

CHRISTIANITY THE END AND UNITY OF ALL SCIENCES
AND PURSUITS.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ALUMNI OF YALE COLLEGE,

NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

BY

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK :

LEAVITT, TROW & COMPANY, PRINTERS,

33 ANN-STREET.

1847.

3.15.12.

From the Library of

Professor William Miller Paxton, D.D., LL.D.

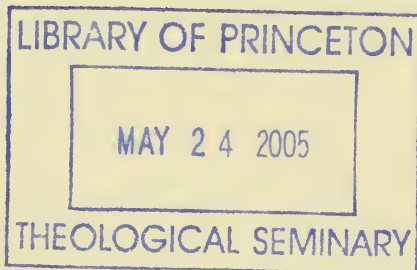
Presented by Mrs. Paxton

to the Library of

Princeton Theological Seminary

LB 325

.L77



TO
MY HONORED FATHER,
Of the Class of 1795,
TO MY OWN CLASSMATES,
Of the year 1827,
AND
TO ALL THE ALUMNI OF YALE,
This Discourse,
PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST,
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED,
IN RECORD OF PLEASANT MEMORIES,
BY THE
AUTHOR.

A D D R E S S .

So the dream of life is passing away ! Ten, twenty, forty, fifty years have gone since we left these tranquil shades, and we meet to-day like ships on the sea, to compare our reckoning and report our progress.

The day when we graduated at college, like every other epoch in our lives, was the confluence of regrets and gladness. The event had been long and eagerly anticipated by us and our friends, yet when it was reached, we were strangely reluctant to pass it. The transition from the Georgics to the Æneids of life—from preparatory culture to earnest action—is never made without some violence to the sensibilities. No chemistry works so quick and sure as that which decides the affinities of character within the walls of a college : and the sudden disruption of youthful intimacies, which for years had been cemented by common pursuits, the daily walk, the holiday ramble, and all the reveries and projects of future life, did not occur without a pang.

Then the choice of a profession, the first sober responsibility of life ! When we were reading the first ode of Horace, descriptive of the various pursuits and preferences of men, we little thought how difficult it would be, at the proper moment, for us to decide, from among the many honorable and useful avocations which awaited our choice, the one direction and destiny of life. It was easy enough, in general terms, with the Roman Bard, to prefer the

“ *Doctarum hederæ præmia frontium* ”

above the more secular pursuits of agriculture, hunting, and war ; but the exigencies of life demanded something more specific of our education, than the composition of Latin or English lyrics ; so were we pushed into the world, tremulous or hopeful, some four or five score, every year, of embryo lawyers, doctors, and clergymen.

'Tis well, after years of absence, to come back from the dust and toil of life to the still and green haunts of our youth. 'Tis well once more to find ourselves within these classic halls, and beneath these o'erarching trees ; for we have all of us an invisible and inalienable property in every beam of the wall, and every bough of the grove, where we left our earliest memories and imaginations. 'Tis grateful once more to greet, with filial reverence, the familiar forms with which are associated our earliest lessons of wisdom. Yet, amid all the pleasures and congratulations of the scene, there steals over us an emotion of sadness for which we find it difficult to account.

Is it because of the memory of those who, standing with us on the threshold of life, were early touched by death, whose faces smile on us so mournfully from the past? Is it because the world has gone hardly with us since we were young, and, in the words of the hymn we have just sung,

“Tossed on life’s rough sea,”

we look back to the bright morning of life through a medium of intervening afflictions, recalling the forms of those who were the motive and the charm of life, but who have dropped from our side into the grave? It cannot be owing to the reluctant conviction that we are advancing in years, since a benign Revelation has taught us far more than ancient philosophy ever attempted—not only how to grow old gracefully, but hopefully and joyfully. The feeling, I suppose, is, in good part, the necessary accompaniment of earnest manhood. Most admirable is the goodness of God in the elastic gayety of the young; for when care could do no good, the tender body and mind are spared the burden. But with men, mature and earnest, devoted to pursuits which affect the fortunes, the lives, and the souls of our fellows, a sense of sober responsibility, deep almost to melancholy, is the means and measure of our success. Wine and oil are made by pressure; and the active as well as passive virtues of manhood are developed only by that weight of care which we cannot throw off in a moment, and of which we are surprised to find we do not wholly divest ourselves, even when revisiting the scenes of youthful sport-

iveness. Most of all, are we saddened by the thought that so much of life has been consumed to so little purpose ; that we have so poorly performed the promises of youth, and accomplished so small a service for truth and duty. With emotions thus mingled, startled by the lapse of time, we gather ourselves on the spot where life began, and pause awhile to ask *what we are*, and *what we are doing*.

It is the no small embarrassment of one who is called to speak on an occasion like the present, that while the scene is suggestive of so many topics, it fixes the mind on no one. Remembering the story of Hannibal, and Phormio, the orator of Antioch, I wish to choose a subject which I understand.* But I am here not as a preacher, with a *Concio ad Clerum* ; not as a jurist, to discuss before my own profession some principle in the philosophy of law ; not as a physician, before a school of medicine, to advocate this or that theory of life ; but as one addressing the representatives of all professions and all pursuits, on some topic belonging to the great commonwealth of scholars.

And what is that which constitutes the law of relationship and sympathy between men of all occupations and opinions ? Theologians, of different schools ; phy-

* Quid enim aut arrogantius aut loquacius fieri potuit, quam Hannibali, qui tot annos de imperio cum populo Romano omnium gentium victore certasset, Græcum hominem, qui numquam hostem, numquam castra vidisset, numquam denique minimam partem ullius publici muneris attigisset, præcepta de re militari dare ? Hoc mihi facere omnes isti, qui de arte dicendi præcipiunt, videntur : quod enim ipsi experti non sunt, id docent ceteros.—*Cicero de Oratore*, lib. ii.

sicians, of rival systems; politicians, of antagonistic parties; metaphysicians, of different philosophies; men of books, devoted to theories; practical men, bringing science into the service of agriculture, navigation, and the mechanic arts—what is that which gives unity to pursuits so various and complicated?

Our first and superficial thought might be, that there is no relationship at all between employments so multiform; that they are heterogeneous and antagonistic, like the different agents in a chemical laboratory, with no possibility of reducing them to a simple basis, where all would coalesce and combine as one homogeneous substance.

