

LITERARY WARFARE.

WHEN the word warfare meets our gaze, it naturally brings to our minds the scene of a battle field, where the sons of some fair country shed their blood, sold their lives, and bought their liberty at too dear a price.

Now the warfare about which we are going to speak is one not waged with swords, or spears, but with a far gentler and yet as powerful weapon "The pen." This warfare has been waged over many subjects, by different men and at different times; hundreds and hundreds of volumes have rolled forth from the press, were read, digested and replied to, by different men and at different times.

But of all other subjects over which warfare has been waged, there is one around which, more books have accumulated, and on which more famous men, with talented intellects, have spent their mid-day strength than any other subject. This subject has loftier heights to be scaled, deeper depths to be fathomed, mightier waters to be crossed, than all the rest put together; the reason is it comprehends all others. I mean the "Holy Scriptures." The infidel and his followers, may scoff at religion and the Bible. They may tell us there is no God, no hereafter. They may reason themselves blind. But they cannot avoid death, judgment and eternity, which are coming down upon them, swift as the flight of passing seconds. Nay, swifter than any avalanche that ever thundered down mountain side, spreading death and destruction on every hand, unchangeable, and eternal, to all who deny the existence, and blaspheme the name, of a Holy and Infinite God.

The atheist may tell us that the Bible is false, that Christianity is a sham. But, if this be so, how is it then, that Christianity and the Bible have taken depraved men and have made them happy?

It goes into the darkest places of the earth, into our prisons and reformatories. It changes beings who are more like fiends than men; it makes them mild, gentle and thoughtful. If it is false, how is it, then, that it gives comfort in the hour of death? that hour in which the remembrance of the past and the view of the present, meet the gaze of the expiring sinner? that hour when the light of life is fading into the dusk of night, and in which the morning rays of eter-