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ARTICLE I.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR OPINIONS.

The Eclipse of Faith; a Visit to a Religious Skeptic.—Third Edition. Boston: Crosby Nichols & Co., 111 *Washington-street:* 1853.

Reason and Faith, and other Miscellanies of Henry Rogers, author of Eclipse of Faith. Boston: Crosby Nichols & Co. New-York: Charles S. Francis & Co. 1853.

The last named of these two volumes is made up of contributions to the Edinburgh Review, by one of its ablest recent writers. These essays are all valuable, and it is a great convenience to have them thus collected into a volume. That on the "Vanity and Glory of Literature," is worthy of the fine scholarship of the author, and presents to scholars many important lessons, both of hope and humility. The essays on the "Genius and Writings of Pascal," and on "Reason and Faith, their claims and conflicts," may, in this day, when Christianity has to meet her adversaries on a new arena, be read with advantage by all students of the Evidences. And the articles on "Luther's correspondence and character," is just such a tribute to the grandeur and nobleness of the Reformer's mind and life as we like to see. The author's views are produced in the form of an examination of Hallam's Critique upon Luther's intellect and writings. We think he demonstrates that Hallam's "excellent and well-practised judgment deserted him in this instance."

pure river of the water of life. *There* the sun no more goes down; neither does the moon withdraw itself; for Jehovah is their everlasting light, and this God their glory. From that delightful world the Redeemer cries, Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me!

ARTICLE V.

THE BIBLE.

Sixty years ago, a man, clad in the plainest manner and with a musty book under his arm, met in the streets of Paris several of the most celebrated *savans* of France. They were wise in the wisdom of this world, but "the wisdom of God was foolishness unto them;" they disbelieved the Bible, denied the being of God, and the existence of virtue. Though they had no reverence for all that the Christian holds sacred, they paid the most marked respect to the unpretending individual withthe old book under his arm, for Benjamin Franklin had even then a world-wide reputation. "I have stumbled upon a rare old poem, Messieurs, would you like to hear some stanzas?" asked Franklin. "Certainly," answered they. The Doctor then began that most sublime of all poems: "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran," &c. "'Tis divine," exclaimed they, when the reading was over, "no mortal ever wrote anything so sublime." "That has long been my own opinion," replied Franklin, "I have just read the third chapter of the book of Habakkuk, one of the Prophets of the Old Testament."

There are doubtless many like the French *Savans:* the plan of salvation, the wondrous story of God's love to man, are abhorrent to the corrupt heart, whilst the refined intellect will readily perceive a beauty and sublimity in the Scriptures, which prove their author to be God.

To this class of persons, we propose to address a few

lines, in order to show the indebtedness to the Bible, of poets, orators, statesmen and warriors, for their noblest conceptions, sublimest sentiments, and most memorable sayings.

In sadness of heart, the great Caledonian bard sighed forth, "Sorrow is knowledge": but 2700 years before he was born, the Son of Sirach sang "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

How many, too, have admired the same great bard's beautiful lyric, beginning with

> "She *walks in beauty* like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

Who never reflected that more than 3300 years ago, Job, the Arabian poet, wrote

> "If I beheld the sun when it shined,
> Or the moon *walking in brightness.*"

In fact, a carefully compiled concordance of Byron, compared with Cruden's Concordance of the Bible, would show that the poet drew his finest images from "the Book of books."

We will refer, however, to but two more pieces, to prove how much he borrowed from the poetry of the Bible.

The Ode on Darkness, is but a paraphrase of the 23d verse and the three following verses of the 4th chapter of Jeremiah. The Prophet writes

> "I beheld the earth and it was without form and void,
> And the heavens, and they had no light," &c.

The poet paraphrases

> "The bright sun was extinguished and the stars
> Did wander darkling in the eternal space
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and black'ning in the moonless air."

Who has not admired the Ode on Napoleon Bonaparte?

> "'Tis done—but yesterday a King
> And now thou art a nameless thing—
> So abject—yet alive!
> *Is this the man* of thousand thrones
> Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones?