Are we ready to admit this? Educated to trace all truths and things to ultimate principles, are we disposed to believe that human life is without any law of order, any relationship of parts, any unity of design? Is the *Science of Law* an independent and unrelated pursuit, jealous of all partnerships? Is the *Healing Art* a separate profession, disconnected from a common object, like an amputated limb from the body? Does *Theology* belong only to men who dress in black, preach sermons on Sundays, and who are sent for to do their ghostly office over the dying and the dead? Is *Natural Philosophy* like an insulated jar? and *Geology* itself a boulder on the world's surface? and *History* a congeries of discordant events? and *Astronomy* a lone and lofty science, with no attractions to a common system? and *Ethnology*, the amusement of an antiquary's closet? *Poetry*, is it a

solo strain in life's performance? and *Art*, a selfish and solitary workman who has set up for himself? Such an imagination occasions intellectual confusion and pain. "The intuition of unity," says Lord Bacon, in one of those pregnant aphorisms which are characteristic of his mind, "is the end of all philosophy." Mythology represented the Muses and the Graces as grouped and embracing; and there is a principle in our natures which is painfully disappointed, if it succeed not in discovering that ultimate object which gives unity to all sciences and pursuits.

It is very obvious that the divers occupations of men are not, all of them, related directly and immediately; but mediately, like the branches of a tree, to each other, through the parent stock. **WHAT IS THE TRUNK FROM WHICH ALL THE DISTRIBUTIONS OF TRUTH PROCEED, AND IN WHICH ALL UNITE?** There is no inquiry which belongs more legitimately to every scholar than this. The different professions and pursuits of men may be compared to the maps of different continents, countries, states, counties, cities, and towns, each more or less extended and minute; a small space being projected, it may be, on a large scale; yet all of them having a place and relation to each other on a map of the world, or the surface of a revolving globe. A strange kind of geography is that which conceives of the British Isle as a world by itself, and North America as another and independent creation, without being capable of comprehending how all

parts and places belong to one and the same ball. There is a knowledge of particular sciences which is perfect and minute, like the pocket map of a traveller, directing a stranger through all the streets and squares of a city ; so there is a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge, resembling the combination of all parts and places into one globe ; the formation of what Bacon calls a *mundus intellectualis*. Lexicographers define the word "system" to mean an assemblage of truths, so related and adjusted to one another as to create a series of mutual dependencies. Many attempts have been made to classify and compact together all the various departments of knowledge into one simple system, most of which have been signal failures, because of the omission or misplacement of one all-comprehensive subject.

We cannot now refer to a more notable mistake of this sort, than that which occurs in the celebrated treatise of Lord Bacon himself, *De Augmentis*. Let not the allusion to a particular error of this great man be taken for our general estimate of his services in the cause of science and humanity. Treating of the community and unity of sciences, he records the following passage :

"In philosophy, the contemplations of man do either penetrate unto God, or are circumferred to nature, or are reflected or reverted upon himself. Out of which several inquiries there do arise three knowledges: divine philosophy, natural philosophy, and human philosophy, or humanity. For all things are marked and stamped with this triple character of the power of God, the difference of nature, and the use of

man. But because the distributions and partitions of knowledge are not like several lines that meet in one angle, and so touch but in a point; but are like branches of a tree, that meet in a stem, which hath a dimension and quantity of entireness and continuance, before it come to discontinue and break itself into arms and boughs; therefore it is good, before we enter into the former distribution, to erect and constitute one universal science by the name of *Philosophia Prima*, primitive or summary philosophy, as the main and common way, before we come where the ways part and divide themselves.”*

Here now, we exclaim, is the very thing which the human mind desiderates—the generalization of all knowledge into one universal science. But upon proceeding to ascertain the import of this felicitous passage, we are at first egregiously disappointed, then surprised, and last of all irrepressibly amused, to discover that the great father of English philosophy intended nothing more nor less by this grave nomenclature of *Philosophia Prima*, than the many analogies which the reason describes or the fancy invents, between the several sciences, and which he promotes from the rank of mere similitudes to the dignity of universal truths,—“the same footsteps of Nature treading or printing upon several subjects or matters.” “An infectious disease,” for example, “is not so likely to be communicated when at its height, as in its early progress; and the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men in whom vice has not yet extinguished all good qualities.” Behold the connexion which subsists between medicine and morals! The pyramid rising from a broad

base to a vertex, is one of the simplest forms of matter ; so the organizations of society, says a great English statesman, are designed to terminate in the apex of a crown.* Behold the nexus between geometry and government ! The life of man passes through infancy, manhood, and decrepitude. Therefore, said the politicians on whom Edmund Burke was commenting, all states are, and must be, subject to the same vicissitudes.† How intimate the relations between physiology and politics ! A quaint old preacher discoursing from the words, *Thou worm Jacob*, among other portentous discoveries, deduces the doctrine of a limited atonement, it being true, he says, that a worm always bores a hole of the exact dimensions of his own body, neither more nor less. Behold the identity between nature and Revelation !

These are indeed “ sermons from stones and trees,” but, we apprehend, good illustrations of what Lord Bacon, by one of the most astonishing and incomprehensible freaks and follies of the wise, intended by his *Philosophia Prima* ; of which we have only to say, that if it be well-founded and worthy of its name, the first and only principle in man which needs to be educated, is his imagination ; the only true induction is the power of detecting analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common ; metaphors are the only logic ; wit is the true philosophy ; the author of *Hudibras*, beyond all account, better deserves the name of philoso-

* Sir William Temple.

† Letters on a Regicide Peace.

pher than his immortal namesake, the Bishop of Durham ; and the only production of the nineteenth century which can claim any thing like universal science, is the prodigious punning of Mr. Thomas Hood.

Discarding the guidance of fancy, we revert to our original inquiry—What is it which gives unity to all sciences and pursuits ?

The necessities of our being and the wise appointments of Providence subjecting us to a great variety of occupations, we expect to discern their unity in some ultimate object which they were designed to promote. But are we capable of discerning an ultimate purpose, towards which all the arrangements of life are tending ? “ The inquiry is useless,” say some. “ It is presumptuous,” say others. “ It is positively hurtful,” say others ; “ for it interferes with the free investigations of nature.” The ancient Epicurean discarded from his philosophy, most consistently, the whole doctrine of final causes ;* but a Christian scholar, we hold, cannot prosecute any science or any pursuit aright, unless he prosecute it to an ultimate use and end. The geologist, carefully observing the phenomena of natural agencies, finds that their action results in the formation of strata

* *Illud in hiis rebus vitium vehementer inesse
Ecfugere errorem , vitareque præmetuentem,
Lumina ne facias oculorum clara creata,
Prospicere ut possimus ;
Omnia pervorsa præpostera sunt ratione :
Nihil ideo quoniam natum est in corpore, ut uti
Possemus ; sed quod natum est, id procreat usum.*

Lucret. de Rerum Nat. lib. iv.

