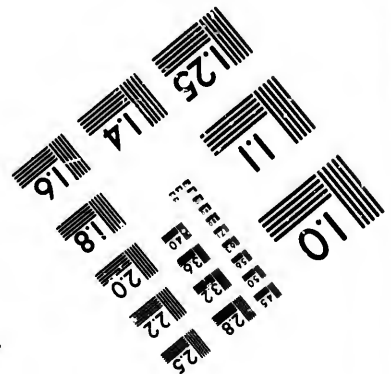
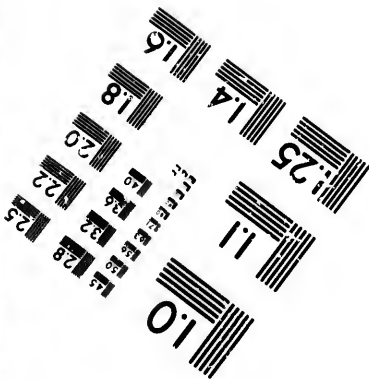
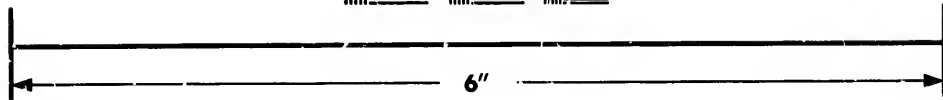
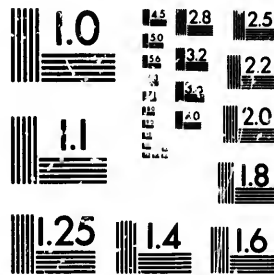


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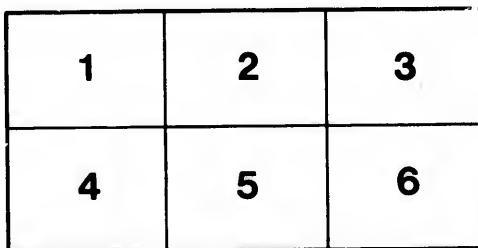
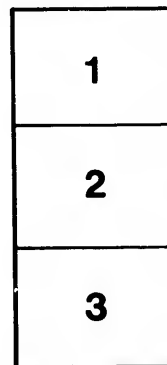
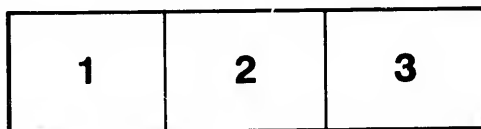
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Arrows in the Heart of the King's Enemies;

OR,

ATHEISTIC ERRORS OF THE DAY REFUTED,

AND THE

DOCTRINE OF A PERSONAL GOD VINDICATED.

BY THE

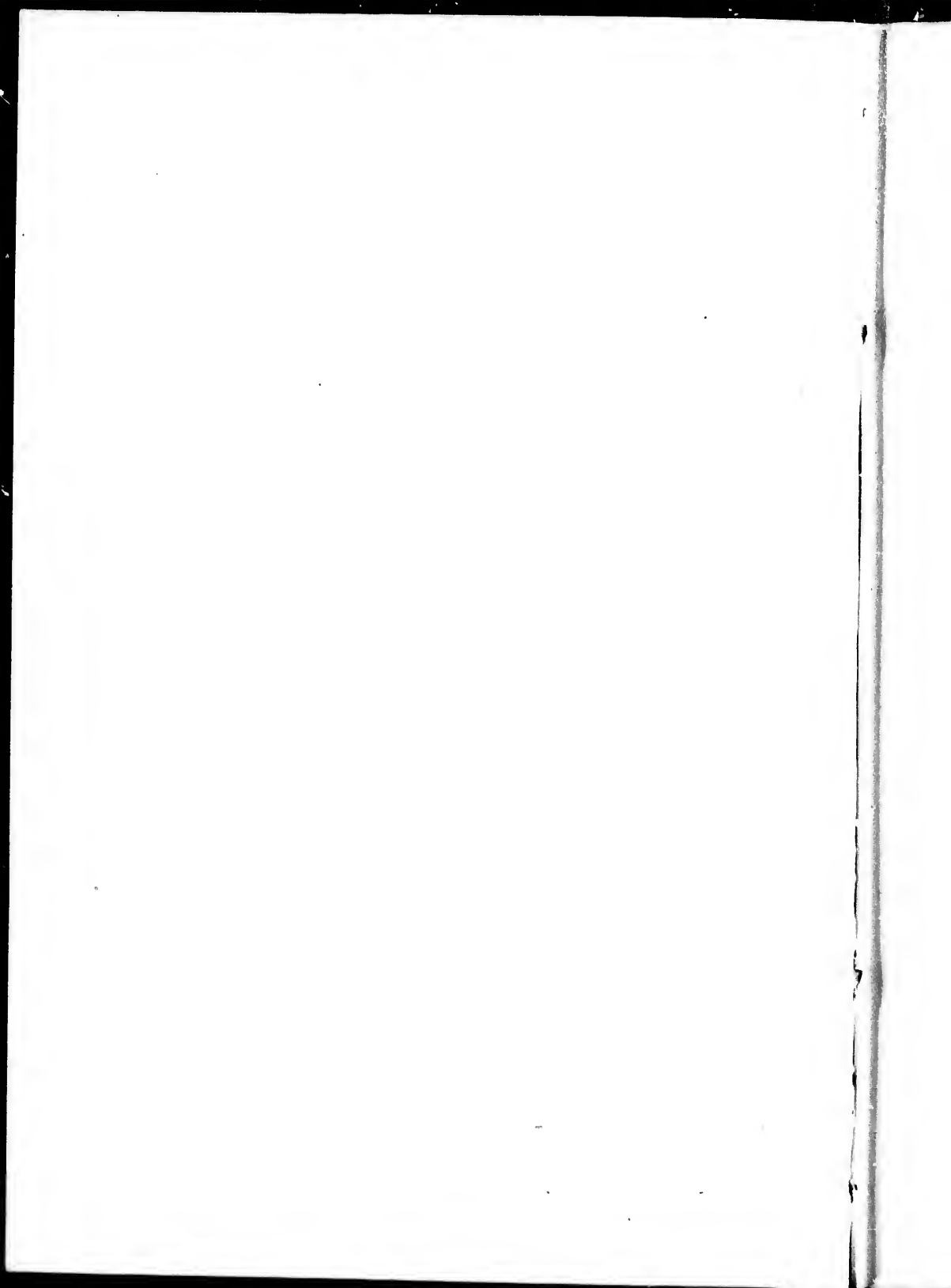
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Minister of the M.E. Church.

"Infinite Power and Majesty Divine!
Eternal were thy glory and thy throne!
Eternal bliss and glory would be thine,
Were men, and angels, stars, and suns unknown."

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P R E F A C E .

INDIFFERENCE to personal religion is an evil of prime magnitude, as, if persisted in to the close of life, it must be followed by the loss of the soul ; yet, if the truth be held even theoretically, that indifference may give place to deep concern for salvation, which, if carried out to its legitimate end, will secure the happiest results. There is, however, a more serious and a growing evil gaining ground. A careful observer of surrounding movements cannot shut his eyes to the painful fact that *atheism*, in one form or another, is insidiously tainting the minds and corrupting the hearts of no small number of persons, whose infidel tendencies are but little suspected by those who should be the most concerned in their detection. This evil is creeping into families, the heads of which are members of the Church : the serpent is again finding his way into paradise, seeking to tempt and to betray.

The mildest form of this evil appears in the doubts expressed of the authenticity and inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and, by consequence, of their obligatory character and of their claim to unreserved obedience. Instead of taking counsel of the Lord by

searching the Scriptures and obeying their precepts, the sceptically inclined adopt, without examination, the opinions of men who are ever talking about the inconsistencies of the Bible, and justifying their own laxity of morals by referring to Noah and David, as if the Bible were the patron of vice and the enemy of virtue.

Then the opinions of certain men who have a reputation in the scientific world and whose so-called discoveries are said to contradict the truth of the Mosaic Cosmogony, are readily seized upon by some who are ambitious, in a cheap way, to be ranked among the *knowing ones*, and to be considered associates of those who pride themselves on being free from old-time prepossessions in favor of the Christian religion. Thus taking it for granted, on such flimsy authority, that Moses has erred in the opening chapters of the Book of Genesis, they infer, as if proved beyond doubt, that he has erred in all the subsequent parts of the Pentateuch; and as Moses is recognized as a true and faithful servant of God by Joshua, David, Malachi, and others of the Old Testament, and by our Lord and His Apostles of the New, his errors, so the proof grows! are carried to their account, and the whole Bible is by this process brought under suspicion. Fine reasons! So fine, that if they were a little finer, there would be nothing of them left! The sophistry, thus so delicately wrapped up, is at once exposed, by *denying* that Moses has erred. He has not erred, but has

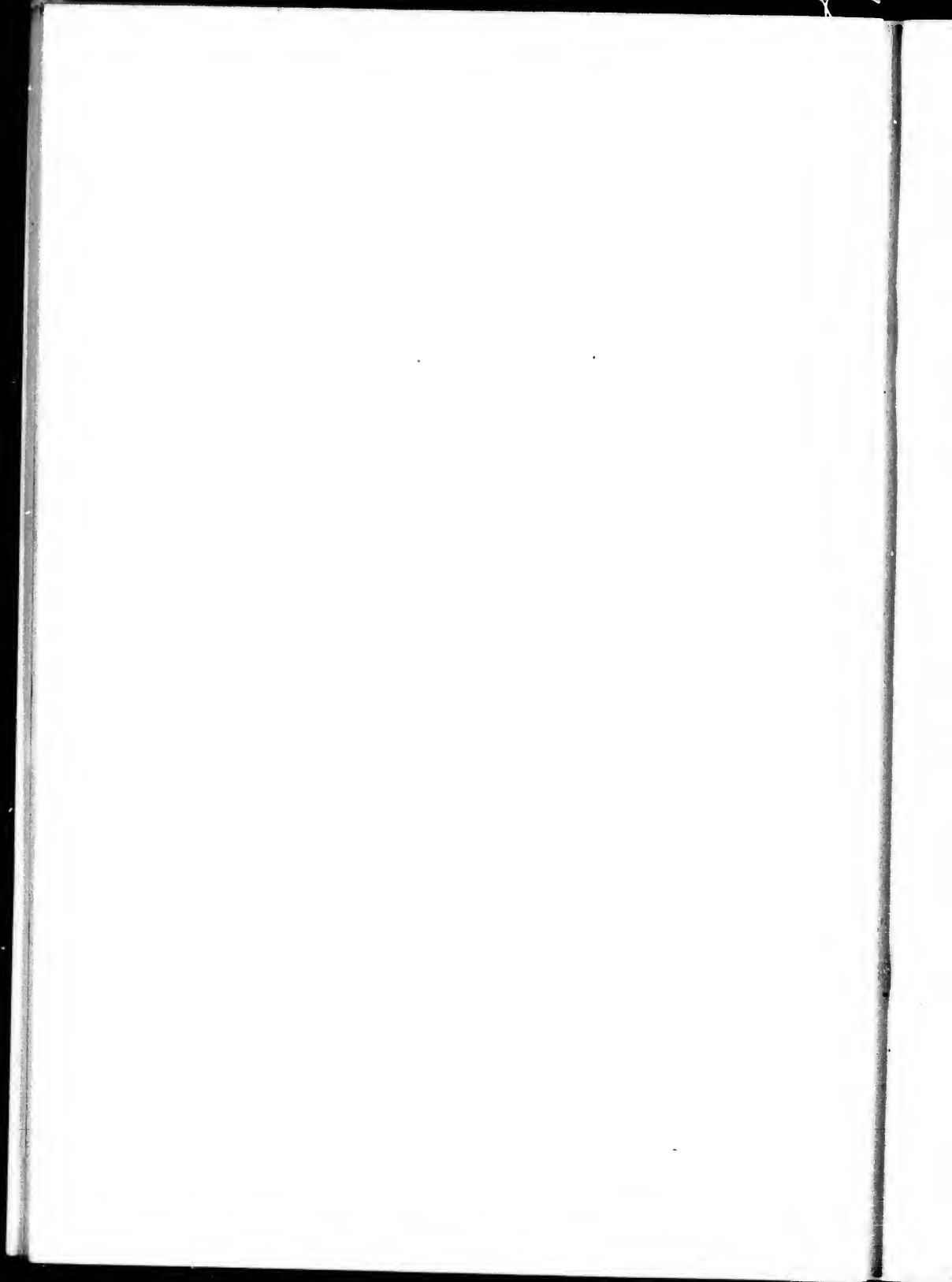
written the truth, which every successive scientific *fact*, not *fable*, as it becomes known, renders the more apparent.

Moreover, lectures have been and are still being delivered by avowed atheists, in which ridicule of the Bible, and of the God of the Bible, has been indulged to an extent disgusting to every one who has regard for the decencies of society, but in which certain classes, old and young, have found, judging from appearances and the applause elicited, great entertainment! Thus a poison, more deadly in its effects than that of the worst species of malaria, has been diffused among communities—more fatal, because, whilst the latter may cause the death of the body, the former will assuredly destroy first the soul, and then, by reaction, will result in the destruction of the body also.

Perceiving this increasing evil, and sorrowing over its pernicious effects, the writer of these pages has deemed it a duty to lift up a warning voice, and by confuting atheistic sophistries, seek to reclaim some at least who have fallen into this “snare of the devil,” and to guard others who have as yet escaped from being led away by this “error of the wicked.”

To avoid burdening the text with lengthy extracts, a few appropriate and interesting articles are given in an Appendix.

BALTIMORE, MD., U.S., 1881.



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ARROWS IN THE HEART OF THE KING'S ENEMIES.

SECTION I.

ATHEISM INCAPABLE OF PROOF.

It is impossible to prove there is no God. Invincible difficulties surround and exclude proof. Before the sceptic can affirm "there is no God," with the hope of producing conviction, he must have previously visited every portion of space, and by personal intercourse become acquainted with, and interrogated all intellectual existencies. Should his examination be less than universal and minute, his investigation would be essentially imperfect, and the ground of his want of faith in the orthodox doctrine fatally defective. For anything he can show to the contrary, there is a God, and yet through incapacity or inattention, or both, his existence may have been overlooked.

"Ere we can say that there is no God, we must have

roamed over all nature, and seen that no mark of a divine footstep was there; and we must have gotten intimacy with every existent spirit in the universe, and learned from each, that never did a revelation of the Deity visit him; and we must have searched, not into the records of one solitary planet, but into the archives of all worlds, and thence gathered, that throughout the wide realms of immensity, not one exhibition of a reigning and a living God ever has been made. For a man not to know of a God, he has only to sink beneath the level of our common nature. But to deny him, he must be a God himself. He must arrogate the ubiquity and omniscience of the Godhead.”
—*Dr. Chalmers.*

But what man has ever taken or attempted to take this aerial voyage, or has made or attempted to make this inquiry? If such a man has ever lived, his name has been so carefully concealed, that its form has never met human eyes, nor its sound saluted human ears. Not one of the “Freethinkers,” who, not long since, held a Convention in the State of New York, made either a verbal or a written report of such a voyage and of such an investigation for the encouragement and confirmation of the brotherhood in their belief! But these are enterprising times. Is there, then, a sceptic with nerve equal to the trial? The twelve labors of Hercules, the voyages of Columbus, La Perouse, and other well-known adventurous men, are mere trifles compared with this enterprise; but let

him, however, not be discouraged, but act from the inspiring conviction that the greater the difficulties to be surmounted the greater the satisfaction attendant on success. The world waits to do honor to his courage; but not until success has crowned his effort, can he, consistently with honor and the strict demands of truth, expect his bald and bold assertion, that "there is no God," to be credited by prudent men.

Unbelief in the existence of God of necessity ranks no higher than a mere opinion; an opinion without a justifiable foundation; an opinion assuredly false, the offspring of prejudice, of defective investigation, of fallacious arguments, of overweening conceit, of determined rejection of evidence; and, in not a few instances, it has been induced by such obliquity of conduct as would make the non-existence of God, the Holy and Omniscient One, the impartial Judge, the Punisher of the wicked, above all things desirable, thus culminating in the fatal error, the deadly sin of atheism.

The atheist has no special means of knowing there is no God. He has no proof—not an iota of proof. Whence does he derive his assumed knowledge? He does not believe in Revelation; it could not, then, have been revealed to him. He believes not in anything supernatural; no spirit, then, has come from the invisible world to make known to him there is no God. Has he derived his assumed knowledge from man? His informer is in the same predicament as

himself—both alike are under the same disabilities. One atheist says to another, "Do you believe in the God of the Bible?" "No." "Neither do I." Instead of *one* foolish man, there are, in this case *two* foolish men; and this is all the proof the one can give to the other. At best there is only conjecture; but conjectures may be false; they form a poor basis for such audacious unbelief.

