

The Book of God.

What Great Scientists, Past and Present
have said of the Bible.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* who has read Col. Ingersoll's lecture, has collected the following utterances of scientists, statesmen, and thinkers in regard to the Bible:

SCIENTISTS.

The grand old book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word.—*Prof. Dana*.

Infidelity has, from time to time, erected her imposing ramparts, and opened fire upon Christianity from a thousand batteries. But the moment the rays of truth were concentrated upon their ramparts they melted away. The last clouds of ignorance are passing, and the thunders of infidelity are dying upon the ear. The union and harmony of Christianity and science is a sure token that the flood of unbelief and ignorance shall never more go over the world.—*Prof. Hitchcock*.

"All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming, more and more strongly, the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures."—*Sir John Herschel*.

"The Bible furnishes the only fitting vehicle to express the thoughts that overwhelm us when contemplating the stellar universe."—*O. M. Mitchell*.

"In my investigation of natural science, I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the Bible, on any subject, it always affords me a firm platform on which to stand."—*Lieut. Maury*.

If the God of love is most appropriately worshiped in the Christian temple, the God of nature may be equally honored in the temple of science. Even from its lofty minarets the philosopher may summon the faithful to prayer, and the priest and sage exchange altars without the compromise of faith or knowledge.—*Sir David Brewster*.

I have not space to quote from Agassiz, Hugh Miller, Prof. Airey, Sir William Thompson, Faraday, Silliman, et al., who not only loved, read, and revered the Bible, but great scientists as they were, spoke brave, true and glowing words in defense of the Book of books.

STATESMEN.

"There is a book worth all other books which were ever printed."—*Patrick Henry*.

"The Bible is the best book in the world."—*John Adams*.

"So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society."—*John Quincy Adams*.

"It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation."—*Gen. George Washington*.

Pointing to the family Bible on the stand, during his last illness, Andrew Jackson said to his friend: "That book, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests."

"I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness."—*Gen. Harrison's Inaugural Address*.

"Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy. And a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by

reading the Bible than in any other way."—*Benjamin Rush*.

When that illustrious man, Chief Justice Jay, was dying, he was asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children, he replied, "They have the Bible."

"I always have had, and always shall have a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages and observances."—*Henry Clay*.

"A few days before his death, the foremost man of all his time, drew up and signed this declaration of his religious faith: 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount can not be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience.'"—*Daniel Webster*.

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future."—*U. S. Grant*.

GREAT THINKERS.

"It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life."—*Goethe*.

"I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

"To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament."—*John Locke*.

"I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book."—*Coleridge*.

"A noble book! All men's books. It is our first statement of the never ending problem of man's destiny, and God's way with men on earth."—*Carlyle*.

"I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment."—*Rousseau*.

"There is not a boy nor a girl in all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book."—*Theodore Parker*.

"The Friends of Many Years."

BENNY SCHILL LOBINGER.

To-day I opened an old Bible, long ago used in the college chapel at Bethany, and saw some names and a certain date written on the fly-leaf which vividly recalled a scene in that same old chapel seven years ago. It was such a day as this—dark, rainy, with lowering clouds, and damp, chill air, which seemed to penetrate to the very soul, if that were possible. There were four of us, and we took refuge in the chapel and sought relief from the depressing spirit of the day, in the music of the organ which at that time was worthy of the name. It seems strange that the influence of a few simple songs could be so great in claiming and soothing the spirit of unrest, but there are some natures with whom this is true. I shall never forget the tenderly-beautiful song which three of us heard and one of our number sang, that afternoon—the song of "Departed days." And whether the recollection of another song, "I stand on Memory's Golden Shore," still lingers about the hearts of those dear friends of mine, I know not, but for me, I realize that most exquisite pain of human life, when—

"Tears from the depths of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In thinking of the days that are no more."

It matters not whose eyes may fall on these lines, one thing is sadly with me to-day, that one of that group in

the old college chapel will never more read words of mine again. Only this week did I hear that he was dead. It is many a weary day since I took his hand or looked into his face.

