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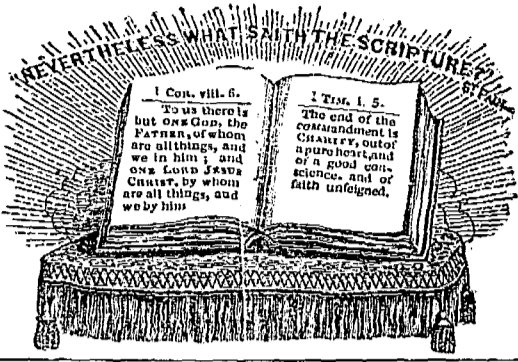
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THE BIBLE



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SIN COMPARED TO DISEASE.

BY DR. DEWEY.

Sin is often compared in the Scriptures to a disease, and the recovering from sin is represented under the image of healing. My intention is, to carry out this comparison to some points of useful, religious meditation.

Before going into the proposed detail we may observe, in general, that sin and disease resemble each other, in some respects, in the relation which they bear to our nature. Our nature is liable to both, but it was made, as its end, for neither. Nor was the soul made sinful, any more than the body was made sick. As their natural and perfect condition, our bodies were made for health, and our souls were made for virtue. Sin brings disorder into the moral constitution, as truly as disease brings disorder into the physical constitution, of our being.

Again; there is in our bodies a fine and beautiful organization, an exquisite adjustment of one part to another, which disease deranges. So does sin derange the moral system. It disturbs the healthful order of the affections. It pushes some of them to excess and goads them to fever, while others are struck with the chill of death. They flow in their wonted channels perhaps, but with irregular and intermitted action—not with the calm and even pulsations of vigorous life. Like obstructions in the bodily organs, like the inroads of disease upon the nerves and senses, like the jars of nervous irritability, like the film that dims the eye, or the heaviness that settles upon the ear, or the clog that weighs upon the limbs and fetters every muscular power, such is sin to the soul; it brings obstruction and pain, darkness and disorder and ruin, upon the whole moral constitution of our nature.

The various forms of the moral disease, also, answer to the varieties of physical disease. There is the moral fever—the passion inflamed with pursuit, when all healthful moral aliment and all the powers of the soul are converted into one raging and consuming desire. Again, there is a stupor in the soul—the moral paralysis. The mind is insensible to the calls of conscience and religion, it scarcely feels the pain—or even the consciousness—of rejecting them, so deep is its lethargy; it hears, but does not understand; it sees, but does not perceive; it has but a dull, benumbed and half-conscious sense of any thing that spiritually concerns it: that, I repeat, is the fearful moral paralysis—from which the soul must be aroused, or it will soon sink to utter perdition. There is the moral delirium. There is a mind which fancies it is well, when it is sick almost unto death; which although surrounded with signs of moral ruin, and an object of pity to every beholder, yet shocks the ear of every thoughtful spectator with its insane and boisterous merriment; which though essentially poor, and miserable, and destitute, yet thinks itself, and would have others think it, rich and fortunate, increased in goods, and full of goodly prospects. Many such are around us, morally insane, or palsied in every moral faculty, or burning with the fever of the passions. And many more are there, who are suffering in all the intermediate stages of moral disease. The variety of cases, indeed, is such that no limit can be set to it, and no description within the range of our present reflections can do it any justice.

Let us, however, attempt to bring before our minds this unhappy condition, in which the world is suffering, under some other and more detailed points of comparison.

Sin, let us observe, then, is like disease in its origin, i. e. in its causes, in its commencement,—in its progress;—in its effects;—in its remedies;—and in the process of cure.

It is like disease in its origin—in its causes and its commencement. There is a liability to both these evils, we have already said, in our nature; there is a liability, and that perhaps is all that we can say of what our nature does to create in us either disease or sin. But when we pass beyond this general and

primary account of the matter, we come to distinct causes—to causes, for which men are responsible. Of disease the world, and the civilized world especially, is full of causes, which are artificial, which are originated by man, by modes of dress and of living, by processes of cookery and distillation, and by those habits of mind, those cares, anxieties and sorrows, which are superinduced by an artificial state of society. How much there is that is wrong in the whole fabric and plan of civilized life among us, in its very nurture and economy from the first step of our existence to the last—how much is wrong in all this, is a question which no reformer, as I apprehend, has yet sounded to its depths. We are a race far more weak and sickly than the savages, far more so than our British ancestors, far more so than the elder tribes of every nation; we are such now by our very constitution, and our children are doomed to be such after us, and when or how the evil is to be remedied it is not easy to see. But be this as it may, such, or similar at least, are the causes of sin. They lie, many of them certainly, in circumstances, in the very foundations of society, in a wrong education, in prevailing false maxims, in artificial temptations, in the whole economy and in the very atmosphere of civilized life. Much occasion as there is to be disheartened at the wrong which men intentionally and wilfully do, there is still more cause to despair of remedying the evil which they do unconsciously—the evil which they do, in business, in conversation, in the scenes of recreation, and never call it evil because all along for years and through generations the world has been going on in the same way.

The operation of these causes is often imperceptible; and so it is, that sin in the heart, like disease in the body, takes its origin, it is scarcely possible to tell when, or where, or in what manner. It steals into the mind like the breath of a tainted atmosphere. As a man walketh forth amidst the evening damps, and unconsciously draweth from some noxious exhalation the seeds of a disease that is yet to destroy him; so doth he walk forth in the presence of evil moral influences, perchance at the same hour of eventide, and from the surrounding atmosphere of bad example, from the poisonous breath of evil communings, are engendered those vague impressions, those lax and licentious ideas, those guilty thoughts, whose fruit is death. If we look to have disease or sin present itself before us in some definite and alarming aspect at its first assault, we shall be greatly mistaken. When a disorder has become fever or consumption, it has indeed taken a distinct form, but it has then advanced far from its first secret lodgement in the system. And when the moral disorder has become intemperance or avarice, it has taken many fatal steps from its first imperceptible beginnings. Therefore the truest wisdom is prevention. It is, to guard with the strictest prudence, with habitual watch and care, all the avenues through which evil enters.