of rock and coal, and the deposition of soils. When his theory is authenticated, is it not a pertinent question for him to propose,—And for what was the earth made at all? The eye of Harvey was arrested by the beautiful play of the valves of the veins; and the inquiry which spontaneously arose to his mind was, “What use were they designed to subserve?” The conviction that now prevails among physiologists, that all the arrangements of the animal frame were formed for some purpose, is so strong, that it is a guide in all discoveries and speculations. The anatomist, when dissecting the eye, observing the combination of lenses and nerves which compose the organ itself—the socket in which it moves—the mucus which makes it easy—the ligature which ties it in—the lid which screens it from harm—the limpid tear which prevents the roughness of friction, cannot doubt that it is an instrument designed to paint within the images of objects without. He will demonstrate to your satisfaction that the external configuration and position, the internal spiral tubes, cells, and tympanum of the ear, are all intended to form an organ for catching the vibrations of sound, and transmitting them to the mysterious lodger within. He will show you what a variety of bones, muscles, tendons, hinges, and sockets, enter into that most wonderful machine, the human hand; and, in like manner, he investigates and discloses the uses of all the various organs of the human body.

Now the intellectual philosopher begins to observe the beautiful adaptations of the being within to the world

without: the skilful, yet simple arrangement of instincts, appetites, affections, which belong to the human mind. At length we are brought to perceive the symmetry and completeness of our physical and mental constitution, and man stands before us the admirable and august master-work of Infinite Skill. But has science now reached its limit? Has it arrived at the ultimate knowledge where it is compelled to stop? It has discovered the uses of bones, and nerves, and instincts, to form a living man. Can we stop at this point, without asking, **FOR WHAT WAS MAN HIMSELF MADE?** If there be a part of the human frame, like the *vermiform appendix*, the use of which has hitherto eluded all inquiry, it is still taken for granted that some use it has, and physiology will not cease from its observations until that use be discovered; and shall we, as students, propose no inquiry concerning the ultimate purpose of man himself? The question, “What is the chief end of man?” does not belong to a church catechism any more than to a system of physiology, politics, and every other science and pursuit. It is neither presumptuous nor useless to pursue this inquiry, for it involves the highest of all sciences; it is the last link in the chain of sciences, or the staple from which they all hang in mutual dependence. This is the true *philosophia prima*—the primitive and summary knowledge, in which all the partitions and distributions of truth unite; and notwithstanding the theory of Descartes, that the ends of such a being as God, in creating man, must be so high and

inscrutable, that it is presumptuous in us to attempt the solution, reason and revelation unite to teach that some knowledge of God's designs is essential to the formation of our own.

Chemistry discerns the affinity between diamond and charcoal, by reducing each to their simple elements; and if we would discover the great object of man's existence, we must first, by a process of analysis, inquire for the simplest rudiment of his nature. We observe his animal wants, and the whole world busy in supplying them. The herds, flocks, and insects, in all climes of the earth, from Thibet to Brazil, furnish skins, fleeces and fibres for the materials of his clothing; the water-courses, and steam, that most prodigious of all genii, are busy in spinning the pliant fabric; the finger of God puts all the processes of nature in motion, evoking heat and moisture to ripen his food; the waters of the sea are ploughed by the keels which transport products for his subsistence; cabinets and congresses consult and legislate for the interchange of those commodities which feed and clothe the species: but can we believe, after all, that man was designed to be nothing more than a clothes-horse, or a machine for grinding food?

What is a man

If his chief good, and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more.*

We pass beyond all the animal instincts and appetites, assured that these must be means subservient to

* Hamlet, Act IV., Scene V.

an end. Natural affections has man, such as are necessary to social organizations ; and political science comes in, at this point, with all its claims, laws, and relations. But we stop not yet ; for obvious enough it is, that all social and political associations are means designed for man, and not an end for which man is designed. The higher properties of the human intellect, the play of fancy, memory, reason, next come into view ; but in neither do we find the ultimate purpose of man ; for the question is not impertinent, Why does man learn, reason, remember ? Exalted as is the reason of man, it is itself subordinate to a simpler principle—the moral affections. No analysis can detect in man any thing simpler or higher than these. The pleasure which flows from what is right, and good, and true, is an end unto itself. The joy of goodness is the ultimate purpose of life ; ultimate, we say, for this brings us to God, the source and end of all things. The circle is the most perfect of all forms ; and that which begins with God, to God must return. *The highest happiness of man, as found in a moral resemblance to God, is the chief, ultimate end of man's being ;* for the communication of such a bliss is the glory of our Maker. “The emanation of his own infinite fullness,” says President Edwards, “was the ultimate end of God in creation.”

Admit that we could not reach this final cause of our being, uninstructed by Revelation. We stand not on the same ground with Epicurus, and his poetical commentator, Lucretius ; and why should we be jealous of

the light of Revelation, and refuse the guide which God has sent from the skies? Why should we seek to circumnavigate the globe of truth, as Satan, according to Milton's fine conception, sailed round the earth, contriving always to keep in darkness,

— “cautious of day?”

Religion is a science; Christianity is an historical fact in this world of ours; and a Christian scholar, in this portion of time, cannot divest himself of the teachings of Revelation, any more than the oak of centuries can rid itself of any of its successive layers. The science which contents itself with observing the external phenomena of nature, is a superficial thing at the best. To educate a man without any reference to those moral dispositions which are the ultimate purpose of his creation, is like leading him around a magnificent temple, teaching him to measure the area it covers, to tell the chemistry of its materials, discover the natural history of its stones, learn the names, and times, and succession of its architects, admire the grandeur of its facade, the proportion and Phidian skill of its pillars; but never once to inform him of the high uses to which it is consecrated, never to introduce him within its walls, to breathe the sweet odors of incense, bend in worship at its altars, behold the Shechinah of its sanctuary, or join in the hallelujahs which resound through its glorious arches.

‘Joy, fullness of joy,’ says Mr. Taylor, ‘must be the end of that creation which has goodness for its author.

We learn to look upon pleasure with suspicion, or frown upon it as an enemy, only because the world (and our hearts with it) has gone astray from the road of genuine felicity. Yet may we read beneath this very perversion, the native tendency, or original purpose of our conformation. It is not as if man was not made for pleasure, but he was made for another sort than he now actually chooses. The guilty or frivolous pleasures of mankind are only an *ill sense* put upon the language of nature. Let the joy we seek be of celestial quality, and we have discovered the true and ultimate purpose of existence ;* and the *promotion of the highest happiness of man is the grand object which alone gives unity and end to all the various avocations of men.*

The *mundus intellectualis*, then, which we would frame for ourselves, may be represented (to use a diagram) by a series of concentric circles, forming one solid sphere. The outer periphery represents the providential government of God. A world there must be, as the theatre of action, before that action begins. Men must exist before they act : and the world must have its laws, and man a nature of his own. But the natural was designed to be auxiliary to the moral ; and this forms the second or inner circle. But the moral has a specific form of administration, which is the mediatorial ; and this is the innermost circle of all, with the **CROSS OF CHRIST** for the common centre of the whole. The natural for the moral ; the moral for the mediatorial.

