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## Poetry.

### Shine on, Sweet Sun.

Shine on, sweet sun, and let me day  
Grow brighter, as the gentle hours  
Moving in silent love, draw up  
The incense of the noon-day flowers.  
I need not fear the awful night  
That prophesies foretell as near;  
For mine there is no cloud or night,  
My firmament is fair and clear.  
It may be that the wrath may burst,  
And nations drink the cup of ill;  
I need not tremble at the storm,  
My summer shall be summer still.

Like the still stars my peace shall be;  
My life is hid with Christ, in God.  
My anchor is within the veil,  
And there my soul hath her abode.

The dark to me is only bright;  
Calm as the sea of glass is a flood;  
All grief is joy, and pain is ease,  
And evil shall be only good.

### LESSONS OF WAR.

NO. IX.

An army, when in the country of an enemy, and surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and eager to reach the asylum of some friendly territory, has but one resource remaining—to meet the enemy front to front, and out their way through all opposing force. To turn aside or fly is certainly to throw away their lives. The enemy, bent on their destruction, will not fail to pursue, and that with every possible advantage in their favor; since, emboldened by success and their numbers continually increasing, from the hope of plunder, they may safely and effectually attack the fugitives, at once unprotected against the wounds inflicted from behind and unable to use their arms for the purpose of repelling their assailants.

It is unnecessary to cite examples of this kind of extremity. Such examples abound in history, and every intelligent reader is familiar with the picture. All the labors and trials we encounter in life, and all the weaknesses we have to contend with in our own character, wage against us a form of warfare of this kind which is described above in an exact and perfect balance. These are enemies that must be bravely and triumphantly upon their own ground, as they will follow us with persistent and bitter hostility till we die. If we turn our back upon them, they grow the more fierce, and will not quit us while we live. We must attack them in their chosen position; we must push them before us. The advantage is all our own in seeking the conflict; it is all theirs if we decline it.

Men, by sleep and intoxication, would drown the present sense of grief and poverty; this is flight, with all its defenceless nakedness, its disarmed and helpless weakness, its certain and disastrous consequences. In our struggles with adversity, and the imperfections of our own minds, we have to do with a foe that will not desert; that wages a war, not of honor, but of extermination. Quitting the field will not put an end to the battle, but hasten and embitter our defeat. We have only to choose whether we will meet the enemy with the best auspices, our condition can afford, or, by sloth and despondency, turn the back and fall with overwhelming ruin and indelible dishonor. S. P. H.

NO. X.

To withhold formal honors from a deserving man, does not lessen but enhance his reputation. In the reign of Tiberius, Dolabella put an end to the war that had raged for many years in Africa by the death of Tacfarinas and the destruction of his Numidian army. Returning home, attended by the illustrious prisoners taken in the war and the ambassadors of other nations, who, terrified by the fall of Tacfarinas, came to sue for the friendship of Rome, he sought the honor of a triumph. This, through the envy of Sejanus, the favorite of the Emperor, was refused him; a circumstance which had the effect of greatly increasing the credit of Dolabella with the Roman people. For, surrounded as he was by so many splendid evidences of his greatness and success, it was not possible that the absence of ceremonies they were accustomed to witness on such occasions could produce any other effect than to turn attention to him, and increase the glory of his achievements.

From this we learn that wherever great and worthy deeds are performed their reward is sure, if not from the act of senators by the more honorable decree of the human breast. There is a steady and pervading lustre in noble deeds and solid personal worth which no artifice and no untoward circumstances can prevent from shining upon the world. Indeed, these seemingly unfavorable influences produce, where real merit is concerned, effects the opposite of what is to be expected. As when, during the representation of some excellent drama, the lights that burn around the thronging gallery are sometimes diminished almost to extinction, that the eyes of the beholder, relieved from the intrusion of immediate objects, may be fixed undivided upon the transactions that are passing before them, and that these may glow upon their view with full and unobscured splendor; so the silence of deserting men, falling to lay vain glorious claim to the honor pertaining to their actions, and the attempt on the part of others to obscure them by drawing a veil over the eyes of the public, only render their intrinsic lustre the more apparent, by concentrating the thoughts of all upon the surpassing deeds themselves, which rapidly and irresistibly reflect back their glory upon the man who performed them, how deep soever the obscurity to which they had been deliberately consigned.