The progress of sin too is like that of disease. Sometimes it is imperceptible. The man has become worse and worse, more selfish, self-indulgent, passionate, proud, sensual and corrupt; low purposes and mean thoughts have usurped the place of high and pure sentiments; but all this has taken place so gradually, that he is but half-conscious of the change that has passed upon him, and like many a man in declining health, he will not admit that he is sick, and that his soul needeth to be healed. But the progress of sin is sometimes more visibly marked; its character is more distinct, and its symptoms more definite. It is like a fever or plague; it seizes its victim as with the fury of a demon, and hurries him to swift destruction. Again—and this is perhaps the most common case,—it is fluctuating. How often, in sickness, is the patient reported to be one day better, and another day worse; now the symptoms are more encouraging, and then they are more alarming. So it is often with the course of the transgressor. At one time his case appears very dark and discouraging. His evil habits gain strength and for a time hold irresistible sway over him. But now

in the midst of this terrible career, it is very likely that there will be a temporary reform, and his friends will say, there is hope of his recovery. Oh! those hopes of moral recovery—how do they encourage and disappoint, allure and blight the affections of anxious and watchful friendship! And thus will the man hold on his irregular and troubled course; ever growing worse, though sometimes seeming better—ever growing worse and worse;—weaker to resist evil, and more impatient after every temporary self-denial to plunge into new indulgences, till at last, if he repent not, he will arrive at that dreadful condition where hope is extinguished, where the body and the soul together are sinking into ruin.

Again, the effects of disease may illustrate the effects of sin. Disease prostrates the system, lets down the tone of useful and vigorous action at every step, enfeebles every limb and sense and physical faculty, and ultimately makes of the man a child, causes him to be timid, irresolute, faltering, disheartened, and finally brings him to that state when his life is a grievance to himself and a grief to others. What one of these effects is not emblematic of some portion of the experience of every moral offender? Does not sin, in every form, whether of excess or defect, of violence or indolence, does it not tend to prostrate the energies of its victim? Is it not ever hasting to bring about that result in which a man is a curse to himself and others? Does it not almost invariably bring feebleness, faintness, and irresolution, into the soul?

Perhaps it will be said that it does not immediately. Neither does that process by which disease is consummated give any such tokens, in its earlier stages, of its destructive tendency. The effects, the visible and sensible effects at least, often lie at a considerable distance from the causes. The dyspeptic patient often feels better for free living, to-day; but he will feel worse next week. And so it is true that that course of sensual and selfish indulgence, which is an offence alike against medicine and morality, and with which some set out in the career of life, has sometimes, for a season, no visibly bad effect. The youthful offender flourishes as the green bay-tree. There are health and high spirits; there is something that seems very like happiness; and the poor victim rejoices in his heart, and is persuaded that his is a very good way to live in. "Your strict, solemn, over-virtuous people he is very sorry for. No spirit! no life! no courage!—they dare not be happy." Ah! how differently will tell a few years' experience of a dissolute course. Whose then will be the spirit, the life, the courage? Will they be his, who wakes up stupid, sullen, peevish, pale, and paralyzed, from the last night's debauch? Will they be his, whose soul and body have together become diseased and broken down? Will they be his, who stands a wreck of life, upon the borders of the grave?

Let us pass now to consider the remedies of disease, whether it be physical or moral. And the comparison will be sufficiently understood, when we say, that for the cure of moral diseases no nostrums, no panaceas, are to be relied on. Nothing is safe but a course of wholesome, judicious, careful treatment. The moral, as well as the medical patient is to feel, that if he tampers with his disease, he is very likely never to get well. He is not to let the disorder of his soul run on, under a notion that he may by and by apply some grand prescription of spiritual quackery, and all will be sound and strong again.

The wish has perhaps occurred to every one in sickness and pain,—the idea at least has occurred, that there might have been some grand restorative, some elixir, some fountain opened, which would at a single draught have healed every wound, assuaged every pain, and cured every raging disease. But an instant's reflection must have showed us, that such a provision, so apparently gracious at first view, would be the most fatal of all evils. It would be, for it would enable men to dispense with all that wholesome care and moderation, which are so necessary to the order and virtue of Society.—So must we regard all moral specifics of quick and sovereign efficacy for saving the

people from the power, and pain, and threatened destruction of sin. No doubt, great cures will be talked of under this extravagant system of practice, and sometimes, by the force of imagination and of circumstances, great cures will be effected. Much more will be made of them, than of ordinary cases of healing; statements and names will be published, to prove the efficacy of the extraordinary medicines invented for the cure of the soul, and to induce others to take them; there will be much excitement about the new measures for spiritual healing; but all this while, the moral health of the people will suffer. Just so far as they rely upon spiritual nostrums and specifics, will they neglect the habitual care of themselves.—Just so often as they resort to these methods of sudden and extraordinary practice, will they be superficially dealt with, imperfectly cured, and ultimately injured.

No, the process of recovery from sin is slow. Such is all healing of chronic diseases—i. e. of diseases of long standing, which are fixed in the constitution; and sin is a chronic disease. There are indeed sudden disorders in the moral constitution, which may be speedily healed. Some passion may be urged to fever, and hurried to indulgence; and discovery may bring about a crisis, or the strength of the moral nature may interpose an effectual check, and in a few days there may be a complete recovery. But not so with that diseased state of the soul, that moral debility, which has been brought on by a long course of sinful indulgence or sinful neglect. From that state a man must rise by little and little, by a regular, patient, daily care and prudence, by a constant and persevering repetition of little attentions, or by fixed and almost insensible habits, and not by any notable and grand practice. It is not so much the power of medicine, then, however judiciously applied, that is to recover the constitution, as it is a strict regimen and healthful exercise.