* Saturday Evening.

Christianity is no episode in the long drama of human life ; but programme, progress, catastrophe. Pregnant words are those of the “philosophic apostle” to the Gentiles, “*all things were made by Christ, and FOR Christ.*” And when he determined to know nothing but Christ crucified, be assured he meant something more than faith in a bare religious dogma ; it was the discovery of an acute and comprehensive mind, “strengthened with might by the Spirit,” to discern how all knowledge was included and related to

“ — the great eternal scheme,
Involving all.”

The ‘Cross of Christ’ is not a bare theological thesis for the lecture-room and the pulpit ; not a mere historical incident to touch the sensibilities of genius, to be rehearsed by the tragic muse, and painted by the brush of Guido and Rubens. It is the one fact which is central to all other facts ; the one knowledge which is ultimate to all other departments of knowledge. We announce it here not merely as the Sabbath-day religion of the pulpit ; but as a great intellectual truth before an university of scholars, that the true *philosophia prima* is the knowledge of Christ ; that the only object which gives relationship, harmony, unity, connection, to all this world’s affairs, is the grand purpose of God to diffuse a stable and substantial happiness over the world, through the all-pervading beneficence of Christianity, as the central power ; and consequently, that our true interest and

duty, in all the variety of our pursuits, is to devote ourselves to the service of our race, in seeking to make the world better.

It was a beautiful conception of ancient mythology, which represented the Muse of History as the daughter of Jove ; and it is the sober conviction of a better wisdom, that all the history of this world is but the gradual development of Christianity, from a germ to its present power and promise, under the control of that Supreme Presiding Spirit, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years. It does violence to reason to believe, that all the events of time have been discordant and incoherent, as the leaves which the Sybil scattered to the winds. The most philosophical conception of history that was ever formed, is that partially executed in the History of Redemption by President Edwards ; who, starting at the point where the traditions of pagan mythology and the veritable history of Revelation agree, the original innocence of man, in a golden day when heaven and earth were blended, proceeds to develope, first in the form of a promise, then in type, then in fact, the one great plan of God to redeem a ruined race, and restore them to a more than pristine blessedness. We hold to this one plan and purpose of history, even when we confess ourselves altogether incapable of discerning the import and relevancy of particular events ; nor should our limited understandings be ambitious of any such omniscience. All parts of the world are related to one another ; but we should not

expect to find Cock-lane in London, or Byram river on a six-inch globe ; and there is a general knowledge we may obtain of the great design of God's providence, which is entirely independent of the interpretation of each and every subordinate part. Rivers have their eddies and back-water, but the direction of the main current is obvious and intelligible. The surface of the sea, when the tide is rising, is broken up into a succession of waves, and these are in constant motion, advancing and receding. One glance of the eye might cause us to doubt any advance ; but look for an hour, and you will see, in all this flux and reflux, that the whole body of the ocean is in progress, covering up the flats, sea-grass, and rocks, which were before open to the sun. There is unity in history. There is progress in history. Innumerable are those conjunctions of things and times, which show the presidency of One Mind, in reference to one purpose ; and however labyrinthine this scene of life may appear to groping and eyeless infidelity, the one conviction which is continually strengthening in the mind of every student who holds that clue which faith has put into his hand, is, that Christianity is not a by-play in the world, but the one purpose on which time waits, to which Providence ministers, and all things promote.

Should it be objected to this view of things, that the practical power and extension of Christianity have been, by no means, so great and rapid as this doctrine would lead us to expect, we would reply, that we are speaking

of ultimate purposes, and not of actual results ; that the author of Christianity has not chosen to apply its benefits by instantaneous omnipotence, but placed it, like leaven, in the world, to work its own way, leaving men to arrive at the most important convictions, by the processes of their own observations and experience. The God of nature does not inform the world, by an immediate and universal revelation, of all those arts, inventions, and remedies, which subserve the health, knowledge, and comfort of man. These are to be discovered by careful observation ; and, when discovered, diffused abroad by human agencies. Experience is one of the teachers employed by Providence in this great school of man's education ; and though Christianity, with its benign tendencies and blessings, be the ultimate purpose of the world, yet men are to learn the value of it, not by voices from the sky, not by compulsory processes which render mistakes impossible ; but, in good part, by the slow results of time and events, discovering the futility of all other expedients. So that the long delays and hinderances of Christianity have not been time and strength entirely lost, but preparations for better results, as the frosts of winter prepare the ground for future harvests. Mistakes and disappointments are not the same thing in morals as recession ; for the clouds which the mariner mistakes for land, still lead him on where land is sure to be found ; and digging for fabled treasures of gold, stirs the roots of the vines and trees, and secures a larger measure of fruit.

If the Christian System be the one great end and object of all things, it is easy to see that in this system there is a place for every science, every art, and every pursuit. The natural and providential, though not the ultimate end, are nevertheless auxiliary to that end, and necessary to it, and so are invested with high importance and dignity. All which relates to the phenomena of nature; the physical constitution of man; the adaptation of external things to his nature; whatever promotes his health, comfort, and general good; all which subserves his elevation, convenience and happiness, as a part of a social system; the beautiful sisterhood of the arts; the whole science of government; the advancement of knowledge, and whatever else is related to the civilization and progress of the world—all stand immediately and indissolubly connected, both as means and results, with that great purpose which Christianity proposes as the end and object of all things. These are objects worthy of our study, worthy of pursuit, important and dignified, because, in the constitution of things, they are essential to the framework of that system in which Christianity is to display her highest results; while Christianity, the great central power of life, invariably acts most directly and auspiciously, on the physical, political, and intellectual nature of man.