S. P. H.

Believers are condemned by the world, let them remember that they shall not be condemned with the world. Sin may live in a believer, but a believer cannot live in sin. It may lose its dominion, though not leave its habitation.—John Mason.

God's pardon grafts thee upon a new stock, and therefore he expects that thou shouldst be full of new clusters.

## ATHANASIUS.

DR. STANLEY'S recent valuable work on the "History of the Eastern Church," presents us with much that is interesting and even new in regard to the life and character of this distinguished champion of orthodoxy in that early period of ecclesiastical history when he flourished. The above author considers him a representative man, inasmuch as "he exhibits the peculiar tendencies of his age and church; and without attempting to give a general knowledge of his history, especially refers to his early life and episcopal career; his contests with the Emperors, including the chief actions of his middle life; and his peculiarities." Under these different heads he clearly and graphically portrays the intellectual and moral elements of a noted Christian worthy, who ably and faithfully did the work which Providence assigned him, and gained for himself a high place in the catalogue of those who, in different ages have served Christ and the church. The following selections from this excellent work will not prove uninteresting to our readers.

### HIS GENERAL CHARACTER.

On the night of Thursday, the 9th of February, 358, Athanasius, with his congregation was, after the manner of the Coptic Church, keeping vigil through the whole night in the Church of S. Theonas, in preparation for the Eucharist of the following day. Suddenly, at midnight, there was a tumult without. The church, which was of unusual size, was surrounded with armed men. The presence of mind for which he was famous did not desert the Bishop. Behind the altar was the Episcopal throne. On this he took his seat, and ordered his attendant deacon to read the 136th Psalm, which has for every verse the response, "For his mercy endureth forever." It was while these responses were being thundered forth, by the congregation, that the doors burst open, and the Imperial General and Notary entered at the head of the soldiers. The soldiers were for a moment terror-struck by the chanting of the Psalm. But as they pressed forward, a shower of arrows flew through the church. The swords flashed in the light of the sacred torches; the din of their shouts mingled with the rattle of their arms. The wounded fell one upon another, and were trampled down; the nuns were seized and stripped; the church was plundered. Through this mass of horrors, the two Imperial officers and their attendants passed on to the screen before the altar. Athanasius had refused to go till most of the congregation had retired; but now he was swept away in the crowd.

In his own version of the story he is at a loss to account for his escape. But his diminutive figure may well have passed unseen; and we learn, besides, that he was actually carried out in a swoon, which sufficiently explains his own ignorance of the means of his deliverance. The church was piled with dead and the floor was strewn with the swords and arrows of the soldiers. He vanished, no one knew whither, into the darkness of the winter night.

This scene well introduces us into the consideration of another and more general side of the character of Athanasius. The qualities that most forcibly struck his contemporaries seem rather to have been the readiness and versatility of his gifts. An Oxford poet, in the "Lays of the Apostles," has sung of "The royal-hearted Athanasius,"

With Paul's own mantle blest,  
Whatever may have been the intention of this comparison, it is certain that there was a resemblance between the flexibility of Athanasius and the many-sided character of the Apostle whose boast it was to have "made himself all things to all men." None such had occurred before, and none such occurred since, till the time of Augustine, perhaps not till the time of Francis Xavier.

### HIS HUMOR.

Amongst the traits which may be especially selected, as bringing this part of his character before us, and also as being too much overlooked in the popular notions of him, the first is the remarkable quickness and humor of his address.

Take his clever retort to Constantius, who, at the instigation of his Arian persecutors, had asked him to open a church, for the Arians at Alexandria. "I will grant a church to the heretics at Alexandria, as soon as you grant a church to the Orthodox at Antioch." It is just the one retort, obvious indeed, but unanswerable, that may always be made to an intolerant faction. They always shrink from the test.