I say, regimen. Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the spiritual care of ourselves which is necessary, than what in medical practice is commonly called dieting. There is nothing in the physical care, which is more difficult than this, or in which so many patients utterly fail. They can do some great thing, they can go abroad on journeys for health, they can be much excited about the matter and sigh to be well; they can apply to a physician, they can take medicine, they can use all the resources of the most extravagant practice, be it steaming or cauterizing, drenching with flood, or burning with fire; but they cannot use a little moderation! for that will take a long time, and require a great deal of care: and a hundred patients will fail here, where one will fail in any other point. Moderation, restraint, dieting!—many abhor the very idea of it; and had rather die than diet; and they will die, for the want of nothing but prudence. So it is in the moral course. Protracted, perpetual self-restraint is the only cure for multitudes; and yet they will do any thing—attend meetings, rush into excitements, make much ado, use prescriptions, seek counsel only to resist it, and after all suffer tortures and vent groans of remorse—any thing will they submit to, but sober, strict, daily, hourly, self-denial. And yet this is the only way in which they can be saved: and they who rely on any other means are not saved.—They are only to use the physician's phrase, patched up for a time; the moral disease is only held in occasional check; and though they may be called Christians and may have a standing in the church, they go on weak, inefficient, halting, now better and now worse, now recovering and then falling, to their dying day.

I say, again, that for moral healing, there must be a regular and constant exercise of the moral faculties. It is not enough to submit to a certain course of moral treatment. Many are willing to do that. They are willing to go to church and passively to listen; they are willing to read a book about the spiritual discipline, and they hope that it will do them good, but it will not do them good; and nothing will do them good, unless they put their moral powers to vigorous exer-

'cise. The feeble limb, the debilitated body must gain strength by exercise; and so must the feeble conscience, and the debilitated soul. Nature must work with the physician, or all is in vain; and so must nature work with the spiritual Restorer, even though that restorer be the Saviour of men, or all is equally in vain.

This point cannot be too much insisted on. He who would be a good man must—pardon the freedom of the phrase—must set about it. He has talked long enough about what he would be; let him do something. Let him do the first thing that presents itself as a duty—and the second thing—and every thing that his conscience bids him do. I repeat it, let him do something. I leave the subject with this direction, for none more weighty can be given; the whole burden of scripture exhortation lies upon it—*let him do something.*

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

There is in every soul a consciousness of its capacity for godliness,—a consciousness which can hardly be repressed and silenced even by the authority of the Church. The mere description of conceivable goodness, even though it be in a work of fiction, enkindles our aspirations. How much more, then, is an actual example of a perfectly pure, un sullied, godly life adapted to incite us to holy living. "Not theory, but life, produces life." Not by embracing any theories respecting the nature of Jesus shall we be redeemed from sin; but by attaining a vivid apprehension of his moral excellence. It is by enabling us to form a clear conception of true moral perfectness, that Jesus enkindles in us the aspiration for perfection. And this he has done by his life more than by his preaching. The most peculiar, the deepest moral influences of Christianity, I believe, flow from the character of its author. No influence is so quickening as example. It is a noiseless power, like all the other mightiest energies of nature, like attraction or gravitation; but it works directly on the springs of action, on the issues of life. It is powerful for evil as well as for good. Few are so steadfast, so firm in virtue, that they may safely expose themselves to the corrupting influences of bad examples. "Lead us not into temptation," is the prayer which Jesus has enjoined upon all to use. "Enter not into the path of the wicked; go not in the way of evil men; avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and flee away," is the advice of Solomon; and it is not deemed overcautious by the truly wise of our day.

On the other hand, few are so brutish, few so dead, as to resist altogether, and forever, the influence of unfeigned, persevering, earnest goodness. "Let your light so shine before men," said Jesus to his Apostles, "that they may see your good works, and" (as if it were a matter of course) "glorify your Father which is in heaven." Undoubtedly it was the obvious piety, benevolence, self-devotion of the first disciples, that made converts to Christianity, as well as their preaching. And in all ages since, it has been the fidelity of the true-hearted men and women, who have embraced some higher principles of godliness than those generally received in their day, and adhered to them through good report and evil report, at any expense, at any sacrifice of present prosperity or ease,—it has been the fidelity of such, that has carried onward the work of the Lord, the redemption of the world. There have been instances in ancient and modern times of the mighty effects produced by the example of individuals, which I would gladly adduce, if time permitted. The Apostle has given us, in the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews, a list of the faithful ones of old, who did so much in the cause of God and humanity. But in later days, we have Oberlin, the pastor of a rude, illiterate, half-civilized people among the Alps, who, by his untiring perseverance in a life of active and passive godliness, succeeded by himself in greatly changing their characters, and in diffusing amongst them the blessings of knowledge and religion. There, too, was Felix Neff, who, in a very similar situation, by the same means,—his own example,—produced a like signal effect.

But there can be no need that I should multiply instances in proof or illustration of the power of a holy example. It is felt more or less, it is acknowledged, by all men, and ever has been. Why, we are assured in Holy Writ, that if there had been ten, ay, only five righteous men in Sodom, that wicked city would not have been destroyed, for there would have been a reasonable hope that the influence of their example might have reclaimed even that profigate people. You may go now into the

most immoral community on earth, and if there be a truly good man there, you shall see that his life and character are not without influence. It may not be sufficiently powerful to redeem that community, but it will check some in their mad career. And you shall see that the upright man has the confidence of even the most licentious. In the hour of their utmost need, they will look to him for counsel and assistance. Such is the tribute that the human soul everywhere pays to goodness. Where the character of the holy man fails to produce a visible effect while he lives, its influence may be seen after his death. His virtues, perhaps, administer a reproof, which a wicked and perverse generation at first will not bear. They may hate him because he tells them the truth. They may gnash their teeth at him, persecute him in many ways, put him to death. But, after all, there is a witness in his favor even in their own bosoms. They cannot quench the light of his life. They cannot obscure the excellence of his character. And when they have glutted their malice, and spent their rage, the conviction will return to their hearts, that the fault was not in their victim, but in themselves. They will smite their breasts in self-reproach. The confession will rise irrepressibly to their lips,—"Truly, he was a righteous man." They will feel that it were better for them to become like him.

