

Calvin. Dark, lustrous, keen and penetrating, it occasionally sent forth flashes of fire and affection, which indicated the might of the soul that emitted them; but its general bearing was calm, not restless; winning, not repelling. All this bespoke the high moral character of the man, and especially that peace and confidence in his God which characterized every period of his stormy life. What the external man indicated, a nearer approach to the inward man did not disappoint. When driven from France for his principles, how dignified was his conduct! In his letter we find no bitterness, no wrath, no malice towards his enemies; and no murmuring, no discontent, not even uneasiness with his own lot. Perhaps the severest stroke which befel him in his whole life, was his expulsion from Geneva; but instead of revenging it, or grieving over it, we find him with all the sedateness of one at perfect ease, sitting down in his study, at Strasburg, penning letters to friends he had left behind, and prosecuting the blessed work of the Reformation, as if he had never been interrupted. O! what a firm, what a God-confiding soul, was that of John Calvin! "I am in the hands of my Heavenly Father"—was the sentiment with which he removed every doubt, hushed every murmur, and dispelled every fear. To some it may appear whimsical—he it so—we cannot help it; but in reading of the calm and serene dignity, with which Calvin looked down on the persecutions of the crafty Francis, and the plots of the enemies of the Reformation, we have often been reminded of that inimitably beautiful and thoroughly natural picture, which Virgil in his first *Æneid* draws, of the appearance of the god Neptune in the midst of the storm, and the manner in which he quelled it. What classic reader does not remember it? Æolus, unpermitted and thoughtlessly let out the winds from their covering. Forth they rushed, careering o'er the deep. They swept its length and breadth; they lashed its billows into all the furies of a tempest. High and heavy rolled in these billows. All was turmoil. Heaven and earth seemed to have commingled. But rising up full of dignity in the midst of the foam, casting his eyes abroad on the wide expanse, and unmoved—or if moved at all, moved by a lurking feeling of ridicule and contempt—for we can almost fancy we see the little curl upon his lip—we behold the mighty god lifting up his head above the water—asking whence and for what reason all this turmoil—scornfully enquiring who could be its authors—and then quietly and dignifiedly restoring all things to their wonted order. So was it with Calvin. The storms of the Reformation, were abroad in all their fury. Europe from end to end was agitated with its volcanic throes. Thrones tottered, kings trembled in their palaces, and whole nations quivered and quaked before the outbursts of wrath of Rome's potentates, and satellites. But amid all these tribulations and all these signs of coming desolations in heaven above and earth beneath—there is Calvin, calm and collected,—there is Calvin, deliberately penning letters to Reformers in all quarters of the world, to continue "stedfast and unmoveable."—there is Calvin temperately but most cuttingly, dedicating his Institutes to the treacherous Francis, to let him read for himself, and let the world read too, whether those who believed and maintained such doctrines, could be turbulent and rebellious subjects. In all this calmness, and all this dignity, amid all this storm, who does not