

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

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MR. CHEEVER'S ADDRESS.

JULY 4, 1833.

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*Some of the Principles according to which this world is managed,
contrasted with the Government of God, and the Principles
exhibited for man's guidance in the Bible.*

DELIVERED

AS AN

ADDRESS

AT THE

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,

IN

Salem.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER,

PASTOR OF THE HOWARD STREET CHURCH.

Φάσκοιτες εἶναι σοφοί, ἐμωράνθησαν.—Rom. i. 22.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY PERKINS & MARVIN.

1833.

PREFACE.



INCORRECT representations, in regard to performances of this nature, often do more harm than the needless publication of them. What has been said of this address is a sufficient apology (were any such needed, after the kind request of the committee) for letting it be printed.

Some passages have been added, which were not delivered, and some paragraphs and sentences have been altered in their construction. A reason for this can easily be admitted, in the haste with which the address was necessarily prepared.



BUT we know ourselves least ; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and color. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

DONNE.

BEHOOLD therefore, O Man! what thou art, and whereunto thou art called : even to be a mighty prince amongst the creatures of God, and to bear rule in the province he has assigned thee, to discern the motions of thine own heart, and to be lord over the suggestions of thine own natural spirit. Not to listen to the council of the flesh, nor conspire with the serpent against thy Creator ; but to keep thy heart free and faithful to thy God : so mayest thou, with innocency and unblamableness, see all the motions of life, and bear rule with God over the whole creation committed to thee. This shall be thy paradise and harmless sport on earth, till God shall transplant thee to a higher condition of happiness in heaven.

HENRY MORE. *Defence of the Moral Cabala.*

MEN, that love their vices, say that telling the truth bluntly, doeth more harm than good, and filleth the world with evil, and setteth men by the ears. Men list not to be disturbed in their sins ; and when one saith boldly, *Thou art the man*, men say that such an one lacketh in charity, and ought to be shut up as a troubler of the peace, when as it is nothing but their sins that do trouble the peace. In all this they are as wide of the mark, as those who affirm that preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion ; like that old man, who would have Tenterden Steeple the cause of Goodwin sands. For this, I remember an argument of Master More's, and will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh

Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could, of likelihood, best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others, came in before him an old man, with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, Father, tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye, of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled. Yea, forsooth, good master, quoth this old man, for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company, any thing near unto my age. Well then, quoth Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven? Forsooth, sir, quoth he, I am an old man; I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir, quoth he, and I may remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I may remember when there was no Steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden Steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore, I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven. And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenterden Steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed. And so, to my purpose, telling men plainly of their sins, is the cause of evil in the world, as Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin sands.

The story out of BISHOP LATIMER.

ADDRESS.

WORLDLY PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS, AS THEY APPEAR IN THE LIGHT OF DIVINE TRUTH.

TRUTHS even of universal interest, Mr. Coleridge has remarked, are often considered as so true as to lose all their energy, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors. This is the case with the truth that the world belongs to God. It does belong to him, and he has a right to make what use of it he pleases. Its inhabitants belong to him, and ought to be living continually to his glory; for him, who created and supports, not for themselves, the created and supported. God's world, it is very manifest, ought to have God's image and superscription upon it; holiness to the Lord should be written on every part of it, and in the character and pursuits of all its inhabitants; it is injustice towards God, to use any thing that belongs to him for any other purpose than his own service. In all our occupations, in all the business for the prosecution of which we meet together in this world, it is our duty to be living solely for God. It is equally manifest that men act as if neither themselves nor the world they inhabit belonged to the Creator. They do practically exclude him from his own empire, and have filled the world with pursuits and principles abhorrent to his nature. They act as if they were their own masters, created solely to please them-

selves ; they forget God and his claims, and are unwilling to have their obligations of obedience, gratitude, and self-consecration to him, *their duty of living to his glory*, urged upon them.

They have, in reality, transferred their allegiance to another master, who is well known to be God's malignant enemy ; and this transfer is so universal, and men do obey that unholy master so faithfully, follow him so closely, and manage their affairs according to his maxims, that the phrase *God of this world* means universally, not Jehovah, its only rightful Lord, but, our Lord's arch-enemy, the Prince of Darkness. The government of this world is with Satan, and for this reason the friendship of the world is declared to be enmity against God. We do not mean that Satan's is the world's overruling providence ; that is God's, and we shall presently remark upon it ; we mean that men live according to Satan's principles ; he is *the spirit that now ruleth in the children of disobedience* ; and the children of disobedience are by hundreds of millions the majority among the inhabitants of this world.

It has been true in all time, that not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty, have humbled themselves at the foot of the Cross ; though there have been illustrious exceptions ; and, in very many instances, those who have given themselves to the Lord, have afterwards become eminent not only for piety, but for learning. The illustrious exceptions are too often spoken of, even by Christians, as if they conferred an honor upon Christianity. Thus, we often hear Sir Isaac Newton referred to in such a manner, that a being ignorant of man's depraved and ruined condition, and of the nature of the provision made for his recovery in the gospel, instead of regarding Newton's religious belief as the only element of true greatness in his character, its only preserving element, the element, without which he would have been fit only for perdition, would be very likely to conceive of Christianity as some despised and feeble thing, which the philosopher

had generously condescended to take under his patronage, and give to it the sanction of his great philosophic name !

Newton, we hope, was a Christian ; we have the fullest conviction that Robert Boyle was ; but generally the learned of this world have cared nothing about God. They have always considered it one mark of a strong mind to be destitute of religion, and piety has been with them the subject of contempt. They have loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. With all their boasted strength of mind, they have exhibited such pitiable weakness and want of moral courage, that by any personal recognition of the preciousness of Jesus, or any manifestation of attachment to him, or any thing like contrition and tenderness of conscience in the sight of God, they would have been ashamed and mortified in the presence of their fellow-sinners. Their motives in the acquisition and use of knowledge have been supremely selfish. Instead of studying the works of God and the history of man with a view to the glory of the great Creator, they have done it with a view only to their own glory. They have gathered their acquisitions, made advances in the arts and discoveries in science, have labored and studied, and written and published, for themselves and their own gratification, without any thought whatever in regard to their dependence upon God, or the most distant recognition of their obligation to live to his glory ; or, what is still worse, with purposes of guilty ambition, openly and violently opposed to God. We have only to take a list of the great men and great authors of any age or nation, and we find in their characters, with few exceptions, the love of human applause for the ruling passion, and in their works the product of selfish motives setting the intellect in motion. Even the motives that produced the *Paradise Lost*, brought to the bar of the gospel, *Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*, were sinful motives. Sublime as is Milton's own account of his feelings in regard to that poem, and his promise of it to the English nation years before he had commenced it, there is

in that whole passage a selfish longing for immortality of personal glory on earth, such as the gospel does utterly condemn, and such as, placed beside the exhibition of motive in the eleventh and twelfth chapters of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, or the third chapter of his epistle to the Philippians, sinks into meanness. If now the motives of John Milton in the production of that noble poem will not stand the test of purity in God's word, much less will the motives of such men as Scott, Southey, Thomson, Franklin, Mackintosh, or any men of genius, not disciples of Christ. Milton called ambition the last infirmity of noble minds; he had better have designated it as the wickedness of the devil, the first sin that entered heaven, the grand sin that loses heaven, the foundation and source of all other evils. It is not infirmity, it is guilt.

God's brightest glory is his moral glory. The glory of his natural perfections derives its peculiar brightness from union with those moral perfections that belong to him as the moral Governor of the universe. And it is the great glory of God as a moral Governor, that, on a scale as broad as the universe, and yet as minute as the infinitely diversified pursuits, thoughts, and interests of men, he is working good out of evil, dealing with his enemies as free agents, giving fair and full scope to the energies of evil, but in the exercise of moral means thwarting and preventing them, and demonstrating to the universe how superior is moral power in the hands of moral goodness. It is in this way, and in no other, that God is now governing the rebellious mind, and destroying the malignant works of the great fallen archangel, the prince of the devils. He does it by moral means; and to do it thus, demanded nothing less than the awful scene on Calvary; to govern that mighty mind as a free spiritual being, and not merely by omnipotent restraint, to destroy his works, overcome his power, and circumvent his wiles by moral means, the only means by which God will ever govern, and to bring back, redeem, and keep a revolted world in holiness, required

the whole array of the divine attributes exhibited in the atonement by the sufferings and death of Christ, and all the overwhelming pressure of motives drawn from that display. If God governed by mere omnipotence, there would no longer be in reality a moral universe, nor any occasion for the display of all those attributes that now shine so brightly, infinite wisdom, justice, mercy, holiness, love, that blend in harmony, and for us mortals are all sweetly attempered to our gaze in the glorious atonement and countenance of Jesus. To keep the universe of mind in harmony by moral means is a glory worthy of Jehovah. The work of kindling suns and systems to wheel and gravitate amidst immensity, must be considered trifling in comparison with the work of lighting up immortal minds, and letting them go invested with all the fearful powers and responsibilities of free agency, and then so surrounding them by moral influences, in conjunction with physical omnipotence, that never they shall cross the path assigned them, and so binding the good in heaven, and the penitent among the depraved on earth, in moral gravitation to Jesus, the moral Sun of the universe, that forever hereafter, in an eternal heavenly system of "orders bright," beneath the eye of God, they shall roll in undiminished light and splendor, never to be attracted from their orbits by all hell's power, confirmed in their obedience even by hell's rebellion, free as the Being that made them, resounding forth his praises, and rejoicing in the sacred influences, by which, out of the treasures of infinite wisdom and love, he binds them to himself.

It is equally by moral means, in omnipotence combined with omniscience and infinite goodness, that God restrains and governs his rebellious subjects, the disciples and followers of Satan on earth. He puts no coercion upon them; but yet he causes the wrath of man to praise him, restraining the remainder of wrath; he makes the very selfishness of men instrumental in producing good, and overrules for the accomplishment of his own purposes their most ambitious

movements and designs. Though the absence of a holy motive is sin to the individual, even in actions that result in good, the evil effect of his selfishness is often restricted to his own bosom ; what is unmingled evil to himself, because of his own depravity, becomes unmingled good to others. In this way even the means by which a man may be instrumental in leading others to heaven, may become to himself the successive steps to perdition. In God's overruling providence, there is hourly change of evil into good, alteration rich and strange indeed. God does not permit the wickedness in man's bosom to be only wickedness in action ; what a world this would be, if he did ! Men sow the world with hemlock, but when it comes up, you not unfrequently find sweet and precious fruit hanging on every bough. Thus, the poem, that grew out of a burning ambition, God may make the means of feeding and invigorating the intellect of thousands of good men. Nay, the very sermon, composed, perhaps, and preached, under the influence of selfish motives, he may use as the instrument in the conversion of many. The most malignant labors of his declared enemies he may take as the rough machinery for hoisting into their places the stones and the framework of a grand moral fabric. This may be seen to have been the result with all the labored attacks of infidels against the revelation and plans of God, they having led to the prosecution of religious investigations, and the exhibition of religious principles, in a manner that would not otherwise have been demanded, and before the notice of many, whose attention would not otherwise have been drawn that way. It is sufficient to name Campbell's *Essay on Miracles* as growing out of Hume's attack, Watson's excellent books suggested by the infidelity of Paine and Gibbon, and Butler's *ANALOGY*, a fabric of moral grandeur, which the objections of infidels contributed to rear.