There is a distinction generally made between what is religious, and what is secular. This is well enough in common parlance, for purposes of convenience, as we divide and subdivide the ocean into seas, bays, and

inlets. But in more exact speech, no such distinction exists. The ocean is one and the same ; and all things in this world are religious. There is religion in commerce, in steam-boats, and steam-presses, since they help the progress of Christianity. There is religion in politics, in constitutions, declarations of independence, and charters, since these affect the freedom of religion. On the other hand, there are politics in theology ; whole systems of government, jurisprudence, commerce, art, and enterprise, included in justification by faith ; the simple fact being, that all parts are mutually attracted to each other in a common system. Truth belongs to a system ; it is not a detached and isolated thing at all. The most inert forms of matter even have their mutual attractions and repulsion. Science has demonstrated this perfect dependence of parts, to that degree, that your foot cannot press a spiculum of snow, without imparting a shock to its neighbor, and this to others still, till extended acress and continents have felt the concussion ; and religion instructs us, that you cannot elevate the character of man in the most essential part of his being, without thereby improving every other part of his nature. Throw a crystal into many chemical substances when in a state of solution, and the whole mass will conform to the model. Christianity is a law of love, and when deposited in the heart of society, all the laws and institutions of society gradually and necessarily conform to it. The science and practice of law, what a different thing it is in the presence of Christianity, and

in the presence of Paganism ! In the one, a benign power looking at the general good ; in the other, a corrupt power founded in the supremacy of self. The transcript of the codes of heathen nations, by Sir William Jones, shows conclusively, that these laws have no reference to the general good of society ; the law of love not being found in any heathen code, from Confucius to the present time. The same is true of the healing art, in the presence or the absence of Christianity. What is the art of medicine in India, but a feat of jugglery to awe ignorant credulity ? It is Christianity, which, conferring such mysterious importance on man, sets a before unknown value on the life and health of the body ; and all the asylums and hospitals, and beneficence of medicine, are the offspring of the Christian religion.

Three hundred years ago, upon the beautiful banks of Lake Lemman, there lived a man, whose pale and emaciated face betrayed a life purely intellectual, who is known in history as the Theologian of the Protestant Reformation. ‘ Let him be. Shut him up in his Alpine home. What has the world to do with him ? If not a monk by name, what is he better in fact, delving there in his old Hebrew and Greek books, proclaiming his theological theses, and insisting on theological distinctions, fit only for the schoolmen ? ’ The world nothing to do with him ! Yes, let him be. Let him study. Let him work. That translucent Lake, on which he lives, is not stagnant ; but through the midst of it runs the “ arrowy Rhone,” bearing fertility to the

vineyards of the South. That theology is no inert and recluse thing ; and the life of that Genevan Reformer, judge him as you may, is destined to exert a power above that of any other man upon the intellect, liberty, and progress of the world. Thither repair for shelter the Marian exiles of England, and there they find those great religious principles, which they bring back to plant deep in their native soil ; and of which even Hume was compelled, in spite of his teeth, to grumble out his admiration as the great parent of English liberty. “What poem has it written”—that doctrine of justification by faith ? Undoubtedly the best epic the world ever saw ; the greatest thing England ever did. English Puritanism was there. The revolution of 1688 was there. The Mayflower was there. American independence was there. Thither resorts, also, John Knox, that peerless son of Scotland ; and through him life appears in the North. “Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry, James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, I find,” says Mr. Carlyle, “Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart’s core of every one of these persons and phenomena.” All forms of thought, enterprise, life, progress, were enfolded, as mighty forests in a single germ, in that living truth of justification by faith, which John Calvin announced and resuscitated ; and he who suffers himself to talk of this as a dead dogma, and of the theologian as a ‘living dead man,’ shows that he knows nothing of the origin, history and progress of modern civilization.

Said we not truly, that politics, whole systems of human governments, liberty, and all else which ennoble and blesses man as the creature of time, are embodied in the central truth of Christianity? Indeed, we should like to dwell on this topic, and show how large a part of the world, at this very hour, are unconsciously indebted to the silent power of that doctrine many affect to despise, for all the intellectual life and freedom which they possess.*

* It is in season to rebuke the intolerance which would limit the praise of Calvin to a single sect. They who have no admiration but for wealth and rank, can never admire the Genevan Reformer; for, though he possessed the richest mind of his age, he never emerged from the limits of frugal poverty. The rest of us may be allowed to reverence his virtues, and regret his errors. More truly benevolent to the human race than Solon, more self-denying than Lycurgus, the genius of Calvin infused enduring elements into the institutions of Geneva, and made it, for the modern world, the impregnable fortress of popular liberty, the fertile seed-plot of democracy.

Again, we boast of our common schools; Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools.

Again, we are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists in France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland, that first brought colonists to Manhattan, were filled with Calvinists. *He that will not honor the memory, and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of American liberty.*

Or do personal considerations chiefly win applause? Then no one merits our sympathy and our admiration more than Calvin. The young exile from France, who achieved an immortality of fame before he was twenty-eight years of age, now boldly reasoning with the King of France for religious liberty; now venturing, as the apostle of truth, to carry the new doctrines into the heart of Italy; and now hardly escaping from the fury of papal persecution: the purest writer, the keenest dialectician of his age; pushing free inquiry only as the means of arriving at fixed principles. The light of his genius scattered the mask of darkness, which superstition had held, for centuries, before the

While Christianity exerts so powerful an influence on the secular affairs of man, it does, by no means, refuse to acknowledge its own relations to secular occupations, inventions and discoveries. In the city of Strasburg, on the eastern frontier of France, there stands, in the principal square, a large bronze statue of Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing with movable types. It is a full length figure of that fortunate individual, with a printing press at his side, and an open scroll in his hand, with this inscription : *And there was light.* Upon the several sides of the high pedestal on which the effigy stands, are four tableaux in bas relief, designed to represent the effect of the art of printing on the general progress of the world. In one, stand the names of the most distinguished scholars, philosophers, and poets of all times ; in another, the names of those who have been most eminent for their achievements in the cause of human freedom ; conspicuous among which,

brow of religion. His probity was unquestioned, his morals spotless. His only happiness consisted in "the task of glory and of good ;" for sorrow found its way into all his private relations. He was an exile from his place of birth. As a husband, he was doomed to mourn the premature loss of his wife ; as a father, he felt the bitter pangs of burying his only child. Alone in the world, alone in a strange land, he went forward in his career with serene resignation and inflexible firmness ; no love of ease turned him aside from his vigils ; no fear of danger relaxed the nerve of his eloquence ; no bodily infirmities checked the incredible activity of his mind ; and so he continued, year after year, solitary and feeble, yet toiling for humanity ; till after a life of glory, he bequeathed to his personal heirs a fortune, in books and furniture, stocks and money, not exceeding two hundred dollars, and to the world, *a pure reformation, a republican spirit in religion, with the kindred principles of republican liberty.*—GEORGE BANCROFT.

is an allusion to our Declaration of Independence, with the names of Washington, Franklin, Hancock, and Adams. On the third side, is a representation of Philanthropy knocking off the fetters of the slave, and instructing the tawny children of oppression in useful knowledge; and on the fourth, is Christianity, surrounded by the representatives of all nations, and tribes, and people, receiving from her hand, in their own tongue, the word of Eternal Truth. Christianity! Heaven-born Christianity! Divine philosophy! look down with indifference or disdain on that bearded man, at work with tools in his smutty shop, away on the Rhine! Affect to overlook and undervalue him as a mechanic? A mechanic! why, out of those bars of wood, and pounds of metal, and ounces of ink, he is constructing a machine to make the nations think. The inventive thought and manual skill of that workman of tools, convert him into a greater preacher than was Paul, or Ambrose, or Chrysostom. He is constructing wings for Christianity herself, which shall bear her with the music of her silver trumpet to all the abodes of men. The secular is transmuted into the religious; for the press gives power and progress to religion, and Christianity rewards with grateful smiles all *art* which aids her advancement.