Converts to Christianity were greatly multiplied by the martyrdom of Stephen. Saul of Tarsus, while standing by and holding the garments of those who were stoning the holy man to death, beheld the power of his faith, saw the joy of heaven—the peace of God—in his angelic countenance; and that young, furious Hebrew zealot, received into his heart the conviction which was the beginning of his own conversion. So it was with others in that day. So it has been since. We all attribute the successive advances that the Gospel has made in subsequent times to the example of those holy men, who have embraced its principles "in all godliness and honesty," and maintained them at any expense of suffering,—even death. Indeed, it has passed into a proverb, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." True goodness is imperishable. Fidelity to truth and duty is never lost. Prophecies may fail. Tongues may cease. Knowledge may vanish away. But true goodness is never lost. Now, the history of Jesus of Nazareth is the most signal illustration of this great fact in the economy of the moral world.—*Rev. Samuel J. May.*

CONTEMPLATION OF VIRTUE BENEFICIAL.

All degrading views of our nature are certainly very debasing to the mind. It is a natural law that we are apt to assimilate most thoroughly with those things which we contemplate most frequently. The contemplation of virtue, is calculated to inspire the love of virtue, and to prompt to virtuous deeds; while he who, even speculatively, becomes familiar with vice, is in danger of contamination and practical debasement. I believe no one will deny that this is a fundamental law of the mind; while some even go so far as to apply this law to our physical nature, and assert that the contemplation of the beautiful will produce beauty.

Taking, however, for granted, the existence of this mental law, I remark, that he who is constantly on the watch for evidence of human depravity, does himself a serious injury. In his anxiety to establish the truth of a theory, he may become, in his own person, its most conspicuous example. His theory may be, in himself, reduced to practice. But he who gladly hails every trait of God's image in his brother man—who feels a thrill of joy when he hears of any action of generous self-sacrifice for the good of another—whose pulses throb at the recital of noble deeds; he who most watches for, and most gladly hails such delightful developments of human sympathy in others, is most sure to glow with sympathy himself, and to reflect the image of his benevolent God and Father. Such a person illumines and rejoices all around him.

And how comes it that there is always such a general burst of generous human feelings at the news of any great act of virtue, even if it comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth? The first shout of joy and triumph is ever swelling higher and higher, and waxing louder and louder, as it rolls onward towards the most distant lands. Through raging oceans, over rugged mountains, the tide of human feeling rolls, a pure and undivided stream, gathering tribute and swelling as it goes. Thus, the world over, heart meets heart; and virtue receives, sooner or later, a sure reward. But, if men were totally depraved, they would naturally rejoice only in the triumph of vice.

What a pealing anthem of joy resounded through every land when the tidings came that for conscience' sake, the ministers and people of the Free Church of Scotland had given up their beloved altars, and gone forth, poor and unsheltered, beneath the broad canopy of heaven! What meant that universal shout? Of what was it a sign? Why did the heart beat quicker than was its wont, and the tear of emotion suffuse the eye? It was because the motive which impelled those men—let it even have been, as some suppose, a mistaken one—found a glad response in every human breast. It was because they gave up all for conscience' sake.

In the life of the great and good Fenelon, a circumstance is related which gives an appropriate and capital illustration of the power of goodness to reach and soften the hardest hearts. The circumstance is thus narrated:

"The diocese of Cambrai was often the theatre of war, and experienced the cruel ravages of retreating and conquering armies. But an extraordinary respect was paid to Fenelon by the invaders of France. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch, rivalled the inhabitants of Cambrai in their veneration for the Archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, all feelings of hatred and jealousy that divided the nations, seemed to disappear in the presence of Fenelon. Military escorts were offered him for his personal security, but these he declined, and traversed the countries desolated by war, to visit his flock, trusting in the protection of God. In these visits, his way was marked by alms and benefactions. While he was among them, the people seemed to enjoy peace in the midst of war."

Here is a beautiful illustration of the sovereign power of goodness. Enemies are made friends; the evil passions engendered and fostered by war, are changed into mildness and kind regard. And all this because of the inspiring presence of a good man!

"The virtues of Fenelon," says his biographer, "give his history the air of romance; but his name will never die. Transports of joy were heard at Cambrai when his ashes were discovered, which, it was thought, had been scattered by the tempest of the Revolution; and to this moment the Flemings call him 'the good Archbishop.'"—*Mrs. Dana's Letters.*

SEEKING THE TRUTH.

We should beware how we exhibit any thing like a spirit of pride and arrogance in our possession of the truth, as though we rejoiced that it belonged exclusively to us, and were not the common property of all men. For it *does* belong to us all, that gracious truth which God has revealed in order to our salvation. We are all alike concerned to know it, to believe it, to obey it. Let us love the truth too well then, to uphold it against others who deny it, other than in a loving spirit, and with a sincere desire to bring them to a knowledge of it. A disputatious spirit does not evidence a deep and pure love for the truth. It is rather a sign of vanity and self-conceit—of a desire to gain the victory in a strife of words—than any thing else. It is true that every Christian is beholden to maintain the truth when it is attacked, to give a reason for the faith which is in him, and, as he may have opportunity, to recover others from their errors. But he is to do it all in a spirit of meekness and humility, with caution lest he injure the sacred cause which he upholds, and with tender concern, lest he may repulse those whom he would fain draw over to his own belief. But he is not to be seeking at all times, and under all circumstances, occasion for controversy. As a true Christian soldier, and a faithful witness for the truth, he is not required to be always on the attack, and to manifest ever a hostile spirit towards those who do not hold with him. And when the battle for truth is put upon him, he is not to shun it, but he is to engage in that holy warfare in a proper spirit, remembering that his truest victory will be, not to have his opposer discomfited but still an enemy to the truth, but its willing captive, through the force of clear persuasion and words spoken in love.

