

poets,' at beholding a bald or bush-headed man, of middle age, in spectacles, and, if not with an indisputable pot belly, yet 'corpulent exceedingly,' and, by rude guess, fourteen stones avoirdupois. Some are indeed slender; but with a few exceptions, they agree in this—in case of a militia they are safe from the ballot.

From the Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury: Boston.

THE TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

CHRIST says, his word shall never pass away. Yet at first sight nothing seems more fleeting than a word. It is an evanescent impulse of the most fickle element. It leaves no track where it went through the air. Yet to this, and this only, did Jesus entrust the truth wherewith he came laden, to the earth; truth for the salvation of the world. He took no pains to perpetuate his thoughts; they were poured forth where occasion found an audience,—by the side of the lake, or a well; in a cottage, or the temple; in a fisher's boat, or the synagogue of the Jews. He founds no institution as a monument of his words. He appoints no order of men to preserve his bright and glad revelations. He only bids his friends give freely the truth they had freely received. He did not even write his words in a book. With a noble confidence, the result of his abiding faith, he scattered them broad-cast on the world, leaving the seed to its own vitality. He knew, that what is of God cannot fail, for God keeps his own. He sowed his seed in the heart, and left it there, to be watered and warmed by the dew and the sun which heaven sends. He felt his words were for eternity. So he trusted them to the uncertain air; and for eighteen hundred years that faithful element has held them good,—distinct as when first warm from his lips. Now they are translated into every human speech, and murmured in all earth's thousand tongues, from the pine forests of the North to the palm groves of Eastern India. They mingle, as it were, with the roar of a populous city, and join the chime of the desert son. Of a Sabbath morn they are repeated from church to church, from isle to isle, and land to land, till their music goes round the world. These words have become the breath of the good, the hope of the wise, the joy of the pious, and that for many millions of hearts. It is these words that still work wonders, to which the first recorded miracles were nothing in grandeur and utility. It is these, which build our temples and beautify our homes. They raise our thoughts of sublimity; they purify our ideal of purity; they hallow our prayer for truth and love. They make beautiful and divine the life which plain men lead. They give wings to our aspirations. What charmers they are! Sorrow is lulled at their bidding. They take the sting out of disease, and rob adversity of his power to disappoint. They give health and wings to the pious soul, broken-hearted and shipwrecked in his voyage through life, and encourage him to tempt the perilous way once more. They make all things ours. Christ our brother; Time our servant; Death our ally and the witness of our triumph. They revealed to us the presence of God, which else we might not have seen so clearly, in the first wind-flower of spring; in the falling of a sparrow, in the distress of a nation; in the sorrow or the rapture of the world. Silence the voice of Christianity, and the world is well nigh dumb, for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers and the people, which cheers the poor widow in her lonely toil, and comes like light through the windows of morning, to men who sit stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungering heart. It is gone—all gone! only the cold, bleak world left before them.

Such is the life of these words; such the empire they have won for themselves over men's minds since they were spoken first. In the mean time, the words of great men and mighty, whose name shook whole continents, though graven in metal and stone, though stamped in institutions and defended by whole tribes of priests and troops of followers—their words have gone to the ground, and the world gives back no echo of their voice. Meanwhile the great works also of old times, castle and tower and town, their cities and their empires, have perished, and left scarce a mark on the bosom of the earth to show they once have been. The philosophy of the wise, the art of the accomplished, the song of the poet, the ritual of the priest, though honored as divine in their day, have gone down, a prey to oblivion. Silence has closed over them,—only their spectres now haunt the earth. A deluge of blood has swept over the nations,—a night of darkness, more deep than the fabled darkness of Egypt, has lowered down upon that flood, to destroy or to hide what the deluge had spared. But through all this, the words of Christianity have come down to us from the lips of that Hebrew youth, gentle and beautiful as the light of a star, not spent by their journey through time and through space. They have built up a new civilization, which the wisest Gentile never hoped for,—which the most pious Hebrew never foretold. Through centuries of wasting, storm, and now wait to descend on hearts pure and earnest, as the Father's spirit, we are told, came down on his lovely Son. The old heavens and the old earth are indeed passed

away, but the Word stands. Nothing shows clearer than this, how fleeting is what man calls great,—how lasting what God pronounces true.

