

INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

A religion without its mysteries would be a cheat, a delusion. Any revelation coming from the eternal world must, in the nature of the case, be enshrouded in more or less of mystery. The man who prescribes to God that he shall make a revelation of his will that in all its phases shall be accommodated to his limited capacity—that dares to sit in judgment on upon such a revelation when made, and undertakes to say what is and what is not authentic and divine, measuring it by his capacity to understand—is either guilty of the most consummate folly, or of unpardonable arrogance. The Bible is either a revelation from God or it is not. If it is, it is all of God, since the whole of its contents rests upon the same testimony. Those who wrote it claim to have written "as moved upon by the Holy Ghost." Indeed the high claim of the entire volume is that it is "given by inspiration of God." If a part is human and a part divine, where is the line between the human and the divine? What human tribunal is competent to sit in judgment upon so momentous a question. One would naturally suppose that on such a question, some intimation would have been given in the holy oracles as to where the divine ended and the human began; and yet, with two exceptions, (and it is doubtful whether one of these be an exception,) there is, as we remember, no intimation that indicates otherwise than that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." These are 1 Cor. vii. 6, and 2 Cor. viii. 8. These very exceptions prove how careful the Holy Spirit was to preserve the full integrity of the sacred volume. By making these two passages as "not by commandment," it is unquestionably implied that all the balance is "by commandment." It is true that the words of bad people, and even of devils appear occasionally in the Scriptures; but they are placed there by divine order, and from their connection with important facts, doctrines, duties, prophecies, etc. So of its history, biography, and the like. They are all placed in the Word of God "by commandment," and are to be accepted as from the Holy Ghost. Once adopt the theory that the Bible is partly human and partly divine, and there will be about as many opinions as to where the one ends and the other begins, as there are people who undertake to expound it. The moral force of the holy Bible is broken, it would cease to be the common standard of appeal, and Christianity itself would go into practical disintegration.

It makes nothing against our view, that of the different writers of the Bible, has each his peculiar style, since it is only through the human mind that the Holy Ghost can communicate with our race. If an Elijah is selected, the fervid zeal of the man is communicated to the messages he receives from the Spirit. If an Isaiah is selected something of the imperial imagination of the "Evangelical prophet" accompanies his utterances of the burden of the Lord. And so through the whole number of the divine pensmen. But who that has studied the blessed Book has failed to see in each contribution to its contents a harmony in its truths, a oneness in its purpose, unaccountable on any other hypothesis than that the whole volume was dictated by one presiding Spirit?

One of the most triumphant internal arguments on which the divine inspiration of this Book is based, is this very consideration—that through fifteen hundred years a succession of writers from Moses to John, of different ages, in different languages, under the most variant circumstances, and of every phase of mental characteristics, from the ploughman in his field to the king upon his throne, from the fishermen of Galilee to the most cultured "Apostle of the Gentiles," whose contributions make up the holy volume, all naturally dovetail into each other, forming ONE BOOK that could not be more homogeneous if it had been the production of one pen. No mortal can account for this on any other hypothesis than that each contributor acted under the direction of the same Holy Spirit—was moved by the same divine impulse—so that when he finished his work, it just as naturally took its place in the sacred canon as any stone in the temple, when hewed and squared by the workmen, took its place in that wonderful structure. Nay, more, each part, instinct with life, adjusted itself to the whole with as complete a symmetry as the members of a natural body combine to make up the "human form divine."

The truth is, the whole purport of the Word of God, Old Testament law, history, prophecy, and ceremonies—New Testament teaching, biography, and claim—all,

all, is to reveal one glorious Personage to our faith, than whom a greater cannot be conceived by man. Throughout the whole record, there moves one Being of such transcendent dignity, honor and glory, as to have inspired every writer with His matchless worth and grandeur. He was the "lawgiver" of Judah, the "Shekinah" of the tabernacle, the "child born and Son given" of Isaiah, the "desire of all nations" of Haggai, the "Messenger of the Covenant" of Malachi, and the "Immanuel," "God with us," of the New Testament. How impressively John expresses the whole of this in a single sentence: "For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy!"

The whole end of the Old Testament is to point to Christ; the whole purport of the New is to reveal Christ. Who, then, would mar the records, on which "the testimony of Jesus" rests? Fearful are the words with which the sacred canon closes: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book." Rev. 22: 18, 19.

Pulpit Elocution.

Regarding the above heading as indicating a matter of great importance, and one for too much overlooked; I have thought that a few of the utterances of distinguished men who have given attention to the subject, might not be uninteresting or unprofitable to your readers. I shall therefore, Mr. Editor, with your consent, from time to time place some of these thoughts before those most interested, who peruse your columns that they may "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," that their "profiting may appear to all."

A READER.

From William Russell, author of Bethophony, the American Elocutionist, &c., &c.

