

XVII

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

FURMAN THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION,

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1841,

THE DAY APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
AS A DAY OF FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER,
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF

GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

BY J. L. REYNOLDS,

Senior Professor in the Institution.

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DISCOURSE.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity."—*Eccles.* xii. 8.

It has been the custom of nations from the earliest times, to honor with public solemnities, the illustrious dead. In the heroic ages, games were celebrated at the tombs of departed warriors, to appease the spirit which was supposed to hover, with a natural fondness, around the spot on which its material tenement reposed. This custom was suggested by the same feeling which dictated the apotheosis—reverence for distinguished benefactors. The honors which, until then, had been appropriated to celestial beings, were deemed suitable offerings to those who, by their virtues and good deeds, resembled them.*

Orations, delivered in praise of departed worthies, are among the earliest productions which history has recorded. The practice is said to have been introduced into Greece by Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver; and into Rome, by Valerius Publicola, who, on the death of Brutus in the war with the Tarquins, lauded the virtues of his deceased colleague in a funeral oration.† A measure like this, appealing to the finest sensibilities of the heart, and fraught with such benefit to the State, readily commanded popular approbation; and from that time, the funeral oration

* Cicero pro Marcell. *Lysia* Funeb. Orat. in Corinth. socios.

† Plutarch in V. Public.

formed part of the obsequies of distinguished citizens. At Athens, the funerals of departed patriots were solemnized with great pomp and ceremony. Every four years, the bones of those who, during that period, had fallen in the service of the republic, were borne in procession to the public sepulchre, where eulogiums upon the dead were pronounced by the first orators of the nation.* The custom of thus honoring the dead, passed into all countries, and prevailed in the Christian church. Eminent services to the church were acknowledged by this public demonstration of respect and sorrow. The martyrs were thus honored, and panegyrics were delivered annually, at their tombs. During the dark ages, the funeral oration sunk to the degradation common to every department of literature, during that protracted period of intellectual night. But, in the reign of Louis XIV., it was raised to its highest state of excellence by the preachers of France. The dignitaries of the church were often summoned into the presence of assembled sovereigns and nobles, to officiate at the bier of princes; to celebrate inurned greatness; and to rehearse the achievements of illustrious warriors and statesmen. The offices of religion were thus invoked to hallow their offerings to the dead; and the pulpit became the organ of a nation's grief.

A custom like this is sanctioned by every sentiment of honor, every feeling of gratitude. Respect for the dead is natural and proper. Instinctive in the savage, it is nursed into full maturity by the refinements of cultivated life. The Indian, when compelled to retreat before the march of civilization, leaves his native forests with regret; and, from his exile, turns to them a lingering eye, because, beneath their shady covert, the bones of his fathers repose. In all civilized nations, the memory of distinguished citizens is cherished with patriotic solicitude; and it is their custom to offer their praise and gratitude at the bier of wise and virtuous rulers. Commemoration of distinguished benefactors is grateful to the heart; and the pain of bereavement is, partially,

* Thucyd. ii. Platon. Menexen.

assuaged, when it is permitted to pour forth its sympathies in the general tide of public grief. Even religion hallows so appropriate a ceremonial; for "devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Such solemnities as these are due to the living, as well as to the dead. They foster kind feelings and generous sentiments. They inspire a reverence for what is truly great and good. They fill the mind with an admiration of pure glory, and a noble ambition to fill up the measure of a virtuous and honorable life. For these reasons, we willingly respond to the call of our present Executive, to set apart this day, for the purpose of reflection on the dispensation of Providence which has deprived our country of its chief magistrate. The occasion demands and justifies it. The unprecedented character of the dispensation calls for a public recognition of the God of nations, and an expression of submission to his will. This is the first time, in the history of our country, that a President has died. It is the first time that death has laid his hand upon the chair of state, removing one incumbent and elevating another. It is a time for serious reflection. The head of the nation has fallen. The chief magistrate of the union, "with all his honors thick upon him," has been covered with the pall of death. The wise will lay it to heart.