Take, again, the well-sustained and pointed irony of the scene in the Council of Tyre, where he produces the man whom he is accused of having murdered, and whose right hand he is supposed to have cut off. The muffled figure is introduced; he shows the face first and asks all round: "Is this Arian, whom I murdered?" He draws out from behind the cloak, first one hand and then the other: "Let no one now ask for a third; for two hands, and two only, has every human being received from the Creator of all things." It has been often said that a man who can provoke or enjoy a laugh is sure to succeed with his fellow-creatures. We cannot doubt that such was Athanasius.

Not less efficacious is the power of making use of a laugh or a jest, instead of serious argument. The grave Epiphanius ventured one day to ask Athanasius what he thought of the opinions of his dangerous supporter, the heretic Marcellus. Athanasius returned no answer; but a significant smile broke over his whole countenance. Epiphanius had sufficient humor to perceive that this meant "Marcellus, when he had a narrow escape."

### HIS MAGICAL REPUTATION.

Another trait makes itself felt in the wide-spread belief entertained that he was the great magician of his age. It was founded, no doubt, on his rapid and mysterious movements, his presence of mind, his prophetic anticipations; to which must be added a humorous pleasure in playing with the fears and superstitions which these qualities engendered.

The Emperor Constantine is entering Con-

stantinople in state. A small figure darts across his path in the middle of the square, and stops his horse. The Emperor, thunder-struck, tries to pass on; he cannot guess who the petitioner can be. It is Athanasius, who insists on his duty, when thought to be leagues away before the Council of Tyre. The Alexandria Church is dismayed by the accession of Julian. But Athanasius is unmoved; he looks into the future; he sees through the hollowness of the reaction. "It is but a little cloud," he says, "that will soon pass away."

He is pursued by his enemies up the Nile. They mend a boat, descending the stream. They hail it with the shout so familiar to Egyptian travelers on the great river: "Where is Athanasius?" "Not very far off," is the answer. The wind carries down the pursuers; the current carries down the pursued. It was Athanasius, who, hearing of their approach, took advantage of a bend in the stream, to turn, and meet, and mislead, and escape them thus.

He is passing through one of the squares of Alexandria. The heathen mob are starting around; a crowd flies over his head. They, partly in jest, partly in earnest, ask him to tell them what its croaking means. He laughs in his sleeve, and answers: "Do you not hear? It says *Crax, crax*, which is Latin for to-morrow, which means that to-morrow something ungodly will befall you; for to-morrow your Pagan festival will be suppressed by an Imperial decree."

Of all these incidents the secret springs are to us sufficiently clear; his ubiquitous activity, his innumerable sources of knowledge, his acute observation. But whilst his friends, they seemed to imply supernatural aid, to his enemies they suggested suspicions of the blackest witchcraft. When the murdered man had his hands, and produced alive, there were those who maintained that it was an optical illusion, caused by the glamor which Athanasius had cast over the Council.

### THE CHIEF THEOLOGICAL OF HIS AGE.

He was one of the few theologians whose fame was common both to the East and West. What he was in the East I need not say further specifically. But he left his footprint in the West also, to a degree far beyond what is the case with any other Eastern Father. He visited Rome and Treves. He learned Latin to converse with the Roman Bishop. He introduced to the Romans the strange hermits from Egypt. He brought monasticism into Germany. His very remains were gradually removed, from Alexandria to Constantinople, to Venice, to France, to Spain.

He was the father of all Theology; in a more precise sense than either as the oracle of the ancient Churches, or the writer of the chief theological creed of the West. He was the founder of Orthodoxy. Before his time, and before the settlement of the Nicene Creed, in which he took so large a part, it might be said that the chief theological doctrine, in the modern sense of the word, was almost unknown. Opinions were too fluctuating, too simple, too mixed to admit of it. It is a word, even to this day, of doubtful reputation. No one likes to be called "heretical," but neither is it a term of mixed eulogy to be called "orthodox." It is a term which implies, to a certain extent, narrowness, exclusiveness, perhaps even hardness of intellect, and decidedness of feeling; at times, rancorous animosity. In respects its great founder cannot be said to be altogether free from the reproach cast on his followers in the same line.