Since he miscall'd the Morning Star
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far!
* * * * * *
But who would soar the solar height
To set in such a starless night?"

Isaiah, in his Ode on the King of Babylon, more than 1500 years before the fall of Napoleon, broke forth into this strain:

"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!
* * * * * * * *
Is this the man that made the earth to tremble—
That did shake kingdoms?
That made the world as a wilderness
And destroyed the cities thereof?
* * * * * * * *
Thou art cast out of the grave like an abominable branch
* * * * as a carcass trodden under feet."

Wilberforce said of Southey's "Curse of Kehama," that all the finest parts were taken from the Bible. The same remark may be made of "Thalaba the Destroyer," and "Joan of Arc," by the same author. His minor pieces also, contain numerous paraphrases of texts of Scripture.

"He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness." [*Southey.*

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." [*Proverbs.*

"Casteth fire-brands, arrows and death, and saith,
Am I not in sport." [*Proverbs.*

"Happy those
Who in the after days shall live, when Time
Hath spoken, and the *multitude of years*
Taught wisdom to mankind." [*Southey.*

"Days should speak, and *multitude of years*
Should teach wisdom." [*Job.*

"*There is a path*
The eagle hath not marked it, the young wolf
Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
That path, and found a melancholy den,
Fit place for penitence and hopeless woe." [*Southey.*

"*There is a path which no fowl knoweth,*
And which the vulture's eye hath not seen;
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,
Nor the fierce lion passed by it." [*Job.*

"And whatso He commands, that I must speak,
And whatso is His will, that I must do;
And I must put away all fear of man
Lest He in wrath confound me." [*Maid of Orleans.*

"Speak unto them all that I command thee,
Be not dismayed at their fears
Lest I confound thee before them." [*Jeremiah.*

"Will not God
In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
The sceptre of the wicked?" [*Maid of Orleans.*

"The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked
And the sceptre of the rulers,
He who smote the people in wrath." [*Isaiah.*

The Alpine Hymn of Coleridge, and "The Earth with her thousand voices praises God," of Longfellow, are but paraphrases of the 19th and 148th Psalms. They are universally admired because they are faithful copies of the originals.

How beautifully Coleridge alludes to the separation of friends, by the whispering words of the venomous slander:

"*Alas! they had been friends in youth,*
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

The first two lines are plainly taken from Proverbs and Romans.

Solomon says, "a whisperer separateth chief friends." Paul describes slanderers as having "the poison of asps under their lips."

When Marlborough returned to England after the glorious victory of Blenheim, Addison passed a noble eulogy upon him, concluding it by comparing him to the angel of the tempest,

"Who pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The English people were excessive in their laudation of the poet for this sublime figure. The pulpit, the press, the forum, the theatre, the social circle resounded his praise almost as much as those of the warrior.

Alison in his recent "Life of Marlborough," speaks of this tribute of the poet as a more enduring monument than the splendid palace of Blenheim designed and built by Vanbrugh as a testimonial of a nation's gratitude to the greatest captain of his age.

All must concede that Addison's figure cannot be surpassed in sublimity, but who will not at a glance, perceive that it is borrowed from the first chapter of Nahum?

> "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm.
> And the clouds are the dust of his feet."

How touchingly Moore describes the unchanging, unchangeable nature of true love, whether requited or unrequited, fostered or neglected,

> "Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close,
> As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets,
> The same look she turned when he rose."

It is well known that Moore was a diligent student of the Bible, not that he might be "made wise unto salvation," but that he might find beautiful images with which to embellish his poems.

Job has condensed the noble sentiment above into a single line.

> "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Habakkuk too, has described the confiding love of the true servant of God, even under the afflictive dispensations of his hand,

> "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,
> Neither shall fruit be in the vine,
> The labor of the olive shall fail
> And the fields shall yield no meat,
> The flock shall be cut off from the fold
> And there shall be no herd in the stall,
> Yet will I rejoice in the Lord,
> And joy in the God of my salvation."