All the positive proof is in an opposite direction. The evidence that *there is a God* is as clear and as bright as sunlight; as convincing as millions of witnesses can make it. The evidence is cumulative, every winged moment adding to its force. Of old the general statement was: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work;" now, that testimony is still more emphatic. True science, so far from opposing, corroborates the sublime doctrine of Deity, by opening to our view minute and other numberless individual proofs not apparent but actually comprehended in the general declaration. On every object, great and small, God has left his impress. Among his countless witnesses there are no mutes.

Nor has the sceptic any assurance that, in denying God, he is right. Doubts and fears, like armed hosts, will more or less frequently start up to disturb his false peace. Conscience, unless "past feeling," will at times utter its dread accusations. Atheism is not invulnerable. The arrows of the Most High are sharp

in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under him. In health, in sickness, amid scenes of revelry, in the midst of the activities of life, in the darkening hour of death the falsity of atheism has appeared to scores once strong in its belief. The shadow of an armless hand has quickened the understanding and sent fear and trembling into the guilty heart. Where then was the support that scepticism had so boldly promised? Groans, tears, self-accusations, confessions of guilt, prayers for mercy, are the reply. Yes! scepticism has proved a failure when support from it was most needed. With grief, painful to witness; with abhorrence, no words can adequately describe, it has been, in many instances, renounced. In other cases, remorse, despair, horrible blasphemies, anticipations of coming doom, have attested the conscious and utter abandonment of its dupes. God was then his own witness, criminating, alarming, punishing the persistently guilty, but showing mercy to repentant sinners.

We have said that atheism is without an iota of proof; but a show of proof has been attempted. Only two methods of proof are available for this purpose.

There must have been a period when there was not anything existent, or something must have existed from eternity. This proposition is self-evident.

Were there no First Originating Cause, there must have been a period, when, except matter be eternal, there was not any thing existent—when all was nonentity.

A "No-God" is a nothing. Between existence and non-existence there is no medium. A thing exists or it does not exist; it is something or nothing; it cannot be nothing and something at the same time.

God is something, matter is something; but God is something necessarily different from matter. If he differs in nothing from matter, if he has precisely the same properties as matter, neither more nor less, then, to all intents and purposes, he is matter; but we claim that "God is a Spirit," an infinite Spirit, something altogether distinct from matter.

Prior to the existence of matter, if there were no Spirit, there was nothing existing—there was no God. "If there were no Spirit"—this supposition the sceptic is required to turn into absolute certainty, by proving its truth. If your neighbor died yesterday he cannot be alive to-day; but did he die yesterday? Whether he is or is not alive to-day depends upon whether or not he died yesterday. How, then, does the sceptic propose to prove the above supposition? Simply by taking for *granted* that there was no Spirit; that because there was no matter there was no God! Assumption is no proof. Grant the assumption and the argument is complete. Grant that prior to the existence of matter there was nothing else existent, and it follows that there is no God. Deny the assumption, what then? How is he to prove that there is no God? At the threshold of what he would call proof, but we mere assumption, he meets with an insuperable diffi-

culty—a difficulty to which his absolute ignorance of the subject must yield. Was he present when matter came into existence? Does he know from personal observation how or under what circumstances it came into being? If not, what does he really know about the matter? Absolutely nothing. Ignorance here is not “the mother of devotion,” but the father of no small measure of presumption.

Suppose matter existent: here is something. The second method of proof is, that because there is something there is nothing else existent; that is, because there is matter there is no God. The former method is an attempt to prove by the non-existence of one thing the non-existence of another thing; the latter, by the existence of one thing the non-existence of another thing! “There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up.” There is no God because matter exists! The universe exists, but God is not the universe, therefore God does not exist! About as conclusive as if one, in striving to prove that there is no sun, were to syllogize thus: The moon exists, but the sun is not the moon, therefore the sun does not exist! We think the existence of the universe proves quite a different thing as we shall show hereafter. The legitimate inference is that atheism is incapable of proof.



SECTION II.

THE UNIVERSE A PROOF OF A PERSONAL GOD.

WE are surrounded by innumerable objects which strike our senses. Their minuteness, their magnitudes, their motions, their order, their utility, their beauty fill our minds with wonder. From the grain of sand on the sea-shore, from the pebble in the street, from the blade of grass and the waving corn in the field, to suns and systems, to the blazing comets that pursue their eccentric and solitary courses through the profundities of space, they call forth our admiration and excite our curiosity. They cannot be ignored. They compel attention. Whence came they? Do they furnish proofs of the existence of a First Supreme Cause? Have they a voice? They have: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world." To an unprejudiced mind they proclaim the existence of a Being of infinite perfections and of inexhaustible resources.

Note: Atheistic theories are various, being neither uniform nor infallible. In treating the topics involved in this discussion we have to adapt our arguments to the fallacious reasoning employed by the opponents of the true faith.

On the supposition that there was a period when there was no matter, does the non-existence of matter prove that there was at that period no God? Matter and spirit are essentially different. Except that they are substances, they have no attributes or properties in common. They may exist separately, or, as in the case of man, in union. How any sane man can doubt of this essential difference is truly a matter of astonishment. Every man, not insane, is conscious of possessing something which thinks, understands, compares, judges, wills, desires, loves, hates, fears, &c. This something is a simple, indivisible substance, which to distinguish it from matter, we name spirit or soul which is incapable of performing any of these acts. Who ever dreams of a stone loving, fearing, thinking, willing, or having self-consciousness? Kick a stone, it does not resent the act; throw it into a river, it fears nothing, but without a groan or complaint sinks to the bottom and quietly remains there; take the best possible care of it, pet it, wrap it up in silk, give it the best place in the cabinet, offer it the daintiest food, it shows no interest, it manifests no love; give it the choice of a great good or a great evil, it is insensible to the offer and wills neither the one nor the other;

place before it an easy or a difficult problem for solution, it is dumb; talk to it about right and wrong, it has no perception of moral distinctions—without compunction on the one hand, or without joy on the other, it would allow itself to be used by a burglar to commit murder, or by an honest man to aid in building a church: and what is true of a stone is true of all matter.

But may not the power of thinking, &c., be superadded to matter? The question is a confession that that which thinks is diverse from matter, otherwise it would only be adding matter to matter. Manipulate, refine, etherealize matter to the utmost, the result is matter still. The process may change its form but not its nature. Given—a piece of chalk, crucibles, acids, heat, and other chemical agents, to endow the resultant with the power of thought, &c., or to produce anything that is not matter. To remand the process to God is to remand it to a Being that atheism does not acknowledge. If the sceptic be as wise as he pretends to be, he ought to be able to effect, in the case given, the result required; if he is not able, he ought at once to confess his ignorance and incapacity, and acknowledge that there exists a Power capable of creating a spirit endowed with mental and moral qualities.

We may, in turn, ask, by *what* or by *whom* is the supposed addition made? Not by the material part of man, for the very best reason, that being matter it cannot act, and if it could, there is, according to mate-

rialism, no substance diverse from matter from which the power of thinking, &c., could be derived. All observation shows that the body without a soul is dead, and the supposition is, that before the super-addition, the body was without a soul, or without that specific something necessary to enable it to think, &c.; hence the necessity for the alleged addition. The argument now shows, that if anything is added to the body to constitute man as now existing, and to enable him to perform mental acts, the addition must be made by a Being, who himself has intellect to know what to add, and power to carry his knowledge into effect, which brings us directly to the God of the Bible. Indeed, if there were only a material God, and only a material soul in man, how did *thought* originate? How did mental operations come into being? Matter is incapable of thought, but we find thought in operation; what could have suggested thought, or how could matter have first conceived the idea of its necessity and then endowed itself with it? Questions which materialism can never answer.

But what is super-added? A power? a capability? a quality? These have no existence apart from the substance in which they inhere. They necessarily presuppose such a substance. Thus, if I think, judge, choose, reject, will, love, &c., I must possess something capable of thinking, judging, choosing, &c., of which these are properties; this something, is not matter but spirit, for these acts are not the acts of matter but

of a spiritual being. They are not, and never can be made, the endowments of matter however refined, but they demand for their existence a spiritual substance, and such a substance is the soul. It is, therefore, this soul or spirit, and not a mere quality, which is united to the material body in man, and which constitutes him a thinking being. The phenomena of mental acts cannot otherwise be accounted for. The spirit in man is, and must be, the gift of a spirit; only a spirit can confer a spirit.

The man who denies the existence of the soul or spirit, to be consistent, ought to deny that he is the same person that he was ten years ago. On what can he rest his identity except it be on self-consciousness, a principle not in any degree appertaining to matter? Personal identity depends upon our spiritual nature. Owing to changes in the body during the space of seventy or eighty years, were the substance, in which consciousness of identity inheres, *material*, it must have been several times destroyed, so that no one of advanced age could be assured he is the same person or being that he was when he was ten or twelve years old; but this is opposed to universal experience. Suppose a man committed a murder several years ago, for which he was subsequently arrested, and when arraigned for trial he pleaded that he was not the man who committed the offence—that he was somebody else, that he had another body and consequently could not be the man who was guilty of the deed. Would he be

believed by judge or jury, after twenty credible witnesses, had, under the sanctity of an oath, deponed to his identity? His plea would be justly regarded as a sorry quibble not having the slightest influence to arrest sentence and the dread execution of the law. His own consciousness would convict him of adding falsehood to his previous crime.

Spirit and matter being essentially different, the affirmation, that "there is no God," because at a certain period there was no matter, involves as previously shown, a gross absurdity. The non-existence of matter at a given time past cannot disprove the existence of Deity. Matter may not exist and yet there may be a God.

If, then, at any period of the past there was nothing existent, there would be nothing now; from nothing, nothing remains. This is as true in everyday affairs as in mathematics. Persons who doubt may try the experiment for themselves. From an empty purse see how much good and lawful coin of the realm you can take out. Sow no seed in the ground and see how much wheat, corn, oats, barley, or other grain you will harvest. Common sense teaches that if we would reap we must plough, harrow, and sow. If we would live we must eat and drink. If we would see we must have light and open our eyes. If we would not appear as persons devoid of common sense we must use our reason, shun atheism and believe in God. Between cause and effect there is a correlation that no really wise man would deny.

The non-existence of matter at a given time past, furnishes a conclusive argument in proof of the existence of a Personal God. The universe exists. Of necessity it must be the effect of some cause—a cause adequate to produce such an effect; unless it can be shown that the universe created itself. But that which has no existence cannot produce that which has existence. That which creates is a Creator. A creator must exist before it creates. The material universe could not have given birth to itself. It could not have been cause and effect, or, in other words, it could not have been a creator and a creature, at the same time. But the supposition is, that there was at the same period, neither matter nor spirit. Under these circumstances it is self-evident, that actual being would be impossible. There was no power; nothing in which power could inhere; all was blank, vacuous, and inert.

“Nothing” has no being. “No-being,” has no power, no intelligence. But the universe exists; therefore, there must exist something, some cause adequate to give it a being—that something, that cause is God. From this argument there is no escape; it concludes, fully and logically against atheism. Until the sceptic can present irrefragable proof that fields of wheat have sprung up spontaneously ready for the harvest, where no seed had been sown, and where there was no possibility of its having been sown, say from the surface of the barren rock, unvisited, also, by genial

sunshine and fertilizing showers, our argument holds good; even the credence of this impossibility were more reasonable than the belief, that the vast material universe has come into being without an infinite Creator. This is comparing small things with great, but there is nothing great, in any sense, about atheism, except its folly and its sin, these being truly immeasurable by human standards.

To create the rude material of the universe required infinite Power. To set it in order, to endow it with all the properties it possesses, to beautify and adorn it, to adapt it in every part to definite and useful purposes, demanded Power and Intelligence to which no limits can be assigned, to which no appellation short of infinite can be justly applied.

The mechanism of the heavens and of the earth—the heavens with their suns and their satellites, the earth with its atmosphere, oceans, and mountains, with all its variety of hill and dale, with all its numerous yet diversified productions, with its animate tribes, and with man, the crowned sovereign of this vast domain—required such an intimate knowledge of all arts and sciences as to fill the loftiest human intellects with indescribable amazement; a knowledge so vast, so perfect, that to obtain even a slight acquaintance with some of its elements, demands the intensest devotion of the maturest minds and a lifetime of the most laborious study. After all their attainments, they are standing only on the shore of a boundless, fathomless

ocean, and, whi'st dropping into it their little lines, are compelled to exclaim : " O the depth of the knowledge, the wisdom, and the power of Him, who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance—who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working—who doeth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number!" Let the sceptic answer the questions proposed in Job xxxviii, xxxix, xl, xli, and if he do not "abhor himself and repent in dust and ashes," it will be because he has permitted blindness and hardness to seize upon him as their unresisting prey.





SECTION III.

MATTER IN ITS ELEMENTARY AND MODIFIED FORMS
NOT ETERNAL.

SCEPTICS affirm that the heavens and the earth, with all they contain, have existed from eternity, and have happened in form, order, beauty and utility by *chance*, thereby excluding a positive act of creation by an infinitely intelligent and powerful being.

If this theory be adopted to avoid or lessen difficulties, it fails to accomplish its object. The eternity of matter is, at least, as inconceivable as the eternity of an infinite Spirit. Were matter eternal it must have existed everywhere. No valid reason can be assigned why it should be limited in quantity, or why it should occupy one place rather than another. Ubiquity is one of the attributes claimed for Deity—his presence is everywhere. Analogically, we infer that if matter were eternal, ubiquity would be one of its properties—that all space would be occupied by

solid matter. The universe would be necessarily a solid mass ; there would be no room for separate or detached bodies ; therefore, no possibility of motion. But matter does not so exist ; hence, it is not eternal.

This is one view of the subject: take another. Admitting that originally matter existed in a chaotic state—that is, in a gaseous, liquid, and solid state, gases, liquids, and solids all mixed together—then, as eternity implies the idea of *permanency*, matter must be unchangeable in essence and form ; and as the existence of God, or of an infinite Spirit is supposed to be excluded, there could have been outside of itself no power to alter or modify its condition ; therefore, matter being in itself inert the chaotic state must have been immutable. But that chaotic state does not now exist ; nor, as far as our world is concerned, has it so existed for upwards of six thousand years. Whence, then, the change—all that constitutes the variety of earth ? Whence order from chaos ; beauty from deformity ; utility from comparative uselessness ; this wondrous frame from an unseemly mass ? Let sceptics deny the evidence of their senses ; let them, ostrich-like, hide their heads in the sands of atheism,—infinite power and intelligence are conspicuous in all these forms, in their order and uses. This cannot be denied without contradicting the testimony of the vast majority of mankind ; as for the cavils of atheists, they are captious and fatuous.

A great revolution has taken place. The chaotic

condition has been exchanged for a state of order, and in a way to charm all eyes and gladden all hearts.—“The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. * * * And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. * * * And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.” Chaos itself was the result of divine energy; subsequently, with the volition went forth a power from the Creator which chaos obeyed and the habitable earth with its various appendages appeared. Hence, neither in its elementary nor in its modified forms is matter eternal.

Still more preposterous is the theory, if atheistical theories admit of degrees, that the universe as it now is, is eternal; implying the eternity of man and of the present races of inferior animals, as well as that of every other existent object. Once existing always existing is the legitimate, logical inference from

the doctrine that excludes a creating God and avows the eternity of the universe. Matter, in its present forms, cannot change itself any more than it could have changed itself in its chaotic state. A substance in itself eternal and yet liable to change is an impossibility. Were it subject to change, it would be eternal and not eternal, unchangeable and changeable, at the same time. If the theory now under consideration be true, it follows that the present forms of material things must have existed throughout the eternity past to the present time, without change, without diminution, and without accession of particles, and that they will so continue for the eternity to come; but that they have existed thus, every living man can contradict, and that a similar contradiction may be given in the future, is as certain as that atheism is a term expressive of egregious folly and unparalleled sin.

Time was when we, our neighbors, and the world's multitudes were not. A generation ceases to live and disappears from the face of the earth, on an average, every thirty years, and another generation takes its place. Change is stamped on everything around us. Even the granite rock suffers loss by attrition. Chemistry opens to us a world of change. Storms and tempests, floods, fires, and earthquakes teach us the painful lesson of mundane instability. Old ocean is not exempt; its waters are not to-day the same as they were yesterday; evaporation, rains, and the

flow of rivers are the agents of change. The life and the death of the vegetable world ; the life and the death of the animal world, tell the same story. These and other voices protest against the eternity of matter.