Now this is the great glory of God ; it is just analogous to the way he works in creation ; only, as he built the universe out of nothing, he is building a universe of moral beauty

out of worse than nothing, the violence and wickedness of his enemies. He is binding the very elements of moral deformity, to be the servitors of his own great will, gathering the poisonous exhalations that rise and dance and glimmer over the stagnant marshes of human depravity, and collecting from them the materials of unconsuming beacon lights, to be hung up radiant through the world. It is no praise, surely, to the beings whose very selfishness or infidelity is thus made in God's overruling providence, the means of promoting his own designs. If a murderer fires a pistol at his neighbor, and the ball, missing its intended victim, enters the next house, and there destroys a servant, who intended that night to have murdered and robbed his master, though good in this case results from the firing of that pistol, it does not remove the guilt of murder from him who fired it, whose intention, far from preventing crime, was that of committing it. Or, if a man walking by the sea-shore on the island of Jamaica to kill a brace of wild fowl for his dinner, shoots unintentionally a noted pirate lurking among the rocks, the goodness of the deed done is not to be attributed surely to him whose whole object was the gratification of his own appetite. And yet men are perpetually praising themselves and their fellow-beings for the good result of deeds performed out of pure selfishness.

It is very glorious to witness God's overruling providence in motion amidst this world of his enemies. The angels probably have the enjoyment of this spectacle in far greater perfection of grandeur than we do; they see more of God's plans, can take in a vastly more comprehensive view, and are not dimmed in their moral vision by the mists of sin. Our remaining sins, even if we love God, cast a great mist before our vision; yet we can see much, and, if we look with the eye of faith, continual exhibitions of this glory. The enemies of religion probably felt much satisfaction in wreaking their malice upon poor John Bunyan, in his imprisonment, when they were only, under God, placing him in a

situation where he might have leisure to compose the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If they had not put him in prison, his sanctified genius would have poured itself out through the country in mere temporary preaching to the people of that age, instead of being preserved for all future generations in that wonderful book. "Be of good cheer, brother," said Latimer to his companion, when tied to the stake, "we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished." It was the enemies of truth who kindled that torch; not knowing that in burning the martyrs they were accelerating the downfall of the man of sin. So the persecution that drove the holy puritans to this country was but a moral tempest which God made use of, as he does of earthquakes, and storms, and pestilences in the physical world, for the execution of his own great purposes. God is a great moral architect; what are his enemies doing in their short-sighted wickedness, but just busily providing his materials?

These exhibitions of God's providential greatness, may be read not only in the history of that people, before whose progress God went in a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, but faith can read them in the history of every people since. What is all history, rightly interpreted, but an exhibition of God's glory in the moral government of his rebellious subjects? It exhibits his enemies in all the unrestrained freedom of their free will, while rebellious against him, yet in reality accomplishing his designs, by the infinite wisdom and benevolence united with physical omnipotence, with which he goes before and surrounds them, and throws in a check here, a restraint there, and a counteracting motive or moral influence wherever it is needed, causing tempest to meet tempest, and event to counteract event, and thus making the very irregularities and perversities of the free will, even in collected multitudes, to chime in with, and contribute to, or at least not disturb, the harmonious, though complicated movements of the whole moral system. The history of Eng-

land, as rapidly sketched by Cowper's instructive genius displays the favor of a merciful and moral Governor, contending in a bounty more profuse than that poured out upon the Hebrews with a rebellion and wickedness perverse as theirs. The same lessons which that Poet has so sublimely taught in the language of "Expostulation," might be learned from a similar review of the history and crimes of our own favored country, in connection with God's moral dealings to us. The severity of rebuke in that poem belongs not merely to England; and its lessons too are ours.

Know thou, that heavenly wisdom on this ball,
 Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all;
 That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man
 Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,
 He first conceives, then perfects his design,
 As a mere instrument in hands divine.
 Blind to the workings of that secret Power,
 That balances the wings of every hour,
 The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
 Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.
 States thrive or wither, as moons wax and wane,
 Even as His will, and His decree ordain.
 While honor, virtue, piety, bear sway,
 They flourish, and as these decline, decay.
 In just resentment of his injured laws,
 He pours contempt on them, and on their cause;
 Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
 The web of every scheme they have at heart;
 Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust,
 The pillars of support in which they trust;
 And do his errand of disgrace and shame,
 On the chief strength and glory of the frame.

There is nothing which God cannot bend to his own purposes; nothing which he will not overrule for the happiness of those who love him. Even their own wickedness he uses for the correction of his children, and causes their backslidings to reprove them. And God can use any thing, even the iniquity of his enemies, for his own glory. Hence Dr. Beecher's characteristic remark, which some, who notice it, may be able to refer to the occasion on which it was

made, "That he should think the devil would get tired of exciting divisions in churches; *for he always made two out of one.*" It is grand truth, which Milton has put into the mouth of those infernal spirits, under the cope of hell, both while rolling in the fiery gulf confounded, and afterwards in more deliberate council in Pandemonium.

But what if he, our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such, could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep!
* * * * *
* * * He, from Heaven's height,
All these, our motions vain, sees and derides
Not more Almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.

Undoubtedly, the wicked there, as in this world, are restrained and overruled by God, and made to accomplish any errand that he sees fit, either in fire or in frost. And there or here God can clearly, in all things, display his own glory. This is the one element, we may suppose, in the misery of the devil, to find that all his devilish engines, as fast as he invents them, recoil upon himself. There is no disappointment in this world so much like the feelings of the devil, as the recoil of disappointed malice on itself; that which takes place when the machinations of envy do only result in the purer exaltation of the individual envied, slandered and opposed. And thus, to bad beings, the glory with which God has filled the universe, and the power with which he uses all things in it for the exhibition of his own glory, is what they are pained to behold. And to all this glory the unregenerate heart is voluntarily blinded, and takes refuge in a gloomy, chilling

forgetfulness of God, and practical scepticism, that shrouds creation in darkness.

Yet there is no darkness, no chance, no uncertainty. There is not a mote in the atmosphere, not a particle glancing in the sunbeams, not a drop in the darkest caverns of ocean, nor a shell, nor a seaweed, nor a movement in all creation, animate or inanimate, which God may not use for the prosecution of some great moral design. And all things are full of meaning. The very hairs of our heads are all numbered; not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice; every ray of light is pointed by him; every flash of lightning darts from the bosom of the cloud under his inspection; not even the shaking of the countless leaves in a mighty forest, when the wind sweeps over its masses of foliage, or the falling of those leaves, when they strew the ground in autumn, is out of the influence of his all-pervading agency. There is nothing left to chance; there is no such thing as chance; it is an infinite absurdity. The hand that hung the planets in their places, shapes every cloud in the sky, and draws the lines on every flower-leaf that grows, and curls the breaking top of every green wave in the ocean, and gives its minute organization to every individual of the millions of microscopic insects that, invisible to human sight, play their gambols in every liquid drop. Does it pain the mind to think of such an infinite and ceaselessly exerted inspection? And well it may; there is no part or display of God's infinity that any finite being can comprehend; all his attributes in turn would pain the soul that should presumptuously attempt to comprehend them; and God's omniscient, omnipresent, overruling agency, though it is no effort to him, but a mere essential perfection and never-ceasing operation of his being, is beyond our ability to follow, even in a single element of creation, nay, in the smallest solitary particle of water. "Are we struck with admiration," asks a great Poet and philosopher, "at beholding the cope of heaven imaged in a dew-drop? The least of the animalcule, to which that drop would be an

ocean, contains in itself an infinite problem, of which God omnipresent is the only solution. The slave of custom is roused by the rare and the accidental alone; but the axioms of the unthinking, are, to the philosopher, the deepest problems, as being the nearest to the mysterious root, and partaking at once of its darkness and its pregnancy.”*

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire,
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow-circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.

One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,
But shows some touch in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues.

* * * * *

Happy, who walks with him! Whom, what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.—*Task, Book 6.*

To a religious mind, there is, indeed, no such thing as *the Course of Nature*; it is God. The sun rises and sets, storms gather and burst, all the operations of nature go on in unflinching regularity, not because God has appointed its course, and left it to the laws fixed for its control, but because his own omnipresent and watchful agency is perpetually exerted. No more is the moral world, or the course of events in the progress of individuals, or nations, left to itself,

* Statesman's Manual, page 67.

or to chance, or to what would put all things in a worse chaos than even chance itself, the blind, perverted, unrestrained passions, wickedness and self-will of man. God overrules it all; God's agency is present through it all; God's benevolence shall be accomplished by it all; God's wisdom is here, to bend and control it all in subservience to his own grand moral designs. There is nothing in all the secretest movements of all the myriads of accountable beings, which he does not see to and overrule. In this world of creatures, who have broken loose from his allegiance, and linked themselves in with the ragged and malicious phalanx of the friends of God's great adversary, there is no thought, or word, or plan, or resolve, or effort of theirs, which he does not, in perfect harmony with their own free agency, encircle and control. His bright purposes of love and mercy, shine like a perpetual rainbow amidst the storms and confusion kept up by the blind impiety of men, and he goes on, working his wondrous will, encompassing the boasted wisdom and free will of man, with a mightier wisdom, and an infinity of moral expedients, by which he makes the warring events, which his enemies seem to produce for their own short-sighted schemes, the servitors to do his own bidding, and result in the brighter exhibition of his own perfections, and the establishment of the moral laws and sanctions of his universe. Well might the great inspired Poet of Israel say, in regard to the infinite folly of the banded enemies of Jehovah, *He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Almighty shall have them in derision!*

Such is God's overruling providence. It is not the doctrine of philosophical necessity, a belief in which made Dr. Priestly and others look upon the miseries and iniquities of the world, and lie down to die, with such *philosophical* indifference. A holy confidence in God's pervading agency is not fatalism. It ought not to abate our indignation at sin, nor our sorrow at beholding the inhabitants of this world under its influence, nor our efforts to give to religion its

appropriate power, in the various pursuits and business of our temporal existence. Piety, and not selfishness, ought always to direct knowledge, and govern it, and use it for the glory of God; so long as it does not, so long as men, who in this world acquire knowledge, live for themselves and not for God, his kingdom has not come, and piety possesses not its legitimate influence.

Knowledge is power. It is so in this world, and therefore, since the majority of men of knowledge have been destitute of the love of God, the world has been governed principally by God's enemies. But, mere knowledge, in a perfect world, would not be power. It will not be so in the eternal world, other than power of suffering, unless it be allied with holiness. Wisdom is power, but mere knowledge is not power. The distinction between knowledge and wisdom is beautifully drawn by that beloved Christian Poet, already quoted, whose Task, with the Paradise Lost, ought to be read at least once a year, by every individual who has it in his power.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
 Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.

In the Bible, from which holy book Cowper drew the spirit of his poetry, this distinction is carried still higher, and made more spiritually distinct. There *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and a good understanding have all they who keep his commandments*. And certainly it must be so. The man who is acquainted with God, and communes with him in prayer, and with God's intellect in the prayerful study of the Scriptures, must be immeasurably

superior to him who does not. If Edmund Burke were now upon earth, the man who possessed the privilege of being the familiar friend even of that fellow-man would have his own heart benefited, and his intellect expanded and filled with wisdom by the acquaintance. If this be the case in the communion of finite and imperfect minds, how inconceivably more glorious is the communion of the created soul with its Creator ! He who loves God, beholds knowledge in its sublimest, even its moral aspect and signification ; he is like the angel standing in the sun, and light is above him, and around him, and beneath him. God is light, and as we approach near to him, we are coming to a region of unclouded, yea, insufferable splendor.

