

Poetry.

GOOD BYE, PROUD WORLD.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Good bye, proud world, I'm going home,  
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine;  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good bye to Flattery's fawning face,  
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace,  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,  
To supple Office low and high,  
To crowded halls, to court, and street,  
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,  
To those who go, and those who come,  
Good bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone  
Bosomed in you green hills, alone,  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
Where arches green the live long day  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet.

SILENCE.

Let any true man go into silence; strip himself of all pretence, and selfishness, and sensuality and sluggishness of soul; lift off thought after thought, passion after passion, till he reaches the inmost deep of all; remember how short a time, and he was not at all; how short a time again, and he will not be here; open his window and look upon the night, how still its breath, how solemn its march, how deep its perspective, how ancient its forms of light; and think how little he knows except the perpetuity of God, and the mysteriousness of life; and it will be strange if he does not feel the Eternal Presence as close upon his soul, as the breeze upon his brow; if he does not say, "O Lord, thou art ever near as this, and have I not known thee?"—if the true proportions and the genuine spirit of life do not open on his heart with infinite clearness, and show him the littleness of his temptations, and the grandeur of his trust. He is ashamed to have found weariness in toil so light, and tears where there was no trial to the brave. He discovers with astonishment how small the dust that has blinded him, and from the height of a quiet and holy love, looks down with incredulous sorrow on the jealousies, and fears, and irritations, that have vexed his life. A mighty wind of Resolution sets in strong upon him and freshens the whole atmosphere of his soul; sweeping down before it the light flakes of difficulty, till they vanish like the snow upon the sea. He is imprisoned no more in a small compartment of time, but belongs to an eternity which is now and here. The isolation of his separate spirit passes away; and with the countless multitude of souls akin to God, he is but as a wave of His unbounded deep. He is at one with Heaven, and hath found the secret place of the Almighty.

All great things are born of silence. The fury indeed of destructive passion may start up in the hot conflict of life, and go forth with tumultuous desolation. But all beneficent and creative power gathers itself together in silence, ere it issues out in might. Force itself indeed is naturally silent, and only makes itself heard, if at all, when it strikes upon obstructions to bear them away as it returns to equilibrium again. The very hurricane that roars over land and ocean, flits noiselessly through spaces where nothing meets it. The blessed sunshine says nothing, as it warms the vernal earth, tempts out the tender grass, and decks the field and forest in their glory. Silence came before creation, and the heavens were spread with a word. Christ was born at dead of night; and though there has been no power like his, "he did not strive nor cry, neither was his voice heard in the streets." Nowhere can you find any beautiful work, any noble design, any durable endeavor, that was not matured in long and patient silence, ere it spake out in its accomplishment. There it is that we ac-

cumulate the inward power which we distribute and spend in action; put the smallest duty before us in dignified and holy aspects; and reduce the merest hardships beneath the foot of our self-denial. There it is that the soul, enlarging all its dimensions at once, acquires a greater and more vigorous being, and gathers up its collective forces to bear down upon the piece-meal difficulties of life, and scatter them to dust. There alone can we enter into that spirit of self-abandonment, by which we take up the cross of duty, however heavy, with feet however worn and bleeding they may be. And thither shall we return again, only into higher peace and more triumphant power, when the labor is over and the victory won, and we are called by Death into God's loftiest watch-tower of Contemplation.—James Martineau.

THE NAME OF 'UNITARIAN.'

Most controversies would be at an end, if the terms used could be defined accurately, and to the satisfaction of both parties engaged. Many of our own body object to the retention of the name of Unitarian. But we must be called by some title to distinguish us from others, when the faith we hold is spoken of, and the word Unitarian is as simple, significant, and modest, as any that can be devised. If we call ourselves Christians, some may object that we virtually exclude others from that beautiful name, by appropriating to ourselves, as the "evangelical" denominations tacitly deny that those, not thus called, are called evangelical or according to the Gospel. If, too, we call ourselves Christians, we confound ourselves with a large and growing denomination already known by that title, and as much contradistinguished also from other sects by that term, as by any other sectarian name that was ever employed; showing the impossibility of wholly avoiding sectarianism, if we have any distinct theology of our own.

1. The Unitarian, according to Worcester's Dictionary, is "an Anti-Trinitarian; one who allows divinity (deity) to God the Father alone." The name therefore is profoundly significant of one of the greatest distinctions that ever was made in human faith and the science of theology, and is by no means that barren, negative, and equivocal term, which some even of our friends represent it.