Succession is not permanency. Similarity is not identity. On this subject geology is not silent ; it "proves that there was a time when man and his fellow-creatures had no place on earth, and the wild fiction that they must have existed forever is at once destroyed."





SECTION IV.

THE UNIVERSE NOT FROM CHANCE.

DRIVEN from one position after another, the atheist still strives to maintain his ground. He has an arrow in his quiver, which, he thinks, artistically aimed, will pierce through the orthodox shield. The aim may be artistic, but if strength to draw the bow fail—what then? The arrow may only wound the hand that would send it forth.

What is the weapon that is to work such dire destruction? Listen! "The present forms and properties of all things comprised in the universe are due to *chance*!"* Say you so? If not considered obtrusive, we ask—how did you obtain this knowledge? Were you present and an eye-witness, when this wondrous transformation is said to have taken place? To this question a sufficient answer will be found in

* The atheist does not use the word *chance* as expressive of a cause not known, but as synonymous with *No cause*.

your reply to another question, "How old are you?" Or had you an informer—one, on whose knowledge and veracity, reliance may be safely placed? We doubt—we more than doubt. There is, however, a way by which, if you think you can prudently use it, you can overwhelm us with confusion and save your own credit. Produce your witness! Let him stand forth in the light of day and tell us all about the matter! Tell us where he was—what he saw—what and how chance worked in those primordial times! Let him tell the whole story, declaring everything, concealing nothing! Cross-examination on our part, we promise, shall be neither very searching nor protracted.

Chance! What is chance? Is it something or nothing? Has it a real or an imaginary being? If a real being, it must be matter, because atheism does not admit of spirit. If material, it must be like all other matter, possessing similar properties—*inertia* and impenetrability among the rest. Is it subject to attraction or gravitation? For what bodies has it an especial affinity? Atheistical? If it is nothing, only imaginary, nothing can be said in its favour: it is as devoid of reason as the skeleton of an ape's head is of human brains.

Grant for the moment that chance is something real; let us see to what the admission leads. In opposition to its own *inertia* it must have exerted tremendous power, a force so superior as to have over-

come the *inertia* of all other matter and set it in motion. So we are told, in real fairy-story fashion that "once upon a time," the chaotic molecules—(whence these molecules? Who or what gave them being? You see you cannot take the first step without a Creator)—began a very lively dance, whirling about in space, whirling in and out, hither and thither, until somehow, but how is not exactly known, except the as yet unproduced witness can give the information, things by *chance* took their present forms! A whirligig on rather a large scale! A frightful one—especially to the eternal men, women, and children, who could not avoid being participants in those astounding gyrations, circumvolutions, and circumvolutions!

Think of the whirling and twirling; of the rushing and crushing; of the dashing, clashing, and smashing; of the colliding, uprising, and down-falling; of the squaring, triangling, and rounding; of the expanding and contracting; of the floating and depositing; of the thumping, bumping, dumping, and pumping; and of every kind of *thing* necessary to complete the operations of the chance-force! O, chance! chance! chance! Thou must have been the greatest of all giants, immeasurably overtopping the legendary giants of olden times, who merely "hurled mountains and forests against Olympus," regardless of the lightnings of Jupiter! What are the uplifting and the hurling of a few mountains and forests to the formation of the

innumerable bodies comprised in the universe! They played with toys—thou sportedst with worlds!

Instead of hearing of the wonderful feats of *chance* in the long by-gone ages, we should prefer, had we a choice, to see it at work now,—framing, not worlds but something on a much smaller scale; for instance, erecting our houses, tilling our fields, cultivating our gardens, gathering in our harvests, digging our quarries, felling our trees, building our steamboats and ships, spanning our streams and rivers with good substantial bridges, doing, in fact, all the heavy outdoor work that so painfully taxes the physical energies of our race. This is not asking much; if chance could and did fashion our solar system and the far-off stellar orbs, it would be only a trifle for it to finish up these little matters. Strange, is it not, that chance never does these diminutive things now? It must have expended its force and beggared its wits in framing worlds!

That chance does not now help us, poor mortals, in the way indicated, you know by experience. When, for example, you wanted a house, you did not sit down and with folded arms wait until chance built it. You did not go houseless to sleep and wake up in the morning and find a small or a large house, well or otherwise furnished, ready built for your occupance. No. You or your agents builded it. From cellar to attic chance had no part in the work; but human agents and human hands were the instruments by

which the edifice was begun and completed. What would you think of the man, were he to attempt to argue you into the belief that your house and its furniture were the result of the fortuitous coming together of the various materials of which they are composed? Doubtless you would look around for a way of escape from the possible clutches of a lunatic, and you would be wise in so doing.

Now if your house required a builder, some Being was necessary to build the universe; not a frail being like yourself, but One possessed of skill and power competent to the performance. This matter-of-fact principle accords with the *dictum* of an inspired apostle: "Every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God." Heb. iii. 4. The principle is no less worthy of belief because it is enunciated by a wise man inspired by God. Involving the self-evident truth, that every effect must have its appropriate cause, it commends itself to the acceptance of every unprejudiced mind. But sceptics ignore God. Their denial of his creating acts is the height of inconsistency and unreasonableness. They are compelled to admit the fact that a house cannot build itself, but that it is the workmanship of competent human agents, but here they stop. But why stop at this point? They cannot deny that in its construction the universe displays unrivalled skill and power; but when pressed for the Cause, or asked for the name of the Architect, they assign the fortuitous collection of

material atoms floating about in space from the eternity past, and which, settling down at last, divided off into sun, moon, stars, land, oceans, seas, rivers, lakes, atmosphere, superior and inferior animals, trees, fruits, flowers, and all things else appertaining to these wondrous works; and to this unbaptized *nothing* they give the senseless name of *chance*! If this be not the quintessence of folly and absurdity, where shall we look for it?





SECTION V.

LIFE SUBVERSIVE OF ATHEISM.

THE problem of life has never been solved; the opinions of physiologists have been and still are various and vague. "Bichat defines 'life as the sum of the functions that resist death,'—Cuvier, as 'the combined result of all the organic functions,'—Richerand, as the 'assemblage of the properties and laws that govern the animal economy,'—Kant, as 'an internal faculty producing change, motion, and action.' Here, then, as Mason Good observes, 'we have not only the employment of terms that have no meaning, but properties, laws, and powers without any source,—a superstructure without any foundation.—effects without a cause.'"—*Metcalfe*.

The most learned atheists have never accounted satisfactorily for the existence of *living beings* on our globe. Did they exist in the chaotic state? Were they co-eval with the rude elements of inanimate matter? If so—how did they obtain life—how did

they live—on what did they live? If not—we still ask—how did they obtain life?

Is life an essential property of matter? If it were, all matter would have life; everything, without exception, would be animate. Oceans, mountains, rocks, trees, farms, houses, in the exuberance of the living principle, might move from place to place, and at times not at all convenient to the inhabitants! Especially inconvenient would it prove, were the oceans and rivers to leave their *beds* during night or even during day; and if by *chance*, these and other material things should move simultaneously, old chaos would re-visit the earth; confusion, a thousand-fold confounded, would be the prevailing *order*; scarcely would there be a Deucalion left to cry over a Pyrrha, "O femina sola superstes!" The destruction would be fearful. Thanks to the loving Father, life is not an essential property of matter, but in every instance in which it is possessed, it is something superinduced. If, then, there were no spirit—if all things were simply and purely material, we still ask,—whence came animal life? How was it superinduced; by what or by whom was it superinduced? Plain questions which demand a plain intelligible answer. By chance? Chance has no existence, except it be found amid the chaotic "molecules" or "germs" of atheism—its only befitting lodging-place.

On the supposition that our earth were co-eval with eternity past, *living beings* could not have

been co-eval with it. Estimating the entire surface of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles, only forty-seven of these are land, whilst one hundred and fifty millions are water; that is, the land is to the water as one to four. Were every portion of the land fertile, and as densely populated as China is now, its capability to sustain population can be approximately calculated. Suppose, also, that generation after generation appeared and disappeared, as to years, just as they have done since the time of Adam and Eve, we are justified in affirming, that the earth could not provide, at this time, for the wants of the number of human beings that would have accumulated by natural increase. Take into your calculation the fact that eternity past is a period extending so far back as to render it strictly incomprehensible by human minds. Divide, in imagination, an infinite number, a number to which no limits can be placed, by *thirty*, the average period of a generation, the quotient would be to us equivalent to an infinite number, showing, if the expression be allowable, an infinite number of generations, each one adding to its number of individuals by natural increase, so that the number of persons, comprised in the present existent generation, would be literally beyond computation. Is this the case? Does the present population warrant the assumption that human beings have been co-eval with the past eternity? So far is this from being the case, that the wisest men have come to the

unavoidable conclusion, that man could not have existed farther back than the period assigned by the Mosaic account recorded in the first chapter of the book of Genesis. We ask, then, the atheist to account for human life in accordance with his avowed opinions and with the known properties of matter.

To conclude our argument: Life is either an essential property of matter or it is not. If it is essential, every part of matter must be instinct with life. The largest mass is composed of atoms. The parts, however numerous, must partake of the nature of the whole. If a mass, as a whole, possesses life, every particle of the mass must possess life also. As the mass may be divided into parts, so, if any of the parts have not life, these lifeless parts show that life is not necessary to their being. But certain species of matter, such as granite, gneiss, limestone, sand, every one knows, have not life; therefore, these exist without a property, which, according to the supposition, is essential to their being; thus involving the palpable contradiction that life is essential and not essential to matter at the same time. If life is not essential to matter, a fact placed beyond doubt, then, as certain portions of matter are animated, there must be of necessity something outside of matter to produce life, as every product requires a producer.

That which produces life must be a living being, as it cannot confer what it does not itself possess. That living Being is the true and living God. He has

life, and *only he* has life, in himself. Having life in himself, he is "eternal" and "immortal"—the "I Am"—"from everlasting to everlasting"—the Cause of all other beings. He "made the earth, and created man upon it." He made man's body from the dust of the earth; here was inert matter; had God stopped here, that body, like all other matter, would have remained without life. But God designed to communicate life to the inanimate clay; he finished his work by breathing into it "the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This, we are bold to say, is the only rational account of the beginning of human life. This event took place at a definite period, about six thousand years ago. There was no "evolution," no "development" from a lower to a higher grade of being—(away with the nonsense of man's oyster or monkey-paternity!—); but a positive act of creation. "If you ask me," says a judicious physiologist, "for the cause of the first life, I answer your question by another:—What is the cause of gravitation, chemical affinity, &c., but the *Causa Causarum*? *the Deity himself*?" So also in regard to all other living creatures peculiar to the Adamic period, their creation is traced to the same Cause, as abundantly appears from the divine record.

"Fools make a mock at sin." We hold it to be a sin of the first magnitude to deny God, to scoff at the Sacred Scriptures and ridicule the Christian religion. 'One sinner,' especially of this class, "destroyeth

much good," and effects much evil—particularly among the young and those of riper years, whose religious principles are not firmly established,—when he has his own way and there is no person present inclined to "answer a fool according to his folly." Sometimes he meets with merited rebuke and is put to shame. The following incident speaks for itself, and is only one out of many that might be cited to show the empty-headedness of the blatant scorner:

Some time ago a number of persons were journeying in the old-fashioned way of riding in a coach. Among the passengers was a young man, who strove to entertain the company with his crude and rude atheistical opinions; among other things, denying the existence of God and ridiculing the idea of creation by an Almighty Being. He was very bold in advancing his undigested theories, making the sacred Scriptures an especial object of his silly witticism. There was also present a young lady, to whom his ribaldry was very offensive. Enduring it with much patience for some time, and no one else seeming disposed to arrest the blasphemer's vicious effusions, she modestly asked him—"If I never knew an egg produced without the agency of a hen, or a hen produced without the use of an egg?" He unhesitatingly answered "No." Then said she—"Which was first, the hen or the egg?" This question he did not answer—indeed, he did not attempt to answer it. "If the hen was first," proceeded she, "we have a hen independent of the egg, and so the egg is

not necessary to the production of the hen : if the egg preceded, then the egg is independent of the hen, and so the hen is not necessary to the production of the egg. Now all observation shows that without the hen there is no egg, and without the egg there is no hen. It follows that one or the other was first, in other words, was created. How would you account on your principles for the facts in the case? For my part, I am old-fashioned enough to believe the Scriptures have solved the problem, when they say—'God created every winged fowl after his kind,' and that he provided for their increase, when he added—'Let the fowl multiply in the earth.'"

The young man was silenced. He obtruded no further remarks on the company. He did not even cackle! Thus ended this chapter in the experience of this free-thinker, who prided himself on his free-thinking, a term which has been aptly defined as "free from thinking." Ever after this rencounter, one would suppose, the sight of a hen would awaken unpleasant associations, and his appetite for eggs would be effectually spoiled.





SECTION VI.

MOTION—A PROOF OF A SUPREME BEING.

ARCHIMEDES, it is said, boasting of the power of the lever and fulcrum, exclaimed—"Give me a place to plant my fulcrum and I will move the world!" No place could be found; the experiment, therefore, was not made. We cannot but regard the failure of the Syracusan mathematician as a very fortunate circumstance; it may have saved the earth and its inhabitants from a dreadful catastrophe!

Modern science has greatly improved mechanical forces. Why do not some of our enterprising unbelievers attempt to discover the place that Archimedes failed to find? If successful, they might move the world to some purpose; perhaps, reverse the poles, or turn the world upside down. They might then boast of their god-like powers, and enter into a contest with Nature's God, with a fractionally better prospect of success than their present imbecility warrants. We

candidly confess that we would prefer the world to be "turned upside down" by the means used by Paul and Silas (Acts xvii. 6), rather than by the aid of the lever and the fulcrum; the former we know would save—what dire calamities might follow in the train of the latter, we leave to imagination to depict. Calmly considering the arguments for and against dangers to be apprehended from this quarter, we have concluded there is no ground to fear.

Notwithstanding man's imbecility, the earth moves, and with great rapidity and regularity. It rotates daily on its own axis, and it has never failed to accomplish its annual revolution around the sun. To the former we are indebted for our days and nights; to the latter for our varied seasons.

What thus moves the earth or causes it to move? Nothing or something? *Nothing* has no power; it cannot, therefore, be moved by nothing, or by that which has no being. Something, or some being must move it or cause it to be moved—that something, that Being is God, acting directly, or indirectly through forces he himself has established for that specific purpose. "No," says the atheist, "the earth revolves around the sun in consequence of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, therefore, not by the power of God." The premises we grant, the inference we deny. What are these forces? They had a beginning. Time was when there was no sun. Time was when the earth was a chaos. Do not forget that there was a time

when, according to atheistic notions, the molecules were flouncing here and there and everywhere where chance led them! Whence, then, came these forces? Who or what assigned to them their power, and set exact limits to that power? Who or what first sent the earth forth in space and gave it its diurnal rotary motion? Nothing or something? Nothing has no power. Something must have been the cause, and that something is God.

Respecting the motion of the earth, is it not marvellous, that the atheist's god, Chance, should have eventually fixed the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit at $23^{\circ} 28'$, causing thereby the different lengths of day and night, and, in its annual revolution around the sun, the pleasing and healthful variety of the seasons? Had chance happened to have left it perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, we need not say, the earth would have been a very different place for man's residence from what it is at present. The inhabitants of Jupiter, had we access to them, could give us a little light on this subject—could impart information that would make us contented with our lot, and effectually rebuke the presumption of the man who dare affirm that our world is a "blunder." Is it not unaccountable that chance, amid all its vagaries, should have just hit the right inclination, the best adapted, all things considered, for the comfort and advantage of man, and has had the good manners, giving everything its due, let us say,

the kindness, not to meddle with the arrangement since? Let the sceptical mathematician calculate the number of probabilities* there were at first, before the present inclination of the earth's axis was definitely determined, against chance leaving it at $23^{\circ} 28'$,—the calculation, if correctly made, would afford, we think, something new in his experience; he would see, as the result, an array of figures that would startle him; and, if open to conviction, would cause him to pause and to ask—"Is this the work of chance? Rather is it not the decision and the work of an Infinite Intelligence?"

To the uneducated mind, the rotundity of the earth is a puzzle. We have read of an Irish fisherman who was "somewhat bemazed by the information that the world was round, yet were his reasoning faculties not overwhelmed. 'Round is it?' said he; 'it is hard enough to go down hill by land, but it must be the very mischief to go down-hill by water.' He came to the conclusion that 'any man who attempted it must go sliddherin away entirely.'"