We live in a day rife with religious controversy—a day in which all manner of religious notions are abroad. The Arch-enemy would seem to be striving, not without success, as it is ever his wicked device, to confound to the minds of men truth and error into one; to set them afloat upon the wide sea of speculation, and to create a feeling of scepticism and doubt as to whether there is any such thing as a *one system of revealed truth* needful to be known and believed by man in order to his salvation. As we would escape the perils which surround us, the dangers we run of missing the truth, and of falling into some of the manifold forms of error, it is imperative upon us all, that we

cherish for the truth a spirit of affectionate love, that we be not afraid to know it, however that knowledge may find us in a false position towards it, and require us to forsake the system or the sect to which we may have attached ourselves. God's truth is eternal and unchangeable. It is that alone which shall endure, when all the counterfeit systems of falsehood and error shall be swept away. Upon that truth, we are to build up ourselves, our lives, our hopes for eternity, if we would build upon a rock and not upon the sand. Let us be diligent and conscientious then in seeking ever to learn that truth. Let us look to the grounds of our faith. And let us, after our best endeavors to find it out, be zealous and earnest in maintaining it.—But let us do so, in true charity for those we think to be in error. So loving the truth, so speaking it in love, shall we "grow up into Him in all things Who is the Head, even Christ," Who is "the way, the truth, and the life;" Who would have us all to know the truth, that by it we may be made free from all sin and error.—*Calendar.*

The habit of exaggerating the wretchedness of man's condition, for the purpose of rendering Jesus more necessary, operates very seriously to degrade men's love to Jesus, by accustoming them to ascribe to him a low and common-place character. Were you to see millions and millions of the human race on the edge of a fiery gulf, where ages after ages of torture awaited them, and were the shrieks of millions who had already been plunged into the abyss to pierce your ear, could you refrain from an overpowering compassion, and would you not willingly endure hours and days of exquisite pain to give these wretched millions release? Is there any man who has not virtue enough for this? I have known men of ordinary character hazard their lives under the impulse of compassion, for the rescue of fellow-beings from infinitely lighter evils than are here supposed. To me, it seems, that to paint the misery of human beings in these colors of fire and blood, and to ascribe to Christ the compassion which such misery must awaken, and to make this the chief attribute of his mind, is the very method to take from his character its greatness, and to weaken his claim on our love.—*Rev. W. E. Channing, D. D.*

We must not look round on the universe with awe, and on man with scorn; for man, who can comprehend the universe and its laws, "is greater than the universe, which cannot comprehend itself." God dwells in every human being more intimately than in the outward creation. The voice of God comes to us in the ocean, the thunder, the whirlwind; but how much more of God is there in his inward voice, in the intuitions of reason, in the rebukes of conscience, in the whispers of the Holy Spirit! I would have you see God in the awful mountain, and in the tranquil valley; but more, much more, in the clear judgment, the moral energy, the disinterested purpose, the pious gratitude, the immortal hope, of a good man.—*Ibid.*

The Bible Christian.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1847.

THE DIFFERENCES AND DIFFICULTIES OF ORTHODOXY.

Our Orthodox friends are prone betimes to enlarge on the differences which exist among Unitarians, adducing the fact of these as evidence of the uncertainty of the Unitarian system. We do not pretend to deny that differences exist among us. It would be strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. We give a free range to inquiry, and conceive that the interests of truth are best served by doing so. We neither impose nor accept any human formularies of faith, with the view of securing uniformity of opinion. We believe these to be disastrous to the progress of truth, and the cause of virtue among men,—sometimes preventing investigation entirely, and sometimes fostering hypocrisy by inducing men to make outward professions which they do not inwardly believe. Unitarians, then, from the very position they take may be expected to differ. Of course they all agree on that great fundamental doctrine from which they derive their distinguishing name—that strict unity of God. By a de-

parture from this, they would cease to be Unitarians.

The Orthodox, however, in noticing the differences among Unitarians are but pointing to the mote in the brother's eye, while they are forgetful of the beam that is in their own. In comparison with the differences which exist among the orthodox, those which exist among the Unitarians are unimportant. The Orthodox differ in opinion on points held to be fundamental. They differ on doctrines, the right perception of which they hold to be indispensable to salvation. Amongst Unitarians this is not the case. All the Orthodox hold the Trinity to be a fundamental point, yet they are unable to agree as to what the Trinity means. Not fewer than twenty different schemes have been proposed, which if laid out in order, would exhibit a graduated scale, at the one end of which we should find Tritheism, and at the other Unitarianism.

On the doctrine of human depravity, too, a wide difference of opinion prevails. Some maintain the total and innate wickedness of the human being—a wickedness natural to him, and born with him—inherited from the first man. This wickedness, they say, makes him the object of God's displeasure and curse. Consistently with this view the very infant is condemned to the pains of hell. Others, again, perceiving the monstrous character of this doctrine, materially modify it by asserting that the basis of the evil lies in the will of the individual, and that until the child commits sin by his own choice he cannot be the object of Divine displeasure. These maintain, at the same time, that the child will by a necessity of nature commit sin whenever he begins to act as a moral being. A very remarkable occurrence has lately taken place in the United States, which illustrates the uncertainty which exists among the Orthodox on the subject of human depravity.—One of their most eminent divines, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, Conn. published a tract some time ago on the subject of "Christian Nurture." The matter of the book had been previously preached from his own pulpit in the form of Discourses, and was afterwards read before the Ministerial Association to which he belonged. Here it was favorably received, and a request made to the writer that he would publish it. To this he consented, and the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society asked permission to publish the Tract under their auspices. This was granted by the writer, and the book appeared, "approved by the Committee of Publication," as stated on the title page. In this tract the author maintained, or assumed, that there are certain capacities in human nature, which, when properly developed, constitute goodness. This seems to us very reasonable, and capable of being sustained by facts closely connected with human experience, and open to observation. So likewise, as it would appear, thought the Association of Ministers who requested its publication, and the Committee of the Sabbath School Society who requested permission to publish it. The latter body, we are told by Dr. Bushnell himself, had the manuscript some five or six months in their hands for examination. To use his own phrase, it underwent "a sifting till the paper itself came near giving out in the process." Now if certainty was to be obtained at all concerning the Orthodoxy of the book, one would think it should have been obtained under all those circumstances. But the instructive part of the matter—that which shows us that the doctrine of human depravity among the Orthodox rests on no certain basis—remains to be told. The book was published and circulated. Criticisms were made upon it from certain quarters of the Orthodox camp. It was stigma-