Dark with excessive bright his skirts appear,
And dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim,
Approach not, but with both wings veil their sight.

That being who walks with God in prayer, draws wisdom and knowledge from its clear fountain, while he who neglects God, whatever apparent treasures of knowledge he may have gathered, is only dipping in its muddy and sin-defiled streams. Compared with the Christian, he is like a man groping in a mountain of sand for a grain of gold dust, while the other is walking in a valley of diamonds. The light of knowledge that comes from God, is the only light that ever contributes to the soul's spiritual life, the only renewing and purifying light, and that man who walks with God in secret, is the only creature of true dignity.

Nevertheless, if mere knowledge is power in this world, then ought Christians to be its masters. They ought not to undervalue it, but to acquire it, and, taking it from the hands of those who do not love God, breathe into it the breath of life, penetrate it with holiness, and use it for the glory of God and the whole world's good, instead of the glory of self and the whole world's evil. This ought to be the case with every element of power ; no one element ought to be

left at the command of God's enemies. The undervaluing of human knowledge is therefore wrong, wrong exceedingly. Knowledge ought to be gained, taste ought to be cultivated, the imagination invigorated, and poetry made the common element of the soul, because the Christian of knowledge, taste, imagination, refinement, and poetic feeling, has a power over his fellow-beings that no other individuals can have. He has access to the secret springs of the human soul; he can wind his way into the heart of depravity, and place God's own truth even there where it is hated, when another Christian of equally benevolent desires, but not possessing the command of these avenues, would utterly fail. What mingled mistake and guilt, therefore, is the crusade that sometimes has been raised even among the professed disciples of the Saviour, against polite literature, poetry, works of imagination, and refinement of taste. If Christians really wished this world to continue under the power of the great adversary of God to the end of time, there could scarcely be a better way devised for the extension and establishment of his empire, than the relinquishment to him of all the finer faculties and sensibilities of our nature to work upon.

Undoubtedly, the hand of the Devil is in this; it is he who has helped to spread this delusion, and made Christians almost feel as if taste, imagination, poetry, refinement, were a sin. Thus he has contrived to have his own way strewed with flowers, the Lord's way with prejudices. Many who sincerely love the Redeemer, care no more about poetry, painting, music, or any of the fine arts, than they do for theatres and ball-rooms; and, in fact, they almost put these things into the same class. "Behold!" a great American Poet and prose writer has beautifully said,* "out of a pestilential congregation of vapors, what glories has God spread over the skies! And yet, there are persons, who, if they could have had the making of the world, and have carried

* R. H. DANA.

out into creation the principles they apply to men, instead of a sky piled up with clouds of dazzling whiteness, and a sun setting in gorgeous yet solemn pomp, from one end of the heavens even unto the other they would have had one dull, heavy cope, of cold, melancholy blue." The truth is, though the unregenerate are guilty, and without excuse in undervaluing what Christians love, Christians are also without excuse in undervaluing that knowledge, taste, and refinement, which cultivated minds hold dear.

Some men go so far as really to believe, that when the millennium comes, there will be no such thing as poetry or painting, or any thing of this nature. To beings constituted as we are, such a millennium would be dull, to say the least. Truth is, there is no faculty or sensibility of the soul, which will not be brought into fuller development and exercise then, than it is now. The fine arts will then be purified from sin; such a desecration of them to the service of unholy passion as now offends the eye of Christian purity,* will not then be endured; they will be elevated from their degradation, and used for the promotion of God's glory. This will be one of the 'greatest triumphs of the millennium, that things which now, on account of man's depravity, or because of their connection with it, are really sinful, will then be rendered holy, and turned from the service of Satan to the service of God. Then, genius will be sanctified, and God will direct its operations; and when he creates a mind like Scott's or Byron's, that mind, still shining perhaps in the sphere of taste and imagination, will shine in that sphere to the glory of God, and the benefit of man's spiritual nature. It will no longer revolve, as in the former of these cases, for the mere self-attracted gaze of the world's admiration, or the mere amusement and intellectual benefit of man, to the utter forgetfulness of God, and consequent injury of man's spiritual nature; nor will it be seen, as in the latter case, plunging

* Note A.

into sensuality, debasing the powers of genius, and in utter contempt and defiance of God, spending its imbruted strength in reiterated appeals to the passions in man's brute nature.

We may see the guilt of undervaluing the means of influence we have enumerated, and carelessly leaving them to the hands of those that are enemies to the Cross of Christ, in the fact, that it is by a form of religion denying its power, and appealing, instead thereof, to principles of taste and sentimentality, that the sect of Unitarianism has been enabled to flourish. This religion makes no appeal to man's true spiritual nature and condition, but, entering into a friendly alliance with worldly pleasures and gaieties, and putting the false gloss of taste and refinement even over man's depravity, commends itself powerfully to the worldly, thoughtless, and impenitent; it is a religion, according to their own commendation of it, which suits the hearts of men; a religion, which the heart, forgetful of its God and eager to escape the consciousness of guilt, welcomes. Whatever could waken up the dread conviction of sin and ruin, and put the lost soul upon thoughts of fleeing to the Cross for refuge from the wrath to come, is avoided; and, (in the language of Mr. Dana, to whose review of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* we would refer our readers, on this important subject,*) "a sort of atmospheric divinity breathes around us like a balmy day, and, like a Claude sky and light, wraps heaven and earth in soft transparent folds. A mawkish love takes place of the wise and just benevolence of God, and our Creator and final Judge is fairly idealized and sentimentalized out of his own creation, providence, and rule." It is not wonderful that this system, pleasing to the taste, lulling to the conscience, and lauding the refinement and purity of man's nature, should be resorted to by many, and should seem to them the very perfection of intellectual and sentimental beauty.

Now we strenuously contend that it is the duty of true

* *Spirit of the Pilgrims* for May, 1830, Vol. 3, page 261.

Christianity to show that genuine refinement of intellect, the true principles of taste, and actual power of the imagination, cannot subsist in connection with such a miserable superficial shadow as this system. The connection is not legitimate; though the Arch-deceiver himself appear like an angel of light, the appearance is stolen; it does not grow out of his own nature, does not belong to him, is not his own proper shape. Apply the truth, let but Ithuriel touch him lightly, and

————— Up he starts,
Discovered and surprised,

returned of force to his own likeness. Examine this system, and you find there are no PRINCIPLES in it; it is a system of negations in regard to the most momentous truths and principles ever revealed to man's expectant soul. Robert Hall's exhibitions of the moral prodigies that disfigure it, are powerful and true: "Whatever is most sweet and attractive in religion, whatever of the grandeur that elevates, or the solemnity that awes the mind, is inseparably connected with those truths it is the avowed object of that system to subvert; and since it is not what we deny, but what we believe, that nourishes piety, no wonder it languishes under so meagre and scanty a diet. The littleness and poverty of the Socinian system ultimately ensures its neglect, because it makes no provision for that appetite for the immense and magnificent, which the contemplation of nature inspires and gratifies, and which even reason itself prompts us to anticipate in a revelation from the Eternal Mind."*

Hall's views of the intellectual poverty and degradation of this system are especially applicable to the vanity of its pretensions in this country, in arrogating to itself the possession of peculiar taste and intellectual refinement. In these respects, as in others, it is inevitably superficial. The

* HALL's Complete Works, Vol. 3, page 29. See also Note B.

true grounds of intellectual power and refinement rest upon the recognition of the great fundamental truths in regard to God and man, disclosed in God's revealed word; and whoever denies these truths has thrown himself off from all principles, in a dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss. The principles and powers of taste and imagination have their foundation in the spiritual part of man's being, and their grand scope of operation amidst the glories and incomprehensibilities of God's character, and the awful and splendid spiritual realities, which God's word, rightly interpreted, unveils to us. How then can they exist along with a system which keeps studiously out of view man's spiritual nature and destiny, strips religion of its power over the conscience, turns the Bible into a tissue of unmeaning metaphors, destroys its authority as a revelation, rejects all that is mysterious, and proudly pretends to measure and comprehend the thoughts of the Almighty? Such a system is a gross injury and insult even to man's intellectual nature; it is perdition to his spiritual. It is utterly superficial, containing nothing that can by any possibility go down into the depths of man's being, or rouse that unfathomable ocean. Confine the soul to such a system? It is worse than shutting up the body in the dungeons of an inquisition! It would be death to a truly great mind. It would be like taking a proud American Eagle, whose existence and dominion are in glorious regions of the atmosphere, who has sailed and wheeled in its daring flight where no created thing else could follow, and whose delight it was to breast the tempest, and even with the tempest's speed to rush through the thunder-cloud; it would be like shutting up that proud imperial bird to droop and beat its wings, and gaze upon its own feathers in a narrow miserable cage.

Even so does that superficial system contract and imprison the soul. It must always be thus, where there are such radical errors in regard to God and man. It is impossible that intellectual power should be great, or thought deep, where

there is such gross neglect of man's spiritual nature, and such perversion of God's attributes and word. You might as well expect the great African desert to be converted into an olive garden ; you might as well look for fields of wheat or beds of roses in the northern icebergs. Neither the missionary spirit in piety, nor a kindred spirit in intellect can live in the atmosphere of modern Unitarianism ; a man could as soon breathe in a room where all the oxygen had been abstracted from the air. There are plain reasons for this ; its views, both of God and man, are such, that with them a missionary spirit is superfluous, and such, that an intellectual spirit of originality and profound investigation would inevitably detect their falsehood and reject them with indignation ; for man is elevated, God is degraded, sin is deprived of its malignity.

With these views that system dare not grapple with **PRINCIPLES** ; they would be its shipwreck : it cannot go beneath the surface, the moment it does, it strikes, and is shattered, on some of those great reefs of thought, that lie deep in the foundations of man's mysterious nature, and over which the ocean of his spiritual being thunders eternally. It must avoid **PRINCIPLES**, or at once it comes in contact with some denied truths of God's word ; it must *therefore* be superficial, in order to exist. Its gross and wilful errors in regard to man's moral being are palsying in their influence over his intellectual being ; " for in the moral being," (it is one of Coleridge's profound reflections,) " lies the source of the intellectual. The first step to knowledge, or rather the previous condition of all insight into truth, is to dare to commune with our very and permanent self." This the Unitarians dare not do ; if they did, they would at once be convicted of guilt, and meet an unavoidable refutation of their own system. " It is Warburton's remark," Coleridge continues, " that of all literary exertions, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or so immediately our concern, as those which let us into the knowledge of our own nature.

Others may exercise the understanding or amuse the imagination ; but these only can improve the heart and form the human mind to wisdom.”*

Now this system, with all its literary exertions, far from letting us into the knowledge of our own nature, aims both to keep us in ignorance of that nature, and to give us wrong views of it. Here then, in regard to the very groundwork and previous condition of all insight into truth, it is inevitably and thoroughly superficial. We might add to this that a habit of mind, such as the painful and laborious effort of Unitarianism to evade and explain away the Holy Scriptures and discredit their authority tends to foster, is in itself eminently inconsistent with free and vigorous thought. Indeed, a vigorous mind could scarcely pursue a train of thought in any direction, without coming full upon some grand principle, from whose radiant light this system of negations, with its whole statement of reasons for not believing, flees away, discomfited and affrighted. It is a system that, not satisfied with deceiving the heart, and excluding from the soul all knowledge of our “very and permanent self,” makes a coward and an habitual sophist even of the intellect, which then only can remain at ease in the midst of such gross error, when “covered round and comfortable in the *wrap-rascal* of self-hypocrisy” and sophistry.†

In the light of these truths it is easy to see why, in all the Socinian literature, though its pretensions are great, and supported in this country by the fostering care of the oldest and richest University in the United States, there is nothing but superficiality. There is not, either in this country or in England. Here we shall be pointed to such names as those of Priestly, Belsham, and Channing ; nor would any one deny that the first of these was a man of much mental activity and ingenuity, and the last a man distinguished by fine words, elegance of style, and lofty sentimentalism, especially when he speaks of glorious godlike human nature. At the same time

* The Friend, page 94.