But the excellence of Athanasius, like that of every theologian, must be measured, not by his attack upon error, but by his defence of truth. Judged, indeed, by the hard and narrow standard of modern times, his teaching would be pronounced lame and defective. But it is his rare merit, or his rare good fortune, that the centre of his theology was the doctrine of the Incarnation. His earliest treatise is on that special subject, before it had become embroiled in the Arian controversy; and it contains his calm statement of the doctrine, and of its practical effects on the world, unembittered by the polemics of his "middle life." And though the forms, both of the errors which he opposed and of the truths which he maintained, have varied in later times; it may be worth while to point out how his teaching reaches far beyond his own time, and extends into those manifold applications which form one of the best tests of truth.

I have before spoken of the polytheistic tendencies of which Arianism was the partial development. The Unity of the Father and the Son, which Athanasius maintained against these tendencies, is maintained on the basis of sound representations of the Divine acts. It is a standing witness, that in Scripture and theology, no less than in philosophy and conscience, there is a marked repugnance to the forced oppositions between the justice of the Father, and the mercy of the Son, which run through the popular systems of the Redemption, adopted since the Reformation. Amongst the various figures which Athanasius uses to express his view, one is that of "Satisfaction." But this is introduced incidentally and in entire opposition to the primary truth, that the Redemption flowed from the indivisible love of the Father and the Son alike, and that its object was the restoration of man to union with God. It was a favorite position of Arius that the finite mind could never comprehend the Infinity of God. Such notions have been sometimes pushed to a still further development in the form of representing the Divine morality as altogether different from the human. But it is a profound remark of a gifted member of the Eastern Church, that one grand result of the Nicene decision was the reassertion of the moral nature, the moral perfection, of the world, God and man. The Arian theories introduced into the subject the hypothesis of beings intervening between the Divine and human,

such as belong to the transitory and dubious province which lies between religion and mythology. If the controversy had ended, by fixing in the centre of the Christian Creed, a being like the angels or Æons of the early heretics, or the superhuman saints of the Latin Church, the departing from the simplicity and sobriety of Christian faith would have been far wider than can be the case in any true statement of the doctrine of Athanasius.

### HIS DISCRIMINATING JUDGMENT.

There was a still "more excellent way" of Orthodoxy in which Athanasius was conspicuous. He had firmly grasped the idea that it was a Christian duty to reconcile imaginary differences, and distinguish the essential, though the superficial, from the accidental, and unimportant. "While," says Gregory Nazianzen, "he is a man who burns as a forest the burning bush, and a sword which cuts up evil by the roots, so he was a husbandman, winnowing fire to separate the light chaff from the solid grain of the wheat. What he went along with the sword of the conqueror, he was also the breath of the quickening spirit."

Both in discipline and in doctrine he gave proof of this. He was willing to sacrifice the letter to the word. A solemn decree of the Nicene Council, one of the few still observed in the West, required the presence of three Bishops for Episcopal consecration, and the usage of the Egyptian Church required that all such appointments should take place at Alexandria. When a young active layman had been consecrated by a single Bishop, and without consulting the see of Alexandria, Athanasius, acquiescing in the appointment, thought it better to express his dissent from the act, yet further "to bend to the necessities of the time," and promoted him to the metropolitan see of the province.

In doctrine he gave a yet more startling proof of this same disposition. "If there was any one object which he might seem to have at heart more than any other, it was the word *Homousion*, which he had been the means of introducing into the Council of Nicea. The truth which he believed to be expressed by the word he did indeed defend through life and death. But the word itself he was willing to waive, when he found that it was misunderstood. We may think, with Bishop Kaye, that he might have come earlier to this conclusion. But that he should have come to it at all, shows that he possessed a rare qualification of a great theologian. It is an edifying instance of the power of appropriating words to different, or even opposite, forms of speech.