"The objections to systematic training in Elocution, especially with reference to the purposes of the pulpit, are often founded on notions apparently just, or certainly quite plausible. Standing on the broad ground that the great point in expression is the utterance of feeling, the objector maintains that nothing else is requisite,—that no rule can be required where feeling is genuine,—that what a man feels deeply he must express strongly and truly, and therefore eloquently,—that utterance modified by rule is but an artificial mimicry of emotion,—that the idea of one man learning of another how to express his own feelings is ridiculous,—that if a speaker really has anything to say, he will easily find the way to say it.

"But alas! the eloquent nullifier of cultivation is perhaps in the meantime, uttering his very objections in the nasal tone which habit has made second nature and truth to him; or he is emitting his voice with the guttural tones which sometimes make men approach the quadruped in his utterance; or he is articulating his words so imperfectly that one syllable obliterates another; or he is marking his emphasis with a double twist of intensity, which seems to verify on the spot the half-malicious assertion of Dickens, that "the Americans search out every unaccented syllable in a word to give it an accent, and every unemphatic word in a sentence to clap an emphasis upon it;" or from want of natural or acquired ear for the character of vocal tone, he is, perhaps, all the while using a coarse violence of voice which makes his earnestness become the vehemence of an angry dispute. The opponent of cultivation forgets, in fact, that the radical doctrine of no culture is true only on condition that natural and acquired habits are perfect in the community in which an individual is educated, and consequently in himself. The raw youth who is objecting to cultivation as something that will mar the symmetry or impair the originality of his genius, forgets that the two most eloquent of men,—Demosthenes among the Greeks, and Cicero among the Romans,—were the most assiduous, the most rigorous, the most literal self-cultivators in the humblest and minutest details of practical elocution. Men such as these could not have submitted to a fantastic discipline. How then can we regard the presumption of him who, without study and without practice, assumes the duties of an office which implies the power of persuasive and impressive discourse on the highest themes of thought, the noblest relations of being, and the profoundest emotions of the soul!

The fault of misarticulating a single letter, may effectually vitiate a speaker's habit of enunciation; a single ungainly trick of gesture, may render his whole manner ridiculous. How often is a gross and glaring fault the predominating characteristic of the self-confident speaker who derides the idea of cultivation!

Objections to the study of elocution however, are usually founded on erroneous views of its design and effect. It is thought to involve artificial processes and artificial results,—to be a fabricated attempt to imitate nature, by which the voice and the arms are to be mechanically moved and displayed by rule. No view can be more false. Elocution is indeed the art of managing the voice and the person, in the art of speech. But, like every other form of genuine art, it is only the highest and the best—the truest form of nature embodied in practice. Elocution when true to its purposes, emancipates the individual from the trammels of mere accidental profit and corrupted custom, and sets him out on a new career of action, in which he is guided by conscious knowledge, by intelligent preference, by recognized truth, by reflective judgment and deliberate will, by personal organization and individual character,—the true sources of eloquence.

Our present defective systems of education; leave this work as a task of self-cultivation. To communities such as ours, in which public speaking is so frequently the indispensable duty of individuals, and ample provision for instruction in the art of elocution might be justly expected to exist. But its absence necessarily devolves on students individually the greater exertion in self-culture. The sense of duty applied in this direction will work its wanted wonders; and every day observation furnishes to the elocutionist the most striking examples of individuals commencing a course of self-culture, under immense disadvantages of neglected habits and false training, yet achieving within a few months a complete triumph over all such obstacles, and becoming animated, correct and impressive speakers."

Dr. MacKay, of Hull, England, in a recent address says of everlasting punishment:

"Men nowadays do not like to hear the old-fashioned doctrines of God's judgment; they do not believe nowadays in an eternal hell; they are trying in every way to explain away the two dread words—"everlasting punishment"—and there are only two ways, either by explaining away the noun or the adjective. They say the everlasting is age-ending, and punishment is ceasing to exist. The Annihilationist and Universalist cannot endure the sound doctrine.

I feel this is an age when we have to contend earnestly for such truth; and I would sound a note of warning to younger students of God's Word; for fathers in Christ know better than to be led away by such nonsense—better than to seek to explain away the just judgments and righteous attributes of our holy God under the pretext of magnifying His grace and love. Was it not the disciple who used to feel the throbbings of His heart, and who told us that "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ?" was not he the one chosen to write the most awful book of doom—judgment beginning at the house of God, a Judge who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, with glorious majesty ushering in His kingdom of righteousness and truth?

It is the judgment of God and the justice of God which show us what a God we have got. Look at the Polytheism of Greece and Rome; look at the ideal deities of exaggerated sin! Bacchus, for instance. Man found that his passions led him to get drunk, and so he made a god of drunkenness, and made gods of other human passions.