2. The term in its secondary sense, may mean that body of Liberal Christians, which entertains no rigid identity of opinion, but holds to oneness of spirit in the Gospel faith, and which in that generous unity of affection and aspiration, not of creed, arrives at the genuine fellowship of the disciples of Christ; a fellowship where each one respects his own sincere convictions too much to be willing to coerce or punish the sincere convictions of others; a fellowship where individuals, with their free and independent and natural characteristics, without being cut down to one dead uniformity, enjoy the union of living hearts, attuned to tolerate and love one another, not the assent of minds broken and schooled to think alike.

3. Far be it from us to encourage the bigotry and intolerance of sectarianism, but it is plain that necessity compels every thing to have its name, every party and sect and man to have his designation, for only thus can one person, or set of opinions, or faith, escape being confounded with another. If we are in fact Unitarians, why do we object to being thus called? Is it because it is an odious name? Then do we hesitate to be classed with some of the holiest and truest men of history, because they bore an unpopular title. Is it because the word does not perfectly describe our faith? What term does precisely suit any set of doctrines? It is after all only an approximation to the truth. We are obliged in this world to deal with wholes, not with halves. If we call ourselves by a new name, we but make a new sect, and increase the difficulties we profess to deprecate. And after all, how little it matters what we are called, in comparison with what we are.

THE TERM 'EVANGELICAL.'

This signifies literally, "according to the Gospel"; from *Evangelion*, Gospel. It is used to designate the true faith in distinction from heresy, and the orthodox from the heterodox party. But its modern application is singularly forced, and inappropriate and presuming. All sects hold to the Gospel; the questions on which they divide are, What is the Gospel? what does it teach? what require? They are questions of interpretation, inference.

Again; if by "evangelical" is meant, according to the Gospel, or the Gospels, the term we conceive to be wholly misapplied. For the systems of Trinitarianism and Calvinism, thus called, quote by far the majority of their proof texts from the Epistles of the New Testament, not from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. They would therefore much more properly be termed "epistolical" than "evangelical." Not the plain

and simple teachings of Christ, but the letters of Paul, "hard to be understood," according to the confession of one of his brother apostles—and if hard then, how much harder now!—constitute the basis of the Theology now predominant in the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Trinitarian and Calvinistic Protestant Churches.

MIRACLES.

There is a confusion in some minds about miracles. An undue importance has been attached to the difference between what is called *natural*, and what we term *supernatural*. The great question is, has the world a plan? Had it an author? Is there a God, whose power is resistless, and whose agency is universal? If there be, the importance of that difference is much diminished, or rather, the nature of that difference is more distinctly ascertained. The reluctance of some to admit such a thing as a miracle, and the horrors of others at those who doubt miracles, are alike exaggerated. They both seem to ascribe an independent and inherent force to the laws of nature. That expression continually misleads. With the admission of a providential plan, the phrase *law of nature* can only mean, the uniformity of exertion of the Divine agency. The supernatural is, then, distinguished from the natural, not by its greater difficulty of accomplishment, but simply by its rareness. The natural and the supernatural are alike God's acts, only the one is common, the other uncommon; but both rational and credible; as both may be portions of a common plan, directed to a common object. It is a bad definition of a miracle, that it violates a law of nature. What we call laws of nature, are of different orders in an ascending scale, and each is liable to an apparent suspension, by the interposition of that which is above it. The principles of mechanical action are often suspended by coming in contact with those of chemical combination, as those of chemical combination are, where the principle of vitality is introduced. There is yet a higher set of laws, those of mind, interfering with and modifying all below; and above these, in the universal plan, are moral principles, which may necessitate still more comprehensive and striking deviations, but which equally claim to be included in that great code which shall comprise the laws of nature. In this view *resurrection* may be as much in the order of nature, and be as improperly called, the violation of a law, as birth or death, or even the commonest instance of cause and effect in a mechanical operation. Could all the miracles of the Old and the New Testament be accounted for naturally, i.e., could they be assigned to a lower class of the laws of nature, rather than to the highest, they would still demonstrate plan, divine plan; and it would therefore still be true that Moses had his mission to deliver Israel, and Christ to redeem the world.—W. J. Fox.