Yet one more important task of this kind was reserved for the close of his life; namely, to reconcile the divisions of the East and West, which threatened to break out, as they did afterwards, into open rupture on these verbal questions. The Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem is the only one of which the direct object was not an enforcement of a doctrine, but a liberation of diversity. That which in later times reached nearly to its height in this respect was the Council held at Alexandria, under the presidency of Athanasius, in the year 362. It consisted of the Bishops returning home from banishment, after the struggle with the Arians, and was intended to reunite, by an act of amnesty, the broken fragments of the Church. Those who had lapsed into Arianism were, not on submission to be received again, but on the basis of their own sincerity and love. Saviour God, Thou hast led me by the right way.—I now see by what Thy dispensations towards me were regulated and in what happiness they have ended. I was chastened of the Lord, that I might not be condemned with the world. Though I then did sit in tears, yet now I reap in joy. Often didst Thou turn my gloomy night into a sunny day. Many a dark and dreary path Thou fringed with Thy golden beams. By Thy light I have walked through darkness many a long and lonely stage of my journey. Blessed Saviour! I praise Thee for Thy sustaining grace,—for Thy cheering presence,—for Thy unwavering faithfulness, for Thy tender love.—I praise Thee for the pains and sorrows, the afflictions and bereavements of my earthly lot. All were needed. With not one stormy cloud, not one night of suffering,—with not one ingredient in my cup of sorrow could I safely have dispensed. Now I can see with what infinite wisdom and tender love, Thou wast appointing all, and guiding all, and overruling all the varied turnings, and windings of my earthly journey. Now I find, by blessed experience, the truth of those words, that I, as often heard in the days of my flesh, that my labor has not been in vain in the Lord."

Reader, be this your prayer, that you may be by Thy counsel here, and afterward receive me into glory.—*The Pathway of Promise.*

### HOMO UNUS LIBRI.

I AM a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God, just hovering over the great gulch, till a few moments hence, I am no more seen. I drop into an unchangeable eternity. I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach us the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price, give me the Book of God! I have it! Here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be homo unus libri. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence, I read his book for this end—to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights, and remember. "Why should I come years ago, when I was a child, I went into a glass-house, and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered, 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, the second, and therefore, I put it a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitfield with a useful hint; for we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away; and we are made fit for the owner's use.—*Select Miscellanies.*

### TRIALS NECESSARY TO PURIFICATION.

"I remember," says Whitfield, "some years ago, when I was a child, I went into a glass-house, and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered, 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, the second, and therefore, I put it a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitfield with a useful hint; for we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away; and we are made fit for the owner's use.—*Select Miscellanies.*

God's humiliation, in the penitents, proceeds from the love of God.

## THE PATH OF THE JUST.

CHRISTIAN! behold the path of the just, of those who, all guilty in themselves, are justified in Christ. It is, as a "shining light." Yes, the believer is "sometimes darkness," but now he is light in the Lord. Once he is ignorant of God in Christ, now he can say, "Abba, Father." Once he dwelt in the darkness of sin, but now he has been called into God's marvellous light. Once, he trod the path of obscurity and gloom, now he follows "the Light of the world." No longer blinded by the God of this world, no longer governed by that spirit which hides all that is invisible, real and eternal, he "lets his light shine before men, that he may hold forth the word of life." Christian! have you ground to believe that this is your path?

If so, it is also as a "progressive light." Even as the dawn of morn creeps gradually on the earth, grey streaks of light brightening the eastern horizon, revealing the dark and distant outline of the lofty hills, gradually illuminating glen and valley, and sweeping away the lingering mists of night,—so, from the first dawn of spiritual light upon the soul,—even amid gloom and shadow, there is an onward progress,—faith, and hope, and love are invigorated,—the spiritual understanding is matured,—richer consolations are enjoyed, and the heart expands to the warm rays of the "Sun of Righteousness."

