

THE

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MAGAZINE.

"Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."
Psalm cxxii, 9.

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IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

God is unlike all other beings in the universe. All other intelligences and all created things are subject to change, and are constantly changing. But God is unchangeable. He is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, without the least variableness or shadow of turning. Angels and the spirits of the just have the image of God, and are in some degree like him in holiness and happiness. But they are still mutable:—although they are confirmed and elect, and exalted above the power of sin and death; they are changeable: for they are no doubt advancing in knowledge and happiness—rising to higher degrees of perfection; and every accession to their knowledge or happiness is a change. Immutability therefore, as well as the perfection of his attributes, distinguishes God from all other beings in the universe. “His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, for as the Heavens are high above the earth, so are his ways above our ways, and his thoughts above our thoughts.”

That GOD IS IMMUTABLE, is a grand and important truth. An enlightened view of this attribute is indispensable to a knowledge of his perfections and government; and a knowledge of the character and government of God is the foundation of all true religion. The greatest mistakes in religion, both in sentiment and practice, among Christians and among Heathen, arise from erroneous or partial views of the character of God. This subject then, is an important one.

Before entering upon the discussion of it, it is proper for us to recollect, that in learning the character of God, in forming ideas of Him, the Bible, and the Bible alone, must be our guide; his Word and Spirit alone can direct us, for his nature and attributes are incomprehensible. They are too high to be attained by reason. They cannot be conceived by human understandings, or comprehended by finite minds. We are creatures of yesterday. We were, but a few days since, called into life, and opened our eyes for the first time on the works of God:—and we have, perhaps, exercised our reason very little, in inquiring about Him, and con-

where, ought to require of a Minister of the Gospel a formal and utter renunciation of such principles before they afford him their support.—But we are perfectly willing; nay, earnestly desirous that all intelligent, well trained, pious, humble men, who have consecrated themselves to the work of the Ministry, and are devoted with all their hearts, not to the building up of a party, not to the narrow interests of sectarianism, but to the glory of God and the salvation of men, may be received in love, wherever they go, and be very highly esteemed for their works' sake. Such men, we shall ever delight to recognise as brethren;—while we shall ever consider ourselves as set for opposition to the opinions of those who set up to be vicars of Christ on earth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIT. AND EVAN. MAGAZINE.

It is often said with truth, that few men are competent judges of their own attempts at poetry. So fully convinced am I of this, that it is with unfeigned diffidence I commit these fugitive pieces to your care. Let them stand or fall by their intrinsic worth; and if any of them are thought worthy of insertion, my wishes shall be accomplished.

THE MILLENNIUM.

ALONG the desert plains is verdure springing,
Bold fountains gushing in the arid sand;
Songs of sweet melody to heaven are ringing
Through the deep vales of the once heathen land.
The Lord has entered on his endless reign,
And earth in Eden's bloom is rich again.

Hark! from the mountain top is heard the song
Of hallelujahs from a ransomed race.
Hark! echoing far the tufted hills among,
Peals the glad anthem of delivering grace.
Heaven has come down to earth, and angels hear
The hymns of mortals, with enraptured ear.

War with its last low murmur has departed,
The spear, the shield, the mail are laid aside;
The champion from his bloody trance has started,
Casting away his fury and his pride.
With childlike mien before the cross he bows,
And breathes to heaven his reverential vows.

I hear the distant crash of idol shrines;
The molten image from its rest is falling:

A Morning Hymn.

The demon gods bewail their vain designs,
 For at their altars none to heaven are calling.
 "God is the Lord, and Jesus is our King,"
 Thus every tribe and every nation sing.

The sun has risen on the darkened world,
 Light, life, and holiness are shed around;
 The Prince of darkness from his seat is hurled,
 Nor fiend, nor tempter curses now the ground:
 Malice and wrath are gone with all their woes,
 The lion and the lamb in harmony repose.

Such is thy reign Immanuel, such thy power,
 Such mercies given to thy chosen race;
 Come then, O come the long expected hour
 Of blest redemption, from thy dwelling place.
 To save thy people from their sin and fear,
 Gird on thy sword Most Mighty and appear. M. R—N.

 A MORNING HYMN.

WAKE harp of the morning, thy chords shall resound
 With the praises of Jesus who reigns in the skies;
 Let psalms of rejoicing thus echo around,
 And anthems of thankfulness gladly arise.

The morning shall laud thee Omnipotent Lord,
 Thy power makes the blush of the East to appear;
 And thine, Sun of righteousness, thine is the word
 That leads forth the varied delights of the year.

The heavens, the ocean, the green mantled earth,
 Declare thee their founder, their keeper, their King:
 Heaven shewed a new star at the hour of thy birth,
 And again, at thy triumph, with praises shall ring.

Praise Jesus, my soul, (he hath bought thee with blood,)
 At midnight, at morn, at the calm hour of eve.
 He crowneth thy life with unspeakable love,
 O cease not to praise, to obey, to believe. M. R—N.