

poets,' at beholding a bald or bush-  
beaded man, of middle age, in spectacles,  
and, if not with an indisputable pot-  
belly, yet 'corpulent exceeding,' and,  
by rude guess, fourteen stones avor du-  
poids. 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 abid-  
ing 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  
sterility. So he trusted them to the uncertain  
air; and for eighteen hundred years that faith-  
ful element has held them good,—distinct as  
when first warm from his lips. Now they are  
translated into every human speech, and mur-  
mured 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 re-  
corded 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 spar-  
row, 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 morn-  
ing, 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,  
castles 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  
pray to oblivion. Silence has closed over  
earth,—only their spectres now haunt the  
nations. A deluge of blood has swept over 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,  
these words have flown on, like a dove in the  
air, 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 doc-  
trines 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 excommu-  
nicated in their turn, each for affirming what  
the other denied. Men are burned for pro-  
fessing 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 theologi-  
cal 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, be-  
longs to philosophy and not religion,—its sub-  
tleties cannot even be expressed in our tongue.  
As old religions become superannated and  
died out, they left to the rising faith, as to a  
residency legate, their forms and their doc-  
trines,—or rather, as the giant in the fable  
left his poisoned garment to work the overthrow  
of his conqueror. Many tenets, that pass cur-  
rent 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 stub-  
ble, 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 in-  
vented 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  
Pity 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 vanish-  
ed,—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 Theo-  
logy be imperfect and miserable. The Theo-  
logical 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 hon-  
ored 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 civili-  
zation, 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 al-  
ways 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 un-  
practised 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, floats  
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 be-  
low,—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 prop-  
hecy, 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 physi-  
cians, 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 reli-  
gious 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 twain,  
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 meritment—  
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;  
Griming 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 Predestrian 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 mag-  
nificence of the prospect, and the awful gran-  
deur of the vast crater, whose precipitous  
dark abyss sunk to an immense depth below us.  
Its sheer rocky sides are rent in various di-  
rections, affording escape to the impatient va-  
pours that burst from every part; and the sun,  
which illuminated the one side whilst it left  
the other and the bottom in shadow and dark-  
ness, discovered in it a thousand beautiful  
variations of tint, caused by the exhaling sul-  
phur. When we threw some masses of  
scoriae down the crater, the thundering noise  
produced was frightful, as if old Etna roared  
at the insult; altogether, the impression pro-  
duced by this stupendous volcano is one of  
the most powerful I ever experienced. To at-  
tempt to give an idea of it upon paper was  
ridiculous,—yet we did attempt it, though  
with fingers numbed with cold, and ill calculat-  
ed to undertake such a task.

We next turned our attention to the sur-  
rounding 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, encir-  
cling 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 Appen-  
nines, shrank 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  
as such an elevated horizon, like mountains  
suspended in the sky. The view of Etna it-  
self 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 over-  
whelmed Catania with its disastrous flood.

From Barrow's Bible in Spain.  
MADRID AS A CITY.

I have visited most of the principal capi-  
tals 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 Pe-  
tersburg has its finer streets, Paris and Edin-  
burgh 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 ex-  
traordinary 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 contrib-  
uted—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 Ger-  
mans, as at St. Petersburg; no English fac-  
tories, 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 per-  
fumes, their papouches, their dates, and their  
silks of Fez and Maraka, to dispose of which  
they visit Andalusia; and yet the generality of