† Note C.

it is neither novelty nor arrogance to say that they are each superficial in his own sphere, and both superficial in theology. What are they by the side of John Howe, Ralph Cudworth, John Foster, or Dr. Chalmers, or others whom we might name in our own land, of evidently far greater depth and originality of mind either than the Birmingham Philosopher, or the "splendid writer and high-souled man,"* who stands at the head of Unitarianism in this country? They are dwarfed in the comparison, and their works appear like huts at the base of ancient temples, built of the scattered fragments of decay. Surely, there is more deep thought in a solitary leaf of one of John Howe's sermons, than in all Dr. Priestly's, Belsham's, and Channing's works put together, adding even Miss Martineau's to the collection. Such men as John Howe acknowledged the malignity of sin, with humbling views of their own depravity and ignorance, and adoring views of the incomprehensible greatness and infinite holiness of God; they held communion with the intellect of God, and bowed in adoration and love before the mightiest exhibition of that intellect, in the plan of Redemption by the Cross of Jesus Christ. Such men as "that splendid writer and high-souled man," will tell you of man's innocent frailties and magnificent virtues, of God's indulgent tenderness to sin, of man's purity of soul, of the imperfection of the Scriptures, the blessedness of communion with the book of nature, and the all-sufficiency of human reason; and they even dare to name that CROSS as the central gallows of the universe!! †

The CENTRAL GALLOWES! Let it stand! Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish. It makes Hell tremble, it fills Heaven and Earth with praise, and the Universe with God's glory! Its voice is unmingled mercy to the penitent; love of infinite degree; for there was but one word for us, and that word LOST, if it had not been erected. O the

* This expression is from "one of themselves, a prophet of their own." It is a way they have of speaking of each other.

† Note D.

mercy that it speaks ! *Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world !* What wonder, that in Heaven they sing that anthem, **WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN !** **The CROSS !** blessed, precious memorial !

'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
 'Twas there my Saviour for me died.
 His Cross shall make me strong within,
 IT STAMPS AN INFAMY ON SIN.

We may be permitted here to make an additional remark in regard to Dr. Priestly's character, as affording a fair specimen of the influence of Unitarianism, and the sort of minds for which it is calculated. A critical examination of the works of Dr. Priestly would not, we believe, induce any one to dissent widely from the opinion, which even in the *Christian Examiner* is stated as the one universally entertained in regard to him ; that he was " a reckless free-thinker, a ready but careless and inaccurate writer, meddling with every thing, but understanding nothing thoroughly, and chiefly remarkable for his wild theories and startling innovations." The positive good sentiments he may have advanced are very few in comparison with the powerful infidelity with which his works are saturated ; but taking them all into view, with all the sweetness of his domestic character, they still form no sort of evasion from the charge of superficiality. No man was ever more ingenuous in speaking of himself and his opinions, than Dr. Priestly, though, as he did not understand his own moral character, he could not be expected to give the right view of it to others. His acknowledgments in the prefaces to some of his own works would be sufficient to sustain the epithet superficial, without any reference to the works themselves. Of the *History of Early Opinions*, a work that of all others would require time, patience, accuracy and profoundness in original investigation, he says with amusing simplicity that he had " taken a *good deal of pains* to read, at least to *look carefully through*, many of the most capital works of the ancient Christian writers, in order to form just

ideas of their general principles and trains of thinking, and to collect such passages as might occur *for his purpose*:" and he observes, as a sort of apology for his hasty second-hand investigations, that "to have compiled such a work as this from original authorities only, without the aid of modern writers, would be more than any one man could execute in the course of a long life." This was one of the great faults of Dr. Priestly, his desire to do in a hurry, what, thoroughly done, would cost years of labor.

Had there not been a great defect, both in his mind and heart, he would not have defended the doctrines of materialism and philosophical necessity, or fatalism, in moral and intellectual philosophy, nor, at so late a period, the doctrine of phlogiston in chemistry, nor would he have written such a farrago as the *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*, opened and continued with the avowal of his own disbelief in the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles. Accordingly there was such a defect, and it was what made him a Unitarian, and carried him on perpetually veering from error to error; it was *the want of guiding, fixed, clearly discerned principles*, either in heart or in intellect, in morals or in mind. In his course through life, his mind seems to us like a vessel, loose in a broad and winding river, with all sail set, but no rudder. The vessel could not advance far, without striking on some concealed rock or projecting bank, and the consequence might be, that the force of the current and the wind together would swing her round from the impediment, to go stern foremost with the stream, (the wind filling her sails as well in this direction as any,) till the next concussion with another rock or an island might turn her again in another movement, thus to continue her course, if she did not come entirely aground, now sideways, now stern foremost, and now in her proper position. Thus Dr. Priestly's mind seems to have moved. He set sail fair, but without a rudder; he came upon Lardner's *Letters on the Logos*, and this, not the examination of the Scriptures, turned him into Socinianism; he came upon the theory of materialism, and straightway denied the exist-

ence of the soul; he struck next upon Hartley's Observations, and here his mind swung round into fatalism, and in this channel of error went stern foremost through life; and that immortal spirit passed into eternity with a blind and dreadful indifference to the future, and a denial of all repentance for the past, the necessary result of his combined fatalism and materialism.

In regard to his philosophical discoveries, especially the great ones in Pneumatic chemistry, to which, and to his amenity of manners, his evenness of temper, and his scepticism in theology, his reputation as a philosopher must be mainly attributed, he himself acknowledges that he did not discover, but *happened* on them, while pursuing other things. "Few persons, I believe, have met with so much unexpected good success as myself, in the course of my philosophical pursuits. My narrative will show, that the first hints of almost every thing that I have discovered of much importance have occurred to me in this manner. In looking for one thing, I have generally found another, and sometimes a thing of much more value than that of which I was in quest." This feature in his mind was widely different from the patient investigation, the thoughtful reasoning, and the cautious comparison and induction, in the exercise of which Sir Humphrey Davy was led to the gas-lamp, and Sir Isaac Newton to the law of gravitation. These two philosophers were not philosophers by accident or amusement, nor were their discoveries accidental. They were the result, with Newton especially, of a patience, profoundness, and accuracy, in investigation and meditation, by which, neither in philosophy nor in theology, was Dr. Priestly characterized. True science is meditative; Priestly was not. In theology and moral philosophy he was, without controversy, rash, superficial, and an infidel. It was not the position of a philosopher, that "In regard to Christ we may believe *any thing except that he is divine.*" As has been admirably said in regard to Dr. Channing, the course he took in religion *showed how the foundations of his mind were laid.* It showed that he was

thrown off from all fundamental principles ; this characteristic of the System of Negations he displayed to the full ; “ *I do not know,*” said he, “ *when my creed will be fixed.*” Along with fundamental principles, Unitarianism cannot live ; the same obliquity, therefore, of mind and heart, which makes a man a Unitarian, will, as a general result, make him superficial in all things.*

The consideration of the neglect of taste and refinement by one party, and the exclusive devotion to them by the other, to the exclusion of truth and spirituality, is a point of immense importance. It were well for those who love the Saviour, to assert his supremacy over the imagination, and that there is no true intellectual glory, but what is accompanied with an acknowledgment of his divinity, and baptized with his love. It were well for the people to ask if they are willing to accept and support a literature, which carries in itself the elements of decay and spiritual ruin. And it may be well to take into serious consideration the truth, that the brightest era of the English intellect, was that in which the minds and hearts of the scholars of England were imbued and filled from infancy with the evangelical system of divine truth ; with deep reverence for the Bible, and adoring views of the great one doctrine brought to view in it, the atonement by the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ ; and that her intellectual vigor then began to decline, when men of this noble stamp were succeeded by sceptical moralists and rationalists, of much the same influence as the preachers of modern Socinianism. Do we wish for a literature of fire and power, compass and depth of thought, and deep spirituality, rousing and sustaining man’s best energies, a literature that shall roll down like a sea of glory over all successive ages, bearing men, as with an irresistible impulse, on its bosom towards heaven, and encircling and *steeping* our very political institutions in the preserving energy of the gospel? Over such a literature *the Lamb that was slain* must rule.

* Note E.

One Spirit must pervade it, His, "*who wore the platted crown with bleeding brows.*" On the other hand, are we willing to poison the present age with a literature wedded to scepticism, and to send down to futurity, in the same form, the elements of a "potential infidelity," that will drive the Bible from its authority as the regent of men's consciences, proclaim the innocence of unbelief, deny both the existence of human depravity, and its provided remedy in the gospel, and make men, by whole generations, fit only for perdition, and that, in proportion as it extends, will sap the foundations of all good government, throw the people loose from all principles, and prepare the republic in this country for another reign of terror, the counterpart of revolutionary France? Let the principles prevail which reject the Deity of Christ, and the atonement by his sufferings and death; let the principles prevail that are linked with Unitarianism, (say rather the principle of antagonism to all principles,) and the foundation for such a literature is laid already.*

Christianity ought to prevent it; and as one great means of preventing it, there is another triumph, which piety ought to have achieved: the poets should have been holy men, and the poetry of this world, invested with the sanctity of a better world, should have fired men's imaginations with bright perspective views of the glories of the **CELESTIAL CITY**, inquiring,

What stately buildings durst so far extend
Their lofty towers into the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled were.

They have generally been wicked men, and their works unsanctifying and demoralizing in their tendency. When some great poetic genius shall have been baptized with the influences of the Holy Spirit, some mind akin to Shakspeare's for the greatness and universality of its power, then will it be seen and known what wonders of regenerating mercy poetry

* Note F.

can accomplish for the world. Of all the mind's faculties, imagination is the most sublime. When a holy appeal shall be made to the soul, through its medium, by a company of truly religious Poets, we doubt not the result will be mighty. It must be so, for it will be an appeal to man's spiritual powers and longings, rousing them up and setting them at motion amidst the dread and grand realities of the spiritual world, and not calling him, with the mawkish sentimentality of Unitarianism, to worship nature, and behold the dignity, perfectibility, and innocent aspirations, of his own defiled soul. It will be an appeal, rousing up the soul by presenting God its Creator, God manifest in the flesh, God coming near to the soul's dim apprehensions, and in infinite condescension to man's weakness and inability to support the vision of One dwelling in light inaccessible and full of glory, putting on the veil of man's nature, and thus unveiling to him the light of the knowledge of that glory as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

When the imagination wanders amid these solemn mysteries of grandeur in the being and plans and operations of God, then is that noble faculty employed upon the subjects for which it was intended, and amidst realities for the purpose of mingling with which imagination was created in the soul. The poetry of devotion is the noblest of all poetry, and therefore it is the rarest: it requires not only exalted genius, but deep piety. Yet it ought to be the common element of the soul, as common as the air that we breathe. And such poetry as a great portion of all that has been written, ought to be felt universally as an insult to man's spiritual being, and expelled with simultaneous indignation from existence. There will come a time, we fully believe, when poetry will be almost exclusively employed amidst the glories of revelation, and in prefigurings of that glory, still greater, that is yet to be revealed. What is all the glory even of God's own works, to the infinite grandeur of the discoveries in his word! It is veiled behind the splendor of

the cross of Christ, even as the pale starlight dies from the vision before the rising sun.