Notwithstanding this alarming prediction, the earth is a large globular body rolling in space. What upholds it? Nothing or something? Nothing has no power; it therefore cannot uphold the earth. The earth, it is true, is hung upon nothing, a fact announced as far back at least as the time of Job (xxvi. 7). Having no material solid support, it must be upheld by some existing power—by an infinite power; and

* See Appendix A, p. 108.

that power is the infinite power of God. Resolute in his unbelief, the sceptic, as before stated, ascribes its suspension and its motion to the conjoint operation of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, thereby seeking to hide his denial of God under the flimsy covering of a verbal phrase, "the Laws of Nature," overlooking the fact, that the *laws of nature*, is only another phrase for the *laws of God*—of God "upholding all things by the word of his power."

All matter is indifferent to rest or motion. A body at rest will remain at rest unless some force put it in motion. Anything that produces motion is, in technical language, called a *force*. Throughout the universe at large potent forces, silent and invisible, are constantly at work. Surrounded by these, touched by these forces almost at every point, the majority of men live and die without giving a thought to these wondrous agents, and, by consequence, have all their lifetime been insensible to the power in activity without a moment's cessation. How few realize that they are living on a globe revolving on its own axis at the rate of one thousand miles an hour at the equator, and pursuing its unwearied course in its orbit around the sun at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles every hour! How few, looking to the heavens on a cloudless night, think of the stars otherwise than so many bright points, unmindful that they are revolving worlds, many of them larger than the sun! How few think of the power that originally gave them motion, and which keeps them in their courses!

The discoveries of astronomers prove that these forces, under the direction of infinite wisdom, have been calculated and arranged according to strict mathematical principles, showing a Master Mind at work, necessarily excluding all possibility of chance.

We have spoken of the motion of the earth, but the sun itself, besides its rotation on its own axis, has a "periodical motion, in nearly a circular direction around the common centre of all the planetary bodies, never deviating from its position more than twice its diameter." It is also supposed to be moving and carrying with it the planets and satellites of its own system, in a vast orbit, around a distant centre.

The earth is distant from the sun ninety-five millions of miles; late observations make the distance somewhat less. The sun is about one million four hundred thousand times as large as the earth; but being only one-fourth as dense, its matter is only three hundred and fifty thousand times as great as that of the earth.

The moon, the earth's satellite, is distant from the earth about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and forty-five miles, and is about the same distance from the sun as the earth; it is one seventy-millionth part as large as the sun, and one forty-ninth as large as the earth.

Reference need not be made to the other planets and satellites, the dimensions of which, and their distances from the earth and the sun, may be learned from astronomical works. The same forces are at work with them as with the planet we inhabit.

The masses of globes are proportional to the cubes of their diameters. Diameter of the moon 2,160 miles; of the earth 7,912 miles; the mean diameter of the sun 886,000 miles. The mass of the moon is to that of the earth as $2,160^3$ is to $7,912^3$; the mass of the earth to that of the sun as $7,912^3$ is to $886,000^3$.

The projectile or *centrifugal* force is that impulse given to the earth by the Almighty Creator when he first sent it forth in space.

Gravitation, which prevails among all bodies, large and small, is a force which attracts bodies toward each other, and, in general terms, is in proportion to their density, and the quantity of matter they contain.

Bodies, put in motion, would move in a uniform straight line in the direction in which the force is applied, unless some force intervened to alter its direction. Thus, the earth, once set in motion, would proceed in a straight line, were it not for the mutual attraction between it and the sun, which causes it to gravitate towards the latter. The force is called *centripetal*.

Every body revolving in an orbit is under the influence of a centripetal and a centrifugal force; the centrifugal is a *tangent* to the orbit, the centripetal is in the direction of the *radii*.

These forces vary according to "the weight, the length of the radii, and the squares of the velocities" of the respective bodies; hence, "the centrifugal forces of any two bodies are in the compound ratio of their

weights, their radii and the squares of their velocities;" but "the force with which bodies gravitate towards each other is in *direct* proportion to their respective masses and in *inverse* proportion to the squares of their distances from each other." If, therefore, the centripetal force were suspended, the earth and the other planets would fly off into space; if the centrifugal force were suspended, they would fall to the sun. In the words of an eloquent author—"The mechanism of the solar system strikingly displays the wisdom of the great Creator. The centrifugal force depends, of course, upon the rapidity of the revolution; and in order that these forces might be exactly balanced, God has imparted to each planet a velocity just sufficient to produce a centrifugal force equal to that of its gravitation. Thus they neither fall to the sun on the one hand, nor fly off beyond the reach of his beams on the other, but remain balanced in their orbits between these two forces, steadily revolving from age to age."

Kepler's three great laws, governing the movements of the planets, may be here cited, affording further proof of the working of an Intelligent Cause:—

1. "The orbits of all the planets are elliptical, having the sun in the common focus." The planets, therefore, move with different velocities, in the different parts of their orbits.

2. "The radius vector of a planet," (an imaginary line joining the centre of the sun and the centre of the

planet, in any part of its orbit), "describes equal areas in equal times."

3. "The squares of the periodic times of any two planets" (that is, the squares of the times they take to make a complete revolution round their orbits), "are proportioned to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun."

These astronomical principles and laws, though on our part designedly limited in number, yet justify the following argument:—

To adjust to a nicety all these various and apparently conflicting influences, so as to produce the results now apparent to every beholder, required imperatively in the Adjuster a knowledge of the principles of what may be called the Natural Sciences, to which no created intellect, however capacious, can lay claim. Before there was an atom of matter; before there was a sun, or the earth, or the moon; before there were other planets and their satellites; before a line was stretched and a foundation-stone laid; before the waters were measured and the mountains and hills were weighed,—all the necessities of the case, all the actual and possible influences, all the danger of collision, all the provisions for safety, harmony, and continued order, all the purposes to be answered, must have been present, *as ideas*, in His mind. The most comprehensive yet minute knowledge, and a power to execute equal to that knowledge, must be pre-supposed on the part of the Being who gave this solar system birth.

The denial of such knowledge and of such power argues a folly so great, a perversity of intellect so monstrous, that it would defy even Satanic cunning to work out a deliverance from the justice of the charge.

There is no wish on the part of Christian philosophers to deny that the universe is influenced by the laws of gravitation or attraction ; but it is altogether another matter, when atheists, in their vain effort to banish God from his own universe, assign these laws as a sufficient justification of their unbelief. Their plea is a shallow subterfuge. Laws, as they well know or ought to know, necessarily pre-suppose a law-maker. They do not make or formulate themselves. If wise and useful they imply intelligence to frame and power to execute.

Gravitation is a force, but it can be neither seen nor felt, nor be perceived by any other of the senses. How do we know it exists ? Only by its effects. In the case before us we have admitted effects, which must have an efficient cause. The laws in question like all other laws, must have a framer and an executor ; laws not executed, or incapable of being executed, are a dead letter ; they are worthless. Who or what, then, is the framer of these laws ? Who, or what, is the executor ? No-being or an actual Being ? No-being has no intelligence, no power ; therefore, that which has no existence could neither have framed nor have subsequently executed these laws.

They have been framed and subsequently carried into effect by a Being capable of thinking, foreseeing, planning, adjusting, and executing—of using the best means to secure the object proposed to be attained. This Being is no other than the living God. Human agency is here an absolute nullity.

Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Euler, Laplace, Olbers, the Herschells, Sir William Smith, and a host of others, have achieved great celebrity in the department of astronomical science; but as much as they deserve to be admired for their intellectual capacities, and as highly as they are worthy to be esteemed for their astronomical contributions, it should not be forgotten, that they were only *discoverers* or *interpreters*, not the *originators*, of the laws by which our earth and the heavenly bodies were influenced centuries before these astronomers saw the light.

These laws have in themselves no intelligence. They know not their own existence, nor are they conscious of the part they have in the immense panorama which the heavens and the earth present to our wondering gaze. Gravitation, attraction, motion are blind unintelligent powers with which the Creator endued matter, when he gave being and form to the universe; these powers in their unwearied operation, affording irrefragable proofs of the existence and marvellous attributes of God and of his continued superintendence of all his works. The supreme Law-giver is invisible, but existence and the exercise of

power are compatible with invisibility. No sane man denies the power of gravitation and of the wind, because they are invisible.

“Law,” says Professor Nichol, “is not merely the Almighty’s minister: the order of the world is not merely His ordinance: the Forces, if so we name them, which express order, are not powers or inferior energies He has evoked from the silences, and to whose guardianship he has entrusted all things, that so he himself might repose. No! above, below, and around, *there is GOD, there is his dread Omnipresence, speaking to Finite Creatures through finite forms a language which only the Living Heart can understand! In the rain and sunshine, in the soft zephyr, in the cloud, the torrent, and the thunder, in the bursting blossom and the fading branch, in the returning seasons and the rolling star—there is the INFINITE ESSENCE, and the majestic development of HIS WILL.*”





SECTION VII.

THE STARRY HOST.

PASSING from our Solar System, which is only a speck amid the vast universe, and merely glancing at the unnumbered orbs which adorn the arch of heaven, visible to the eye and seen through telescopes, we ask—"What testimony do these silent but eloquent witnesses give to our argument?" We reply—"The further we advance in our explorations of the distant regions of space, and the more minute and specific our investigations are, the more august and astonishing are the scenes which open to our view, and the more elevated do our conceptions become of the grandeur of that Almighty Being who 'marshalled all the starry hosts' and of the *multiplicity* and *variety* of arrangements he has introduced into his vast creation. And this consideration ought to serve as an argument to every rational being, both in a scientific and a religious

point of view, to stimulate him to a study of the operations of the Most High, who is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,' and whose works in every part of his dominions adumbrate the glory of his perfections and proclaim the depths of his wisdom and the greatness of his power."

The nocturnal heavens present to the naked eye a magnificent sight; by the aid of the telescope that gorgeousness is immeasurably increased. The constellations are the ensigns of God's majesty; in the telescopic stars may be seen his sign-manual, attesting his government throughout the furthest depths of space. Literally, he sways his sceptre over worlds innumerable. We cannot judge of the extent of his domain by what is seen; the greater number of his works occupy regions to us invisible. Wherever the telescope has pierced worlds on worlds appear. Whilst viewing the Milky Way, Sir W. Herschell estimated that, by counting the stars in a single field of his telescope, not less than fifty thousand had passed before his vision in the short space of one hour! The estimated number of stars in our firmament, visible to the naked eye, is—5,623, visible through telescopes, 354,296,000; "if we suppose that each of these sums is accompanied by as many planets as are embraced in our solar system, we have *nine thousand millions of worlds* in our firmament; but even these form a very minute and comparatively insignificant portion of the boundless empire which the Creator has

reared and over which he reigns." There is fitness in the bold questions of Young :

“ Where, ends this mighty building ? Where, begin
The suburbs of Creation ? Where, the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence ? Nothing's strange abode !
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by ;
Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd *infinite*, no more ? ”

Those bright *patches*, seen in various parts of the heavens, are clusters or groups of stars—some visible to the naked eye, others, made known by aid of the telescope. Of these, the most illustrious are Pleiades and Hyades in the constellation of Taurus, Praesepe or the Bee Hive in Cancer, the gorgeous cluster in Coma Berenices, and another in Hercules. Sir John Herschell pronounced that of Berenice's Hair “the most magnificent object he had ever beheld ;” of that in Hercules, Professor Nichol says,—“Perhaps no one ever saw it, for the first time, through a telescope, without uttering a shout of wonder.” There is reason to believe that “the individual stars of these clusters are suns like our own, the centres of so many distinct systems, and that their mutual distances are equal to those which separate our sun from the nearest fixed stars.” The nearest of the fixed stars is not less than *twenty billions* of miles distant from the earth ; the distance of some of the telescopic stars is, in comparison, without hyperbole, immeasurable.

The constitution of the *Nebulae*, those hazy appearances of light in the heavens, was long a matter of interest to astronomers and others; the telescope has resolved them into numberless small stars. A nebula in the Sword of Orion, especially, held the astronomical world in doubt, but at length it was resolved by Lord Rosse's telescope.

"Thus doubt and speculation," says Professor Nichol, "on this great subject vanished forever! And now, if only for a moment, contemplate that Stellar Creation in its unveiled magnificence! Restrained no longer by the consideration of probabilities, freed from the necessity of discerning among its mighty forms only resemblances of those developments of power which more closely surround us, we can recognize no limit either to its stupendous extent or inconceivable variety. The nebulous spots resolved into stars, is a fact which of itself vastly modifies our conception of the magnitude of that Creation; but how hopelessly does imagination strive to enlarge itself that so we realize the interior gorgeousness of these distant groups. In the nebulous stars, circular or compact galaxies of all orders of glory may now be traced, leading from the splendid cluster in Hercules, as their *lowest point*, up through schemes of being in which sun is nearer sun until their entire skies merge into one blaze of light and one throng of activities; not like ours, coldly studded with points far apart, whose mutual influences are sundered by huge abysses! But high above all

stands Orion, the pre-eminent wonder and glory of the Sidereal Universe. Considering it as so remote that its light cannot reach us in less than *sixty thousand years*, and at the same time as occupying so large an apparent portion of the heavens, how stupendous must be the extent of that Nebula! It would seem almost, that if all the clusters hitherto gauged, were collected and compressed into one, they would not surpass this mighty group, in which every wisp, every wrinkle, is verily a SAND-HEAP of Stars! There are cases in which, though Imagination has quailed, Reason may still adventure inquiries and prolong its speculations; but at times we are brought to a limit, across which no human faculty has the strength to penetrate, and where, as now—as if on the threshold of the very Infinite—we can only bend our heads and silently ADORE!”

The following quotation is from *Professor Mitchell*, who, from the greatness, the glory, the order, the harmony of the material universe, gives a sublime and striking view of the Divine Attributes:—

“If there be anything which can lead the mind upwards to the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of his incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of his works. If you would know his *glory*, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own

'island universe,' by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of his kingdom: for, 'lo! these are but a part of his ways.' Examine the scale on which the universe is built. Comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained—count every pulse, and at each speed on your way a hundred thousand miles, and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out, and behold! the thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that, in this journey of a century, you have only left half a score behind you.

"Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and, as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been travelling space a million of years.

“ Would you gather some knowledge of the *Omnipotence* of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power to move this earth. It would not stir it a single foot in a thousand years ; and yet, under the omnipotent hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly far more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom—the most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns ; and around his throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

“ Would you comprehend the idea of the *Omniscience* of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted, roughly, the return of half a score of comets ; but God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns, and planets, and comets, and worlds without number, through the ages that are past, and throughout the ages that are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion—system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula—all majestically sweep-

ing around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

“Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent retinue of planets and satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing; but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun is echoed by that of millions of moving worlds.”

The capacity of Lord Rosse's telescope is such, that, it is said, if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be *three millions* of years in reaching the earth, this telescope would, nevertheless, show it to the human eye. But has this most powerful telescope reached the utmost limits of creation? Is there nothing beyond its revelations? Let Professor Nichol answer:—

“However potent the telescope no man dare reckon that all things are taken in by its vision, or that it has penetrated to the outer battlements of this majestic Stellar Creation, any more than that previously all things were seen by his unassisted eye. Nay, the telescope itself, in every stage, has made very different

declarations—ever proclaiming how far it lingers behind a comprehension of the riches of Existence, even when unfolding such unexpected wonders. What mean, for instance, those dim spots, which unknown before, loom in greater and greater numbers on the horizon of every new instrument, unless they are gleams it is obtaining, on its own frontier, of spheres ever stretching beyond, also studded with glories, and enfolding what is seen as a minute and subservient part? I shrink below the conception that here—even at this outskirts of the attainable—bursts forth on my mind! Look at a cloudy speck in Orion, visible, without aid, to the well-trained eye; that is a Stellar Universe of majesty altogether transcendent, lying at the very verge of what is known. Well! if any of these lights from afar, resemble in character that spot, the systems from which they come are situated so deep in space, that no ray from them could reach our earth, until after travelling through the intervening abysses during centuries whose number stuns the imagination.

* * * Often overpowered by the dread contemplation; beneath such majesties, feeling as in faintness, that surely I must be lone and forlorn, I turn over with a cheering delight to that sweet home-picture of *Luther's*, when he speaks of the little bird, that on summer evenings came to his pear-tree at sunset, and sang, ever melodiously and without one note of mis-giving, because though dread Eternity was above, below, and around it, God was there also!"

So felt the Psalmist when he exclaimed: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man, that thou visitest him?" "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." It is both a comfort and a strength to know, that "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect to the lowly." To the Christian believer God is everywhere; in the heights and in the depths; in the wilderness and in "the city full;" in the cottages of the poor and in the mansions of the rich; in the crowded marts and in the solitary chamber; by the couch of the living and by the bed-side of the dying. "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."