Near the city of Genoa, there stands a cottage which claims the distinction of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, over the door of which is this inscription:—

Unus erat Mundus: duo sint, ait iste: fuere.

“There was one world; there may be two, said he; there were.” That one thought of the Genoese sailor does not stand by itself, a matter of mere secular geography, or maritime adventure, or commercial enterprise. If Christianity herself did not inspire the thought (for evidence is not wanting, that religious enthusiasm had much to do with the discovery of a new field for religious propagation*), the Author of Christianity, the God of History, reveals, in his august providence, the presidency of one mind, the progress of one plan, in the wonderful conjunction of the adventurer’s voyage, and all the past and prospective history of the Christian Church. What would have been the condition of the world, had this continent been discovered and possessed centuries before it was? Had Grecian argosies passed the Pillars of Hercules, and planted on this Western Hemisphere the irradicable seeds of Pagan mythology? Or had Saracen enterprise, at the time when Saracens were the only *men* alive, spread the masculine superstition of Asia, with the mosque and the crescent, on all our shores and hills; or had Norman chivalry, reaching already the snows of Muscovy, and the sunny waters of Antioch, hung its castles on all our cliffs, and spread its semi-barbarism over this vast continent? So it was not to be. The mystery of the ocean stretched itself out, as a barrier to progress; these rivers ran silently to the

* The manuscripts of Columbus, preserved with religious care in the museums of Europe, bear this signature:

Xto FERENS, S. A. S., i. e. Servus Altissimi Salvatoris

sea ; these spacious harbors waited in solitude, for a future commerce ; these prairies and savannas stretched in silent and solitary beauty, under the eye of God, reserved for a coming population. Meanwhile, the wars of opinion were surging and raging in the Old World ; great principles had been smelted out by the fires and furnaces of affliction ; History had reached its right revolution ; the time at length had come ; the world was ready ; the men were prepared ; when the veil of the sea was lifted up, a second ark was seen floating on the astonished waters ; and Christianity, pent up, imprisoned, fainting, persecuted, found a strange path prepared for herself through the sea, in which to flee, with the stars in her hand, to plant her institutions on a virgin soil, unfold a new page of history, and develop an unknown power for the reformation of all that was superannuated and effete in remote and ancient continents.

So it is that all things act and re-act, the religious on the secular, and the secular on the religious ; and we come to see that those things which pass under different names are, in fact, but related parts of one system. While Christianity reveals her own presence and power by all the arts, enterprise, and freedom, by all the various sciences and pursuits which spring up in her path, like verdure after the rain, all the politics, commerce, jurisprudence, and enterprise of the world, are designed to aid the promotion, development, and triumph of Christianity. By this relation, every study, every pursuit,

every thing, if it be a true thing—if it be not true it is “no—thing” at all—becomes invested with a mysterious importance. No man can tell the effects which will follow the smallest fact which Science discovers, or Art performs. Natural philosophy and theology might seem to have nothing in common, to be of all things remote. But the one in her appropriate work, discovers a power by which a little piece of steel is made to vibrate on the face of a dial—all which you might imagine was a toy for a child. A little thing to be sure, which Science has picked up by the way ; but it is no small thing at all. It is a great religious power ; it circumnavigates the great globe ; discovers new continents ; reëstablishes Christianity ; advances the Church ; brightens all the prospects of the world. Sit and think, thou student of nature ! The world counts thy thinking, dreamy idleness, as thou dost watch at the fire-side the bubbling steam, and wonder what processes and powers are at work in that stupendous engine—a teakettle. At last thou hast hit it. Once out, you will never get the mighty genii under the cover of that small prison again. You have subsidized a power which, by the stroke of a piston, will diffuse knowledge, civilization, freedom, Christianity, along the Bosphorus, the Tigris, and the Caspian, where walked the fathers of our race. Heed not the laugh of the world which disdains thy toil, yon chemist, in thy smoky cell ! The sudden flash and quick report, which startled the silence of your work over that sulphurous grain, proclaimed the

birth of a power, sadly to be perverted it may be, yet necessary still, by which civilized society is to be guarded from all incursions of barbarism, and the relations of power are to be so modified and restrained that the great civilizer of the world shall have its way. Toil away at thy humble handicraft, child of labor! thou art planning only for thy daily bread when fumbling over those rags, ropes, and rushes; but thy craft is the handmaid of all wisdom. Let them burn their Alexandrian libraries; the repositories of knowledge shall never be consumed again; for paper, "the veriest rag which man uses," perpetuates and propagates in the world the teachings of the Son of God, the splendors of immortal truth. Stretch out thy giant arms, and strike deep thy "gnarled and unwedgeable" roots, oak of the forest! Something more than dull and dead matter, a religious power art thou; for skill shall hew thee into timber, and thou shalt float on the waters; Commerce shall spread her sails over thee, augment her speed, and, mindful or unmindful of her high destiny, she is opening a path along which Christianity will go, on her glorious mission. Roll on, thou deep and mysterious sea! something more art thou than so much water, salt, and chemics—more than a home for all fishes and monsters; thou art God's own agent, employed to separate the nations when Christianity was not yet ready for the world, but now a highway of emerald and sapphire for His beneficent footsteps. Remote as the law of relation may seem, the true import of all art, science and action,

is to advance the cause of Christ. Put a ball in motion any where in these concentric circles, it rests not till it finds the common centre. The ultimate design and use of all pursuits is to aid and honor Christianity; while Christianity imparts its own energy and life in aid of all that which subserves the good of man.