The sentiment of Moore is the same as that of Job and the Prophet: his language is not identical with theirs, but no one who has read Willis' account of the adroitness with which Moore could appropriate the thoughts of another and clothe them in his own language, will be at a

loss to ascertain the source from which he borrowed the sentiment embodied in the sweet lines just quoted.

Every candid reader will admit that the piece, beginning with, "This world is all a fleeting show," &c., is but a paraphrase of the 24th verse and part of the 25th of the 1st Chapter of 1st Peter.

Wearied with the din and bustle about him, Cowper exclaimed,

> "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Hundreds of years before Cowper was born, Jeremiah, mourning over the abominations of his people and kindred, cried out

> "Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears.
> * * * * * * * * * * * *
> Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place."

Dante's vision of Hell has been translated into all civilized tongues.

The inscription, which the genius of the poet has placed over the entrance to the gloomy regions of the damned

> "Abandon hope, ye who enter here,"

has been more quoted and more admired than all the rest of the epic put together.

Was this inscription an original conception of Dante? We think not. We read in Luke that Abraham replied unto the rich man in Hell: "Besides all this, between us and you, there is a great gulf fixed; so that they, which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

Shakspeare is more indebted to the Bible than any poet who ever lived. Many able writers have pointed out the numerous instances in which he borrowed from the Bible, the task therefore, does not devolve upon us, but we will refer to two passages, which we think have generally been passed over in the comparison,

> "Like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets
> Stealing and giving odor." [*Shakspeare.*

> "Awake, O North wind, and come thou South,
> And blow upon my garden
> That the spices thereof may flow out." [*Solomon's Songs.*

"The quality of mercy is not strained, it gently distilleth like the dew."
[*Shakspeare.*

"My speech shall distill as the dew,
As the small rain upon the tender herb,
And as the shower upon the grass."
[*Song of Moses.*

How frequently does Lope de Vega, the one great Spanish poet, use the figure "Light of my eyes," as a term of endearment.

We scarcely need say that the expression is borrowed *literally*, from the sweet singer of Israel.

Coleridge had felt the purifying influence of trouble and misfortune when he wrote

"There are woes ill-bartered for the garishness of joy."

The sentiment is not new, the language scarcely so.

"Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." [*Ecclesiastes*, vii: 3.

Shakspeare is more universally read than any other poet. Milton holds the second place with the reading world, and Dante the third. We hesitate not to ascribe the extraordinary popularity of those writers to the fact that their pages are so deeply imbued with biblical truth. There is scarcely a nation under the sun not familiar with the name of William Shakspeare. This is the best possible proof of the wonderful truthfulness to nature of his writings, and well may they be faithful to nature, since they contain so much of the book of the God of nature.

Milton was probably the most learned man of his day, but "with all his gettings, he had gotten understanding," and the bible was the book most prized and the book whose spirit and sentiments most pervaded all his writings. We ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Dante, if he believes that the name of the poet would ever have been known beyond his native land, had not the Bible thrown a fearful interest around the awful subject of his poem?

There is much that is heathenish and Popish in the *Inferno*, but the poet represents every lost spirit as being punished according to the nature and measure of his

sin upon earth. Gross as are many of the details in the execution of the plan formed in the mind of the great Italian, the plan itself is based upon immutable truth.

"God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." [*Gal.* vi: 7.

'Tis an indisputable fact that no poetry in modern times, has been universally admired, which was not deeply imbued with religious truth. Why has France produced no poet whose reputation is as high in other countries as in his own? The songs of Beranger, the plays of Moliere and Racine, familiar to every peasant in France, are scarcely known elsewhere. For the simple reason that they are *all French*, and seem unnatural to a less mercurial people. Passages, in these authors that appear to be the loftiest flight of the sublime to Frenchmen, seem ridiculous twaddle to their less inflammable neighbors, the English, and the most arrant nonsense to the phlegmatic Dutch.

Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Addison, yea, even Byron and Moore, took the Bible as their model, the Book of the God of Nature to be their guide in depicting scenes and characters in nature, and as a natural consequence, there is a truthfulness and *life-likeness* about all their portraits and descriptions, that give them a place in the affections, not merely of the English, but of every enlightened nation under the sun.

Is it not a well-known fact that the German poets and philosophers are being less read, just in proportion to their abandonment of the Bible, and their wrapping themselves up in mist and darkness?

The poet who most closely imitates the Bible, must obviously succeed the best in gaining a *general* reputation; for this wonderful book is full of exquisite touches so true to nature that all feel their beauty and power at the first glance, but their richness and depth of colouring can only be fully perceived by those who have made them their study, or who have been placed in peculiar circumstances. Who, but he who has expended fruitlessly, every remedy upon some beloved friend, can feel the full force of the Psalmist's prayer? "Give us help from trouble, *for vain is the help of man.*" Can any

other than he who has languished for months upon a bed of sickness, fully understand Job? "I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me." The invalid burning with fever, and tossing to and fro upon his sleepless couch, can alone appreciate David when he says, "My soul waiteth for the Lord *more than they that watch for the morning.*"

But while the influence of the Bible is so marked in producing a correct poetic taste, this influence has been equally felt in all the departments of life. The Anglo-Saxon race have studied the Bible more than any other people in the world, and they have excelled all others, in all the arts of war and peace, with the single exception of Music, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, which have been aptly called the four Evangelists of the Church of Rome. But these four great arts have been exercised mainly upon religious subjects, and the power of the Bible over the conceptions of genius, are just as manifest here as in the glowing lines of the poet. In proof of this, we need only refer, in Painting, to the "Deluge," "Death on the Pale Horse," the "Crucifixion," &c.; in Architecture to St. Peters at Rome, the Madeleine in Paris, the Cathedral at Rouen, &c.; in Music, to the Requiem of Mozart, and the masterly Oratorio of Haydn, the "Creation," &c.; in Sculpture, to "Adam," "Eve," and the adornments of St. Peters and Westminster Abbey. The exceptions then to Anglo-Saxon prëeminence establish rather than militate against our position, that the Bible must be the basis of excellence in all the pursuits and arts of life.

The Pope, at one period, divided the new world between Portugal and Spain, the most powerful nations then in Europe. But the Inquisition closed the Bible throughout these mighty kingdoms and they sank into bestiality, ignorance and imbecility. The closed Bible shut up the commerce of the "Mistress of the Adriatic," and the greatness of Venice exists but in song.

France, in abandoning the Bible, abandoned the word and the sentiment of *duty* taught on every one of its holy pages, and substituted *glory* in its stead. The despatches of Napoleon may be read from beginning to end, and the word *duty* be not once found. The orders

of Wellington and his addresses to his troops may be carefully examined, and the word *glory* never once be seen. Trace back the history of the two nations to the days of Marlborough and Louis XIV, the same remarkable difference will be observed in the appeals made to the soldiery. The soldier taught to fear God and that "England expected him to do his duty" would of course perform less dazzling feats in the face of open day, than the soldier taught "to love the praise of men more than the praise of God," but in a long obstinate contest, all would anticipate that the stern adherent to duty would conquer the seeker of empty glory. What have been the facts?

Since the battle of Hastings, no hostile French foot has rested upon the English soil; "but British troops have twice taken the French Capital; a British King was crowned in Paris; a French King rode captive through London; a French Emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. All the great disasters and days of mourning for France—Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Mindon, Quebec, Salamanca, Waterloo—were gained by English Generals and won for the most part by English troops."