And this path is most surely to conduct to the "perfect day." What certain harbinger of the rising sun are the first streaks of dawn! Thick mists may hover over the earth,—dark clouds may shroud her,—wild storms may sweep along the plains; still, in silent and undeviating progress, the sun will rise,—and, as surely as he rises, so will he attain his meridian splendor. Equally certain may we be, that the first dawn of spiritual light is the undeviating precursor of a perfect day of glory. The day of grace once begun, must advance. There may be many hindrances, many clouds of darkness, many temptations, but nothing shall impede its course, nothing shall arrest its progress. The Sun risen on the soul, with healing in His wings, shall never stand still,—onwards it will roll in its glorious orbit, penetrating with its beams every dark recess, until all mental shadows are merged and lost in its unclouded and eternal splendor. "See the Christian, after he has descended into the gloomy valley, and crossed the billows of the Jordan. He stands upon Immanuel's shore, and the splendors of that everlasting day, whose sun shall set no more. Grace, the day-dawn, has now yielded to glory, the 'perfect day.' The weary pilgrim has emerged from the shadows of his pilgrimage, and has entered that world, of which it is said, 'There shall be no night there.' Dwells he on the perils and dangers through which he has passed,—the pains, and sufferings, and privations of his life, the toils and trials, and anxieties of his life, as if they had been too numerous, painful and agonizing? Ah, no! Methinks, as he enters within the portals of the eternal city, with its wall of sapphire, and its gate of pearl,—as he gazes on the eternal throne, and Him who sits upon it, and takes up His golden harp,—this will form the burden of his song.—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, for His covenanting grace; His providential dealings; His unceasing care and love. Saviour God, Thou hast led me by the right way.—I now see by what Thy dispensations towards me were regulated and in what happiness they have ended. I was chastened of the Lord, that I might not be condemned with the world. Though I then did sit in tears, yet now I reap in joy. Often didst Thou turn my gloomy night into a sunny day. Many a dark and dreary path Thou fringed with Thy golden beams. By Thy light I have walked through darkness many a long and lonely stage of my journey. Blessed Saviour! I praise Thee for Thy sustaining grace,—for Thy cheering presence,—for Thy unwavering faithfulness, for Thy tender love.—I praise Thee for the pains and sorrows, the afflictions and bereavements of my earthly lot. All were needed. With not one stormy cloud, not one night of suffering,—with not one ingredient in my cup of sorrow could I safely have dispensed. Now I can see with what infinite wisdom and tender love, Thou wast appointing all, and guiding all, and overruling all the varied turnings, and windings of my earthly journey. Now I find, by blessed experience, the truth of those words, that I, as often heard in the days of my flesh, that my labor has not been in vain in the Lord.'"

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## APOCALYPTIC DREAMERS.

THE Rev. H. M. Harman recently delivered a timely lecture in the Butaw-street M. E. Church, Baltimore, on, "Apocalyptic Dreamers and their Dreams," from which we take the following pithy passage: "It is a timely rebuke of those imaginative expounders of Scripture who catch at slight analogies between Scripture prophecy and historical events, and straightway persuade themselves that they have found the keys to the deepest mysteries."

"An accomplished apocalyptic dreamer should have the fancy of Shakespeare and the creative powers of Dante. He should possess the keenest perception of resemblances, but a total blindness to differences; the first of these two qualities would enable him to bring forward; to the astonishment of his readers, striking points of coincidence which their dull intellects had never discerned, while the second would render him invulnerable to all opposition. Mathematicians he need not touch, at least he should confine himself to its imaginary quantities. He might also glance at the poetry of the calculus. But the rigid demonstrations of Euclid and Legendre would clip the wings of his genius and curb the powers of his imagination. Hebrew he should never study; not for the reason assigned by one of the saints of the middle ages, for fear of becoming a Jew, nor for that assigned by George Fox, that the enemies of Christ put an inscription over his head in that language, but because a profound knowledge of this tongue might sap the very foundations of his airy castle, and make it tumble about his ears. It would not be safe for him to dip into Greek further than to be able to translate some of the easiest passages of the Apocrypha, Gesenius, Winer and Robinson he should by all means shun."