Look at the atheist! If any one has just cause to feel "lone and forlorn," it is he. Amid the splendors of Creation; surrounded by incontrovertible proofs

of the existence of an All-wise, an All-powerful, a Gracious, and a Loving God,—he, of his own accord, cuts himself off from union with all that is great and good in heaven and earth. Choosing the darkness of the present and renouncing all claim on the inheritance of the future, he is an orphan amidst a vast brotherhood—an object of pity to angels—to devils an object of scorn!





SECTION VIII.

ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN.

DESIGN implies a designer.

Is it possible to indicate design? Can it be made so clear as at once to challenge belief?

Design signifies intention, plan, adaptation, contrivance; and is the direct opposite of *chance*—the term being used in an atheistic sense.

Take the following illustrations, easily understood by the most illiterate:—

I received a letter from my brother, informing me that, being on his way to pay me a long-promised visit, he would be with me in the evening. He arrived, his countenance beaming with pleasure, and after sundry affectionate salutations and inquiries, he said—“You received my letter?”

“Is that it?” I replied, pointing to the letter.

“Yes! that is it. I thought you would be pleased to hear of my coming.”

"Then you *intended* to write that letter?"

He looked at me curiously.

"The letter itself is proof of my intention. Why such a question?"

"I have a reason! a strong desire to know if you did really intend to write to me before you actually wrote."

"Of that there can be no doubt. I have a shrewd suspicion, brother, that you would not have received the letter, had I not had a previous intention of writing it!"

"You then affirm, without equivocation or mental reservation, that the letter did not write itself—did not post itself—did not find its way to me itself—in a word, that *chance* had no connection with its production or with its reception by me."

"As far as its production and its having been posted are concerned, I answer—Yes! How you received it you yourself best know. Did it drop from the sky? Did it fly through the window or come down the chimney into your hands?"

I was compelled to acknowledge I had received it through the agency of the postman.

"Are you satisfied? Is your desire gratified?" asked he.

"Yes! I am satisfied."

I could not but observe, however, that he watched me furtively or suspiciously for some time during our subsequent conversation.

I called on my tailor and requested him to make me a suit of clothes. He measured me carefully. Seven days afterwards he sent the suit, with a note stating he would call in the afternoon to see how the garments fitted. On his arrival I asked—"Did you intend these clothes for any one in particular?"

He replied—"I intended them for you. They fit you admirably."

"They fit very well; but did you design them especially for me?"

"Design them for you! For whom could I have intended them if not for you?"

"Why did you measure me?"

"To secure a fit."

"Could you not have made them just as well without a measure?"

"Not to fit you."

"Did you make them according to the measure?"

"Certainly."

"Then the measure was a plan or contrivance to secure a fit?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You are sure, that, having laid the cloth on your cutting-out table, the shears did not of their own accord, without your aid, cut the suit out regardless of the measure, and that the needles and silk and lining and buttons did not spontaneously finish the work,—you, in the meantime, standing or sitting as an uninterested looker-on; you are sure, that these clothes,

fitting, as you say, so admirably, were not fashioned by chance?"

"My answer," said he, in quite a soothing manner, with fear apparent in his eyes,—“is—send for the doctor!” On saying which, he darted out of the room quite hurriedly.

I am wearing the clothes; my wife admires them, and frequently exclaims—“What an admirable fit, my dear!”

I have a piece of ground attached to my dwelling. I employed a person to prepare a garden, leaving to him the entire arrangement. In about ten days he requested me to look at the garden.

“What garden?” said I.

“The garden you engaged me to make. Come out, sir, and see if it please you.”

I went out—the sight was beautiful—the change wonderful.

“What do you think of it, sir?”

“It is beautiful! But what had you to do with it?”

“Only to make it according to your request.”

“Did you prepare the ground, lay out the beds, and arrange the walks and flowers according to a pre-conceived plan, or is the whole an accident of chance?”

“I scarcely understand you, sir. Chance! If this garden is chance-work, it is the first time I have been so highly-favored. This garden cost me time, thought, labor, and care.”

"You are quite sure, all these things did not transport themselves here and arrange themselves in their present order without your aid?"

He seemed bewildered, rubbed his forehead, then looking straight into my eyes, said—

"You are the strangest gentleman I ever saw. What is your meaning, sir? Do you wish to know if I worked by plan or at hap-hazard? Look at this paper and let it speak for itself," and he handed me a paper.

I looked at it—it was a plan of the garden. I compared the two, and giving the paper back to him, said—"I am satisfied. You deserve credit for the plan itself and for executing it with such fidelity."

He went away, apparently not very well pleased; and as he shut the gate I thought I heard the word "Queer!"

It was raining; the roof of my house began to leak. I sent for a carpenter, and said—"there is a leak in the roof." He replied, "I will soon stop it." Some time afterwards I heard a noise as if somebody were sawing wood and driving nails. I went out, and looking up, shouted—

"What are you doing up there?"

"Stopping the leak."

Half an hour after, he came down. Said he—

"Had you forgotten that you had requested me to stop the leak?"

"Had you a design," I replied, "in taking the board, saw, hammer, and nails up there!"

"What a question! I do not mind, however, telling you that I took them up premeditatedly, purposely, with the full design to stop that leak."

"Why did you go up? Could you not have stopped the hole down here?"

"That is the best joke of the season! I could have stopped the hole down here, had the hole been down here—but it was up there—and as the hole could not come to me, I had to go to the hole. You know the reason why Mahomet went to the mountain?"

"That is an old story. Seriously, could not the board, hammer, saw, and nails have taken themselves up and covered the hole without your help?"

"I will answer your serious question by asking another question equally serious—Could another man eat your breakfast or dinner so as to satisfy your personal hunger and thirst?"

"Certainly not."

"So I answer—certainly not. Have you ever seen such a feat performed as you suggest?"

"No."

"Nor ever will."

"Then you really had a design in what you did?"

"Yes, sir! A lofty design—a design as high as the roof of your house."

"I am compelled to acknowledge it."

He replied—"You are a funny man!"

ARROWS IN THE HEART

A short time ago, I went to the Academy of Music and heard my intimate friend, Professor Matthew Matics, deliver a profound, elaborate, and eloquent lecture on "The Importance of the Unit." His ideas were strikingly original, clothed in appropriate language, and, judging from the countenances of the audience, one could see the lecture was highly appreciated. The style combined the argumentative with the ornamental. Frequent bursts of applause greeted the Lecturer, which were gratifying to him as well as to his especial friends. At the close, and on the dispersion of the audience, I took his arm and we proceeded homewards.

"Matthew!" said I, "Had you thought of your subject, before you delivered it? Had you a plan, or sketch, or skeleton of it, in your mind? or did you just open your mouth, and let the words roll out as they might chance to come?"

He stopped short, and said :—

"What do you mean? Did I talk nonsense?"

"Far from it!—the lecture exhibited deep thought, and was copiously illustrated by appropriate similes, tropes, and other rhetorical figures. But was the composition mere chance-work, or was it the result of due deliberation on your part; in other words, did you design to treat the subject as you did, before you appeared before your audience?"

The feelings of my friend seemed to be wounded. A few minutes elapsed before he replied :—

“ Well, I never expected such questions to be proposed to me by any sensible man, much less by you, my friend. I can but repeat the question, “ What do you mean ?”

“ Matthew! Did you not affirm, during an argument with our mutual friend, Elec Tricity, that there was no such thing as design in any one of the departments of Nature? I merely wished to know whether or not you extend your affirmation to the departments of Mind and Oratory. If your lecture of an hour, worthy of commendation, as it is, required thought, arrangement, say, intelligence, on your part, and to appreciate it, like intelligence on the part of your audience, is it reasonable to affirm that, in Nature, design is not design, or that the undeniable marks of design, so conspicuous in the ten thousand objects by which we are surrounded, do not indicate the existence of the operation of an Intelligent Mind?

For some time my friend was silent, apparently lost in thought; at length he said:—

“ Was I such a fool as to make that statement? I must have strangely forgotten myself and gone counter to my deepest convictions. That I should have done so, shows how far a person may go, in the heat of an argument, in thoughtless expressions against truth, and in favor of error, which, in his calm moments, he would be the first to decry. I thank you, my friend, for your just rebuke, and will profit by it. Hear, now, my recantation, and belief:—Design implies a designer, just as Thought pre-supposes the existence of Mind.”

“ When the whole universe seems to present to us, on whatever part of it we may look, exactly the same appearances as it would have presented, if its parts had been arranged *intentionally*, for the purpose of producing the results which are now perceived,—when these appearances of adaptation are not in a few objects out of many, but in everything that meets our view, and innumerable, therefore, as the innumerable objects that constitute to us the universe,—we feel an absolute impossibility of supposing that so many appearances of *design* exist, without design. * * * A few types may be thrown loosely together, and some of them may form a word. This we can believe, without any suspicion of contrivance. If many such words, however, were to be thrown together, we should *suspect* contrivance, and would *believe* contrivance with the most undoubting conviction, if a multitude of types were to be found thus forming one regular and continued poem. * * * Such is our nature, that it would seem as truly impossible, that a number of types thrown together, should form the Iliad or Odyssey, as that they should form *Homer himself*. * * * What should we think of any one, who should ascribe to chance the combination of letters that form the PRINCIPIA of Newton! and is the world which Newton described, less gloriously indicative of design, than the mere description?”.—*Prof. Thomas Brown*.

Proofs of the existence of a Personal God, from *design*, are everywhere manifest. The difficulty is not

to enumerate, but to select. There is not a branch of SCIENCE, that does not teem with instances of adaptation ; and what is ART but the practical use of design ? Without adaptation, there could be neither science nor art. The whole universe is a vast repertory of design. Turn where you may, look at the vast, or the most minute, design meets you at every point ; the more circumstantial the scrutiny, the deeper the conviction. Destroy adaptation, and there would be no world, no life, nothing by which life could be sustained.

Glance at the atmosphere.* The principal elements of atmospheric air, are the two gases, Oxygen and Nitrogen, not in chemical union, but forming a uniform mixture, being spread through each other. In 100 parts of atmospheric air, oxygen is to nitrogen, in round numbers, as 20 to 80. Oxygen is the vital constituent, but in a pure, unmixed state, it is so corrosive, so violent in action, that it would destroy, in a short time, all who breathed it ; but in the atmosphere it is just so diluted with nitrogen, as to render it suitable to sustain the life of animals, and to answer other important purposes.

There are other compounds of these two elements :—

Nitrous Oxide, laughing gas $N O$

Nitric Oxide, suffocating, $N O_2$

Hyponitrous acid, $N O_3$

Nitrous acid, $N O_4$

Nitric acid, *aqua fortis*, $N O_5$

The gases are here chemically united.

* See Appendix B, p. 111.

A very slight, permanent change in the relative proportions of these gases, it may be seen, would render the air unfit for the sustentation of animal life, as at present existing. Is, then, the composition of the air attributable to chance, or has it been definitely determined by a Being of Infinite Knowledge, by One intimately acquainted with the nature of these gases, and who adapted them intentionally to secure the ends proposed?

According to our knowledge of other gases, could any two, three, or more, of them be substituted for those selected? What says the expert chemist?

On what grounds can the atheist account for the uniformity and the permanency of the proportionate parts of the gases that compose our atmosphere? If chance be pleaded, the most obtuse must perceive that it manifested great intelligence in the selection, and that there are no possible guarantees against frequent, if not constant deviations. Under atheistic chance-work, it is marvellous, that the composition of the atmosphere should continue the same under all circumstances, by night and by day, in heat and cold, in the valley and on the mountain-top! Analyze the air at any time, and in any place, the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be found ever the same. Without Divine Arrangement, this would be just as impossible as that water would continue unaltered in form, when exposed to the intense frosts of winter, the warm influence of summer, and the heat of strong,

continuous fires! "The power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, are no less strikingly displayed in the delicate adjustment of the inappreciable air, than in poising and regulating the ponderous orbs that circle through illimitable space."

The physical structure of man shows in every part undeniable marks of design. Man stands erect at the head of the animate world, furnished with all the appliances necessary to secure his supremacy. The head, the ear curiously constructed, the eye,* the spinal column, the ribs, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the entire digestive apparatus, the gall-bladder, the shoulder, the fore-arm, the wrist, the hand, the kneecap, the ankles, the foot, the joints, the muscles, the nerves, the processes, the articulations, the arrangement for the circulation of the blood by means of the arteries and veins,—indeed, the entire physical economy,—all proclaim with united voice, that man is not only "fearfully" but also "wonderfully made." "A slight alteration in the structure of the eye," says Dr. D. W. Gordon, "would make every ray of light be felt, like devouring fire; a slight change in the structure of the ear would make every sound like the deafening roar of a cataract, and a similar change in the nervous system would make every touch like the stab of a sword."—Indeed, all pain is caused by the disturb-

* For an interesting article on *The Architecture of the Eye*, see Appendix C, p. 115.

ance or interruption of the natural functions of the living body. "Throughout the entire frame, we have surprising examples of economy of material to the end designed; combining lightness, force, firmness, elasticity, leverage, motion, resistance, security, and grace. These contrivances are so numerous, and so wonderfully constructed, that a volume would be insufficient to describe them." The *automata*, which the utmost skill of man, with the human skeleton before him as a model, has been able to fashion are *contemptible caricatures* of the man of God's creating.

A man of ordinary size has from 25 to 30 pounds of blood in his body. The labor of the heart, through which this blood has to pass in ceaseless rounds, is enormous. Its average beats are about 72 in a minute, equal to about 4,000 in an hour, or one hundred thousand in a day, or thirty-eight million in a year, which, were a person to live sixty years, would give the immense number of twenty-two hundred and eighty million beats! Estimating, according to modern physiologists, the quantity of blood expelled at each contraction of the ventricle as four ounces, two hundred and eighty-eight ounces, or eighteen pounds would be expelled in a minute, or one thousand and eighty pounds in an hour, nearly thirteen tons in a day, or upwards of four thousand tons in a year, which, multiplied by the number of years, would give the number of tons in a life-time. This circulation of the blood through heart, arteries, veins, and lungs is inces-

sant whilst life lasts. The movements of this machinery are, during health, so smoothly performed that we are unconscious of them.

Think, then, of the labor of the heart. Hidden from sight, it continues night and day its involuntary, unceasing, untiring labor, receiving and discharging the pabulum of life, in some instances, through a period of more than a hundred years! Perpetual motion, unattainable as yet by human skill, is manifest in the revolutions of our earth, and of the celestial orbs, and is exhibited, on a smaller scale and for a shorter period, but in an equally wondrous manner, by the action of the heart. The utmost efforts of man, in this direction, are stamped with futility, when brought into comparison with the effects produced by the simple volition of the Divine Artificer. "The wisdom of the Creator," said the physician Hambergher, "is in nothing seen more glorious than in the heart."

Sir Charles Bell thus concludes his *Treatise on Animal Mechanics* :—

"A man possessed of that humility which is akin to true knowledge, may be depressed by too extensive a survey of the frame of nature. The stupendous changes which the geologist surveys—the incomprehensible magnitude of the heavenly bodies moving in infinite space, bring down his thoughts to a painful sense of his own littleness. He is afraid to think himself an object of Divine care; but when he regards the structure of his own body, he learns to consider

space and magnitude as nothing to a Creator. He finds that the living being, which he was about to condemn, in comparison with the great system of the universe, exists by the continuance of a power, no less admirable than that which rules the heavenly bodies ; he sees that there is a revolution, a circle of motions no less wonderful in his own frame, in the microcosm of man's body than in the planetary system ; that there is not a globule of blood which circulates, but possesses attraction as incomprehensible and wonderful as that which retains the planets in their orbits. The economy of the animal body, as the economy of the universe, is sufficiently known to us to compel us to acknowledge an Almighty power in the creation."

The adaptation of light to the eye and of the eye to the light ought not to be overlooked. To man light would be useless without the eye, and the eye would be useless without the light. This adaptation is mutual and bespeaks design. No one, unless reduced to a state of positive idiotcy, can, with any show of reason, deny a fact so palpable. The number and the position of the eyes, also deserve attention. Can the sceptic assign a good reason, in accordance with his doctrine of chance, why he has not three, four, or more eyes, or even but one eye, instead of two ; and in case of only one, why that is not found on the top of his head or at the tip of his nose ?

Light, whatever it may be in itself, is essentially a *creation*. Before sun, moon, or stars were created—

while as yet "darkness was on the face of the deep"—"God said, Let there be light and there was light." Its *velocity* proves it to be the product of an infinite power. It travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, or to bring the calculation more within our grasp, its velocity "exceeds that of a cannon-ball by one million five hundred and fifty thousand times." What aggregation of human force could propel the lightest object through space at such a rate? Talk of light, one of the most important, one of the most widely diffused, objects in Nature's domain, happening by chance! The idea is absurd to an extreme! surpassing in foolishness that of the monkey-paternity of man! Its properties exhibit infinite wisdom—its uses, infinite beneficence.