The readers of the Bible have ever been distinguished for soberness of thought, fixedness of purpose and stability of character, and have evinced these traits alike, amid the din of the battle-field, and in the calm cultivation of Literature and Science. None but Anglo-Saxon soldiers could have stood, as did the British at Waterloo, passive all day in their serried squares, against which the French Cavalry dashed in vain, as the waves fume and fret and idly beat against some huge rock of Ocean. The Anglo-Saxon is more deeply imbued with a sense of duty, as it is taught in the Bible, than the soldier of any other nation, and he has consequently given higher proofs of heroic endurance and unconquerable fortitude under overwhelming difficulties. The American child need not be told that the calmest, most confident and most unflinching men in the dark days of '76 were the descendants of those, who had sacrificed all for the privilege of reading and interpreting the Bible according to the dictates of their own conscience.

But while the Bible has imparted steadiness and firmness of character in the perilous times of war, its influence has been no less remarkable in chastening the imagination and repressing extravagant fancies in the devotees of Literature and Science. Before Bacon introduced the inductive method of reasoning, Philosophers projected the most insane theories and endeavored to accommodate the facts of science to their vagaries. An ingenious writer has shown that in the age of Bacon, none but a Bible-reading Protestant could have pursued *truth* in preference to the *phantoms* of the imagination. We think that the writer is not extravagant in attributing the inductive method to the *sobering* influence of the Bible, for 'tis an indisputable fact that the wisest philosophers, without this influence, have rushed into the wildest excesses of fancy.

Descartes rejected the Bible, and set up a Theory of Creation in opposition to the Mosaic account. Mighty as was the genius of the great Philosopher, he abandoned all sober thought in abandoning the Bible and launched out upon a sea of wild and foolish speculation. The *vortices* of Descartes are now remembered but with derision. Laplace was the profoundest Astronomer of his age. His Mecauique Celeste was translated by Bowditch, the most original and practical Mathematician this Continent has produced. In reference to the difficulties of the translation, Bowditch said that whenever he encountered the phrase "it is plain to see," that it took him at least two days, to see the point at all. But Laplace with "all his gettings had not gotten understanding," he gloried in his contempt for the Bible, and by his Nebular Theory, endeavoured to weaken our faith in the inspired character of the book of Genesis. Lord Rosse's telescope exposed the fallacy of the theory, and we only wonder now that any man of common sense, let alone a Philosopher, could for a moment have entertained any fancy so supremely ridiculous.

"Hume," say his admirers, "lived and died a Philosopher." Yea, verily, too great a Philosopher to credit Moses, and withal modest enough to give us his philosophical views on the subject of Creation. He supposed that there were an infinite number of moulds or models

floating through the boundless regions of space, and that matter somehow or by some means forced itself through these moulds and came out men, monkeys, toads, lizards, and so forth. The Sapient Philosopher forgot to tell us who made the moulds, who made the matter, and who forced the matter through the moulds. The whole theory is very like that of the Indian, the world resting upon the back of a tortoise as big as the moon and the tortoise resting upon nothing.

The theories of the high Dutch, short-pipe Philosophers, "wise above that which is written," have been too recently shown up at the University of Virginia, to require any notice at this time. But we submit the question, ought not every true lover of Science to rejoice that there is a book to restrain the lawless riotings of the imagination and to impart a sound healthy tone to thought?

We come now to the second division of our subject, the indebtedness of Orators and Statesmen to the Bible. And here we might anticipate that a book, full of the sublimest conceptions, most melting sentiments and most glowing imagery, would be frequently consulted by all who wished to touch the chords of the heart or to dazzle the imagination.

"Let there be light and there was light," Longinus considered the sublimest sentence ever written. Robert Hall was wont to quote the prayer of David, "Deliver mine eyes from tears, my feet from falling and my soul from death," as the most eloquent passage in any language. John Randolph thought a line in Childe Harold, "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," the finest specimen of descriptive poetry to be found either among ancient or modern poets. Does it not fall far below Isaiah's description of Egypt? "The land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia."