Anyone, who traces the history of what is called Christianity, will see that nothing changes more from age to age than the doctrines taught as Christian, and insisted on as essential to Christianity and personal salvation. What is falsehood in one province passes for truth in another. The heresy of an age is the orthodox belief and 'only infallible rule' of the next. Now Arius, and now Athanasius is Lord of the ascendant. Both were excommunicated in their turn, each for affirming what the other denied. Men are burned for professing what men are burned for denying. For centuries the doctrines of the Christians were no better, to say the least, than those of their contemporary pagans. The theological doctrines derived from our fathers seem to have come from Judaism, Heathenism, and the caprice of philosophers, far more than they have come from the principle and sentiment of Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity, the very Achilles of theological dogmas, belongs to philosophy and not religion,—its subtleties cannot even be expressed in our tongue. As old religions become superannuated and died out, they left to the rising faith, as to a residency legate, their forms and their doctrines,—or rather, as the giant in the fable left his poisoned garment to work the overthrow of his conqueror. Many tenets, that pass current in our theology, seem to be the refuse of idol temples,—the offerings of Jewish and heathen cities, rather than the sands of virgin gold, which the stream of Christianity has wore off from the rock of ages, and brought in its bosom for us. It is wood, hay, and stubble, wherewith men have built on the corner stone Christ laid. What wonder the fabric is in peril when tried by fire? The stream of Christianity, as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through, so that now it is not the pure water from the well of Life, which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt. If Paul and Jesus could read our books of theological doctrines, would they accept as their teaching, what men have invented in their name? Never till the letters of Paul had faded out of his memory,—never till the words of Jesus had been torn out of the Book of Life. It is their notions about Christianity men have taught as the only living word of God. They have piled their own rubbish against the Temple of Truth where Piety comes up to worship,—what wonder the pile seems unshapely and like to fall? But these Theological Doctrines are fleeting as the leaves of the trees. They

Are found
Now green in youth, now withered on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies,—
They fall successive and successive rise.

Like the clouds of the sky, they are here to-day,—to-morrow, all swept off and vanished,—while Christianity itself, like the heaven above, with its sun, and moon, and uncounted stars, is always over our head, though the cloud sometimes debars us of the needed light. It must of necessity be the case that our reasonings, and therefore our Theological Doctrines, are imperfect, and so perishing. It is only gradually that we approach the true system of Nature by observation and reasoning, and work out our philosophy and theology by the toil of the brain. But meantime, if we are faithful, the great truth of Morality and Religion, the deep sentiment of love to man and love to God, are perceived intuitively, and by instinct, as it were, though our Theology be imperfect and miserable. The Theological notions of Abraham, to take the story as it stands, were exceedingly gross, yet a greater than Abraham has told us Abraham desired to see my day, saw it, and was glad. Since these notions are so fleeting, why need we accept the commandment of men, as the doctrine of God.

Compare the simpleness of Christianity as Christ sets it forth on the Mount, with what is sometimes taught and accepted in that honored name; and what a difference. One is of God, one is of man. There is something in Christianity which sects have not reached,—something that will not be won, we fear, by theological battles, or the quarrels of pious men,—still we may rejoice that Christ is preached in any way. The Christianity of sects, of the pulpit, of society, is ephemeral—a transitory fly. It will pass off and be forgot. Some new form will take its place, suited to the aspect of the changing times. Each will represent something of truth, but no one the whole. It seems the whole race of man is needed to do justice to the whole of truth, as 'the whole church to preach the whole gospel.' Truth is entrusted for a while to a perishable Ark of human contrivance. Though often shipwrecked, she always comes safe to land, and is not changed by her mishap. That pure ideal Religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision, and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant,—which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth,—which makes sacred the ground he trod, and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them, cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they can never out go the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them. It is as if we were to fly towards a Star, which becomes larger and

more bright the nearer we approach, till we enter and absorbed in its glory.

If we look carelessly on the ages that have gone by, or only on the surface of things as they come before us, there is reason to fear,—for we confound the truth of God with the word of man. So at a distance the cloud and the mountain seem the same. When the drift changes with the passing wind, an unpractised eye might fancy the mountain itself was gone. But the mountain stands to catch the clouds, to win the blessings they bear, and send it down to moisten the fainting violets, to form streams which gladden valley and meadow, and sweep on at last to the sea in deep channels laden with fleets. Thus the forms of the church, the creeds of the sects, the conflicting opinions of teachers, float round the sides of the Christian mount, and swell and toss, and rise and fall, and dart their lightnings, and roll their thunder, but they neither make nor mar the mount itself. Its lofty summit far transcends the tumult,—knows nothing of the storm which roars below,—but bates with rosy light at evening and at morn,—gleams in the splendor of the mid day sun,—sees his light when the long shadows creep over plain and moorland, and all night long has its head in the heavens, and is visited by troops of stars which never set, nor veil their face to ought so pure and high.

Let then the Transient pass, fleet as it will, and may God send us some new manifestation of the Christian faith, that shall stir men's hearts as they were never stirred; some new Word, which shall teach us what we are, and renew us all in the image of God,—some better life, that shall fulfil the Hebrew prophecy, and pour out the spirit of God on young men and maidens, and old men and children,—which shall realize the Word of Christ, and give us the comforter, who shall reveal all needed things. There are Simeons enough in the Cottages and Churches of New England, plain men and pious women, who wait for the Consolation, and would die in gladness, if their expiring breath could stir quicker the wings that bear him on. There are men enough, sick and bowed down, in no wise able to lift up themselves, who would be healed could they kiss the hand of their Saviour, or touch but the hem of his garment,—men who look up and are not fed, because they ask bread from heaven and water from the rock, not Traditions or fancies, Jewish or heathen, or new or old; men enough who, with throbbing hearts, pray for the spirit of healing to come upon the waters, which other than angels have long kept in trouble; men enough who have lain a long time sick of Theology, nothing battered by many physicians, and are now dead, too dead to bury their dead, who would come out of their graves at the glad tidings. God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart, and make us better fathers, mothers, and children,—a religious life, that shall go with us where we go, and make every home the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer. We would work for this, and pray for it, though we wept tears of blood while we prayed.