It is obvious from this relation of things with reference to one system, that there can be no such thing as conflict and contradiction between true Science and Christianity. Two truths never can cross each other, like right lines. Truth is never angular, but always concentric and harmonious. The first pretensions of physical Science sometimes appear to conflict with Christianity, but her sober results always harmonize with it, as frightful comets, when first appearing in the sky, create consternation by their lurid flames, but, instead of burning the world, they wheel at the right instant in their orbit, obedient to the laws of a common system. Science, summoned by infidelity, threatens to destroy the Christian system; but time goes on, and she assumes her proper place, taking and giving glory in the light of the central sun. Geology puts her crowbar beneath the rocky foundations of the earth, and timid men fear lest Christianity will topple and be buried in ruins; the science advances, and Christianity receives from it the confirmation of her ample testimony. The lamp still hangs by a rope, in the Cathedral of Pisa, the regular pendulations of which, one day, set in motion the mind of Galileo, concerning the law of

mechanics. "The world is in motion," cries out the delighted philosopher. "Imprison the heretic," was the decree of the Vatican. But the world kept rolling round, popes and cardinals with it. The demonstrations of Newton succeeded; and the laws of science, and the faith of Christianity are seen at length, in beautiful conjunction and harmony. The palace of all the Muses was on Mount Olympus; and the Mount of God, where piety pitches her tabernacle, for the soul's transfiguration, is the central point from which to observe, not merely one radius or segment of truth, but, with serene satisfaction, to admire the relations and harmonies of all truths and things. The relations between saintship and scholarship are far more numerous than strike the common mind. Wisdom is greater than knowledge, it is the end and object of all knowledge. Truth then may never be feared, come whence, or where, or how it may; from the laboratory of the chemist, the observatory of the astronomer, the research of the historian, from physiology or psychology, we will not despise it, we will not forswear it, we will not fear it; for all truth is related, consistent, and harmonious.

In some parts of continental Europe, particularly in France, men of science and progress on the one hand, and churchmen on the other, are in open antagonism; a fact not to be employed to disprove Christianity, as if opposed to Science, but simply in evidence that Christianity, in its native simplicity and truthfulness, is

not there. Most fortunately, in our own land the reverse of all this is true. However it may have been in times subsequent to our revolution (for a glance at the system of theology by President Dwight, shows that his eye was upon an educated infidelity, then holding possession of all the learned professions), it certainly is true now, that Christianity has her ablest advocates in all departments of intellectual and physical science, and her firmest believers among the intelligent friends of popular progress. The reason of this felicitous conjunction is, that Christian theology, liberated from ancient bondage and abuses, is here thoughtful, studious, free, open to the sun, promoting rational inquiry and independent action; and scattering her blessings on every hand. Scholars and statesmen, men of thought and men of action, have gradually been working their way to the conviction, that the Christian religion is the grand patron and ally of all secular improvement and progress; and whatever is done, to give to the institutions of religion a broader basis, is a sure pledge of all national prosperity. All that can be done to strengthen such sentiments is undergirding the great social experiment in which we are embarked. And frequent gatherings, like the present, of men from all professional pursuits, are something more than an opportunity for the indulgence of pleasant sympathies; a great practical power and promise. There is profound truth in the remark of M. Arago: "It is the men of study and thought who, in the long run, govern the world; and

the spirit of union among men of science is the certain presage of the union of nations and the good of the world.”*

Many, we know, are accustomed to look upon the life of a student as a busy idleness, far removed from the useful and the practical. The practical! “Thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.” Some seeds are protruded from the ground, on the top of their own sprouts, like Anchises on the shoulders of Æneas—the product appearing to bear the cause; and great actions often seem to be the origin of great thoughts, when, in fact, it is the thinking which originates the acting. Your great revolutions begin in the closet of the student. It is the little plank, out of sight, under water, which turns the big ships hither and thither. The mill-wheels which saw the timber, grind grain and whirl spindles, make all the noise and clatter; but the streams which keep them in motion, and which float commerce on their bosom, have their origin in little springs among the hills; and all the politics, enterprise, and prosperity of the world, owe their existence and progress to the unobserved, and oftentimes uncompensated studies of the patient scholar. “The roots of nettles themselves,” says Bacon, “are smooth; but they bear stinging leaves.” It is your philosopher at Ferney who revolutionizes France; and the sage of Northampton, with his strong theories and theology, who helps to build New England on the basis of order, truth, and equity.

* Speech at Edinburgh.

It was not peculiar to the days of Æsop for some members of the body to impute laziness to others, which performed their functions with less noise and locomotion. The godfather of Heyne sends a letter by the public post, to his indefatigable son, addressed to "M. Heyne, idler at Leipsic." If any man in this world belongs to the 'laboring class,' if we must use a cant phrase for which we have no liking, it is a Christian student. That expression does not define the mode of labor, as though he only was subject to toil who uses a particular set of muscles. He is of the working order who taxes his thought, as really as he who wields a sledge or plies a spade. As really? More, by far. The field-laborer and the artisan throw down their tools at sunset, and their sleep is sweet; when an excited brain cannot stop its work by the clock, but keeps its wheels in motion through the dreams and restlessness of a sleepless night. He who delves in books for the radicals of words, works no less than he who digs in the ground for esculent roots. The professor with his class, the attorney with his brief, the minister at the altar (the ministry! we speak now of labor unrelieved by the compensatory law of the Sabbath), labor no less than if they chopped wood instead of logic; and a herdsman with all his cattle, toils not half so hard as the faithful teacher who presides over the restless group of a well-stocked school-room. Centuries ago, Pythagoras, when asked what he was, and what he was doing, referred Hiero to the Olympic games, where some came to try their

fortune for the prizes ; some as merchants to exchange their commodities ; some to make good cheer and meet their friends ; and others, and he himself among them, were simply lookers on. A good description this of contemplative philosophy as it once was ; but not as it now is. Philosophy, informed and reformed by a beneficent Christianity, is no more an idle spectator of the world ; neither does it disdain all contact with the vulgar earth, aspiring to a home among the stars. It is a grand motive power for the world's good. It has enlisted its skill and sciences in the service of man. Nothing which promotes his convenience and comfort is beneath her regard. The sophist spider, spinning webs from its own bowels, is converted into the useful bee, enriching itself from all the treasures of the open fields, and garnering up its sweet and nutritious stores for the use of man. And to such a degree has Christianity already wrought her reforms, that while intellectual power sometimes breaks off into eccentricity and vagaries, it is not so easy, after all, for any man to lose himself among the stars, or shipwreck his common sense against the moon. The grand purpose of Christianity is to improve and perfect mankind in every part and property of their nature ; and by that general law we are bound, in all our pursuits, to the service of the practical and the useful. The adventurous aeronaut, ascend high as he may, cannot go beyond the attraction of the world to which he belongs, nor can he forget that the silken island in which he floats, and the gaseous power which bears him up, are themselves the

product of that world he may affect to despise, but to which he must at length return.