The same influence that ought to have made piety the handmaid of devotion, ought also to have blessed the world with the gift of a religious philosophy. The study of ethics ought to have been the study of God, and metaphysics, instead of being consigned to the care of infidelity, ought to have shone with the steady radiance of light reflected from the Bible. In all our systems of philosophy, the spiritual nature of man should have been fully recognized, and exhibited as infinitely superior to his mere intellectual nature. Philosophy should have shown the manner in which his spiritual wants and instincts look to, and are intended for, a spiritual world, and how the mysteries of that world are imaged in the depths of the soul, and have power over it, such power, that even the rage of passion will be hushed in their presence, as the madman quails before the eye of his keeper.* Conducted as they have been, the tendency of metaphysical speculations has been so material, so sceptical, so destructive to all man's spiritual sensibilities, that Burke declared that nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough bred metaphysician. This is the legitimate consequence of studying man's character and constitution as if he were a mere material *thing*, a machine, whose soul, or moving principle, is so dependent on the flesh and bones, that the whole together makes a grand subject for physiological investigation, to be examined much in the same way in which you would galvanize a dead frog, or dissect a Chinese puzzle, or analyze a bit of ore.

Philosophy ought to have considered man, in his relation to God, as a creature not of time and sense and understanding merely, but of eternity and reason, a being of ideas and living principles, containing within himself the axioms on which his relations with the external world rest, and on which

* See Wordsworth's Ode on intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood.

he must rest in his own examination of that world. It were unworthy and degrading to suppose that God should have made an existence of such preciousness and dignity as the imperishable human soul, dependent for its knowledge, nay for its very ideas, on the perishing objects of sense around it : a mere empty chamber, which the external light, admitted through the shutters of the senses, must fill with *images* instead of ideas, and then the whole employment of the soul shall consist in combining those images, even as an infant does its toys, and sitting down to reflect upon them ! How the soul, the *tabula rasa*, could ever in this way attain the ideas of God, eternity, or immortality, it would have puzzled Aquinas himself to determine. Surely, it is a miserable view of the whole subject, and nothing but Locke's great name, and the concurring circumstances, that tended to give him an influence in the schools almost as despotic as that of Aristotle, could have imprisoned the general mind so long in that system : a system sceptical in its tendencies, and of a most suspicious aspect, were it only that a sect, whose speculations abjure all principles, has much to say in praise of the principles of its author.

With a perversity of intellect, the counterpart of that moral insanity which prefers the world to God, men have examined the soul, and we may add, God its Creator, through the world, through experiment, instead of examining the world in the light of God and of the soul's nature. This is nothing better than irreligion ; and we fully believe that this miserable system of philosophy may be traced to man's depravity, to his inveterate disposition to think upon and live for, not the living soul, and God its Creator, and eternity its spiritual abode, but his external self, the shadow of his permanent self, and the transitory world that encloses him around, and offers its allurements to his senses. The common metaphysics afford thus a striking proof of man's fallen condition, his tendency to begin with outward things, and think them of the most importance, and live for them, instead of living inwardly

and for God. Oh the degradation of a philosophy that comes in aid of this depravity, and binds man down to sense, and makes God's image in the soul, the dependent slave of God's material creation! A philosophy, that, denying the doctrine of innate ideas, denies also all spiritual mysteries, and leaves the soul not much better than the inner walls of the Bastile, on which its various inmates have been for ages scrawling their charcoal inscriptions of darkness, insanity, guilt, lamentation, and wo.

Had philosophers been Christians, and man in the habit of beholding and living for God, this result could not have taken place. What Christian does not feel that in communing with God and heavenly spiritual things, the soul is in her proper element and employment, not looking outward, not regarding sense, or the senses, or the sciences, or any combination of sensible things or properties, or any manifestation of the nature of the soul through them; but in the presence of pure ideas, her own natural home, in abstraction from the world, retiring inwards, contemplative, meditative, serene? If this employment had been, as it ought, her beloved one, if she had not been averse from it, and dead in trespasses and sins, it would now be seen and felt that man's soul is a thing of light, not obscurity, a clear and serene monarch among a world of comparatively dark and unsubstantial shades. Psychological science, instead of being in the rear, would be in the advance of all other sciences. Men would be profound mental philosophers much more abundantly than they are now proficient in external knowledge.

“In religion there is no abstraction.” Every thing is energized with spiritual life. Man becomes a living soul, not a mere intellect. Philosophy becomes psychology, the philosophy of the soul, not mere mental philosophy. Our philosophy is all Nousology, not Psychology, the philosophy of the *understanding*, not of the soul, and “all alike preassumes, with Mr. Locke, that the mind contains only the reliques of the senses, and therefore proceeds with him to explain the

substance from the shadow, the voice from the echo.*” There are subjects on which mental philosophy has scarcely yet touched, of more importance than all her other speculations put together. The nature of sin, and its influence on the spiritual being, is one of these subjects. To reason concerning man’s nature, without taking into view the truth that his relation to God is that of moral depravity to infinite holiness, is just as unphilosophical as it would be to reason concerning the attractive power of the heavenly bodies over substances on the surface of the earth, without taking into view that attraction of those substances towards the earth, which occasions their gravity. What work would such reasoning make in natural philosophy! And yet it is upon just such incorrect and partial premises, that men set out in their complacent speculations on the nature and dignity of man. To adopt the language of natural philosophy, man ought to gravitate towards his Maker, but a wilful moral gravitation of selfishness writes *LOST* upon his soul, and draws him to perdition, as certainly as the attraction of gravitation propels matter to the centre of the earth. Now is it not a grand absurdity to enter on the science of metaphysics, without taking into view this astounding moral fact? Absurdity or not, it is iniquity, and tends, along with all other inventions of man, to make him forget his moral ruin and need of a Saviour, and attempt to build up science and his own being on other principles than those revealed in God’s word. How long shall it thus be? How long shall metaphysical and moral philosophy be divorced from religion, and possess nothing but a gross, sceptical, petrifying tendency over men’s minds?

Who can deny the truth of Mr. Coleridge’s remark, “That the principles of taste, morals, and religion, taught in our most popular compendia of moral and political philosophy, natural theology, evidences of Christianity, &c., are false, injurious, and debasing.”† They regard man in his

* Aids to Reflection, page 894.

† Aids to Reflection, page 393.

relation to this world only, and as a mere creature of the understanding, and might have been formed just as they are if man were in reality only a higher sort of brute; they do but make him a more refined animal. It would have been deemed almost insanity or fanaticism, hitherto, to have written a book of moral and mental philosophy on spiritual principles, the principles of the Bible, exhibiting God, and the grandeur and responsibility of man's being in relation to God and the Saviour. But what is man's mere understanding compared with his spiritual powers, and what are all our nicely arranged and methodical analyses of the faculties of the mind, the mere A, B, C, and grammatical skeleton of metaphysics, compared with one profound remark on the inward being, or one glimpse of the nature of the soul as looking towards eternity, and created for a world and scenery of spirits?

The very monkey, who looked *behind* the glass, to find the substance of the reflection, exhibited a worthier curiosity, than those who are content to be put off with such a mere enumeration of the human faculties. We need a *philosophy that looks behind the glass*; a philosophy that recognizes in the answering reflection which the human soul makes to the presented spiritual realities of revelation, not the superficiality of a mere physical reflection, but the reality of a counter spiritual world; a philosophy, that, not content to stop, and gaze, and examine the embroidered curtain of man's external nature, lifts it up at once, and sets us in illimitable depths. Mental philosophy has yet been merely occupied in watching the waves of being, as they break and die on the shore of man's sensible and temporal existence, and in picking up, here and there, a shell thrown upon the beach, that, put to the ear, repeats in mimic murmurs the resounding roar of the unfathomed and unexplored ocean. Even so do some of the mysterious phenomena, that philosophers have found, even amidst their external speculations, tell to the listening soul of mysteries and solemn music in the depths that threw them up. But

philosophy has never sailed out over that ocean, or gone down into its depths. It is all before her, unadventured, deep, boundless, mysterious, sublime!*

On any subject that involves principles connected with man's spiritual nature, we plunge into darkness just in proportion as we neglect the Bible, that storehouse of all spiritual principles, that statesman's surest manual, as well as Christian's guide. And what great subjects are there, which do not involve such principles, or are not affected by man's alienation from his Maker? The same remarks, though not to so great an extent, which are applicable to moral science, might be made in regard to history, politics, education, law, and the physical sciences. They have all been managed as if the ground they occupy were out of the legitimate province of God's inspection, and consecrated to the genius of universal scepticism. It would seem as if religion had nothing to do with them, nor they with religion. They are a sort of infidel family by themselves, where God is scarcely mentioned, or God's authority acknowledged, or God's superintending providence recognized. Where is the history that brings us near to God; where the system of politics or political economy, that points us to him, and developes at work in this world the great principles of his own moral government? Where is the system of education that prepares the soul for God, teaches it to look habitually beyond second causes, and to feel that nothing has any value except so far as God can be seen and glorified in it, and that all temporal existence and its objects are the mere material steps, by which the regenerated soul may ascend through the great atonement and mediation of Jesus, to an existence of spiritual glory in the heavenly world? Where is the system of law, where the assembly of lawyers, in the midst of which you would naturally think of God, the source and sanction of all law, or where the Bible, God's great law-book for the uni-

* Note G.

verse, is reverentially and prayerfully studied, and the principles of eternal justice, as they shine in the incarnation and propitiatory death of the great Son of God, are traced out and exhibited in their demanded application and operation in all the affairs of mortals? And where are the scientific volumes, in which the soul is made to feel that every thing has a moral aspect, and that God is the author of all science, and that the soul's object in the study of his works should be the discovery and exhibition of him the Creator? The sciences in most cases exclude God from notice, and are pursued without any reference to him whatever, or to man's nature as a spiritual being; and this is undoubtedly the reason why the study of the physical sciences begets such a tendency to materialism, and why so many scientific men have been nothing more or less, than conceited, scientific infidels.

