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The January number of this excellent Review contains various interesting and able articles. It commences with an article on "Praying and Preaching," well worthy of the perusal of ministers and students. Then there follows an interesting and encouraging article on "Religion in Colleges." The third article is on "Sawyer's New Testament," a specimen of new translation, which certainly does not appear to be an improvement on our old standard translation. We have afterwards an able article on the Book of Hosea, and in conclusion an article on "The Unity of Manhood," an able review of the work which we noticed in our last number by Dr. Cabell of Virginia. We regard this as, on the whole, a most excellent number.

OUR NEW RELIGIONS.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON: His Writings and Opinions. A lecture by John C. Geikie. Toronto: J. C. Geikie, 1859.

In our last number we adverted to Mr. Emerson's visit to Toronto, the views which he expressed, and the lecture delivered by Mr. Geikie with reference to Mr. Emerson's views and opinions. We have now before us Mr. Geikie's Lecture, which has been published, in accordance with the request of many of those who heard it delivered. After giving a brief account of Emerson himself, Mr. Geikie proceeds to consider his views as set forth in his writings. He traces Emerson's views to the philosophy of Kant and his followers, who teach that our knowledge is from within, and not from without, and thus striketh the foundation of an objective revelation. He gives specimens of Emerson's teachings on various important subjects, which, we should suppose, would somewhat startle his admirers—those at any rate not fully committed to his system. The Lecturer concludes with a contrast between the old religion of the Scriptures, and this new religion of Emerson's. We subjoin a few of the concluding paragraphs of the lecture. We might have given a more full analysis of it, but we trust that it will be procured and perused by many of our readers. Mr. Geikie certainly deserves well of the Christian public, both for the object he had in view, and the manner in which he has executed his task.

"At the risk of repetition, let us recapitulate briefly the characteristics of both (Emerson's philosophy and the Religion of the Scriptures):

If, then, we turn to the scope of their teaching, they differ at once. Mr. Emerson and his school do not preach to the mass, but rather affect to despise their rudeness and their blunt ignorance which requires proof as a condition of belief. Culture, with him, is to bring about the reign of the good and true. It is to quicken the sensibilities, and fit them for that intuitive insight which perceives the highest truths by a glance and by those who do not possess it, he does not hope to be understood. Christianity addresses itself to man as a whole, and claims his acceptance by the strength of its proofs. Philosophy never raised either a nation or a tribe, Christianity has clothed the naked savage given his language form and system, exchanged his war-club for a spade, sent his child to school, and led himself from ferocity and degradation to a life of gentleness, honour and love. Mr. Emerson's God is a vast dreamy abstraction, unknown—incapable of definition—a mere apotheosis of collective man, for he tells us that "Man is God in distribution"—with no bond of sympathy with His creatures so as to direct their will, or form their love. Christianity discloses a Father in the Heavens, the Great Archetype of all Fatherhood—with open

hand, and benignant eye, and loving voice, and a care which is over all our ways. Mr. Emerson never thinks of directing us to his conception of God, for comfort, or hope, or confidence in trial; Christianity tells us that Jehovah is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation. And, indeed, in the craving of the soul in all countries after a Personal God—a craving so intense that even in India, the native home of Pantheism, Rajah Rammohun Roy declared that Polytheism, which gives every man a Personal God of his own, was a deep and sincere belief—and in the perfect counterpart to every want of the spirit presented in the Revelation of Jehovah, lie a sufficient refutation of Pantheism, and vindication of the Scriptures. Voltaire's saying is right—

"Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Pantheism tells us that in sounding the depths of one man's thoughts, we sound the depths of the Universe—that if we know ourselves, we know all the secrets of Being, but our instinctive sense recoils from the assertion. Christianity, on the other hand, chords with our innate conviction in asking, who can, by searching, find out God; who can find out the Almighty to perfection? Mr. Emerson's theory is opposed throughout to the moral sentiment of the race. The one ceaseless hum of his theology is, that man is all to himself, Law, Lord, Saviour, God, the Universe, and thus at a sweep he destroys all the relations we should bear to a Personal God. He preaches Fate—Christianity whispers Providence. He abolishes all moral government confounds the qualities of actions, obliterates the phraseology of right and wrong, obedience and sin, from the vocabulary—dismisses all responsibility from human acts, since they are inevitable from the laws of our constitution, and since man, having no separate personality, can be under no sanctions of individual obligation. The best and the worst in his eyes are one and same. The deceived and the deceiver are alike divine. We recoil from such a shocking thought. Christianity, on the other hand, speaks the conviction of the heart, in its high morality, its demand for holiness as the condition of seeing God. And it has the response of our bosoms in warning the sinner from the evil of his ways, and in hanging up a deathless crown before him who seeks after righteousness. Pantheism scoffs at the idea of mediation. Humanity, by the fire on ten thousand altars, craves it, and Christianity offers it. Pantheism offers no code, no rules for our guidance towards God and our neighbour, condemns the practical, honours rhapsodies, vagaries, and impulses; or if it, preaches work, inspires it with no living principle to direct it. Christianity is sober and practical, and turns to whatever can alleviate our sorrows, or elevate and bless us, while her precepts embrace the whole circle of human relationship. Mr. Emerson has no future to which to invite us, or, by the prospect of which, to cheer us. Absorption, as when a rain drop falls on the ocean—is the fate of all alike. Christianity speaks to the innermost soul of the race in opening the gates of immortality and letting the light from beyond stream down on our footsteps. There is no better test of a system than its fitness to our need when a spiritual power alone can sustain us. In life we may dream our theories, but death is the experiment that proves their worth. If any one wish to see Mr. Emerson's philosophy in the hour of trial, let him read the last letter of John Sterling to Mr. Carlyle, who had led him from his early faith to the dreams of Pantheism. "Certainty," he tells us, "he has none, and has nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets, with all the iron weights in his power." But as Mr. Carlyle's Pantheism is

much milder than Mr. Emerson's, even this dreary letter would not be dark enough for one of his disciples in the hour of death. Contrast with this agonizing uncertainty, with the poor human bravery that tries to keep down the lid of the future, the triumph of having death swallowed up in victory, and all tears wiped off from all faces. Compare its darkness and unspeakable sadness with the Christian vision of the future to Bunyan, fractured by no philosophy, with his bad spelling, his life in Jail, and his homespun trust in the word of God. Remember the legend he saw glittering over the gate of the Celestial City. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City." Listen to his sight of its glories—"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the Sun, the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands and golden harps to sing praises withal." To shoot out into infinite darkness, and keep as brave a heart as may be, as its unknown possibilities approach, is all that Mr. Emerson's creed gives to soften a dying pillow. Christianity sheds on that of a dying saint the splendours of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, fills his soul with the fall of immortal music, and makes dissolution only a death-like sleep, a gentle wafting to immortal life. Which of the two speaks most truly to our wants and our longings? Let us us pay our regards to that which adds another world to this, and weaves roses and amaranths for our brows when we reach it."

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December, 1858.

Montreal.

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