The *eye* is equally the handiwork of God. Its construction baffles human skill. The variations of that construction as seen in the eyes of different animals, according to their necessities and to their modes of living, show infinite intelligence, in a manner adapted to display the unlimited resources of the Creator and to call forth the admiration of all intelligent beings. Nor is design less conspicuous. If all things happen by chance, the sceptic will please explain why fishes have no "eye-lids and lachrymal apparatus," and why the mud-crab that "seeks its food in mud and turbid water," has "a little brush near its eye, to which the prominent horny eye can be raised, and against which

it is wiped, with an action as intelligible as that of a man wiping his spectacles."

"It has been well said that in the Book of Nature is written in the plainest characters the existence of a God which Revelation takes for granted—of a God how full of contrivance; how fertile in expedients; how benevolent in his ends! At work everywhere—everywhere, too, with equal diligence; leaving nothing incomplete—finishing 'the hinge in the wing of an insect' as perfectly as if it were all he had to do—unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects, undistracted by their dispersion, unwearied by their incessant demands on him, fresh as on that day when the morning stars sang together and all nature shouted for joy."—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*.

Search the world of Nature throughout, and there is but one intelligible conclusion, that adaptation or design is manifest in all its departments, pointing with the brightness of a sun-beam, to a Supreme cause, infinite in goodness, wisdom, and power. To this conclusion the wisest and the best men, in every age, have given their unqualified assent, to the shame and confusion of the mentally distorted specimens of humanity, ye left atheists.

—“Reason—through number, time, and space;
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from *facts* compared the laws to trace,
Whose long procession leads to Deity.”

We need not further pursue the subject of design

in the works of creation ; sufficient has been adduced to prove it to be not a chimera but a reality. More elaborate works abound with instances in which adaptation is apparent. Our unpretending pages may awaken in the minds of our readers, especially of youth, an anxiety to continue their inquiries into this most interesting and profitable subject. Of one thing they may be assured, that the more they examine into particulars, the deeper will become their conviction of the existence and personal acts of the God of the Bible, and of the falsity of atheistic theories.



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SECTION IX.

INDICTMENT OF ATHEISM: ITS ANTIDOTE.

COLERIDGE asks a pertinent question: "How did the atheist get his idea of the God whom he denies?" The idea of God is not innate—it is not born with us. Were it innate, it would be as much an inalienable part of our mental constitution as any faculty of the mind; and, as such, we could scarcely imagine such a thing as atheism existing in the world. "Suppose *ε* person," says Mr. Hare in his *Preservation Against Socianism*, "whose powers of argumentation are improved to the utmost pitch of human capacity, but who has received no idea of God by any revelation, whether from tradition, Scripture, or inspiration, how is he to convince himself that God is, and whence is he to learn *what* God is? That of which as yet he knows nothing, cannot be a subject of his thought, his reasonings, or his conversation. He can neither affirm nor deny till he know what is to be affirmed or denied.

Whence then is our philosopher to divine, in the *first* instance, his idea of the infinite Being, concerning the reality of whose existence he is, in the *second* place, to decide?" "We owe the knowledge of the existence of God, and of his attributes, to revelation alone; but being now discovered, the rational evidence of both is copious and irresistible; so much so, that atheism has never been able to make much progress among mankind where this revelation has been preserved. It is resisted by demonstrations too numerous, obvious, and convincing; and is itself too easily proved to involve the most revolting absurdities."—*Watson's Theological Institutes.*

If then the atheist's idea of God accords with the revelation God has given of himself, it is evident, that to that revelation, directly or indirectly, he is indebted for it; and, it is the only true idea of a First Cause he has, though, foolish and wicked man, he repudiates its truth. But if his idea does not coincide with that revelation, it is equally evident, that he is denying a fictitious being, the product of his own or some other silly person's brain; and that in denying the existence of such a being he is contending with a shadow of his own projection. Well would it be for those who have settled down into an atheistic belief, and for those who are hovering over the brink of infidelity, to ponder on the solemn warning, uttered in tones that should send fear and quaking into the inmost recesses of their deceived hearts: "Woe unto him that striveth with

his Maker!" "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct Him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it."

"Atheism is an unnatural monstrosity." It is the climax of ignorance, incredulity, and ingratitude; it violates reason, unphilosophises true philosophy, substitutes the greatest errors for the sublimest truths, and ignores the scientific deductions of thousands of the brightest minds that ever adorned our world. Atheism is the madness of sciolism—the very spirit and body of egoism. It degrades man to the level of the brute, while it does not improve the condition of the brute. It not only denies but defies God, contemns everything sacred, darkens and undervalues the present, and would fain blot out the future.

Atheism is as weak in argument as it is wicked in principle; it often corrupts by its immoralities and unsettles unfortified minds by its sophistries. Breaking down the sanctity of an oath, it introduces confusion and every evil work, annihilates the safeguards and upheaves the foundations of society. Being "without God" it is "without hope in the world." By denying the guilt and power of sin, it hardens the heart and stupefies the conscience. By denying the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, it abnegates the only ground, and ruthlessly destroys the last hope of salvation for our race both here and hereafter. By denying the immortality of the soul, the future judgment, the rewards of the righteous, and the

punishment of the wicked after death, it takes away all motives to virtue and proves a prolific source of incitements to vice. Atheism, therefore, is a sin against God, a sin against the individual, a sin against mankind. Thomas Watson, one of the non-conformist divines, has a pithy saying: "He that saith there is no God is the wickedest creature there is; he is worse than a thief, who doth but take away our goods from us, but the atheist would take away our God from us."

Atheism is a dark, bottomless abyss. Over it hangs a pall of dense blackness; no ray of light relieves the fearful gloom. Having no *sun*, though it may have *showers*—showers of tears—it can have no *rainbow* of hope.

Atheism is a lie. Bad as Satan is, he himself has never had the audacity to say—"There is no God;" out as the "father of lies" he prompts several of his "children" to utter this grossest of all falsehoods. There is not an imp in the infernal regions that does not know it to be a falsehood and laugh at the silly dupe. That must be a foolish fish that is caught with a naked hook; but the atheist allows himself to be deceived and ensnared without even the semblance of one.

The atheist with all his pride of skill, is no match for the devil. Satan, so to speak, always plays with loaded dice. Some men see the cheat and escape. Satan stakes nothing and loses nothing; the atheist

stakes his soul and loses his all. The determined atheist plays against fearful odds; the consequence is, he is cheated out of his eyes, out of his soul, out of his God. All he gets for his tremendous losses are scorn and taunts from the very beings by whom he has been deceived—a hazardous game in which no prudent person would engage.

Notwithstanding this true indictment of atheism, we admit that there may be instances, of rare occurrence however, in which an atheist, living in the midst of a Christian, God-fearing community, affected by surrounding influences, may exercise restraint over his passions, and especially, if a member of a respectable family, may cultivate an external morality, just as he would cultivate his garden, and pay respect to an enlightened public opinion by abstaining from the grosser immoralities, and in this way live above his avowed principles; but this is no commendation of atheism any more than abstaining from theft would be a vindication of murder. The taint still remains. The "whited sepulchre which appears beautiful outward," has the foulness within. Denial of God, the crowning sin, is cherished in the heart. No external paint can efface this hideous blot; it shows like the crimson-stain of unavenged blood.

The only fair way of judging of the spirit, the tendency, the working of atheism, is to examine its influence and operations in a community of professed infidels, in which the restraints of Christianity had

never been known and felt, or, if known and felt, had been superseded by atheistic teachings. The nearest approach, in modern times, to this deplorable condition, was realized in France, during "the reign of Terror," when the reins of government were seized by avowed atheists, monsters in human shape, who, having full sway, led thousands of their deluded followers into the commission of all manner of crimes, drove hundreds and thousands into undeserved exile, deluged the land with innocent blood, thereby affixing an indelible stain on the escutcheon of their country.

"The excesses and enormities of this period of French history are almost, indeed, too incredible for the sober pen of history to record. A new calendar was formed; and in order to obliterate the remembrance of the Christian Sabbath, each month was subdivided into three decades, the first days of which were festivals or days of rest. A few days after, the municipal authorities of Paris appeared in the Convention, attended by the bishop and clergy, decorated with caps of liberty, who publicly renounced their offices of Christian pastors. The bishop of Moulins threw down his mitre, and preached the doctrine that 'death is an eternal sleep.' Various allegorical creations, such as Liberty and Equality, were deified, and a young woman of abandoned character was enshrined as the Goddess of Reason on the altar of Notre Dame, to receive the adoration of the multitude. * * * The guillotine was in constant action, and thousands were

immolated. Royalists and republicans indiscriminately felt the axe."—*Maunder*. Then went up to heaven a cry whose piercing tones "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth"—a peal of warning penetrated all lands, whose vibrations are still heard, and which will continue to be heard as age after age rolls on.

Pitiable, indeed, is the condition of the atheist. Without hope in his own future, and equally without hope respecting the future state of his nearest and dearest relatives, he is necessarily destitute of all consolation. Annihilation at death is, in its dreariest aspect, his *summum bonum*. As a dog or cat perishes, so he believes he and they will perish. His beloved ones die, and as he looks for the last time on the face of a father or a mother, a sister or a brother, a wife or a child, endeared by a thousand fond associations, nature feels and weeps—whilst he, in his cold unbelief, overlooks the fact that he is indebted to the Universal Father for his susceptibility of these natural emotions. But what a blank is their existence! According to his views, their sun has set never again to rise! They have gone to the grave never to be revived! The parting he believes is for ever! Melancholy thought!

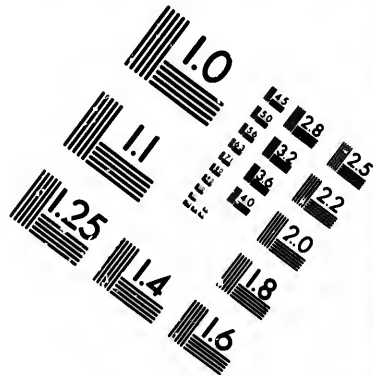
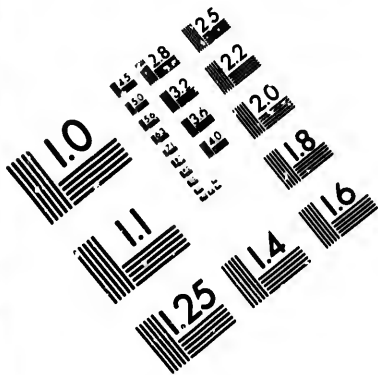
The grasses and the flowers of the field, after winter's drear reign is over, may, by the visitation of the genial sunshine and soft showers of spring, revive, but man once dead can be visited by no resurrection-power—the grave holds its prisoners in a perpetual grasp. So sang Sicilian Moschus, in his melodious Idyl on the

death of Bion, and the mournful, hopeless strains have been repeated by the atheist through all time. In vain for him have "life and immortality been brought to light." He is deaf to the voice, now wooing him to mercy—that voice, which, when time shall be no more, shall sound through death's dark charnel-houses, commanding the dwellers therein to "come forth," each soul tenanted its own transformed and deathless body—thus rendered once more complete, they shall live for ever.

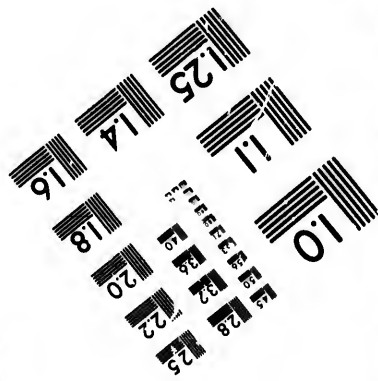
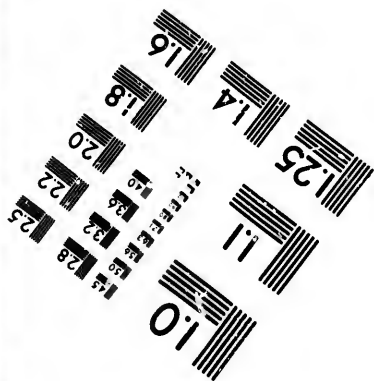
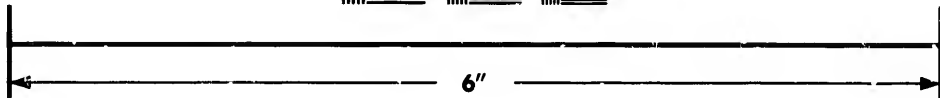
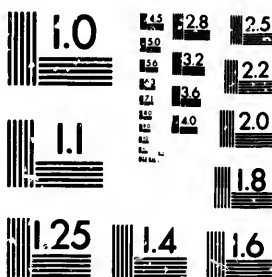
The sceptic will not rise to the height of this great truth, but he grovels in gloomy error. The light shines but he will not see; consolations abound but he will not participate; the Friend of Sinners, the Lover of Souls, invites but he will not accept; Christ proclaims—"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," but he, in the most repulsive sense, says to "corruption, thou art my Father: to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister" and my brother.

To the Christian the future is luminous with the Saviour's presence and glory. The commendation of "Well done, good and faithful servant," the crown of life, the palm of victory, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," an eternity of activity and bliss, during which there will be constant progress in knowledge and holiness, await him beyond this rolling sphere! At death he enters upon his inherit-





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ance and is "for ever with the Lord," an associate of all the holy and happy in the universe.

The atheist dies, and like Judas Iscariot, goes to his "own place,"—a truthful exemplification of the solemn words of Christ—"Ye shall die in your sins : whither I go, ye cannot come." Here the curtain drops, not to be raised until the Archangel's trump shall sound, calling the quick and dead to judgment. Then every eye shall see God in the person of the Judge. They who *denied* as well as they who crucified him shall look on him whom they had *pierced*—pierced with thought, with tongue or pen, as well as with spears—on him no longer a gracious Mediator but an inexorable Judge—a Judge on whose impartial decisions depends everlasting happiness or everlasting woe. What a change from a "No God" to a living, personal God! What a change from the "meekness of Christ" to the "wrath of the Lamb!" What a change from the darkness of error to the unsullied light and pungent convictions of eternal truth! What a change from the proud, defiant atheist on earth to the shrinking, quailing, cowardly being at the Judgment!* To what place of refuge shall he turn—to whom, in his fear and anguish, shall he appeal? No place of refuge—no advocate among the numberless multitudes surrounding him—can be found! The final Court has passed irreversible sentence: the righteous shall go from the judgment-seat into "eternal life," the condemned into "eternal punishment."

* See Appendix D, p. 124.

These disclosures should arouse the sceptic to a searching examination into the ground of his unbelief. His interest in the subject ought to be increased, and his prejudice against Christianity lessened, by the consideration, that the Christian can lose nothing, at the same time he has nothing to fear, *if atheism be true*. His belief in divine Revelation, in its humbling and elevating doctrines—his personal experience of its blessings, his hopes stretching into the limitless future, *if all false*, can give the atheist no advantage; whereas, *if true*, whilst the gain of the Christian cannot be computed, the loss of the atheist may be set down as infinite. The first flash of light, as emerging from the "dark valley" he enters into the spirit-world, will reveal the utter groundlessness of his reckless confidence. In black despair he will meet the dread realities of eternity. All that his voluntary error and his persistent rejection of truth involve, he must suffer in his own depraved nature, whilst he can put in no valid plea to bar the inexorable sentence of condemnation. The Book he now rejects contains warnings upon warnings to alarm those who say in their hearts "there is no God," who determinedly reject overtures of mercy through the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, repulse the aids of the Holy Ghost and quench his influences. The atheist, therefore, cannot plead unavoidable ignorance, nor can he have just grounds for surprise when called upon to suffer the consequences of his wilful, resolute course of infidelity. God will

be justified when he speaks and be clear when he judges. Have you, who are now reading these pages, ever examined carefully and impartially the proofs in support of Divine Revelation, with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth, and with an interest commensurate with the issues at stake; or have you been led to doubt and to deny by the flippancy, the sacrilegious wit, the sly innuendoes, the bold assertions, the unfounded charges, the stale objections of some superficial, egotistical, and, it may be, eloquent advocate of infidel principles?