tised in these criticisms as heterodox—all prior examinations by Orthodox Associations and Committees, notwithstanding. And the very men who approved it as "Orthodox," were obliged to suspend its publication,—that is, to suppress it—because others of their brethren had pronounced it "heterodox." So ill-ascertained are the foundations of the prominent Orthodox doctrines:

And even with regard to the Atonement a similar diversity is to be observed. We all know what stress is laid on this doctrine in Orthodox teaching. Yet they differ widely in opinion as to what it signifies. Some would explain it in a sense which would be readily accepted by Unitarians, while others present it in an aspect at which common sense revolts. Very wide, indeed, are the differences which exist among the Orthodox on this point, and great are the difficulties which it presents. Not long since, a distinguished American Orthodox clergyman, having carefully listened to the expositions of his English brethren on this subject, made a public declaration that they did not understand it. Dr. Cox's own language is that they are "blundering to the souls of their auditors." Even now the sounds of a Controversy, involving the essential character of the Atonement, is sounding in our ears from the bosom of Orthodoxy. It originated in this way. Some time since a book was published in New-York, entitled "The Sufferings of Christ." The author was Mr. Griffin, a lay gentleman, who maintains that in the sufferings and death of Christ, God actually suffered and died. Now this doctrine, wild and irrational as it is, is absolutely necessary to the common theory of vicarious Atonement by an infinite sacrifice. But it was assailed by Orthodox criticism and some recommendations given, or measures taken (if we remember right) to stop the sale of the book which so confidently set it forth. Its most prominent opponent was Dr. Tyler of the East Windsor Theological Institute, who published a formal reply to it. We here submit a few paragraphs taken from an article on the subject, which appeared in the columns of the Boston Christian Register, an Unitarian Journal. By perusing them our readers may form some idea of the difficulty which Orthodoxy experiences in this matter.

"The doctrine of Mr. Griffin's work has moreover, been ably sustained in the Christian Review, the Biblical Repository, the Oberlin Review, and in the present July number of the New Englander. The latter expresses the opinion, that 'the great body of the Church, without any theory in mind respecting the possibility of the Divine nature, have believed that Christ suffered in his Divine nature; that it is this chiefly which constitutes the infinite costliness of the sacrifice for sin.' He shows that it is no new doctrine. He quotes Watts, in whose Psalms and Hymns stand such affirmations as the following:—

* God the Mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.
* Jehovah crucified.
* Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity."

"He brings forward Charnock, who affirms that 'Christ's groans were the groans of God, his pangs the pangs of God;' and Hooper, who says, 'We care for no knowledge in the world but this, that man hath sinned, and God hath suffered. He finds in Horsley the declaration, that, 'the same God who in one person exacts the punishment, in another himself sustains it: and thus makes his own mercy pay the satisfaction to his own justice.' Beveridge declares, that the expression, 'they crucified the Lord of glory,' is 'the same as if the apostle said, they crucified God himself.' And to mention no other, (though the writer in the New Englander presents the names of Chalmers, and Harris, and Witherspoon, and Robert Hall,—we think, without finding any just support in them,) he quotes from Vinet's Vital Christianity, recently translated from

the French by Dr. Turnbull, of the Baptist denomination,—'O mystery! O miracle! a God humbled, a God weeping, a God anguished, a God dying!' 'That long agony of God for generations!'

"On the other hand, Dr. Tyler perceives the logical, and yet irrational conclusions, which must be inferred from the doctrine that the Divine nature suffered agony in Jesus, in the garden and on the cross. He well says, that "if this is to be regarded as an undoubted article of the Christian religion, it will furnish an argument against it more plausible than any which have been adduced by Hume, or Bolingbroke, or Voltaire.' There are certain first truths respecting the attributes of the Deity, which are as necessary and as obvious as the truth that God is. And any revelation which should teach doctrines contradictory of these first truths, would be unworthy of reception, equally with a professed Revelation which should declare there is no God. Revelation, which does not prove, but which assumes as a first truth, the Being of God, equally assumes the fact, that the immutable, ever-blessed Divine Being cannot suffer torment. One would suppose, that any course of reasoning tending to prove that God suffers pain and torment, would at once awaken the conviction in the reasoner's mind, that his premises must be erroneous.

"See how Dr. Tyler and Mr. Griffin stand related on the subject in question. Dr. Tyler argues that the Divine nature is not capable of suffering torment. He reasons precisely as Unitarians do on the subjects of the Trinity, and Nature of Christ, and Atonement. He argues from Reason and Scripture. The texts which seem to affirm that the divine nature is capable of suffering, he does not interpret literally. On the other hand, Mr. Griffin interprets them literally; and to him the argument from common sense or from reason is just as inconclusive, as is a similar argument from Unitarians with Dr. Tyler on the subject of the Trinity and Atonement.