SENTIMENTAL AND RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

(From *Brownson's Review*.)

"The age in which we live is a sentimental age, and sentimentalism is the deadliest enemy to true piety, and to all real strength or worth of character. It enervates the soul, subverts the judgment, and lays the heart open to every temptation. The staple literature of our times, the staple literature of our youth of both sexes, is sentimental novels and love-tales, and the effect is manifest in the diseased state of the public mind, and in the growing effeminacy of character and depravation of morals. Nature herself has made ample provision for the passion and the sentiment of love, and they cannot be excited to an unnatural activity by the charms of imagination and the magic of poetry, without involving the most grave consequences. The early Christians chanted the praises of virginity, and employed their imagination and poetry to win souls to God not to madden two young persons with a blind and often a fatal passion for each other, and we do not well in departing from their example.

"All books which seek the sources of their interest in the passion or sentiment of love are to be distrusted, and so indeed are all which, no matter in what degree, foster a sentimental tendency. The more delicate and refined the sentimentality, and the more apparently innocent and pure it may be, the more really dangerous it is. Works which are grossly sensual disgust all in whom corruption has not already commenced; not works which studiously avoid every indelicate expression or allusion, which seem to breathe an air of purity itself, excite no alarm, are read by the innocent and confiding, insinuate a fatal poison before it is suspected, and create a tone and temper of mind and heart which pave the way for corruption. Corruption generally, if not always, begins in the sentiments, and in sentiments which in themselves are free from blame, and which apparently cannot be too strong or active. The Devil, when he would seduce

us, comes, usually disguised as an angel of light. If he came in his own shape, in his real character, we should at once recognize and resist him; but coming disguised under the appearance of something which is held to be innocent and worthy to be encouraged, he is able to destroy the equilibrium of the character, to produce a morbid state of the affections, and to take from us all power to resist in the hour of trial.

We speak not, of course, against genuine warmth of heart, real tenderness of feeling, and strength of affection. Nay, we are pleading their cause. The sickly refinement, the morbid sentimentality, which the popular literature of the day has such a direct tendency to foster, is no less fatal to them than to piety and charity. Your inveterate novel-reader cannot love, in any worthy sense of the term. Her heart is *blase* before she is out of her teens. Her whole being, body and soul, heart and mind, inside and out, from top to bottom, is diseased, full of wounds and putrifying sores. She has no health, no soundness, no strength to bear even the application of a remedy. She may talk charmingly, vent much exquisite sentiment, but if you want to find much warmth of heart, genuine affection, or a noble and disinterested deed, go not near her. It is this morbid sensibility, this enervating and corrupting sentimentality, which the popular literature of the day encourages, that we oppose, and every enlightened censor of morals does and must oppose."

THE PRESS.

Douglas Jerrold says the power of the press is as boundless as that of society. It reaches the throne; it is enclosed in the cottage. It can pull down injustice, however lofty, and raise up lowliness, however deep. It castigates crimes, which the law can only punish, without repressing them. Wherever an eye can see or a hand can write, there is the press. Persons in tribulation rely on it for redress, and they feel sure that wrong will not go unpunished if it known to the journals. Like light, it penetrates into every nook and corner of society, and carries health and healing on its beams. It nips rising abuses in the bud. It stops the tide of tyranny when setting in full flood. It derives its vast power from the principle of its being. Seeking out truth and representing reason, it concentrates on one point the whole moral power of society, and persuades and governs without violence, by the mere knowledge that the physical power of society is always ready to vindicate the right. As it comes into operation, the course of society becomes uniform and equal, and as it is obtained without those convulsions and rebellions by which a rude, unlettered people make their will known.

THE FALLEN BROTHER.

A man possesses an extremely low and grovelling mind, who rejoices at the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing, as a consummate scoundrel, one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love, and labour to bring him back to duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth a right hand and sin? Heaven keep us in the narrow path. But if we should fall, where would be the end of our course, if in every face we saw a frown, and on every brow we read revenge? Deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different course were pursued, and a different spirit were manifested towards us, we might have stayed our career of sin, and died an upright and honest man.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the confines of the grave an erring brother.—*Portland Tribune*.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity; a helping hand will never be wanted. But let a single part of this be defective, and you go at hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse; with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where good character is not. All that is bright in the hopes of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the vale of tears, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore, acquire this as the first and most valuable.

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