THE MASK OF MISCHIEF.

SIN and Folly, sisters twin,
Came into the world as twins,
Yet, though coupled thus 'twas plain
They were not alike—for Sin's
Features were uncouth, unsightly;
Folly's looks were fair and sprightly.

Both resolved to push their way,
Though diverse their temper's mould:
Grave was Sin and Folly gay;
Sly was Sin, but Folly bold.
Both, with all their odds, had one quest—
Both were fired with love of conquest.

Folly foremost took her course,
Laughing, giggling as she went;
Some wore charm'd, while some, perforce,
Shrank from such mad merriment—
Till the jade, albeit so heady,
Got a mask, to look more steady.

Sin, intent to clutch her prey,
Slowly stalked into the light;
Many scampered swift away,
Others yielded from pure fright;
So the reptile slid with rattles,
Uses fear to fight its battles.

Pleas'd yet vex'd withal, was Sin;
Grinning hideous like an ape;
Pleas'd some converts thus to win,
Vex'd that any should escape;
For, to say the truth, the vampire
Burned for universal empire.

Quick to covet, prompt to ask
What might to her sway add stores,
'Oh,' cries Sin, 'I want a mask,
Lend me, sister Folly, yours.
Of your own face you may dare crow,
But, you know, I'm such a scare crow.'

Folly, caught by this appeal,
(Compliment and candour mix'd)
Did her ugly sister's will;
'Take,' said she 'the thing thou seek'st.'
'Ha,' cried Sin, in wicked raptures,
'What shall limit now my captures.'

Hugely throve the borrowing trick—
Since which time, the precious pair
Through the world their victims seek,
Through the world their triumphs share;

In their common plans to screen 'em,
Having but one mask between 'em.

Mortal man, in every place,
Shun, oh shun that mask of shame;
Lest, when caught in Sin's embrace,
Thou should'st all too late exclaim,
'In thy plight so melancholy,
Alas, I thought 'twas only Folly.'

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From Strutt's Predestinate Tour in Calabria and Sicily.

VIEW FROM MOUNT ETNA.

It took us an hour of labourious walking to reach the summit of the cone,—but we were well repaid on our arrival by the magnificence of the prospect, and the awful grandeur of the vast crater, whose precipitous dark abyss sunk to an immense depth below us. Its sheer rocky sides are rent in various directions, affording escape to the impatient vapours that burst from every part; and the sun, which illuminated the one side whilst it left the other and the bottom in shadow and darkness, discovered in it a thousand beautiful variations of tint, caused by the exhaling sulphur. When we threw some masses of scorix down the crater, the thundering noise produced was frightful, as if old Etna roared at the insult; altogether, the impression produced by this stupendous volcano is one of the most powerful I ever experienced. To attempt to give an idea of it upon paper was ridiculous,—yet we did attempt it, though with fingers numbed with cold, and ill calculated to undertake such a task.

We next turned our attention to the surrounding prospect, Sicily lay, as it were, at our feet, bright and sparkling, except where Etna flung his gigantic shadows across the country. The sea was perfectly visible, encircling the whole island, even beyond Palermo and Marsala,—so that we saw it at once as an island upon the map. The Pharos appeared a mere stream,—and Calabria, with its Appennines, shrunk into magnificence, quite a near neighbor. The Gulf of Tarento, and the old high heeled boot form of Italy, might be easily traced,—whilst the isles of Lipari, Vulcano, and distant Stromboli, rising from the Sea to the North, slightly misty in that quarter, and the bold heights of Malta far South, seemed at such an elevated horizon, like mountains suspended in the sky. The view of Etna itself was perfect, with its various lower craters, and its eruptions, whose course we traced on every side,—particularly that destructive one which poured in 1669 from the Monte Rosso, a dark double headed eminence, rather above and westward of Nicolosi, and almost overwhelmed Catania with its disastrous flood.

From Barrow's Bible in Spain.

MADRID AS A CITY.

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world; but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as the city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough,—but Petersburg has its finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, (the latter by the by, of Spanish origin, and speaking among themselves the old Spanish language); but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove makers and perquiers, is strictly Spanish though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St. Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havana, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist.

MOORISH SENTIMENT.

The Moors of Barbary seem to care but little for the exploits of their ancestors,—their minds are re-entered in the things of the present day, and only so far as those things regard themselves individually. Disinterested enthusiasm, that truly distinguishing mark of a noble mind, and admiration for what is great, good, and grand, they appear to be totally incapable of feeling. It is astonishing with what indifference they stray among the relics of ancient Moorish grandeur in Spain. No feelings of exultation seem to be excited by the proof of what the Moor once was, or of regret at the consciousness of what he now is. More interesting to them are their perfumes, their papouches, their dates, and their silks of Fez and Marakech, to dispose of which they visit Andalusia; and yet the generality of