"If the doctrine that the Divine nature in Christ suffered, be the logical deduction from the doctrine of two natures in one person in Christ, then on Dr. Tyler's theory, which is the prevailing theory at least of the New England Orthodox churches, and of the new school theologians out of New England, hang suspended all the calamitous consequences which he deprecates in the theory of Mr. Griffin. He ought to know, and the Orthodox who sympathize with him in and out of New England ought to know, that many 'plain people,' who take the liberty to think for themselves, and who also take his theory as an undoubted article of the 'Christian religion,' are furnished at his own hands, and at the hands of the Orthodox Church at large, with what Dr. Tyler himself calls, an 'argument against that religion more plausible than any which have been adduced by Hume, or Bolingbroke, or Voltaire.' The position of Dr. Tyler is precisely parallel with that which he regards as the position of Mr. Griffin, in relation to promoting infidelity. He stands in the same plane of argument. He assumes certain doctrines as true, but shuts his eyes against the legitimate consequences of them. Mr. Griffin argues for the suffering of Christ in his Divine nature, as God over all blessed forever, but shuts his eyes against the necessary consequences of such a doctrine.

"We have said we are deeply interested in the results of this controversy. We are strongly in hope, and we believe, that many in the Orthodox churches who will read Mr. Griffin's book, and the articles which it has called forth, will not adopt his conclusions; but, perceiving their contradiction alike of the truths of natural and revealed religion, and that they flow legitimately from the doctrines of two natures in one person in Christ, and of the need of an infinite atonement, will reject these two last doctrines as well as the former, and stand on Unitarian ground. Dr. Tyler perceives the advantage which must result to Unitarianism. 'Beware,' he says to all who are inclined to favor Mr. Griffin's theory; 'how you put into the hands of Unitarians a more potent weapon than any which they have hitherto attempted to wield.'

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THE CONCESSIONS OF TRINITARIANS; being a Selection of Extracts from the most eminent Biblical Critics and Commentators. By John Wilson.

"We cannot conceive a Trinitarian looking this book in the face, without a decided sinking of the heart,—without a sense of the ground, which he had taken to be so solid shrinking from under him,—without the involuntary ejaculation 'Save me from my friends!' For here are six hundred pages of refutation of Trinitarianism, by Trinitarians themselves, drawn from over two hundred eminent writers of that denomination. In other words, it is a volume of extracts from celebrated orthodox writers of all ages of the church, in which they have invaginated Unitarian positions of Trinitarian proof-texts. And it appears, from examining the work—what, indeed, has often been loosely asserted—that there is not one out of all the passages in the Bible brought forward in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, which, by one or more Trinitarian writers, has not been given up to their opponents, as admitting or requiring a Unitarian interpretation. Here, therefore, we have a perfect armoury of weapons for the destruction of the Great Error, furnished by the believers and defenders of the error themselves."

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PRAYER.

BY DR. BOWRING, M. P.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends, — O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring, on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our trust;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice, — it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away, — and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing;
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering, — Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, — not by frowns or terrors, —
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever,
My bosom? — Never.

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark
portal
Becomes immortal.

NIGHT.

A SONNET, BY THE LATE REV. J. B. WHITE.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame —
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilest fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That two such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife —
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION.

From Burrill's Bond of Brotherhood.

We see that the New York Evening Gazette is serving up to its readers a very interesting and valuable *plat des morceaux choisis*, under the caption of "Scraps of Curious Information." We, also, have endeavored to present facts, from time to time, which we deemed something more sober than "Curious." Below will be found a few of these scraps, which we have scraped together for all curious and sober men.

The mercantile shipping of the civilized world amounts to about 8,000,000 tons; which is worth, new and old, \$30 per ton; and nets, clear of expenses, interest and insurance 10 per cent, or \$24,000,000 per annum. The appropriation to the British Navy for the current year, is \$33,620,200! Is not that a "scrap of curious information?"

The American Board of Foreign Missions has become almost a wonder of the world for its extensive operations of Christian philanthropy in heathen lands. Since its institution, it has received and disbursed more than \$2,500,000 for the promulgation of the Gospel. The Military Academy at West-Point has received from the Government more than \$4,000,000!!! Is not that "a scrap of curious information?"

The officers of the U. S. Navy receive as salary over \$2,000,000 per annum. The ministers of the Gospel receive an average salary of \$500 each. Then the pay of our naval officers equals that received by 4000 ministers for all their labours of love, in season and out of season. And is not that "a scrap of curious information?"

From March 4th, 1789 to June 30th 1844, our Government expended on the War Department \$663,438,851. For civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post office, light houses, and intercourse with foreign nations, \$161,120,114. A scrap of curious information to the curious, truly!

The value of the cotton exported from the

United States from 1821 to 1842, inclusive, was \$886,984,209. The profit on this amount at 10 per cent, clear of all losses and expenses, and the interest of capital invested, would be \$88,698,420. The appropriations to the U. S. Navy, during the same period, have amounted to \$72,912,484, leaving a balance of more than \$15,000,000 in favor of the cotton interest above the expenditures for the Navy. Fifteen millions of dollars, then is all that "sinews bought and sold have earned" in the fields of the South, for 22 years, above the cost of our glorious little navy! A "scrap of curious information" to the cotton grower.

It costs much hard labour beneath a burning sun, to produce a bushel of wheat. A crop of this important grain covers over the farmer's year with solicitude and toil, and he is apt to reckon in the just reward of his own labor with the profits of his crop of wheat. Fifteen per cent, clear of the interest of the capital invested in land, implements and hired and personal labor, is a liberal estimate for the profit accruing to the wheat and corn grower. In 1842 there were produced in the United States 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat, worth, at 75 cts. per

bushel,	\$75,000,000
Indian corn, 142,000,000 bushels at 40 cts.	56,800,000
Total	\$131,800,000
	15

Profit at 15 per cent. \$19,770,000,00
Appropriation to the Army and Navy the same year \$20,150,401,00

Hard-working farmers, is not that a "scrap of curious information" to you?

There are 1521 naval officers in the pay of the Government, whose salaries average \$1,300 each, per annum.