What else than such a dreadful result can be expected from the habitual forgetfulness of God and the worship of man's intellectual being, the closing of the eye upon God, and opening it only on his works, the shutting up of the soul's vision among physical things and speculations, without any reference to, or consideration of, their spiritual meaning, and the habit of regarding God himself, even in speculation, as nothing more than a great omniscient geometrician, a being without any moral qualities or feelings. It is melancholy proof of man's fallen nature, that he can endure such an unnatural divorce between his intellectual and his spiritual being, and such an idolatrous reverence for his own physical and intellectual powers, and such bondage to his five senses, and such fearful alienation from his God. It is a humiliating sight to behold the great company of philosophers praising themselves, and praising each other, and praising their own intellectual glory, and praising the power of steam, and the glory of steam-engines, and praising the dignity and perfectibility of human nature, and, with a mawkish, lisping affectation of lofty sentiment and taste, congratulating each other on the pure and holy aspirations of the soul, yet all this

while groping in a spiritual midnight, ignorant of God, and opposed to his whole character as he himself has exhibited it in the Bible.*

Piety ought to have moulded and energized the maxims and proverbs of society, but it has not. The world is full of proverbs, but they all have a worldly meaning; there are many sententious maxims, but they are all of a mere earthly prudence, not more elevated than the sagacity of an elephant, or the instinctive principles according to which the beaver builds his dam. Of this nature are most even of Dr. Franklin's writings, and the speculations of Paley, and the principles developed in Miss Edgworth's works. *The Poor Richard*, and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, and Miss Edgworth's *Moral Tales*, fascinating as they are, and Defoe's *History of Colonel Jack*, are only full of the same mere temporal sagacity, of which the maxims and proverbs of life are the small coin. And those who think of meeting man's spiritual wants and guiding the world to goodness and happiness in this way, while they neglect God's Bible and the cross of Christ, and man's spiritual destiny in its light, are just like men who should go about at noonday hanging up in all the corners of the streets, and to all the lamp-posts by the side-walks, a multitude of farthing candles, and miserable rush-lights, as signs for the people to direct their attention and guide their steps. What need we such winking tapers as these, when we have the glorious sun shining in the heaven of God's word above us, and with such a power of light, as, to any man who looks at it, absolutely puts out the pale rush-lights of morality, that a selfish heart, regardless of God, kindles and applauds? To neglect God's word and God's glory, and walk in the light of our own pretended reason and for the gratification of our own selfishness, is a course that God has condemned, and that, if we persist in it, must end in ruin. Yet a great part of men's education is to show how they may collect dollars and cents, and if it were not

* Note H.

that man's selfishness may be more gratified by a more extended scope of investigation, we are persuaded that the only sciences ever studied, would have been included in Book-keeping and the Rule of Three.

Among the maxims by which this world is governed, the principle of expediency is one of such vast extent and various application, that it may be well to spend a moment in its examination, taking Christianity and not selfishness for our rule. It is not in favor of any argument that it is applied solely or chiefly in a bad cause. But this is the case with the argument from expediency. It is always the pillar on which oppressors, and tyrants and selfish governments lean. It is the vanguard in the army of iniquitous measures and practices, under whose protection, when they begin to suffer a rout, the retreat may be covered, and rendered orderly and slow, and time given for a regiment here and there to throw themselves into some impregnable citadel, where a position can be maintained, till the routed army may regain strength, and once more, in a new disguise, overrun the country. It is the support of every public nuisance, and the one argument against all public reform. It defers an intended reformation to the last possible moment of procrastination, and when the evil can no longer be endured in its luxuriance, expediency takes away all energy from the reforming principle, and prevents its thorough operation, pruning a few of the branches, but leaving the tree in the ground. Expediency avoids the reform, but adopts its name, and cherishes the evil, by giving it a more plausible shape. For illustration of this truth, look at the history of the English house of commons, and at all the attempts to economize in the government of Great Britain. Look at the situation of the kingdom when Burke delivered his celebrated speech on economical reform, and look at it now. "Nothing, you know," said Burke in that masterly speech, "is more common, than for men to wish and call loudly, too, for a reformation, who, when it arrives, do by no means like the severity of its

aspect. Reformation is one of those pieces which must be put at some distance, in order to please. Its greatest favorers love it better in the abstract than in the substance. When any old prejudice of their own, or any interest that they value is touched, they become scrupulous, they become captious, and every man has his separate exception. Some pluck out the black hairs, some the gray; one point must be given up to one, another point must be yielded to another; nothing is suffered to prevail upon its own principle; the whole is so frittered down and disjointed, that scarcely a trace of the original scheme remains. Thus, between the resistance of power and the unsystematical process of popularity, the undertakers and the undertaking are both exposed, and the poor reformer is hissed off the stage, both by friends and foes.”*

This would have been the case with the temperance reformation if the principle of expediency had prevailed. That principle would have prevented all societies on the plan of total abstinence. The principle of expediency would have prevented the resolution passed by such an overwhelming majority in the great national temperance convention, declaring all traffic in ardent spirit an immorality. Expediency argued strongly against it; the world, he said, was not prepared for it, it was taking too bold a stand; ministers, he said, would not know what to do with their church members that kept dram-shops, or their deacons, that kept distilleries; and the whole country, he said, would be put into a ferment, and there would be a great reaction, and by such imprudence and rashness, they would do the temperance cause a great deal more harm than good. In this way good Mr. Expediency argued, and very stoutly and obstinately, but he could not prevail. In this way he is going about now, and arguing in this region. He enjoins upon you to be exceeding cautious, lest in descanting on a public vice, you trouble some great criminal. He tells you, you must never say, *Thou art the man*. He warns you against personalities, bids you beware

* Burke's Works, Vol. II. page 139.

of the ninth commandment, and tells you that you ought to treat with the greatest tenderness and delicacy, those respectable and honest individuals most unfortunately overtaken by this sudden bound of public opinion, in their immoral pursuits and practices.

There is a pitiful, sneaking set of adherents, that have adopted expediency for their master and guide. These men always appear after any unanimous expression of the feelings of justice and stern virtue, to iterate their threadbare commonplaces about candor, forbearance, and the danger of going too far. There was such a set starting into motion, when good men were making energetic efforts in behalf of the persecuted and outraged Cherokees. They came before the public with pitiable, hypocritical whinings about caution, sobriety, prudence, the danger of too much excitement, and all the despicable cant of a party, that have not moral courage enough to rebuke crime in any shape. They would fain persuade you that it is cruelty to the oppressors, ardently to defend the oppressed. They are like the gulls that skim the surface of an exhausted river. While the tide of generous feeling was in, you would have thought there were no such creatures in existence; the moment it has retired, they scream over the shallows, and lay their spawn in the mud. The followers of expediency watch the tide of popular feeling, and are sure never to be found but where a favorable tide would carry them; they dare not be at sea in a storm, and when the signs of a tempest appear in the horizon, you may see their small craft darting with all possible rapidity, into every creek and haven.

The temperance reformation is followed and attended by a goodly train of men of expediency. They have much to say against the abstract vice of drunkenness, something to say against the drunkards, but not one word against the drunkard-makers; nay, with the most commendable tenderness, they would guard against any thing that might injure the feelings or rouse the prejudices of that honorable race,

distillers, wholesale dealers, and retailers. We have had an instance of this kind very recently. In a speech otherwise excellent, we were cautioned forsooth, in regard to the very authors of the whole evil of intemperance, the manufacturers and venders of ardent spirit, against the danger of causing such persons, through a mistaken pride of character, to become enemies to the cause!* And who, we may ask, in the name of all common sense, *are* enemies already to the cause of temperance, if it be not distillers and dram-sellers? What enemies has the temperance reformation to contend with, if it be not these? It was a wise caution, surely; since, if there be any distiller or dram-seller in this place or region, who is not now an enemy to the cause of temperance, that unknown appendage to his character or occupation, whatever it be, which could constitute him an enemy, must be something horrible and unheard of. It was therefore a well-timed caution to see to it that we commit not that dreadful wickedness of turning any distiller or dram-seller into an enemy to the cause of temperance. Let us beware, my beloved friends, how we bring upon ourselves such guilt.

In one of the pleasantest children's books that was ever published, the *Evenings at Home*, we remember a chapter entitled *Things by their right names*. A precious collection of modern misnomers, might be gathered under this title. "Rum-shops and ruin, dram-sellers and drunkards," says Mr. Sargent in his admirable address, (and he should have added distillers,) "are so exceedingly common, we have become so perfectly familiarized to the consequences of their existence, in the forms of pauperism and crime, disease and death, that we are scarcely prepared to think and speak as freely and forcibly as it deserves, of an occupation which is often conducted in so very genteel a manner, and which is suffered under the sanction of positive law. But it is my duty in this place and upon the present occasion, to deliver

* Speech of the honorable E. Everett, at the meeting of the Salem Young Men's Temperance Society.

my opinions in the fear of God, and in the confidence of truth, and not to suppress a jot or a tittle of their force, lest they may ruffle the equanimity of one man, or cross the prepossessions of another. Let me say, then, with a solemnity becoming the occasion, that I can perceive no difference between the murder of a fellow-creature on a heath, by a highway robber, and the murder of a human being by a dram-seller, who knows the character of the poison he administers, and its probable effects, and who witnesses the increasing activity and virulence of the poison from day to day, until he learns, at last, that his miserable victim is no more."

In regard to the expediency or propriety of an apology for the drunkard-makers, we know it ought not to be made. It is not an excusable evil, either the distilling, or wholesale dealing, or retailing, of this element of perdition. Suppose that, by some unimaginable insanity in the public mind, the cholera itself, a pestilence not half so dreadful or injurious in its prevalence, as the vice of intemperance, should be surrounded with all the allurements, and temptations, and seductive circumstances, that lead the drunkard to his cups; and suppose that an individual should thenceforth establish and open a manufactory of this disease, and have his vats for its distillation, and his hogsheads for its exportation, and his merchants to receive and distribute it, wholesale and retail; how long would it be before our authorities would have this destroyer of his fellow-beings shut up in prison? Now, is the distiller of rum, involving, in its manufacture and distribution, such an incalculable amount of misery, such inevitable ruin and death, temporal and eternal, to multitudes of his fellow-creatures, any less guilty, or less injurious, as a member of society, than this supposed distiller of the cholera? We believe there is not a man who can point out the difference. The wholesale manufacturers and dealers in this poison, are the poisoners general of the community; and neither expediency, nor any other considerations of the kind, should keep us, as men, as citizens, or as ministers of the

gospel, from uttering the whole truth in regard to this iniquity. As men, we should feel for the happiness of our fellow-men ; as citizens, we should stand up in protection of the outraged community ; as ministers, we should remember God's own words, *Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.*

On every side, we behold misery abounding in this world, and misery prepared for another, by those of our fellow-beings, who, under various names, are engaged in the manufacture and distribution of ardent spirit. And now, when we use in regard to them the language of truth, which, in such a case, can neither be the language of tenderness, or delicacy, are we to be charged with converting these drunkard-makers into enemies to the cause of temperance ? Who ever heard of such a thing ? We call them to renounce their accursed occupations. We beseech them utterly to have done with a traffic, which is unmingled misery to others, and which, in regard to themselves, though it brings money to the purse, brings ruin to the soul. We will hail them as the most valuable seals to the blessedness of the temperance reformation, if they will only fall into its ranks. We will applaud their renunciation of a gainful, though iniquitous traffic, as a blessed sacrifice for conscience' sake, if they will only make that renunciation, before public opinion actually compels them. At all events, we will call *things by their right names*, and state things in the coloring of truth ; and so we would, were there as many distillers and dram-sellers around us, as there are "tiles on the roofs of the houses." Nay, the greater the number, the more earnest ought to be the attack.

As to the wisdom of keeping back any part of the truth on this subject, it is the wisdom of moral cowardice. We need not expect to do any thing for the real advancement of this, or any other reformation, unless we take the lead of public sentiment, and go on continually, farther than public sentiment has yet advanced. What great reformer ever yet ap-

peared, who did not have to go so far in advance of his own age, as to be almost lost sight of; striding so far before, as Coleridge has somewhere nobly said of Milton, as to *dwarf* himself in the distance; and so in the face of all its prejudices, that they have raised the universal shout of ignorance and passion against him, and have always said that he was destroying his own cause, by his own rashness and want of *expediency*? When the "apostle of temperance" began his work, his first sermon, it was remarked in his favor, at the late great temperance convention, almost hurled him from his pulpit; and if, as he went from one end of the land to the other, he had acted on the proposed maxim of tenderness, delicacy, and expediency, instead of harrowing up the soul, and setting men's minds on fire with his powerful exhibitions of the evil, he would have done nothing; he might have raised no opposition, but he would have put men to sleep.