But the God of Creation and Revelation is so pure, so perfectly holy, that we know what impurity and sin are chiefly by contrast. We learn by grace to hate them, and we long for the time when we shall be satisfied when we wake up after His likeness. And we know what holiness and purity are by knowing that God cannot tolerate one sin. He says that if a man offend in one point he is guilty of all. If His grace, His love, and His mercy are slighted, He must be, in the necessity of His nature, a God of judgment, inflicting punishment for such offences.

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To-morrow.

"I will plough my field to-morrow," said Jeannot;—"I must not lose any time as the season is advancing, and if I neglect to cultivate my field I will have no wheat, and as a consequence, no bread."

To-morrow arrived. Jeannot was up by daylight and was about going out to get his plough, when one of his friends came to invite him to a family festival. Jeannot hesitated at first, but on reflecting a little he said: "A day sooner or later makes no difference for my business, while a day of pleasure once lost is always lost." He went to the festival of his friend.

The next day he was obliged to rest himself, because he had eaten a little too much, and had a headache. "To-morrow I will make up for this," said he to himself.

To-morrow came; it rained. Jeannot, to his great grief, was unable to go out all day.

The following day it was fine, and Jeannot felt himself full of courage, but, unfortunately his horse was sick in turn. Jeannot cursed the poor beast.

The following day was a holiday, and he could not, of course, work. A new week commenced, and in a week a great deal of work may be done.

He began by going to a fair in the neighborhood; he had never failed to attend it; it was the finest fair held within ten miles. He went afterwards to the christening of a child of one of his nearest relations, and afterwards to a burial, in short he had so many things to occupy him, that when he began to plough his field the season of sowing was past; thus he had nothing to reap.

When you have anything to do, do it at once; for if you are master of the present, you are not so of the future, and he who always puts off his business till to-morrow runs a great risk of never being able to finish anything.—P. Blanchard.

Gladstone's Moral Greatness.

And herein is to be recognized the moral greatness of the man. The struggle between his reason and conscience on the one hand, and the natural impulses of his heart on the other, is the same internal struggle in which each individual of mankind is forever engaged. Mr. Gladstone's self-triumphs have ever been conspicuously brave and heroic. The tremendous motive of ambition, naturally apt to be so strong in ardent-souled young man who begins public life, with a brilliant success, has never swerved him from the often rugged and dreary paths of duty. Great as he is as an orator, as a practical statesman, as an enthusiastic student, as an untiring worker, he is certainly greatest in his moral aspect. No statesman in recent English political history is so conspicuous above all others for this trait. We read that history, and we find Pitt and Fox, Canning and Peel, Russell and Derby—the ablest and best of that illustrious roll—engaged in bitter party struggles for personal supremacy. Not one of them was entirely free from yielding to the temptations, by yielding to which power came within their grasp. Mr. Gladstone's rise to power has been in spite of its moral superiority to all personal temptation. Indeed, his succession to the premiership was due, not to his own persistent seeking for it, but to his transcendent ability, and the confidence of all mankind had in the nobility of his aims. No man ever took office with a more solemn conviction that it was not a reward or a delight, but a responsibility, a trust, and a burden. So pure and lofty a fame as his will surely be enduring; and its best lesson to future generations will be its moral example.—George M. Towle in Good Company.

Gems.

All true sorrow has in it what the Germans call a Heimweh; that is a home feeling; a longing, or yearning, or desire for home. If this world were all sunshine—if your heart were always bounding, if there never was a black shadow on your sky, nor a thorn in your pillow, nor a grief in your heart, nor an ache in your body, nor mists gathering upon your eyes, nor the hair whitening with the light of the approaching eternity to which you are going, you would begin to say, This world is our home.—John Cumming.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on—the end shall tell
The dear Lord doeth all things well."
—J. G. Whittier.

The longer we neglect writing to an absent friend, the less mind we have to set

about it. So, the more we neglect private prayer and closet communion with God the more shy we grow in our approach to Him. Nothing breeds a greater strangeness between the soul and God than the restraining of prayer before Him. And nothing would renew the blessed intimacy, if God himself, the neglected party did not, as it were, send us a letter of exhortation from heaven, and sweetly chide us for our negligence. He says unto us in the Scriptures, "Draw near to God and he will draw near to thee."

Dr. South complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough-tail.

Farraday was once asked, "Have you ever conceived to yourself what will be your occupation in the next world?" To which the philosopher replied: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him! I shall be with Christ and that is enough."

Henry Ward Beecher on a recent Sabbath thus prayed:

"Remember the nation upon our northern border and all those with whom they are affiliated across the sea. Bless the throne and her that sits upon it. Grant that those who are thus allied in a common history of the past, in common lineage and in common thoughts of liberty may have the blessing of God as they wander over all the earth, carrying light and liberty to the nations of the world. May their foot be swift, but not heavy to crush. May their hand be mighty, and yet carry blessings. We pray that wherever the English tongue is spoken men may learn that God brings forth his children out of captivity, and leads them to civilization and to purity."

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