"On the other hand, he should be versed in the poets, and all the novelists from Walter Scott to Charles Dickens; he might also glance at *Gulliver's Travels*. Fox's *Book of Martyrs* he should by all means read, as it would enable him to see the Pope all through the Apocalypse. The outlines of the world's history from the time of Christ should be familiar to him; *Quintus* may, however, be perused with advantage, but sufficient room in which to work, and he should also find too many stubborn facts to bend to theory. Thus fortified, our Apocalyptic dreamer is just as impenetrable to sober criticism as the Monitor to the shots of the Merrimack.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that a man has judgment, because he has genius. Genius is the faculty that invents; that gives to an astonished world new ideas and new systems. Like the old spoken of in one of the parables of our Saviour, it brings to show the draught of all sorts; but it requires the skillful hand of judgment to select the good and cast the bad away. Genius says in the language of Virgil—*Hæc cæca uindictæ*—here are treasures from every quarter. It is the office of judgment to determine accurately the value of these treasures. Genius may be compared to the miner, who throws up all sorts of minerals, while judgment, like the assayer, determines the value of each. Washington had but little genius, but a great deal of judgment. Kepler, Bacon and Newton had great genius and great judgment too. Our apocalyptic dreamers have generally been men of considerable genius, but of slender judgment. In the interpretation of Scripture, judgment is more necessary than genius. For genius tells us what a text may mean; critical judgment tells us what it does mean.—*Methodist.*

### Beware of Delay.

HASTE! HASTE! every day, every hour is precious. Make the most of the golden moments. If God have now sent His ministering angels to thee, whatever those may be, though they should be the sable messengers of sorrow and bereavement, listen to their call! 'Up, and prepare for the journey; go with the determination of those who feel that life or death is involved in its issues. 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. The salvation is all God's giving, and all our doing. Haste thee, lest thou be in reaching it, thou must set out, with staff in hand, like men in earnest, and 'stay not in all the plain.' The angels could have waited for thee, and thy family could have waited for thee, but they might have reared some fire-proof pavilion in the midst of the city, like another Rabbah's house in Jericho, which would have remained unscathed amid the tremendous conflagration. But the command to Lot, as to us, is, 'Haste thee, flee to tarry place.' The angels brought them out outside the gates, and then left them to pursue the appointed path.

The Gospel is a beautiful combination of simple faith with earnest working;—a simple dependence on Christ, and yet the diligent use of means. His command is, 'Run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus.' The night is far spent, the day is at hand. 'Of the times and of the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, 'Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh.' Sudden! Yes, 'sudden!' Remember Lot's wife! What must have been the feeling of this woman, as, in the twinkling of an eye, she felt every limb hardening—her body incrusting with the limy shroud, a winding-sheet of salt! No saviour's chisel ever so depicted the horror of despair, as in the rayless eyes that cold statue on the heights of Sodom!

And what shall be thy feelings, O careless, negligent, procrastinating sinner, who, in the rejection of grace, when all unceasingly, the icy hand of death shall fix thee forth, and the irrevocable sentence go over, 'Him that is filthy, let him be filthy still!'

Up, then, tarry not! Lost or saved, heaven or hell, are the awful, the momentous alternative. As thy soul liveth, verily there may be but a step between thee and death. With all our abounding privileges, in the age of Gospel light and Gospel blessing, may we not—remembering how Lot's wife perished despising angelic warning—may we not well conclude with the cogent appeal of the great Apostle, 'If the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?—J. R. Macouff.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF DOCTRINE.