To the end of the world, perhaps, there will be temporizing Christians, and men of expediency. Nevertheless, it is a principle that Christians ought to abhor. It is a great enemy to the Magdalen reform. All reformations, indeed, and all reformers, have had to contend with it. Luther fought hard against it. The philanthropist McDowall finds it his one grand enemy in New York. It has kept the seventh commandment almost utterly out of view, in all its bearings, and has let men go on in the commission of this enormous wickedness, till custom has given to the sin of licentiousness the power of a prescriptive right; and he who meddles with it, is not only considered indelicate, but almost unjust. The habits of nations, against which neither the press nor the pulpit have lifted a warning voice, have stripped this unclean iniquity of its disgusting, abhorrent features, and arrayed it in the guise of an innocent, necessary freedom. What vice is there, which expediency has not, in some way or other, dressed up, if not in the garb of a virtue, at least in the guise of a pretended necessary and unavoidable

evil? Nevertheless, *The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished; but chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness.*

Expediency has had much to do with slavery. It is the one obstacle to its abolition, all the world over. Christianity ought to have abolished and annihilated it long since. It ought to have proclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard from the shore of the Eastern Atlantic, to the shore of the Western Pacific, that the air which encircles and blesses these United States, shall be breathed only by freemen, that the moment a slave touches the soil, he shall be free. But expediency, and not Christianity, has prevailed. And even now, in the heart of New England, what occurrences are taking place, and what disgraceful laws are enacting in the midst of us!

One would think, if the inhabitants of a Christian land like ours conclude on the whole, that it is expedient to keep more than two millions of people still longer in slavery, it might also be admissible, if not expedient, to instruct them, at least teach them to read the holy name of a Saviour. But no! Their souls must be kept in bondage and darkness, that the body may still be manacled with safety! Say a word south of the Potomac, in presence of the people of color, even on the liberty of holiness, speak of redemption and emancipation even by the Cross, and in all likelihood you will have some inquisitor to demand how you dare hold such disorganizing, insurrectionary language. And men will talk high of their rights, (their inalienable *rights* of inheritance in the bodies and souls of their fellow-beings,) and threaten to dissolve the Union, if they of the North dare to meddle with them, or are not willing to let the subject of entire abolition alone. Just as if this Union would be any longer valuable, if it were cemented and to be held together only at the price of the perpetuated curse and guilt of slavery!

All this is because the purity and power of Christianity have

been paralyzed by the prevalence of the principle of expediency. This principle might be concisely defined thus: *it is the sacrifice of lasting principles to present emergencies.* A time-serving policy is the bane of the modern church; though indeed virtuous men have almost always been less energetic in a good cause, than wicked men in a bad one. "Good works," it is one of Burke's finest remarks, "are commonly left in a rude, unfinished state, through the tame circumspection, with which a timid prudence so frequently enervates beneficence. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions, that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute."*

The principle of expediency has greatly shackled the exertions which pious men have made for the due observance of the Christian Sabbath. That day is now, in many places in Christian lands, turned into a mere engine of Satan, an opportunity for the unrestrained pursuit of sin, a day on which, there being an interval of rest from that pressure of business, which smothered the passions during the week, they burst forth into a flame; a riding day, a day for excursions of pleasure, a perfect holiday of lust, a day for gambling, and theatre-going and licentiousness. In this country, religion as yet possesses so little ruling energy, that the profanation of the Sabbath continues legalized, and commanded in the national statute book. What are the obligations of the Sabbath, when they come across expediency, human interest, or convenience? In such cases, man is too proud to submit. Your reading-rooms must be kept open, and the Sabbath violated in this needless way, and you even think him who remonstrates, righteous over much; your barbers must violate it, because your beards trouble you; your milkmen must violate it, and rattle their

* Speech at Bristol, previous to the election.—Works, Vol. II. page 247.

carts through the street, and they have to come later on the Sabbath morning than any other day in the week, because you choose to keep a good portion of that morning as a season of *rest*, and must not be disturbed in your hallowed repose ; then your butchers must violate it, and kill on the Sabbath, because you must have fresh meat on Monday ; your printers must violate it, to bring you the Sunday's news at the Monday's breakfast ; your farmers must violate it, and make hay on the Sabbath, otherwise, a sudden shower might even cost them the price of a whole Sunday's preaching ; your distillers must violate it, because it would not do to have the sacred fires of their distilleries go out on the Sabbath, but in these workshops of Satan, these alembics and cauldrons of hell, the liquid fire, that is to be sluiced through the country, must be kept boiling, and the smoke of its torment ascending, not only from Monday morning till Saturday night, but from Saturday night till Monday morning ; then, your post-offices must be opened on the Sabbath, and your post-masters violate it, for you must have your letters ; your stages must be driven, and your drivers violate it, for your letters must be carried ; your taverns must be made noisy and busy, your mails circulated, and the impenitent and thoughtless furnished with newspapers, business, and excitement, to while away the time, and keep the unwelcome thoughts of eternity from intruding on the soul—and thus, from one end of the land to the other, the whole vast machinery of this department of the government, and secular business of the nation, with all its concomitant agitations, must be kept in just as active operation as on any other day in the week ! And all this in contempt of God's authority, simply because men's convenience, and appetite, and passions, demand it.

“ It is not enough, in a situation of trust in the commonwealth,” we quote, once more, the words of the ever to be honored Edmund Burke, “ that a man means well to his country ; it is not enough, that, in his single person, he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience,

and even harangued against every design, which he apprehended to be prejudicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and disculpation, falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. That duty demands and requires *that what is right should not only be made known, but made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected, but defeated*. When the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it. It is surely no very rational account of a man's life, that he has always acted right, but has taken special care to act in such a manner, that his endeavors could not possibly be productive of any consequence."

Let us test our Christian character by the wisdom in these sentences. If the principles they contain are applicable to the statesman, how much more to the Christian. Is it praise to a Christian in this dying world to be a harmless, inoffensive, negative member of society? Were the Christian standard where it ought to be, to bear such a character would be considered a reproach. We must have a piety, that, according to Burke's principles, *will not only make known, but make prevalent, the right; that will not only detect, but defeat the evil*.

"There are very honest men," Mr. Dana remarks, "who are sometimes as much afraid of letting out a truth upon a sinful world, as they would be of setting loose a wild beast."* And there is a world of meaning in the added observation which this writer makes, that "no truth can be fully brought out, nor its virtue proved, till it has undergone every experiment, to which perverted ingenuity can subject it, and every modification, which the mistakes of its friends can give to it. God is using this world as the great laboratory of his universe,

* Review of the Memoirs of Henry Martyn. Spirit of the Pilgrims, Vol. IV. page 434.

and every truth as well as every error, is undergoing moral processes enough to make the most knowing chemist stare. There will be dross enough; but when the work is done, and the shop shut up, there will be no more mistakes as to what is dross and what pure gold. The metals that come out of this fire, will have no baser mixture; it will all have been smelted out."

We fully believe the time is coming, the day of true millennial glory, when it will be no longer the declaration of truth, but error and *expediency*, that will expose man to the indignation of his race. It will not long be possible to hold men's minds in such bondage to darkness, as to make them believe that selfishness is not guilt, that unbelief is innocent, that oppression is ever necessary, or that moral error is not hateful deformity. The time is coming, when all things will so shine in the light of the Bible, that **HOLINESS TO THE LORD** shall be written even on the bells of the horses.

The maxims of this world, and the principles according to which it is managed, shall not much longer run counter to the law of God. The experiment has been tried, and found ruinous. Ruin after ruin lies scattered over the world. Empire after empire, crash after crash, tumbles to the ground. So it will be, till the nations learn that in God only is strength, individual or national. *Put them in fear, O LORD; that the nations may know themselves to be but men!* Let every Christian do his duty, and the nations will soon learn this. Whoever has a part in bringing forward this era of glory, if his heart is in the work, shall have the privilege to look back upon it, and upon God's overruling providence, from a post of holy observation, amidst

the Sanctities of Heaven.

NOTES.

Note A, page 21.

THERE is, in the collection of paintings, this year, in the Athenæum Gallery, one picture at least, which, however beautiful as a painting, ought surely to have been excluded on account of its immoral tendency. We refer to the picture by Vandycke, marked No. 13. It is worse than affectation to pretend that such a picture is not grossly immoral: its subject alone would make it so. The collection this year is of so great excellence, being principally from the old masters, and there is truly so much in it to purify the heart, while it refines the taste, that every Christian must feel indignant to find, close beside a painting by Titian of the entombment of our Saviour, Vandycke's picture of the Garden of Love! It is an insult, both to the taste and Christian feeling of the spectator, to have admitted that painting. The subject is stated in the catalogue to have been "*expressed with delicacy.*" Delicacy indeed! Can any thing redeem a licentious subject, exquisitely painted, from its indelicacy and immorality?

Note B, page 23.

The human intellect cannot bear up and be vigorous, under a denial of all the grand truths of revelation. Without any sneer, either intended or implied, on the intellectual organization and abilities of Socinian divines, we are sure that the well known *flatness* of Unitarian preaching is easily accounted for, when the grandeur of the truths they deny, leaving nothing for the mind to rest upon but a stale residuum of sentimental Deism, is taken into consideration. When men go to the house of God on the Sabbath, there is in the soul a consciousness which it cannot wholly shake off, that it is in the near presence of awful interests and startling truths. And when presented, instead of these, with mere superficial essays of morality and sentimentalism, whatever efforts the mind may make to reconcile itself to the incongruity, a sense of degradation, emptiness and poverty, cannot but force itself upon the soul. There is a consciousness of falling totally beneath the dignity and grandeur of the subject, a feeling of shame in the presence of truths not acknowledged, an insuperable undercurrent of convic-

tion, that after all, however the worldly *heart* may love to be lulled, this preaching is not what the *soul* of man demands.

Robert Hall has treated the system of Unitarianism with a just and terrible severity; and the example of Hall, in his sermons on the Socinian controversy, ought to make men ashamed of that false delicacy, which shrinks back from the plain exposure of Unitarian infidelity in the pulpit. We would earnestly call the attention of our readers to Hall's lectures, especially the one on the spirit and tendency of Socinianism.* In this lecture, Hall says,

"We naturally remark the close affinity between the Unitarian system and Deism.—Deism, as distinguished from Atheism, embraces almost every thing which the Unitarians profess to believe. The Deist professes to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments,—the Unitarian does no more. The points in which they coincide are much more numerous, and more important than those in which they differ.—It is the same soul which animates the two systems, though residing in different bodies.—The Unitarian system appears to have little or no connection with the religion of the heart."

Note C, page 26.

"I fully coincide," says Coleridge, (Friend, page 78,) "with Frederic H. Jacobi, that the only true spirit of *tolerance* consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's *intolerance*. Whatever pretends to be more than this, is either the unthinking cant of fashion, or the soul-palsying narcotic of moral and religious indifference. According to my judgment, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions, and persuasions, those alone excepted, which render the holders intolerant.—As much as I love my fellow-men, so much and no more will I be *intolerant* of their heresies and unbelief; and I will honor and hold forth the right hand of fellowship to every individual who is equally intolerant of that which he conceives such in me."

This definition of the true spirit of tolerance, would rather confound the Unitarian exhibition of that text which they so much admire, and of which, with their definition of it, they perhaps believe even in the plenary inspiration; "Faith, Hope, Charity, and the greatest of these is Charity." The Unitarian idea of tolerance is utter indifference to all essential truth, and indignation at the charge of fatal consequences on any system of error.

