goodness? How