

THE
CHRISTIAN BANNER.

"If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God."
"This is love, that we walk after his commandments."

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THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

Truth, like pure gold, is indistructible. It is pure and spotless as the throne of Him who gave it birth, and lasting as his eternal years. Truth was born when light gleamed forth from chaotic darkness; and when man sinned, and was banished from the groves of Paradise, she habited herself in a pilgrim's attire, and she has been his faithful companion in all his melancholy wanderings. With a fidelity that wavers not, a promptitude that fails not, and a clearness that falters not, she admonishes him of his duty, warns him of his danger, and directs him in the path of happiness. But in the whirlwinds of his stormy career, her calm voice is often stifled. Her tone is not the clarion note, not the clangor of the bugle, sounding for battle. It is more like the clear, shrill utterances of silver trumpets used by Jewish priests to call the princes of the tribes into the presence of the Lord; those trumpets that gave a "certain sound," which fell on the ear as shrill and startling as the voice of an angel. Gentle and soothing is that voice, full of comfort in woe. Her cadences are calm and delightful to the soul of sorrow. Like the going down of the sun after a storm, when myriads of drops reflect his colored rays, and the light bow lies on the shoulders of the retreating cloud. Her voice hath power over all hearts that will listen to its melting tenderness, as she pleads the cause of the poor and needy. When she clothes herself in the habiliments of mourning for the righteous poor oppressed, and stands in the entrances of iron hearted tyranny, none can withstand the voice of her pleading, none can resist the terrible severity of her piercing rebuke.