"We have learned from you," Coleridge says to the Unitarians, (Statesman's Manual, page 151—2,) "*whom*,—and we now wish to hear from you—*what* we are to believe. The answer is:—

The actual occurrence of an extraordinary event, as recorded by the biographers of Jesus, in confirmation of doctrines, without the *previous* belief of

* Hall's complete works, Vol. III. pages 29—35.

which, no man would, or rather according to St. Paul's declaration, *could*, become a convert to Christianity; doctrines which it is certain that Christ's immediate disciples believed, not less confidently *before* they acknowledged his mission, than they did afterwards.—Let it not be forgotten, that though nothing can be easier than to understand a code of belief, four fifths of which consists in avowals of disbelief, and the remainder in truths, concerning which (in this country at least) a man must have *taken pains to learn to have any doubt*; yet it is by no means easy to reconcile this code of negatives with the declarations of the Christian Scriptures. On the contrary, it requires all the resources of verbal criticism, and all the perverse subtlety of special pleading, to work out a plausible semblance of correspondency between them. It must, however, be conceded, that a man may consistently spare himself the trouble of the attempt, and leave the New Testament unread, after he has once thoroughly persuaded himself that it can teach him nothing of any real importance, that he does not already know."

Note D, page 27.

May God have mercy on those, and bring them to a timely repentance, who can thus treat the transcendent exhibition of his goodness in the sacrifice of his Eternal Son. Alas! what awful guilt is theirs! Charity to such error would indeed be wilful participation in sin.

We believe that no expressions used in the address will be thought unjust, by those who are acquainted with the subject, and know the deleterious influence which Unitarianism is exerting both on the mind and heart. As taught in the pages of Dr. Channing, it breaks up the foundations of morals and religion, changes the nature of sin, converts selfishness into a virtue, calls man's temporal pursuits aspirations after God, makes God but "another name for human intelligence raised above all error and imperfection,"* makes man a worshipper of self, releases him from the obligation even of a belief in Christianity, destroys the authority of the Bible, shrouds man's future destiny in darkness, removes the Mediator, and takes away the sanctions of the divine law.

"That word hell," Dr. Channing says, "which is used so seldom in the sacred pages, which, in a faithful translation, would not once occur in the writings of Paul, and Peter, and John, which we meet only in four or five discourses of Jesus, and which all persons, acquainted with Jewish geography, know to be a metaphor, a figure of speech, and not a literal expression, this word, by a perverse and exaggerated use, has done unspeakable injury to Christianity."†

Surely no one can thoughtfully peruse Dr. Channing's writings, especially the octavo volume, without being convinced of their infidel tendency, and wearied with their superficial, puny sentimentalism. Such ravings about godlike human nature, blessings upon human nature, halleluias of praise to human nature, and "turnings to human nature with intense sympathy and

* Discourses and Miscellanies, page 461.

† The same, page 448.

strong hope," can be found in no other writer of the English language. On his principles, man's chief end is to glorify himself, the divinity of human nature is a far more important theme than the divinity of Jesus Christ, and God's whole purpose in giving his beloved Son to die for the sins of the world, was not to save the lost, but to glorify human nature. The worship of almost every other religion ever heard of, consists in glorifying its Deity, whatever that Deity may be. This is the only religion known, that makes its God a mere caterer for human glory. Monstrous deformity! Human nature is divine already, and the whole object and importance of Christianity is to make it more transcendently glorious! God is to be loved, it might be more proper to say, God is to be patronized, because he is fitted to glorify the human mind, and is of a kindred nature and sympathies with man! The whole system is one of guilty self-adoration, and degraded, superficial, partial, injurious conceptions of God and the gospel. Paul is put between Socrates and Alfred; a worthy symbol of the place which this worshipper of man's nature would give to Christianity. To glorify God is of little importance; to glorify the human mind is a great duty. Scarce a syllable is said in the whole exhibition, on the duty of laboring for Christ, or seeking God's glory, or endeavoring to save immortal souls; the lofty mind, with the *radiant signatures* of divinity upon it, scorns to be fettered down to such bigoted fanatical employments; and religion is defined to consist in pure hopes, lofty imaginings, high aspirations, and efforts to exalt and dignify human nature.

Note E, page 31.

The history of Dr. Priestly's mind and heart is exceedingly solemn and instructive. From his own accounts, it appears that he early resisted such convictions of his guilt, and strivings of the Holy Spirit, as were perhaps rarely resisted, and the individual ever after renewed unto repentance. "The weakness of my constitution," he says, "which often led me to think that I should not be long-lived, contributed to give my mind a still more serious turn; and, having read many books of *experiences*, and in consequence believing that a *new-birth* produced by the immediate agency of the Spirit of God was necessary to salvation, and not being able to satisfy myself that I had experienced any thing of the kind, I felt occasionally such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror. *Notwithstanding I had nothing very material to reproach myself with*, I often concluded that God had forsaken me, and that mine was like the case of Francis Spira, to whom, as he imagined, repentance and salvation were denied. In that state of mind, I remember reading the account of the man in the iron cage, in the Pilgrim's Progress, with the greatest perturbation."

We see here the *philosophic* complacency with which, thus early, he assured himself that he "had nothing very material to reproach himself with." *Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again.* Oh, if

Dr. Priestly had but followed the course of the Pilgrim, and fled to the cross of Jesus, instead of the gloomy insensibility of scepticism, for refuge, how happy would it have been for him, and how many souls that have followed him to ruin might have been reclaimed, with him, to everlasting life!

The following extracts from the History of Early Opinions, will show the infidelity and distortedness of mind, with which he set out in that work.

"Now, as it is not pretended that there are any miracles particularly adapted to prove that Christ made and supports the world, *I do not see that we are under any obligation to believe it merely because it was an opinion held by an apostle.*"!!

"I might have urged another kind of argument against both the divinity and pre-existence of Christ, viz. from the doctrine of the materiality of man, (!!) which I presume has been sufficiently proved in my disquisition on matter and spirit. I have there shown that there is no more reason why a man should be supposed to have an immaterial principle within him, than that a dog, a plant, or a magnet should have one; because in all these cases there is just the same difficulty in imagining any connection between the *visible matter* of which they consist, and the *invisible powers* of which they are possessed!!: * * * This is a very short and plain argument, perfectly consonant to all our reasoning in philosophy! It is conclusive against the doctrine of a *soul*, and consequently against the whole system of pre-existence. If Peter, James, and John, had no pre-existent state, it must be contrary to all analogy to suppose Jesus to have pre-existed."!!

Such are the legitimate fruits of Unitarianism, both in philosophy and religion. And yet this avowed unbeliever set himself up to be an impartial historian of the corruptions of Christianity! and protruded his system on the world, just as all the advocates of Unitarianism do, as the vaunted remedy for infidelity!!

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise.

Note F, page 32.

It is such a literature as this, that Harvard University, under the pupilage of Unitarianism, is now rearing. It will send out malignant influences, undermining the pillars of our support, and

From their foundations loosening to and fro

the strong principles, on which alone man's spiritual being can rest in safety. Hackney College, in England, established for the propagation of Unitarianism, poisoned multitudes with its infidel principles. "Had that institution continued," observes Robert Hall, "it bid fair to become the most prolific hot-bed of infidelity this country ever knew." Unless the friends of evangelical religion rouse and bestir themselves, Cambridge university bids fair

to become another mere Hackney college; a powerful hot-bed of infidelity it already is for the United States.

Mr. Schauffler, (a beloved missionary of the American Board,) while he was in this country, described, in an interesting communication to the Spirit of the Pilgrims, (Vol. III. page 58,) the influence of the system of Rationalism in Germany, the twin-brother to Unitarianism in this country. Its commencing influence is thus depicted: "A most surprising barrenness characterizes most even of the better works, published from 1760 and downward. The more they increased in number, and rose in character as compositions, the less they seemed to contain to lead the sinner to Christ, or to animate and benefit the believer. Sermons, hymn-books, prayer-books, and other works for public and private use, as clear as water, and as precise as any proposition in geometry, as cold also as the one, and as unproductive of religious feeling as the other, were daily pouring in upon the public, to supplant those precious guides to heaven, which had so long been instrumental in building up the church of Christ. Particularly striking is the unequalled deceitfulness of many of these publications. [Henry Ware's book on the formation of Christian character, is probably a good specimen.] In various instances, it was not only difficult, but absolutely impossible, fairly to unmask the author, and convict him of unchristian sentiments, so well he knew how to hide himself under a show of piety and orthodoxy. And yet, the certain effect of these books was to divest a man, before he was aware of it, of all belief in the Bible, as a revelation from God, and in Christ, as a divine person, and the Redeemer of lost men."

It is Dr. Channing who has said, "that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre, when it disjoins itself from the Universal Mind." How much more, when it despises and contends against the omnipotence, wisdom, justice, holiness, and mercy of that Mind, as exhibited in the cross of Jesus Christ! The ponderous jaws of that sepulchre are wide open, and both Dr. Channing and the Cambridge university, if they continue linked with Unitarianism, must inevitably descend into it.

Note G, page 39.

For the beholding of psychological realities, it is almost a condition, that all sensible objects of knowledge be excluded from the vision; just as a man in the bottom of a well can see the stars, even at noonday. Now, if, instead of viewing psychological phenomena in the light proceeding from the soul herself, we view them in an artificial light, reflected from external experiments and speculations, it is just as if we should go to see an exhibition of phantasmagoria, and should carry lights in our hands for their inspection, when the very condition of beholding them is, that we shut out external light, and behold the images in the light shining from within the transparency.

Is it not astonishing, that man should never yet have discovered that no true psychological system could possibly be formed, which takes any other

views of man's spiritual nature and condition, than those revealed in the Bible?

Note H, page 41.

Science and piety seem to have been united in an eminent manner, in the life of Horrox, a young English astronomer, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The following deeply interesting account is given of his observation of the transit of the planet Venus.

"A phenomenon so rare, requiring at least an approximate calculation of the time of its occurrence, and the assistance of sufficient instruments, was observed by no human eye, from the creation of the world to the middle of the seventeenth century of the Christian era. Horrox, a young man but twenty-one years of age, residing in a remote district of the country, and almost deprived of the assistance of books and instruments, discovered that the imperfect tables of the planetary motions then in use, gave reason to anticipate a visible transit of the planets. His superior knowledge enabled him to compute more correctly the time at which it would take place; and he made his preparations, with all the anxiety, which so new and important an observation was calculated to excite in an ardent mind. On the day before the transit was expected, he began to observe; and he resumed his labors on the morrow. *But the very hour, when his calculation led him to expect the visible appearance of the planet on the sun's disk, was also the hour appointed for the public worship of God, on the Sabbath day.* The delay of a few minutes might deprive him of the means of observing the transit. If its very commencement were not noticed, clouds might intervene; the sun was about to set; and nearly a century and a half would elapse, before another opportunity would occur. *Notwithstanding all this, Horrox twice suspended his observations, and twice repaired to the house of God.* When his duty was thus paid, and he returned to his chamber the second time, his love of science was gratified with full success. His eyes were the first which ever witnessed the phenomenon that his sagacity had predicted." It was in 1739, at Manchester, in England.

"Where shall we seek for a mind, so animated at once with philosophical inquiry and religious feeling? The manner in which the astronomer himself refers to the observation of the transit, is truly sublime for its pious simplicity. 'I observed it,' says he, 'from sunrise till nine o'clock, again a little before ten, and lastly at noon, and from one to two o'clock; *the rest of the day being devoted to higher duties, which might not be neglected for these pastimes.*'"

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