There are 45 war-ships, carrying 1504 guns, in actual service. The cost of officering each ship, then, amounts to \$45,000 per annum. Government has more than one officer, at the salary of \$1,300, to every gun in service! In 1844 there were 365 of these officers "waiting orders," i. e. doing nothing — and yet they received about \$350,000, nearly as much as was paid to all the members of the Senate and House of Representatives the same year.

To the foregoing items concerning war, may be added the following concerning Slavery. We find them selected to our hand from papers published in Slave-holding States of the Union:—

"Ran away, my negro man Richard. A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid for his apprehension, dead or alive. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being killed—D. A. Rhodes, Alabama."

"About the 1st of March last, the negro man Ramsom left me, without the least provocation whatever. I will give a reward of twenty dollars for said negro, if taken dead or alive; and if killed in any attempt, an advance of 5 dollars will be paid—B. Johnson, Crawford Co. Geo."

"Was committed to jail, a negro boy named Jim—had a large lock chain round his neck—Wm. Toler, Sheriff, Simpson Co., Miss."

"Ran away, a negro man named David—with some iron hobbles around each ankle—H. Loflana, Staunton, Va."

"Ran away, negress Caroline—had on a collar with one prong turned down—T. Enngy, New Orleans."

"Ran away, a black woman, Betsy—had an iron bar on her right leg—J. Henderson, Washington Co. Miss."

"Was committed to jail, a negro man named Ambrose—has a ring of iron round his neck—Wm. Dyer, Sheriff, Claiborne, La."

"Ran away, a negro named Charles—had on a drawing chain, fastened round his ankle with a house lock—Francis Durret, Lexington, Lauderdale Co., Alabama."

"Ran away, the negro Manuel—much marked with irons—A. Murat, Baton Rouge."

"Was committed to jail, a negro boy—had on a large neck iron, with a huge pair of horns, and a large bar or band of iron on his left leg—H. Gridley, Sheriff, Adam's Co., Miss."

"Ran away, the negro George—had on his neck an iron collar, the branches of which had been taken off—F. Lemos, New Orleans."

"Committed to jail, a negro who calls his name John—he has a clog of iron on his right foot which will weigh four or five pounds—B. W. Hodges, Jailor, Pike Co., Ala."

Here is another paragraph on Intemperance:—

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.—Judge Wightman, in his late charge to the Yorkshire Grand Jury, said:—"I find in this, as

in every other calendar that comes before me, one unfeeling source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed—intemperance. The depositions show that public-houses and beershops are usually the places in which crime originates, in many instances the suffering parties being the victims of their own intemperance, which encourages the attacks made upon them; and, in others, it is the cause (I allude to cases of personal violence and injury) where all power of self-control is lost in the exasperation of intoxication.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES & GLOVES ON.

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breath, for a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experience would sigh. But let me not disturb the evil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious teeth of time had made in them; and by the way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our *dragging* poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes. He was an impudent valet, with a swagger in his gait, of "I'm as good as you" leer in his eye, the very one to throw a stone at a well dressed horseman, because he was well dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me his eyes detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turned me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees and gloves on!"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling, which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan:

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully provide for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come; never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, and uncharitableness, in envy, and falsehood, I think with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the posts to

which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees with gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "A patch on both knees and gloves on."

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies be-painted and be-jeweled, cheapening the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence: when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast. I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

THE HUMAN HAND.

The human hand has given to the world such embodiments of thought, that thousands have half worshipped "the divinity that stirred within them," and even called the artist divine! It mattered not whether he incarnated these godlike thoughts in canvass or Parian marble; he breathed into the immortal image a living soul, a speaking mind, which will forever remain behind, to commune with the successive generations of men, when his name shall have perished.—The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis are not petrifications of thought—not posthumous images of a dead mind. No! their cold marble lips for centuries, have uttered a voiceless language that has awed buried millions into reverence; they will hold the same sublime converse with millions yet unborn. Are these works divine? Let me point you to others of higher antiquity, of more direct divinity—speaking statuary, that conversed with Noah in the ark, and all his descendants. Look at that axe, hammer, hoe, and spade. In their iron lips is a living speech, which has been audible to all ages and generations of men. They are things inspired with more divinity than all the marble statuary in the world; yes, and with humanity too, for they have worked for man as well as talked. Before sculpture had hollowed out a mortar to grind his corn—when the earth was one vast uncultivated wilderness, they went out and laboured with him in the field and forest, in the ditch and in the mountain. They helped him to get his food and feed his children, and make them a covert from the storm. They are the fathers of all statuary, painting, and architecture, and invested with just the more divine dignity than they, as they possess the more faculty to do for man. Therefore, of all human works, those he has endowed with a kind of creative capacity, or a faculty for labouring for his comfort, are most entitled to the quality of divinity and the veneration of mankind. For they are not only his doings, but his faculties to do what he could not do before.—E. Burrill.

NO EFFORTS TO DO GOOD ARE LOST.—I have heard of some seeds which will sleep in the earth for ages, and I have read of the young of certain insects which lie in a state like death for eighty years together, and yet when the hand that scattered the seed had been mingled with the dust, and when the insect that had deposited the young had ended its flight for generations, the seed would come forth a forest of mighty trees, and the slumbering insect would wake to life and become the mother of an endless multitude.—And so it may be with us. We are scattering the seeds of knowledge and goodness, and immortality, but we see not the seed spring forth. Our instructions seem to be forgotten; the fruits of our liberality seem to have perished; and our labors appear to have been in vain. Be of good courage; the seed is still in the earth undecayed, and the time will come when it shall spring forth, and yield a plenteous harvest. It is watched over by the God of heaven, and not a seed shall perish. The hand that scattered may be withered, but the seed itself shall swell, and send forth its germ, and become a mighty tree. The voice that uttered the sermon may be silent, but others that received the truth shall come forth and declare it afresh to the generations that are yet unborn.

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