The facts correspond to our anticipations. Not only have Orators and Statesmen borrowed freely from the Bible, but they have studied it to acquire elevation of sentiment preparatory to making a great speech. It is well known that when the illustrious Chatham had any mighty effort to make in Parliament, he shut himself up in his study and devoted hours to the reading of Isaiah as the best preparation for his task. Wilberforce and

Chief Justice Hale were devoted students of the Bible and most scrupulous observers of the Sabbath. Both have ascribed all their success in life to their keeping holy the day which God has especially set apart for himself. The purest patriot and greatest Statesman the Creator has vouchsafed to mankind, John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was a diligent reader of the Bible, and doubtless the loftiness and purity of his character were due to the teachings of God's Holy Book. All remember an expression of the illustrious Senator, "masterly inactivity," which was so much commented upon a few years ago, and which did so much to save our country from the horrors of war. Beyond all question, the expression is borrowed from Isaiah's admonition to the children of Israel: "Your strength is to sit still."

Robert Y. Hayne, the Champion of Southern Rights, was fond of embellishing his speeches wish the gorgeous imagery of the Bible. The admirers of the noble Southron will remember the happy allusions to the waters of Marah, in one of his most eloquent efforts in the Senate.

John Randolph *frequently* rebuked hypocritical professions of friendship in the language of the Prophet:—"This people draw nigh unto me with their mouths and honour me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

We remember the electrifying influence once produced by a quotation from the eloquent Bossuet: "Man proposes, but God disposes." Burns has a similar thought.—Have not the Orator and Poet borrowed from Solomon? "The heart of man deviseth his way, but the Lord directs his steps?"

No more eloquent man ever appeared in the Councils of the Nation, than George McDuffie, of South Carolina. Few or none of his speeches are devoid of quotations from Shakspeare, the great imitator of the style of the Bible; many of his happiest efforts contain extracts from the Bible itself, and owe much of their beauty and power to the judiciousness of those selections. The most eloquent passage in his celebrated speech upon the corruption of the Government is the allusion to a section of the Lord's Prayer: "Lead us not into temptation."

Patrick Henry lamented a few years before his death

that he had not made the Bible his study throughout life, and said that "it contained more than all the books that were ever written." The most touching incident in his whole public career derives its pathos from two quotations from the Bible. When age and disease had impaired his faculties, so strongly was he impressed with the belief that the Resolutions of '98 were about to involve his native State in all the horrors of a war of rebellion, that, notwithstanding his frailty and suffering, he tottered forth to stay, if possible, the torrent of ruin and desolation. Crowds followed him wherever he went, and listened to him with the most unbounded enthusiasm.—"Why," said a caviller, "do you follow Mr. Henry, he is not a god." "No," replied he, "I am a poor worm of the dust, fleeting and unsubstantial as the clouds, which pass over your fields and are remembered no more." Those familiar with the Bible, will recognize these figures as being taken, the first from David, and the second from James. "I am a worm and no man." "For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

How graphic is Webster's description of the boundless extent of the British Empire: "a power, whose morning drum-beat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." Here is an omnipresent Being, whose first manifestation is at dawn in the East, but from which there can be no escape even in the dark hours of the night, in the remotest regions of the West. It is palpable that the figure is taken from the 139th Psalm. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me."

It has been said that the grandest exhibition of courage ever witnessed upon earth was that of Luther at the Diet of Worms, when standing alone amid his fierce and blood-thirsty enemies he calmly replied to the threat of a lingering death of torture unless he recanted and swore obedience to the Pope, "I can do no otherwise, may God be my help."

Was not the reply of the Reformer moulded by that of

Peter and John, when arraigned before wretches as ruthless and sanguinary as the minions of Rome? "Whether it be right in the sight of God to obey you rather than God, judge ye, for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

The answer of the Hebrew youth to the Assyrian king when presented the alternative of worshipping his golden image or being cast into a fiery furnace, is of precisely the same import. Luther must have been familiar with the heroic replies of the Apostles and the Hebrew Captives, and they doubtless stimulated his courage and shaped the character of his defence.

The last division of our subject is the indebtedness of warriors to the Bible.

