

of Mansel's Bampton lecture, on the limits of religious thought.

The dark creed of Germany—the creed of Kant, Spinoza and Goethe, might well make Richter dream. "I went through the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew into the galaxies through the wastes of heaven, but there is no God. I descended as far as being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss, and cried, 'Father where art thou?' But I heard only the everlasting storm, which no one guides, and the gleaming rainbow of creation hung, without a sun that made it, over the abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the divine eye, it glared on me with an empty black bottomless *eyesocket*, and eternity lay upon chaos, eating it, and ruminating it."

Who would wander in such a sahara of despair, who would force himself from the only light, in which our destiny is revealed? The Christian may have his dark questionings, but the answer of faith, which satisfies the heart, if it does not expound the riddle, is at hand.

Dim Child of Earth!
With eye uprais'd to Heaven,
No record of thy birth
To thee is given:

The rockings of thy cradle are but known
To ONE alone.

Thou seek'st to fathom for that hidden past;
To reach the shore thine infant being bound-
ing:

In vain thy plummet toward the abyss is cast;
The line's too short for such a Deep-Sea
sounding.

But the eternal Future lies before thee:

Whence thou dost come 'tis plain we cannot
know;

But thro' the cloud thou spreads its shadows
o'er thee,

Say,—whither dost thou go?

What realm, unknown, thro' all the bright
creation,

Shall be thy dwelling-place,
Where, rapt in joy and holy aspiration,
Thou shalt behold His face?

We point our telescope to search the Ages:
We find no star!

Thou ponderest over Revelation's pages,
What read'st thou there?

Upon that page one written line I see;

The hand I know:—

"Where I am, there my servant, too, shall be,"
To HIM I go.

The last word on the German philosophy I read the other day, from a lecture on the tendencies of modern thought, delivered at Boston, to the members of the theological seminary there, by the Rev. Dr. James McCosh, president of Princeton College, a deep thinker, as well as a powerful and eloquent speaker.

"There was an expectation long entertained by many that something better than the old Christianity of the Bible, literally interpreted, might come out of the great German philosophic systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher. But these hopes have been doomed to acknowledged disappointment. The idea was fondly entertained that such men as Carlyle, Coleridge, and Goethe, who had caught more or less of the spirit of the German metaphysics, must have something new and profound to satisfy the soul in its deeper cravings if they only could be induced to utter it, but I rather think that the last hope of deriving anything soul-satisfying from these quarters has vanished from the minds of those who have been most impressed with their genius. The spirit is still lingering in Boston, and it clothes itself at times in such beautiful forms that I am inclined to admire it as I do the clouds of heaven, in the evening, convinced though I be all the while that they are mere vapors, soon to fade out into dulness and gloom. The stratum is becoming thin and is ready to crop out to the surface, and terminate its existence, at last, or at least the hopes which men entertain regarding it. Men of a devout spirit in the party of progress are becoming alarmed. The piety which Theodore Parker did not find in the old Unitarian body has not appeared, I fear, in the new body. No doubt there has been more of feeling, more of struggle among us; there have been paroxysms. Some have been under the cloud and passed through the sea, but, wandering in the desert, they have not reached the land of rest. There are fathers shuddering at the thought of bringing up their sons to such a creed, or negation of creed. They fear that its gossamer threads will