"If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Ps. xi. 3. Of all Christian character, experience and action, the foundations are laid in divine truth. This truth is capable of being stated in clear, intelligible propositions, which, when brought together in logical connection, and embraced under a single view, constitute systems of doctrine. Such arrangement of things known are not inventions of the learned, but demands of a necessity, existing in all human minds, precisely in the proportion of their respective clearness, strength and patient investigation. Truths of religion, inspired truths—that is, Scriptural truths, are not exempt from this law. The enunciation of these truths of Christ is, on account of their more scientific form, a doctrine. To inveigh against doctrine, therefore, in religious teaching, if not a contradiction in terms, is at least to withdraw religious truth from the analogy of all other knowledge. And to say, as has been said, that "doctrine is the skin of truth, stripped off, dried, and set up empty," is to prize ignorantly for the sake of momentary effect, if not to be treacherous to the high majesty of truth itself. Doctrine is the form of sacred truth, adapted to instruction and transmission. Doctrinal preaching is supposed by some to be controversial or polemical. If any so err, they need the schoolmaster more than the preacher. Doctrine is above all needed at a period of general awakening. A man convinced of his sins, asks how a sinner can be pardoned, in consistency with God's justice; the answer to this question is doctrine. He asks what that work of Christ is, on account of which he may be admitted to favor; the answer to his question, whether true or false, is doctrine. He further asks, what means the benefits of redemption may be made his own; the answer to this is doctrine. Awakened souls desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby. The Apostle Paul, beyond all New Testament writers, affords milk for babes and strong meat for men. He is the doctrinal apostle.—*Alexander.*

### A COMMON MEETING-PLACE.

The rich and poor meet together in the same moldering of the tomb. There is no difference down in that spot where the grave worm has his banquet! Among the darkness, dust and putrefaction—among *dead men's bones*, you can find nothing to minister to human vanity. The loftiest and the lowliest rest side by side, and mingle their dust together in the bosom of their common mother; earth is alike to all, and all are alike. There is no distinction in the burial spot; but it cannot even seek for any other, and it can do only to rear some more imposing sepulchre, or more proudly-sculptured marble, which may arrest, for a little while, the passing stranger. It is only for a little while, as time sweeps on his course, the chiseled marble gives way; the letters are worn off; the proud name is gone; the splendid tomb is crumbled down; the ploughshare passes over the mouldering heart, or the spade of the grave-digger flings up the dust and bones of the mighty as unceremoniously as those of the mean. In a few centuries after they have left the earth, the high and the mighty of Babylon, Tyre and Egypt—of Nineveh, Rome and Btruria, have not even a man left upon the earth; and if their sepulchres are known at all, they are only known as a matter of curiosity to the antiquary, or to be rifled of their bones by the rude hand of some heartless barbarian! The decree has gone forth over all the walks of humanity alike, and will be everywhere executed just alike—*dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*—*Dr. Spencer.*

### SOLDIERS IN THE WRONG PEW.

A few days since, at a church not a hundred miles distant, the members and officials of which are somewhat notorious for active sympathy with treason, it was concluded to have a meeting for the purpose of raising an association for insuring a good time, where they could console with and encourage one another, and pray for the cause of treason. Scarcely had the meeting begun when, to the surprise and consternation of the assembly, there marched into the aisle a considerable number of the "Lincoln hirelings," who having been informed that there was a meeting that night, naturally associated with the meetings of the church, and who had been invited for an interchange of religious views and experience. But they had "got into the wrong pew," as their appearance was associated in the minds of some present with important personal correspondence with the Provost Marshal. As soon as the excitement ceased it was decided to place the "Yankee horde" in the side slips.

But soon another trouble arose. Custom made it incumbent on some officers of the church to hand around the emblems of fraternity and Christian hospitality, and after another consultation it was decided to include the "Hessians" as the recipients, as by so doing they would heal souls of fire on their heads.

All the time the enemy were in entire ignorance of their position, or the consternation and panic caused by their presence, and at the proper time one of the "Lincolnites" came to hand around the emblems of fraternity and Christian hospitality, and after another consultation it was decided to include the "Hessians" as the recipients, as by so doing they would heal souls of fire on their heads.

TRIPPING WITH ETERNITY.—How violently we are often about trifles, and how great are our about things, and how great a moment; how do many friends of Christ toil and sweat for earth, if not for hell, but sport and play with heaven! Ye, do not too many friends of Christ, for the main sincere, engage their hands, if not their thoughts and hearts, in such a crowd of worldly affairs, though materially good, as that their spirits are distracted and unfitted for conversation with Christ as their