Now, all the long winter nights we spent together, all the glowing evenings by our "ain fireside" at "Castle Indolence," all the walks and rides and talks, all the dear fellowship of other days, comes over my heart like a wave of melody, however sad each tender strain may be. I know little of his life since those visionary days, but he always knew how I believed in him and trusted him, and hoped great things of him, and so prayed day by day that his glorious powers might reach their fullest and highest development. I have rarely known a nature more rich in possibilities, more abundant in the full promise of life. He was ever making new revelations of forces which he seemed to have hidden from the gaze of the vulgar crowd. Far into the winter night have we sat and talked, and to day I recall with almost the old-time pleasure, the sense of astonishment and positive enjoyment experienced in listening to his voice.

Alas! that so eloquent a tongue should thus early lie silent in the grave!

Another friend was given to me in those days, a friend quite the opposite of the one described. But while he was the opposite, mentally, and in other respects, his gentle, peaceful, trusting nature could not fail to win the love it deserved. But little will that love avail him to-day, for beside his own loved Niagara he sleeps, peacefully and well, we trust, after the fitful fever of life. It was given to me, more than to others, perchance, to catch glimpses of the beautiful nature which shone in his soul beyond the border-land of outward appearance. Not more divinely fair was the heavenly glory that rested on the bright waters of Niagara river, as we wandered by its banks in the eventide, than the light flung over the sweet river of Peace, by whose banks he seemed ever to stray. What reflections, what meditations, what sacred communings, he may have had in the glorious spirit-land where he seemed to dwell, I know not, but his silence was more eloquent than language, and the melody of his heart more tuneful than song.

The days will soon be here when the earth will bloom once more, but no flower can give forth the sweet fragrance that seems to be wafted from the shore of those earlier years. Does it seem strange to you, my friend, that the fluttering leaf of an old book should so awaken the memories of other days? A little thing, and yet a cause more slight could more profoundly stir the heart of him, who, though "the world forgets," remembers still!

The friends of many years! How dear their tender memory, how fond their faithful love! New scenes may open before me, new faces greet me, new voices speak their kindly welcomes, but the old can never be forgotten. Sitting in the shadow "between the dark and the daylight," watching the dull or flickering fire, these long departed forms and faces come again, and in the holy quiet of the hour seem to hold sweet converse with us, as in the days of old. The verse of some sweet old song, the strain of some long-forgotten melody, the lingering fragrance of a faded flower, all these may bring to us, in holy memory, the forms and faces of the friends of many years. For the moment, life may seem less dark and tragic, and the weary heart find rest, but no earthly power can quiet the restless moaning of the lonely spirit, as it sighs,—

"Bet O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We guess the classification will do for all our churches.—*Christian*.

Pure Religion.

Outline of a Sermon Preached by Jas. W. Lowber, in New York City, Lord's day, March 23.

I once met a man who insisted that the word *religion* is always used in a bad sense in the Bible. In that he was greatly mistaken. Religion is derived from the Latin, *re* and *ligo*, which means to re-bind. Religion has for its object the elevation and everlasting salvation of man.

Previous to the introduction of the Christian religion, there were eight great religions, called the ethnic religions, which controlled the human mind and heart. Christianity did not destroy the truth contained in any of them, but fulfilled it; and thus it became the religion of all races. The traditions of these nations teach us that there was a time when they possessed a knowledge of God. They gradually departed from this knowledge and became idolaters, although they retained very many truths.

Nearly all of these religions had a leader, who was also a religious teacher and philosopher. Confucius, the Chinaman, taught many important truths. "To rule with equity," said he, "is like the north star, which is fixed, and all the go around it. Men think this rule would be a good one for several of our national rulers to learn. 'In the West the true taint must be looked for and found,' is one of the most authentic of his sayings, and seems prophetic of the coming of Christ.