Fellow-laborers, then, in a literal sense, are all true men, in the grand purpose of making the world better. Nor can there be a pursuit which is true and good, which does not contribute its aid to this common end. Worthy of more abundant honor, oftentimes, are those whom the world least notices and applauds. They are not the greatest of men, who, decked with plumes and gold, have trampled on all justice, law, and mercy, to satisfy the cravings of a mad ambition, and rise to martial fame and conquest. They are not the highest among men, who have attained to enormous wealth, to be expended only for purposes of display and luxury, pomp and trains attendant. Nor yet they, to whom belong a greater affluence and power, even that of exalted intellect, yet abused and perverted to mislead and destroy, rather than instruct and bless. The true rule and measure of greatness—and the world will certainly one day discover it—is embodied in the words of Him who, greater, richer, and loftier than all, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. *He that would be great, let him serve.* That which constitutes the glory of God—His unwearied beneficence—is to be copied and reflected in us, as the splendor and magnificence of the sky are painted in every drop of dew.

Milton complained in his day, that mankind had been so long and busily employed in celebrating their own destroyers, that they had left the better virtues of

meekness, patience, and fortitude, unsung. The earth bears no greater man on its surface than he, who, with every sensibility quickened and refined by culture, with talents fitted for display, and capable of acquiring luxurious wealth, through all the misleading opinions of the world, devotes himself, not with momentary impulse, but with persevering martyrdom—not in conspicuous and attractive parts, but with the self-control and patience of unnoticed and unrewarded toil, to the sublime purpose of promoting the true welfare of his fellow-men. Toil away, thou Christian hero, instructing the young in some sequestered spot among the hills! Speak on, thou legate of the skies, in thy rural pulpit! Assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man. Stand forth, in advocacy of law and order, thou defender of right and innocence, firm, true, and just thyself! Albeit unknown to fame, and neither praises nor honors are in your path, and no stars or ribands, the insignia of rank, glitter on your manly hearts, ye are laying the broad and deep foundations of human improvement, on which shall rise the walls of an august and imperishable structure. Other hands shall spread its arches, and rear its columns, and finish its capitals. Nor shall the gates of wisdom be left naked and unadorned. Ply thy work with chisel and brush, thou patient votary of Art, immortalizing goodness and greatness in changeless forms, eloquent to the eye. Tune thy harp, thou child of song! Neither cipher nor discord art thou! The ear hath a way to the heart; and thy joyous strains shall be the

“march-melodies” of freedom and truth. “All the players upon instruments shall be there;” and Science and Religion shall walk together in royal and priestly vestments, their union making sweet harmonies before the altars of God, and God himself shall descend, and his tabernacle be with men.

To this grand result all things tend. All is in motion; nothing rests. We have met, and now we part. Very soon this and that reverend head, silvered with the honors of time, will droop to its long-sought repose. The youth, now bounding with elastic step into life, full of promise, full of joy, will faint and fall when the world knows not how to spare him. We die; but that for which we live—never. All that is good, and true, and fair, is imperishable. That which we call Death, is but Life in other forms of sanctity and power.

The dead are like the stars by day,
 Removed from mortal eye:
 Yet not extinct—they hold their way
 In glory through the sky.

The world is populous with good and useful men, though their forms are in the keeping of the grave. The sagacious men who founded this institution, the long line of virtuous men, who have here taught the lessons of serene wisdom, yet live in the true and best sense of the word. They live in the characters and lives of those whom they have educated; and these live again, in all the good influences which they have employed for the improvement of the world: and so the lessons of truth

and goodness are ever reproductive, cumulative, and progressive towards the final consummation of God's eternal plan. And the grand encouragement which cheers us in our work—and for this we are indebted altogether to the telescopic visions of Christianity—is a belief in the certainty of that result at which we aim. Nothing, says Dugald Stewart, tends so much to call forth the exertions of individuals in the public service, as a prevailing belief in the success of those efforts which they put forth to inform and bless mankind. As in ancient Rome it was esteemed the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic; so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the aspect of particular events or times, should never despair of the fortunes of the human race; but should ever act upon the principle, that the longer he lives, and the more his observation extends, the more of truth, order, and benevolent design will be seen in the universe. Every scholar, especially, should be in truth what Mr. Coleridge was wont to call himself, an “*inveterate hoper*,” with his face all luminous, turned towards the sun-rising. We love to listen to the strains of ancient lyrists, Pindar and Ovid; but we do not believe that society is retrograde from an age of gold to one of iron; neither do we hold that it is stationary, fluctuating only within certain limits, in mutual encroachments of civilization and barbarism. Nor have we any faith in the indefinite perfectibility of human nature, according to the theory of Condorcet, and other French authors; much less in any political atheistic millennium,

with modifications of society which are wiser than Providence and better than Scripture. But we do hold, and that most firmly, to the sober faith of the good old Bible of our fathers—that God designs to make this world the theatre of substantial, rational, religious joy, by means of the Gospel of his Son. What revolutions of time—what eclipses of truth—what trials of faith—what strugglings and sacrifices shall intervene before that result is attained, we cannot say. In lonely cells, in midnight toils, on bloody scaffolds, the scholars, the martyrs, the freemen of our race, have looked forward and upward, with hope and faith, saying, *Domine quamdiu?** and in these days of brighter promise, shame on us if our faces are not in the same direction, hopeful of greater changes, compared with which, the highest splendor that ever visited the earth was but the shadow of death. Cheered by this confidence of success, we adopt the words of the poet :

“I therefore go, and join head, heart and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.”

This world was made for something better than to be the theatre of crime and woe. Though lions and scorpions are in the zodiac, the sun will roll its way along, bring the year about, and fill the whole earth with gladness. As in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, the rails are laid, and the resistless car comes rolling

* An inscription on the wall of the inquisitorial prison at the Papal residence in Avignon.

along in the midst of sable funerals, gilded chariots, loaded commerce, and all forms of toil and traffic ; so, through the midst of all the complicated movements of this great world, its governments, its merchandise, its arts, and its revolutions, a highway of the Lord is preparing, along which a triumphant and beneficent Christianity will advance with songs and everlasting joy.

“ There’s a fount about to stream,
 There’s a light about to beam,
 There’s a warmth about to glow,
 There’s a flower about to blow,
 There’s a midnight blackness changing.
 Into gray ;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen.
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
 Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe ;
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play ;
 Men of thought and men of action.
 Clear the way.”

MACKAY.