If any bias be allowable it should be in favor of the Bible. Indeed, every sincere seeker after truth should wish divine Revelation to be true, because the Bible is the only book that states clearly the nature of God as a Spirit, and invests him with attributes or perfections, which even our limited minds recognize as worthy of the Supreme Being. All other gods—gods so called—are of human origin and necessarily partake of the defects of their manufacturers. The Bible alone shows man's relationship and responsibility to the one, true God—exhibits his infinite love to our race in the gift of His Son, proclaims His method by which a sinner can be justified, sanctified, and finally saved, reveals a future and an eternal state of being—everything, in fact, that concerns man's duty and happiness, and his safety in both worlds. If, then, the Bible were really a book of human and not of divine origin, if it were divested of its character as an authentic

revelation from God to man, there would nowhere be found an authoritative guide in matters of faith and practice. All moral and religious subjects would be enveloped in darkness impenetrable by human reason, and our race left to stumble on through life in that darkness, not knowing whither to go for direction, comfort, and security. Were this truly the case, it would imply that God, who had made man, had abandoned him to the vagaries of his own ignorance, and left him so circumstanced as to render his ruin inevitable and irreparable. Such an implication, if well founded, would be an impeachment of the justice, the goodness, and the wisdom of the all-perfect One. But this is not the case. God has not thus abandoned mankind, but in His Revealed Will has provided fully for all their necessities.

The claims of the Bible, as a Revelation of God's Will to man, are justified beyond reasonable doubt by Miracles, Prophecies, Doctrines, and Personal Experience. These furnish an array of proof sufficient to challenge implicit belief. Every one may know whether the Book be of God or not. There never has been a serious objection made against these proofs from any quarter, that has not been repeatedly and triumphantly answered. But what avail replies—if not read and duly considered—if there be not a willingness to admit conviction? But atheism interposes a thick veil between its dupes and the truth, so that they will not see what is so obvious to others

Darkening the understanding and warping the judgment, it so perverts, that they have eyes but they see not—ears have they but they hear not. Had the Greek and Latin Classics been subjected to the same crucial tests as its enemies have employed against Christianity, we doubt that a single page would be acknowledged to-day as genuine or found in a readable condition. The preservation of the Bible, through so many centuries, subjected to so many violent, persistent, and malignant attacks by individuals of so various calibres of mind and occupying such different positions in life, can be accounted for on no other ground than that it has been watched over and preserved by Him by whom it was inspired.

The Bible is not a book merely, containing so many pages and so many words. So to speak, it is a living book—a book of permanent and increasing influence. It has always been a book of life and of influence. To its entire contents will apply the words of Jesus: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." "The word of God," says St. Paul, "is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The Bible is the great teacher of Morals—the great and effective agent, promoter, and upholder of civilization. Take the Bible away,—the civilized parts of the world would ere long relapse into barbarism;

nations and individual men would become no better than so many wild beasts, the stronger preying upon the weaker, robbery, bloodshed, and death being their every-day diversions. This is not a mere rhapsodical assertion; facts show it to be a sober reality. Look at those nations that have not possessed the Bible! Look at their everyday life, their customs and pastimes. Select the most favored—Ancient Greece and Rome—nations and peoples that occupy so conspicuous a niche in the world's temple of fame! What teach they? Sad lessons, indeed. Their portraiture is drawn by a master-hand—by an inspired apostle in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans. A dark but true picture, certified as such by contemporaneous history. Their very sports were those of cruelty and blood!

What better, at the present day, are those portions of the world, into which the light of Christianity has not penetrated,—in which “gross darkness has covered the minds of the people, and whose habitations are full of cruelty”(?) Their deplorable condition is not imaginary—it is not a picture drawn with fancy's pencil. The formerly alleged innocence of modern Pagan nations was never more than a dream of the night, floating through the brains of visionary enthusiasts, from which they have been rather roughly awakened by the potency of truth.

The people, among whom this gross corruption of manners does not prevail are they, and only they, who possess God's Word, and practically acknowledge

its authority, who have imbibed its spirit, yielded to its restraints, and experienced its aids. Their laws, reaching to all classes, are conformed to its precepts, and administered in the spirit of justice, mingled with mercy. Pastimes of blood and cruelty, worship of sanguinary deities, are banished. The culture and practice of a high-toned morality are encouraged. These are general characteristics. Individuals are yet to be found in the best communities who fear neither God nor man.

The Bible leaves its god-like impress on private life, and on public institutions. Broad and distinct is the line of separation it makes between those who submit, and those who do not submit to its authority. Atheists, living among Christian people, are receiving the benefit of its refining, civilizing influence, though denying the source whence it springs. In any other case than that of Christianity, such denial would be stamped by themselves as the blackest ingratitude. One of the most lamentable exhibitions of human depravity, is the opposition manifested by individuals to such a Being, as the Bible reveals God to be—opposition carried, in their madness, to the full extent of denying his existence. Such denial is causeless, useless, ruinous. But “there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” This is true of the atheist, whether he deny God altogether, or deifies humanity or the universe.

Unaided reason has ever exhibited its weakness and

its proneness to err when employed on purely religious subjects. These defects are especially conspicuous in that phase of modern infidelity, which substitutes *man* himself, or the material *universe*, for the true, and living God of the Sacred Scriptures. Indeed, it differs but little from the pantheism, and the hero-worship of the ancients, only it is more pronounced, and daring.

Man, his own God! We speak advisedly, when we say, *A very shabby god!* A weak, sleepy, ignorant, contracted god? A god liable to sickness and pain,—subject to death and decomposition! A god, to whom these modern materialistic noodles deny a spirit, a hereafter! A god, who, according to their own theory, differs from an ape in no other way than that he is a little more intelligent, and, while he lives, is capable of doing more mischief in the world! A god, when he dies, that is the end of him! Honor, with supreme worship, such a god as that! In the time of need, pray to—trust in—expect succors from—such a god as that! Not while the warning words stand on the divine record: “Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.” This is the curse of the true God, who “is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” A curse, which, like a sword of flame, presents its sharp edge and sharper point to the pantheistical sophisms of the German Grun, the atheistical socialism of the French Proudhon, the

infidel vagaries of the metaphysical Comte, and others of the same class. Against this curse, sceptics of all shades set themselves in vain. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

We honor Man, as a creature of God, exhibiting, in the curious workmanship of his bodily conformation, the skill and power of the Creator; in his intellectual and moral nature, as originally created, a modified transcript of the image of his Maker; and as a being, who, even amid the ruins of his fallen condition, is not divested of a certain degree of his pristine grandeur and glory; but he cannot be permitted to invade the domain, or assume the prerogatives, of Deity. The thought of such an invasion, unclothed in words, is a horrible sin; expressed in definite terms, such as:—"God is not"—"God is nothing more than our own image reproduced in a wondrous mirage"—"It is time that humanity should know himself—should become conscious of his own divinity" (M. Fuerbach), is a blasphemy of the deepest dye.

The daring of some modern apostles of infidelity is beyond adequate description, verging on the very borders of the infernal, sufficient, one may well suppose, to cause the mind of the most timid believer in the orthodox faith to thrill with horror: "If any one has deserved hell, it is God," is the impious declaration of M. Proudhon! "We hold God," says another of these reckless blasphemers, "to be the refuge of

stupidity. We consider him to be the greatest evil of the world, and therefore we declare war against God." (See *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, Nov. 1878, p. 840.) An overdose of poison sometimes works its own cure. From these disgusting, profane impugners, we turn to the Lord—to Him "that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish."

If man cannot be metamorphosed into a God, these audaciously irreverent handlers of sacred things confer the honor on the *universe*. They avow themselves the advocates of Pantheism. The material universe is God!

This theory is ridiculous, "The Universe!" What is the universe? What is its extent? What are its precise bounds, and how much does it actually comprehend? Who can tell? Some persons see only what is visible to the naked eye; others, in addition, what microscopes and telescopes of different powers further reveal—(those born blind see nothing, their knowledge being limited to what they can acquire through other senses than that of sight); what lies beyond these discoveries, no human being knows. Is the Universe, as I know it, or as others know it, God? If I only know one-millionth of the Universe, I know only one-millionth of God; if another knows only one-thousandth of the Universe, he knows only one-thousandth of God; if another knows only one-

hundredth of the Universe, he knows only one-hundredth of God ; and so on through the various fractional parts. What kind of worship am I—is he—are others—to offer ?

The Universe, as a whole, whether visible or invisible to the naked eye, is made up of parts. Everything, from the largest to the smallest, is a part of the Universe. If, then, the Universe be God, God can be *divided*, because the Universe can be divided, and divided too, into as many parts as there are separate and separable objects therein. Who can count and tell the number of the infusoria, the grains of sand, the fishes of the sea, the trees and leaves of the forests, the drops of water in the oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams, the atoms in the mountains, and in the earth generally, the stars of heaven, etc. ? Whether countable or not, if the Universe be God, then he can be divided into as many fractional parts as there are atoms in the Universe ! The advocates of this Pantheism may *label* this image they have set up, "Philosophy—Science"—but the superscription is a *libel* on true Science or Philosophy—one thing is evident, in the whole theory there is not one iota of religion ; it bears the marks of the rankest Paganism. To avow the Universe to be the Supreme God, is not only ridiculous, but, also, in the highest degree, impious.

The most superficial observer must have noticed that there is no theory on Religion, however puerile and absurd, which, if started and promulgated by a

man with a bold tongue or a ready pen, supported by low wit—wit generally as pointless as the arguments employed are unsound—will not find persons ready to embrace and extend it. By some, the more absurd the doctrine, the greater tenacity with which it is held,—the greater the zeal with which it is advocated. Poor human nature! Any resource rather than comply with the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ! There is, however, something so monstrous in the daring impiety of certain phases of modern infidelity, that the religious mind instinctively shrinks from contact with such developments of human depravity.

A conscience unpardoned is restless. With such a conscience persons turn every way, except in the right way, in search of rest. Tossed to and fro, like the troubled sea, they alas! in too many instances, seek deliverance from conscious guilt from forbidden sources. Through the uneasy multitudes of men, the voice of the Lord is calling—"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls!" The call is graciously repeated by our Lord Jesus Christ in words of tenderest sympathy and love—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." In obedience to these gracious calls can the only remedy for all the

curable ills of life be found. Not until men turn from atheistical and other erroneous opinions, and from all false deities, to Him who was lifted up on the cross for the world's redemption, to Him who "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," and comply with the conditions He has affixed to personal salvation, can they be delivered from the burden and disquietude of guilt, and become partakers of a peace which passeth understanding.

That such will be the actual result of obedience, is placed beyond the possibility of doubt, verified as it may be by the testimony and experience of hundreds of thousands of living witnesses. As in majesty and power Jesus commanded the winds and waves, "Peace, be still," and these boisterous elements, obedient to his command, sank in immediate calm, so will he spea' to the warring passions of all who unreservedly confide in him, and their weary souls shall find rest. Being at peace with God, at peace with themselves, they will be at peace with one another. The universal brotherhood of mankind will be practically recognized; "love to God and to our neighbor" will become the predominant principle of action; and as tribe after tribe, and nation after nation, yield to Christ's gracious sway, hostile banners will be furled, the hills and the valleys will no more resound with the war-trumpet's discordant tones, the fierce tumults of the people will cease, and "the kingdom of God, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Hcly Ghost," will enter

and reign in every heart. Atheism and every other corrupt system will vanish as a dark vision of the night; divine Truth will shine as the sun in its meridian brightness, and the predicted triumph of our Lord, as the Prince of Peace, will be complete. Earth will re-echo the strains of the "great voices in heaven"—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

In all we have said, we do not wish to be understood as underrating the strength and subtlety of the great enemy of God and man. Six thousand years' experience has nearly if not quite perfected Satan in the art and practice of temptation. He knows well what instruments to use, and under what circumstances to use them, for the best advantage of his cause. Seldom has he overreached himself. He is never idle. He is a pattern of industry—an example of ceaseless activity. His numerous armies are trained to do his bidding. Prompt obedience is their motto. Though a mutineer himself, we do not know that any of his subjects in the infernal regions have ever rebelled against his authority.

The Scriptures forewarn us of a tremendous conflict to take place in the world. Were Satan assured, as we suppose he is, that he could not ultimately succeed, his malignity would prompt him to maintain the struggle to annoy, baffle, and destroy all along the ages. Human emissaries, themselves deceived, will unite to deceive

others, and so aid him in his destructive work. Among other things, literature, science, the pulpit, the lecture-room, the press, the bar-room, and example will be pressed into his service. What cannot be effected, in accomplishing his designs, by open hostility, will be sought by opposition carried on in secret and in the dark. No effort will be neglected or relaxed that promises to aid in the ruin of souls and to thwart the redeeming purposes of Christ. The devil seems to entertain an especial hatred towards Jesus, the Son of God, who passed through his fiery temptations unscathed.

More deeply than ever should the preceding facts be impressed on the minds of the pastors and the laymembers of the Christian Church. Through their instrumentality our Lord carries on the warfare with the powers of darkness. Indifference and inactivity on their part will more effectually assist the enemy than either the open or the secret hostility, or both, of his emissaries. If the sentinels sleep at their post, the hostile forces can easily enter the camp. To secure, then, the ground already won, and to push forward the victories of the Cross into as yet unconquered territories, boldness, courage, alertness, watchfulness, zeal, and unwearied action are required. Every soul saved is a gain—every soul lost, a disaster irrecoverable. While you are reading, souls are passing from time into eternity. Whether for life eternal or death eternal, the die with them is cast. Brethren! Let us

familiarize our minds with the value of immortal souls for whom Christ died! If we have prayed for their salvation, let us, from this time forth, pray more fervently and put more faith into our prayers. If we have worked for their salvation in the past, let us work more zealously and more persistently for the future. If we have given of our means to send the Gospel to the "regions beyond," let us increase and multiply our gifts for the time to come. Let not the reproach come upon us, that Satan is more industrious to ruin than we are to save souls.

The millions now in the Christian Church ought, with God's aid, soon to capture the world. With the foothold they already possess, with the resources, human and divine, at their command, advance and victory ought to be speedy. Why should they not? Has this question pressed upon you with due weight?

"The wheels of time go not backward." The past cannot be recalled; the future is in the keeping of every one that shall be permitted to live. The giant, Atheism, is doomed at some time in the future to meet with a David. Whether that time be hastened or retarded depends greatly on this generation. May it be hastened! May you and all under your influence, and thousands of others, join sincerely in this prayer! And while you are praying, let each ask—"What does the Lord require of *me*?"



APPENDIX A.

GOD GEOMETRIZES.

THE following extract, from the pen of Mr. Arlington, of Texas, is taken from the *Democratic Review* :—

“The construction of the following argument, in my mind, originated in the necessity of my nature : Some years ago, I had the misfortune to meet with the fallacies of Hume, on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous ; and consequently left that infinite restless craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms. ‘ One beautiful evening in May, I was reading by the light of the setting sun, in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant west arose, with smoky outlines, mossy

and irregular, the blue cones of an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains.'

"I was perusing one of the academician's most starry dreams. It laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, 'God geometrizes.' 'Vain reverie!' I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its *stamens* were five in number, its great *calyx* had five parts, its delicate coral *base* five, parting with rays expanding like rays of the Texas star. This combination of five in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought of such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates, was ringing in my ears—'God geometrizes.' There was the text written long centuries ago; and here the little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnishes the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap into my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of reason, to perceive number. I found there was one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition.

I extended the calculation of two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest: the old woods were literally alive with these golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dews.

“I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother’s around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to departing day, ‘Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; lo! ye and I have a God.’”

NOTE:—For a doubter to find a God is a step in the right direction; the next step, and one essentially necessary, is, by repentance and faith, to find Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. Here Plato must give place to the sacred Scriptures, which testify of Jesus; and for “God geometrizes,” we would substitute—
“God loves and saves me now.”



APPENDIX B.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

“THE atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards the heaven of which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—‘a sea of glass like unto crystal.’ So massive is it that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snowflakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back colour to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow

and make the blood mantle in our cheeks: even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned, unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful, —and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and like man, she goeth

forth again to her labor until the evening."—*English Quarterly Review*.

“The winds, which we are sometimes apt to view as the disturbers of the tranquility of nature, and as the ministers of vengeance, are employed in wafting from distant countries the productions of varied climes, and form an important means of dispersing over the world its comforts and conveniences. They also serve the necessary purpose of conveying clouds through the atmosphere, and imparting moisture and fertility to countries which otherwise would be parched by uninterrupted drought. Even the dread tornado, whose resistless sweep carries desolation in its course, is not without its use in clearing the atmosphere of pestilential effluvia, which, when the air becomes stagnant, contaminate the vital fluid, and spread disease and death.

“The atmosphere serves as the abode of birds, and the medium of transmitting the light which cheers and illuminates. It acts as the great repository of clouds and rains, which perform so important a part in the economy of nature. Vapors ascend by means of heat, become condensed in the upper regions of the air, float about in the form of clouds, which refresh by the cooling shade, and descend upon the earth as fertilizing showers.

“It is also the medium of sound, which enables us to correspond by spoken language, and delights us by the sweet cadence of music. The faculty of speech would be useless unless something were provided to

cause and communicate sound. Man would be almost as unable to impart a knowledge of his wants and wishes as the dumb creation ; we would not experience the overpowering influence, the thrilling interest, and inspired bursts of the accomplished orator ; the divine melody of the groves, the living tones of the lyre, and the melting accents of the voice, but for the air would never fall on the raptured ear.