Zoroaster, the Persian, believed in the unity of God, and after the Jews came in contact with his disciples, they did not again lapse into idolatry. When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the disciples of Zoroaster called the "eastern magi," came to him and offered their gifts. Prof. Lowber mentioned Brahminism, Buddhism, the Egyptian religion, the Greek, Roman, and Jewish, and showed how Christianity had fulfilled the truth contained in all of them. He dwelt on the influence of Christianity until it was united to the Roman Empire, which event impeded the progress of the Gospel. He stated that Protestantism is the legitimate child of the middle ages. It made a mistake as to the nature of religion and its adaptation to man. As the failure of Protestantism has been in its efforts to restore a corrupt church, it is now our duty to return to the Bible and mine for pure gold. Why, said he, I believe a man can be a Christian if he never knew John Calvin was born; never heard of Luther or Wesley; and never read a line from the Old Testament. In the New Will and Testament of our Lord the way is laid down so clearly that the "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." In all the catalogue of Christian duties, there can be found no one comprehending so much as that of the text, "Keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

While the Old Testament is full of good things to interest, cheer, ward and comfort mankind, it can be no guide for us in becoming Christians, for the reason that it was given to a people who were "under the law," while we are under Christ. "Old things, have passed away: behold all things are become new."

Christ is the central figure in the Bible, and the founder of this pure religion. From Matt. xvi. we learn that the church is built upon Him; and Paul says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Some say that we have no creed. Christ the Son of God, is the divine creed. This word comes from the Latin *credo*, "I believe." It is our duty to have faith in this divine creed, and obey the commands of Christ. It is also necessary that Christians be one in spirit, in labor and love, that the world may be convinced of the divinity of Christianity. In Eph. iv. we have a beautiful repre-

sentation of that which the church should be. Did the church possess the spirit of its founder, it would not be long before the morning of the millennium would dawn.

E. J. B.

Brooklyn, March, 1879.

Mosaic.

—D. Downee writes to the *Christian Weekly* concerning the immersion of over two thousand converts in India:

The people were arranged in groups according to their villages. Only two preachers baptized at one time; when those were tired two others took their places; these in turn, were relieved by the other two, and so on. The baptizing commenced at about 5 A. M. and continued till ten. It was resumed at 2 P. M., and completed at six. It will thus be seen that the baptism of 2,222 converts occupied two preachers 9 hours, or about thirty seconds for each candidate. If the six preachers had all been employed at the same time, the 2,222 converts would have been baptized in just three hours!

—It is said that 23 of the 29 members of the senior class of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., have offered themselves for the home and foreign mission fields. This speaks well for their instructors who have evidently inculcated such ideas of consecration as to lead to this result. A similar result ought to be seen in the graduates of our own Bible Colleges. No more hopeful indications of a successful ministry can be found, than a willingness, on the start, to go anywhere and endure any hardship, if only God may be glorified in the conversion of souls.

—Doubtless the grandest petition ever presented to a legislative body was laid before the legislature of the State of Illinois on Wednesday, March 5th, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was 1,800 feet long, and contained 107,000 names, of which about 50,000 were the names of voters. Four hundred and thirty-seven towns were represented. The petition was for the enactment of a law by which the question of licensing liquor saloons in any precinct shall be determined by ballot, in which women of lawful age shall take part. It is claimed by the liquor interest that such a law can only be enacted as an amendment to the constitution.

—We must not think to trust to God, and then live as we list. Nor must we think to do good, and then trust to ourselves, and to our righteousness and strength. We must trust in the Lord and do good.—*Matthew Henry*.

—In reply to the question of what kind of people compose the "Church of the Strangers," Dr. Deems, the pastor, answers thus:

1. "Some who pray, but are not known to pay. 2. Some who pay but are not known to pray. 3. Some who, to all human appearances, neither pay nor pray. 4. Those who both pray and pay, and the last of these is the best."

—Elizabeth Goose, the "Mother Goose" of the nursery, born in Charlestown, in 1635, was a veritable matron of Boston, the second wife of Isaac Goose, her maiden name being Elizabeth Foster. She was admitted to the Old South Church in Boston, in 1698. Her daughter, Elizabeth, married Thomas Fleet, the printer. To her children Mother Goose sang these songs, and the printer collected them, and gave them to the world. The author became a widow in 1710, and died in 1727, aged ninety-two years.

ORIGIN OF DRAGONS.—Apropos of dragons, it may interest you to hear perhaps not for the first time, the origin of the word "dragon." From the old fable that the dragon spouts fire; the head of the monster was worked upon the muzzle of a peculiar kind of short musket which was carried by the horsemen raised by Marshall Brissac in 1660. This circumstance led to their being called dragons. Our best dragons were the Scot Grays, established in 1683.—*London Letter*.