The time has been when Oliver Cromwell was regarded by almost the whole world as a cold-blooded canting hypocrite. But Carlyle, D'Aubigne and Macauley have disabused the minds of all candid men, and few now can be found, who are not ready to accord to the Protector, purity of character, warmth of heart, and true zeal in the service of the living God. He early discovered that raw, untrained troops, could not contend against the veterans of the king, unless their want of discipline was supplied by religious enthusiasm. He taught them, therefore, to fear God, and to have no other fear; he led them in prayer, instructed them in the truths of the Scriptures, and succeeded in so deeply imbuing their minds with religious feeling, that often, by a single quotation from the Bible, he raised their courage so high that nothing could stand before it. Under such admirable teachings, the soldiers of Cromwell became men.

"Who sat with open Bibles around the Council Board, and answered a King's missive with a stern—'Thus saith the Lord.'"

Macauley says of them that in war, the foe never saw their backs, and in peace they never broke a law of the land. Cromwell, in his private letters to his wife and family, (which he could not have expected to become public,) as well as in those to Parliament, invariably ascribed all his success to the Lord of Hosts. At Dunbar, he recalled his troops from the slaughter of pursuit to sing the 107th Psalm, and to give glory to Him "who

ruleth in the armies of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth." Every thought, word and action of this wonderful man seem to have been dictated by the Bible. A devout Calvinist, he was no fatalist, and profoundly felt the force of the apostolic injunction to employ every means, "*because*, it is God which worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." We find him accordingly directing his troops "to trust in God and keep their powder dry." In this, he followed the example of Nehemiah, who whilst rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem stoutly resisted the opposition of the Arabians and Ammonites, and with his followers "*made their prayer to God and set a watch against them day and night.*"

In the long list of military heroes and naval Commanders with which the English history has been adorned, the names of Marlborough and Nelson are prominent above all others. The warrior and sailor were eminently religious in their character. Marlborough had religious service performed in his Camp every morning, partook of the Lord's Supper before battle, and gave God all the glory of victory. In reference to the Capitulation of Dendermonde he wrote, "that place could never have been taken but by the hand of God." During the memorable siege of Lille, in the same spirit of reliance upon the Most High, we find him addressing the Prime Minister; "if God continue on our side, we have nothing to fear." Just before he breathed his last, his wife asked him whether he heard the prayers offered at his bed-side. He replied "Yes, and I joined them." These were his last words.

Nelson, says the Historian Alison, was distinguished for his manly piety. The first great wish of his heart was to honour God and serve his country. The last French flag had scarcely been struck and the smoke had scarcely rolled away from the shattered rigging and blood-stained decks of the hostile fleets at the mouth of the Nile, when Nelson ordered all his gallant sailors to join him in thanksgiving to Almighty God. The captured French had expected to hear the insulting shouts of victory, and with amazement witnessed the solemn scene. One of them wrote that it was not strange that men, who gave God the glory of success, should be vic-

torious. A few minutes before the first shot was fired in the terrible battle of Trafalgar, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote a prayer, which is still preserved. He returned to the deck calm and cheerful, and mused a few moments as to what should be the signal for the day. The hero in whose mind, duty as taught in the Bible, was ever uppermost, could not long hesitate, but soon ran up to the mast-head the signal, which beyond all doubt, decided the contest that day, and which will be remembered as long as the English language is spoken: "*England expects every man to do his duty.*"

He fell mortally wounded early in the action, but lingered until victory was no longer doubtful. His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Brief as has been our glance at the Bible and its influence upon national character, we have seen enough to endorse the tribute of admiration reluctantly extorted from the infidel Rousseau:

"I will confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration. * * * Peruse the works of our Philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures? Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred Personage, whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? * * * Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it: *it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one should furnish the subject of it.*"

ARTICLE VI.

CONSOLATION.

Philosophers tell us, that at different depths in the ocean different currents flow; beneath the flood of the gulf stream ebbs a southward tide; thus the balance and level of the waters is maintained. So in the air, we see