“ One of the most important purposes of the atmosphere is in supporting respiration and combustion. It is ascertained that animals and vegetables, when excluded from the air, soon decay and die ; that it is the food which nourishes our fires and lamps, and enables them to impart heat and light. It is, moreover, remarkable that the oxygen of the atmosphere, which is consumed by the respiration of animals, is evolved during the day by vegetables ; and that carbonic acid gas, which is rejected from the lungs of animals, and which, when breathed, proves destructive to them, is inhaled by vegetables, and rendered subservient to their growth. The nice equilibrium of the gases is preserved, and animals and vegetables are rendered dependent upon each other for that which constitutes in no inconsiderable degree the means of their support.

“The tenuous air, invisible to the eye, and imperceptible to the touch, of whose existence we require to be made aware by the researches of science, is no less requisite to our existence than the food which we eat.”
—*Anonymous.*



APPENDIX C.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE EYE.

MARTYN, in his *Philosophy of Nature*, has the following sentence: "A truly cunning artisan shall construct many things equally deserving of admiration with anything we see in Nature."

This was considered as an atheistical challenge; it was accepted by a correspondent of the *Tutor*, whose reply bears the title of—*Architecture of the Eye*. The extract though lengthy is exceedingly interesting:

"Hear with what swelling words of vanity man proclaims the majesty of his intellect, and the might of his single arm! The 'cunning artisan' shall do it, and shall be lifted up to everlasting honor! The clay has laughed to scorn the skill of the potter; the creature, offspring of yesterday, has defied his Creator, whose being is eternity!

"Go to, thou boaster! make ready! for the God of Nature accepts the challenge, and demands the trial.

No space is left whereon to build another universe ; but the *eye* is a little and familiar thing, which an inch will more than span. Upon this 'inch' let the wager be laid, and all earth shall stand umpire, while our hopes, of a final resurrection and a blessed immortality we plight against the bold adventure.

"Build first the walls of defence, the socket, the cheek, and the nasal bones, and the projecting arch above, which shall guard the eye from external violence. Plant the eyebrows in just proportion and arrangement, like tiles so overlapping, and of such exact form and length, as that the acrid perspiration which distils from the brows shall be turned upon the open temples, dye them with some dark pigment ; and for those who dwell under the vertical rays of a tropical sun, give a darker hue. Attach a muscle of curious workmanship in mold and fixture, so that at your bidding its thousand fibres shall contract and depress the overhanging thatch.

"Work now the lids, of materials soft and pliant ; adapt them accurately each to the other, and to the smooth convexity of the eye. Place also the cords which, moved by the intellectual actor behind, shall enable him to raise the curtains, and looking forth, read in the face of his auditors applause or censure ; to be again dropped when the performer needs repose, or when the last great drama is wound up.

"Dig a foundation above the outer angle of the lids, where, fed by perennial streams, it shall overflow and

wash the adjacent plains. From the foundation draw ten thousand secret wires to the surface of the eye, so watchful and obedient as that, when touched by the smallest mote, they shall suddenly spring the tearful gates, and bear off the offending particle. Let it also be to the mind a safety-valve, to be lifted when pleasure or pain moves the soul to excess; the closure of which, when the passions are in hot ebullition, shall produce disorganization and permanent derangement of the brain.

“Excavate at the inner angle a shelving lake, and throw up from its base a rocky islet, well covered with brambles and an oily exudation, designed, when the waters are agitated and cast upon its shores, by the action of the lids, to catch and retain such particles as would obstruct its narrow outlet.

“This outlet build of cement finer than purest porcelain, and of capillary dimensions, to absorb the fluids which approach its mouth; endow it with a consciousness of its office and importance; make it irritable and impatient of insult, that when provoked it shall bar its entrance and refuse admission to all, until its tiny wrath is appeased.

“Arrange along the slender border of each lid minute sacs, stored with unctuous matter, which shall constantly pour their contents from narrow mouths, as oil is laid upon the edge of the brimming bowl to prevent its overflow. Still farther, plant outside of these a double row of lashes, that when the lids are

nearly closed, they shall, by interlacement effectually exclude all particles of dust, and yet admit the light.

“Ah! it is a weary and vexatious task for such unpractised hands! Then rest awhile; for this *inch* of creation, which at first seemed unworthy an artist's hour, is scarce begun! You have raised the walls and built its towers; the gates are hung; you have dug the foundations and the water-pools; you have sheltered all from baneful dews and the scorching sun; but of the beautiful temple within, not a stone is laid nor a timber hewn.

“Now mix your ores. Buy silver, gold, platinum, iron, lead, and brass; gather here all your metals, rare and costly, of all degrees of consistency, and strength, and malleability; and when you have carefully selected fuse them together, and from your crucible mold a crystal like the *cornea*, transparent, tenacious, flexible, smooth, and polished, with the exact convexity and density necessary to a proper refraction and convergence of the rays of light.

“Next, form of opaque and stronger materials a case, in which the beveled edge of the *cornea* shall be received, like an optician's lens. Within this globe thus constructed, pour fluids of different densities, as in the perfect achromatic telescope, to combine the rays, and prevent the imperfection of colors.

“In the anterior chamber of the eye, let the fluid be thin and pellucid and enclosed in a fine, transparent capsule, while the posterior chamber must be filled

with a more consistent material, like melted glass, and divided into a multitude of minute cellules, by intersecting septa. Between these two, place a double convex lens, of perfect form, its posterior surface the arc of a lesser circle than its anterior. Construct the lens of radiating and concentric fibres, the inner laminæ dense, the outer soft and pulpy. The whole invest with a delicate capsule.

“Now mark! if you err in any point, with all these lenses and humors, if there be one minim of fluid too much, or if the lens be one line too convex, or its structure one grain too dense, or the relative proportion of each be changed one fraction, all your labor is vain. You may as well expect with imperfect rules to ascertain eclipses, or the course and return of the eccentric comet.

“Be not faint and discouraged; for, remember, the road to fame was never a ‘swift highway,’ but always sadly rough and wearisome, and covered with difficulties thick as rocks upon the mountain-sides. Yet it is cheering to know that the diamonds in your crown shall be numbered by the obstacles you have encountered and overcome.

“Gird on, for another is before you. Bewest your laboring senses rebel at being over-tasked, and suddenly depart, leaving your skull an empty cobbler’s shop, and this curious work, so well begun, half wrought, you shall invite fresh aid.

“Call the shrewd mechanic and cunning artizan;

ask counsel of the learned, the mathematician, the geometrician, the chemist; invoke the mysterious science of the Rosicrucian, the sorcerer, and the magician. From all demand knowledge how to weave an *iris*, the *inner curtain*, with its changing *pupil*, formed of circular and diverging fibres, and floating freely in the fluid of the anterior chamber, prompt to dilate when the nerve of vision demands more light, and as prompt to contract when the light is too intense; never moved or excited by the direct infringement of the luminous rays upon its own fibres, but ever faithful and obedient to the calls of the *retina*; and so made that, through the threescore years and ten that it shall serve, watching the while, both night and day, with attentive care, every cloud and shade of the inconstant light, not a string shall loosen nor a thread need repair.

“The *retina* form of finest texture, and spread it broad within the back of the eye, like the white canvas of the camera obscura. To absorb the rays and prevent their reflection after they have impinged upon the *retina*, line its posterior surface with a paint which light, however long it may act upon it, shall never fade—an art in coloring not yet attained.

“Supply the whole eye with nerves, arteries, veins, and absorbents, for the purposes of growth and reparation; place it upon a nicely-adjusted axis, and give the power of motion and rotation, in every conceivable direction; and, last, bestow the strange, and

hitherto inimitable power of adapting its vision to different distances, without any perceptible change in the form of the organ.

“Have you done? And does your careful eye detect no flaw or fissure, no failure or imperfection? Hold it up! It is beautiful and wondrous, indeed! But one thing more, and the pledge is yours—*now make it see!* ‘For truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.’

“Let it at one glance receive and recognize the extended landscape, with all its varieties of feature, and color, and distance; the valley, and mountain with its hoary locks; the forest, and the rich harvest-fields; the meadow, the pearly lake, the rippling, ever-babbling brook, the village—

‘Dim described in yonder plain;’

the clouds—airy messengers, which come and go in ceaseless procession, like spirits sent from heaven on hasty errands.

“Animate it with life, intelligence, sentiment, and passion; make it the door and window of the soul, through which ‘all without may look in, and all within may look out,’—

‘The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passions’ host, that never brook’d control.’

In sorrow, let it be dimm’d and sad; in terror, wild and restless. But to the eye of the angry man, give fire; let a savage brightness shoot from its dark and

stormy surface, like lightning amid the blackness of a tempest; and when despair seizes the soul, knit the brows convulsively, and fix the eye in a fierce and sullen glare.

“Imprint, also, the finer sentiments. In joy, teach it to sparkle and beam with a mild and radiant light; in love and deep affection, to glow with a warm and melting softness. Here paint innocence and modesty with a sweet and lovely harmony, such as angels look. Benevolence, kindness, charity, patience—the choicest virtues—all holy passions and unholy, both good and evil, must be here depicted; and give it not the blank look of your dumb automaton, until death approaches.

“All flesh must perish; and as the soul lessens from its mysterious connection, fasten the sightless ball in the gaze of insensibility, and let a cold dampness distil from its surface to dim its lustre. Lighten it a moment with a celestial splendor, as if to announce the spirit's departure; then let its brightness cease for ever. Oh, foolish man! How vain are all your boastings, and how dwindled your greatness, when compared with Him ‘who laid the deep foundations of the earth, and spread the heavens abroad!’ * * *

“Thou hast listened to the song of a siren, and it was the song of Lucifer, ‘bright son of the morning,’ who warring for the throne, and sceptre of God, was hurled from the battlements of heaven. Thou hast listened until thine own harp is attuned with most

discordant strains; and thy erring feet have been lured to almost where the portals of eternal night shut out the day.

“ But a new harp is struck, and another song comes gathering upon the air; it is the song of Nature. From the woodlands and the heath, from hill-top and sequestered dell, it comes, and it saith, ‘There is a God!’ It is heard in the rustling of the forest leaves, in the warbling of the morning birds, in the whispers of the evening breeze, in the ‘warm hum of the insects by the side of the babbling brook,’ in the waterfall, in the rushing of the tempest, and the hollow murmur of the ocean-tide; and in all it saith, ‘There is a God!’ It speaks in the booming thunder, and is echoed by the broad mountain-side—from all around, above, beneath, a choral anthem is raised, and the voice of everything is heard to say, in harmonious melody, ‘There is a God, the Maker and Ruler of all things.’ ”



APPENDIX D.

ATHEISTIC BRAVADO.

A Mr. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, a lawyer by profession has been for some time past delivering lectures in various cities of the United States, against Christianity in general, and the God of the Bible in particular, in which he has indulged in a species of bravado not common among the infidels of this country. One of his favorite expressions is—"If God, the God of the Bible, should arraign me at his judgment-bar and condemn me, I will tell him to his face, he is a worse being than I thought him to be!" This grossly offensive sentence, strongly emphasized, is delivered in a boastful manner, with a look of expected triumph, as if what he has the hardihood to say is to be numbered among indisputable facts; as if, with all the uncancelled guilt of infidelity hanging as a dead weight upon his soul, he will be as calm and as self-possessed before the Judgment-seat of Christ, as if standing in an earthly court and before an earthly judge!

Mistaken man! A worm of earth confronting the Omniscient Judge, before whom all nations shall be gathered—before whose apocalyptic glory even holy men of old fell down as dead! One glance from those eyes, which are like flames of fire, will take all the courage out of the boldest infidel that ever lived and cause him to quail and shrink away more hastily and

more timorously than a coward before a brave man. He will tell the Judge *to his face!* Why not say, he will demand of the Judge to come down from his throne, lay aside his robes of office, and meet him on the plains of Ether, and decide the contest in deadly conflict? There is just about as much probability of his doing the one as the other. Let him read Matt. xxii. 11-13, and see the fate of one, who,—though only guilty of neglect, not having vilified his King, as Mr. Ingersoll has been in the habit of vilifying his God,—thought he could tell the King to his face, that, for sundry reasons, he was excusable, but who, when the King looked at Him and asked him only one question, was "*speechless!*" This just meets Mr. Ingersoll's supposed case. Should he persist in his present course and die an impenitent infidel, he will have at the Judgment-bar such a demonstration of the reality of what he has spent his time here in ridiculing, as will leave him no disposition to *lecture* the Judge on that solemn day. We have heard of another brave "Bob," but his surname was not "Ingersoll"—it was "Acres"—a name which has become a by-word for *courage*; but alas! his courage "oozed" away, or failed, just when it was most needed! The application is not hard to make.

At best a braggadocio is a poor specimen of manhood. Men of strong minds, engaged in a good cause, never brag—never boast of what they will do or of what they will not do. They instinctively distrust a cause that requires to be upheld by boast-

ing; there is nothing in it is the quick verdict. When Voltaire boasted that he would "crush the wretch," meaning Christ—a boast reiterated by his infidel *confreres*—did he, did they, crush him? When Tom Paine boasted that he had destroyed the authority of the Bible—did he succeed? Is the authority of the Bible less now than it was when he had finished his virulent crusade? When Julian, the apostate, in his malice and vanity, ordered by an edict that the name of Christian should be abolished—was it abolished? When, in the same spirit, he attempted to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem to falsify the prediction of Christ—was he successful? Rather, was he not compelled to cry out—"O Galilean! Thou hast conquered?" Have not "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers, taken counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed?" Have not philosophers and statesmen, mountebanks and ignoramuses, beardless boys and masculine women, waged war against God and Christianity? And what have they accomplished? What great victories have perched upon their banners? What glorious triumphs have signalized their march? Has the God of the Bible fewer worshippers, or has Jesus, the Anointed One, fewer followers to-day, than they had when these enemies were boasting, spouting, writing, publishing, blaspheming, fulminating, and persecuting? It is more than probable that, through their instrumentality, some souls have been lost and others ensnared, but atheism, pure and simple, has not, on the whole,

realized the sanguine hopes of its adherents. Still there is danger. On the other hand, it may be said without boasting, that the history of the Christian Church, during nearly nineteen centuries past, and the state of Christendom to-day, show that the enemies of the God of the Bible, the enemies of Christ, and his religion, are waging an unequal war, and that they will eventually sustain an ignominious defeat—for, "he," Christ, "must reign, till he hath put down all enemies under his feet."

Meantime Mr. Ingersoll is, *par excellence*, the champion of infidelity on this side of the water. Not content with lecturing in this world, he boasts of his intention of making a little speech at the Judgment Day. If condemned at that tribunal, he will tell God to his face that he is a *worse being* than he, R. G. I., whilst in the body, having a good supply of flesh and blood, and before these were devoured by greedy grave-worms, leniently thought he was! How *bad* he thinks God is now he does not say, but notwithstanding all that has been done to save him, unavailingly it appears, he is sure, if condemned, that God will be a great deal *worse*, and he is determined to tell him so, not behind his back but to his very face! Bravely said, but it is only *brag!* He does not believe in a general Judgment Day, nor in any of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible; he can, therefore, venture to boast—to *threaten* the God of the Bible, in whom, be it remembered, he says he does not believe, with an altered opinion, an opinion bad enough *now* but which will be a great deal worse

then ; and this bravado, he presumes, will have an effect on his audiences ! Whatever he is he will show these people he is not a coward ! We think his avowal ought to have a great effect on his audiences, an effect so great as to cause them immediately to retire, disgusted with his ribaldry. Self-respect, a due regard for sacred things, a just appreciation of indebtedness to Christianity for public order and the blessings and amenities of life, should lead any audience, except one composed entirely of sceptics, to manifest, by prompt action, becoming indignation at such unparalleled audacity as that publicly evinced by this missionary of atheistic scurrility. No community that prizes its corporate privileges should for a moment tolerate in its midst the outpourings of atheistic bombast, whether the conduit through which it flows is surrounded with broad-cloth, or covered with the coarsest material. Does not Mr. Ingersoll know that his appearance at the judgment-seat of Christ would imply his resurrection from the grave, a future state of being, in fact, all the great, grand, and solemn truths of the Bible, and the utter groundlessness of all his assertions to the contrary ? If so, does he not further know that he would not dare to deliver that *cut-and-dried* little speech of which he has made his boast ? *Brag* may pass here but not there. With the utmost kindness, therefore, we advise Mr. Ingersoll to consult his most important interests by making Jesus Christ, the appointed judge, his friend, whilst he has time and opportunity for so doing.

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