

lence; and thence arise dim convictions of an awful future—of the need of a Saviour—and of a moral force, foreign to myself to change me, and make me good. How these are to be supplied I know not; but let them be announced, and I find they suit me; and as I apply them, I am convinced of their veracity.

Now, to announce the great doctrines of the fall of man—salvation provided in the atonement of Jesus—renovation by the Holy Spirit—immortal existence in misery or happiness; are to my afflicted nature, what sounds of harmony are to a correct ear: the moral instincts of my nature hail them, and rally round them, and entertain the conviction of their divine veracity, inasmuch as they sound the depths of my miserable being—bring to the surface obscure thoughts which I thought too bold to cherish; and, at the same time, carry me beyond myself into a region so calm, so pure, so blessed, so sublime, to an acquaintance with doctrines so necessary, yet so profound, so utterly beyond the range of human thinking, and yet so true to my capacity when announced, that I know not how I can do without them; or, how it would be possible for me to reject them. They are so true, so good, so noble, so congenial to me, as guilty, depraved, undone.

With a nature that shrinks from annihilation; nay, from the pause of death itself, how congenial is the doctrine of immortality. There is much in the decay of autumn—renovation of spring: in the influence of every prior stage in personal or social history on that which is to succeed, and in the very general conviction of mankind, to dispose me to the reception of the doctrine when animated. It is both a large field—in whose bosom is lodged the precious seed of harvest, waiting for the genial warmth of spring, till its zephyrs blow all appears barren, disorganized, yet in the ten thousand grains buried, there lies the germ of life, at length she pays her welcome visit, and under her step all swells into distinctness and living green. So the gospel wafts its genial spirit over our souls, and all heaves with immortal wishes. This explains the great fact that such splendid endowments of intellect, and moral feeling as are common to man, were given for some other purpose than to waste the fragrance on the desert air of the wilderness. Why frame such an apparatus to enable a man to make the point of a pen?—to throw a piece of wood, curiously formed, among a thousand threads?—to measure cloth with a wand?—or follow a yoke of oxen all day, and cry "gee and haw?" The mind oppressed with the thought that this is all of man, exclaims, in all the bitterness of disappointment, "Why hast thou made all men in vain?" But relieved, elevated, braced by the doctrine of immortality, he is resigned to occupy his place in the stern seminary of adversity. It is a school to prove him faithful in that which is little, and to prepare him for much yet in reserve. All this has about it the air of truth; and a candid mind embraces it as "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." "My being," says the disciple of Jesus, under the glow of life and immortality, "is not the bubble whose rainbow tints delights the boy who has inflated it with his soap-buds, soon to burst, and pass into the

surrounding air. The creation, large as it is, magnificent as it is, is not equal in grandeur and value to my immortal spirit. Majestic the universe! but can it think or feel, imagine or reason? Talk to me of the sun: he is not alive: he is but a dead luminary after all. But I am alive: I never was dead: I never can die. I might, therefore, put my foot upon that proud orb, and say, "I am greater than thou." The sun, with all his rays, cannot write on flower or grass, or the broad page of ocean, the name of his Maker—a child of seven can: and is therein greater than the sun. The sun cannot, from all his vast surface, utter an articulate sound: he is dumb in his magnificence; but "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected praise." The sun cannot love one of the planets which revolve round his ray: I can love all being. The sun shall perish; but I have that within me that will never die. And, if greater than the sun, I am greater than the whole material universe. The universe may be too great now for the grasp of my intellect; but my mind, I find, can grow to grasp it. The universe, in fact, is only the nursery to the infant soul; and whether is greater, the nursery or the child? The universe you may call it what you please, but you cannot call it one thing—you cannot call it a spirit. But I am a spirit, though a spirit disguised; an immortality, though an immortality veiled; a beam from the father of light, though a beam that has gone astray; and may I not therefore predicate men of my own fallen nature, that it is of more dignity, grandeur, and value than the whole material creation." But whence these mighty thoughts of man and his destiny and whence that marvellous doctrine of the Son of God's descent, to render his being holy and eternally blessed? What eye hath seen any thing which would indicate this? what ear heard any thing that could justify the assurance? and through what mind of man uninspired, ever glowed this magnificent conception—and yet it is among us a matter of daily belief, a principle of practical influence? Much easier would it be for us to believe that Paradise Lost is the production of half-witted poor Joseph, or as that the glorious truths of revelation are the announcements of unaided reason, when announced; yet their truth and adaptation are as true to the discernment of the tiniest minds as to the soaring genius of Newton.

It declares I need an agency more powerful than the might of passion. I feel I need it. O God make the experiment on me. Its reception by faith and love calms a soul long agitated with storm, relieves a spirit long held in chains of iniquity, renders a weakling strong as Sampson, makes a worm thrash the mountains, enables a cipher to enter the lists, and throw principalities, thrones and dominions, and elevates one who is of the earth to communion with the skies—"for we have our conversation in heaven, whence we look for the Saviour," &c. All these glorious effects may be produced on a mind yet ignorant of the prophetic and historical evidence, but well he knows from internal evidence he has entered the temple of truth, and every first step he has taken along its aisles, every sound he has heard from its sacred desk and every whisper which has lingered within

its vaulted roof, has added firmness to his conviction—"If any man will do the will of my Father, he will know of my doctrine that it is of God," He has the witness in himself.

To relish food, and derive nourishment from it, it is not needful that I should know the history of its progress till it reached my lips. To discern the truth of a discovery, it is not necessary that I should know its history from the moment of twilight conception till it brightened into certainty in the mind of the discoverer; or should know its wanderings from the moment it became a recorded fact in science, till it made its appeal to my reason for reception. Nor to be convinced of its truth, is it necessary that I should know the geographical limits in which the oracles of God were uttered, the age in which the utterer lived, or who the utterers were. If they spake as moved by the Holy Ghost, I have to do with what they said, not with the men who said it. The light of a taper is light, as well as the light of the sun at noon. It were, however, folly of the most egregious character, to cry for the light of the taper to shew me the light of the sun—better look at the sun himself, and the objects on which he throws his radiance. Should a person insist on our proving to him that the sun gave light, we would convince him by saying, "Open your eyes, and behold it." And were any one to ask us for the most convincing argument of the truth of Christianity, we would say, "Open your mind to its contents." "To the law and the testimony, if they believe not this, it is because there is no light in them." "And if they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe if one rose from the dead." The entrance of thy word giveth light," illumines the understanding, purifies the heart, diffuses joy and peace in believing, inspires hope in a future remote as eternity, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"Go, sun, while mercy holds me up,
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief, that man shall taste;
Go, till the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God."

Reviews and Sketches.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.]

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The British and Foreign Bible Society had advanced from its small beginnings, where it had been cherished in the prayers as well as supported by the pence of God's poor saints, to the position of a vast public corporation, known and noticed by the wealthy, the noble, and the gay. What, by the sale of life-memberships and life-directorships for money; and what, by the sycophancy of its office-bearers, who thought it a great matter to exhibit the patronage