I have not come here to-day, to entertain you with an elaborate eulogium upon our departed ruler. I shall not attempt to rehearse to you his glorious deeds, his prowess in the council and the field. Nor is that necessary. Every one knows his history. The narratives of his military successes were the reading of our boyhood; and will be that of our children's children, to every generation. With the political career of President Harrison, the pulpit has nothing to do. I shall, therefore, pass over that in silence, leaving to those, whom the country shall select for this high service, to delineate his character, and to award to his public measures their full share of deserved praise or blame. Seasons of political excitement are unfavorable to a just estimate of

public functionaries; and the minister of religion should not hazard the immunity of his sacred office, by descending to the arena of political disputation, and attempting to adjust the balance between contending parties. Public men may be unduly commended, or unjustly censured, by their cotemporaries. But there is a distant tribunal, before which they will be summoned, to a fair hearing, and an impartial judgment. Posterity will do them justice; and, we doubt not, that when history shall record the events of our times, it will be found that, William Henry Harrison, like his illustrious predecessors in the chief magistracy of this republic, served his country to the best of his ability, and that his errors, if any he had, are to be attributed to that imperfection which is the common lot of mankind. Leaving, therefore, all other subjects to those who are better able to discuss them, let us see what instruction may be derived from his virtuous life, and the melancholy event which has removed him from the earth. It would be an unwarrantable perversion of a solemn dispensation of Providence, to regard this, as the rebuke of heaven against the honored individual who has fallen, or the party with which he was identified. God does not deal thus with the children of men. The event speaks to all; and its impressive lessons should sink deep into every heart. When a distinguished citizen dies, he becomes the property of the republic. Death obliterates party distinctions, and "canonizes great names." Harrison is dead—henceforth, he belongs, not to a party, but to his country. Let us, therefore, the children of our common country, unite in honoring his memory.

There is nothing, with which the welfare of nations and the perpetuity of governments are so intimately connected, as the character of their public servants. Holding a conspicuous rank, and made "a spectacle to men," they must exert a powerful influence, either for the elevation, or depravation of their fellow citizens. Corruption in high stations relaxes the bonds of union, and severs the ties of national affection. But virtuous officers are

the pillars of the state. They are its ornament and glory. They form "a wall of fire round about us, and the glory in the midst of us." Such officers enjoy universal confidence; and in times of public danger, they are looked up to with the feelings which fill the bosom of the inexperienced voyager who, amid ocean's storms and tempests, eyes the skillful pilot at the helm, and, in conscious security, braves the fury of the deep. What was it that gave such commanding influence to Washington, and such stability to his administration? The confidence of the people; their deep conviction of the integrity of his public character, and the purity of his private life. The majesty of his virtue awed rebellion into submission, and shamed detraction into silence. His voice, with miraculous power, calmed the waves of discord, and hushed their troubled roar. And, at this moment, his memory is as fresh, among his countrymen, as when, amidst the tears of sorrowing millions, he was laid in his tomb. There is not a civilized country in which his name is not loved and revered; for, as has been finely remarked, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men."* "His memorial shall not depart away, and his name shall live from generation to generation."

From all the information which has been given to the public, our late President seems to have possessed great personal excellence, and to have been endowed with those qualities which secure confidence in public employments. His integrity is unimpeached. In the various relations which he sustained to his country, he discharged his duties with scrupulous fidelity. Just in peace, humane in war, he never abused his power to the oppression of the innocent, nor the slaughter of the vanquished. Whatever may be thought of his political views and measures, his personal virtues must command our admiration. Such was the kindness, the sincerity, and the elevation of his character, that it made a deep impression, even on his political opponents; and, our country has recently presented the affecting spectacle of two great

* Pericles. Thucyd. ii.

parties, just emerging from a struggle of unprecedented bitterness, suspending their fierce contests to crowd into the ranks of mourners around his tomb.*

But what constitutes the crowning glory of Harrison's character is his respect for religion and his observance of his duty to God. He had always been friendly to good men; and the minister of Jesus found a welcome under his hospitable roof. His early impressions on this subject, the fruit of maternal instruction, had gradually matured into a firm conviction of its inestimable value. Honored of men, he felt his unworthiness in the sight of God; and, at that throne of mercy, before which all men stand on the same level of guilt and ruin, he prostrated himself, as a penitent sinner, pleading the merits of the great sacrifice for sin. On the day of his inauguration, he presented the sublime spectacle of the chief magistrate of a great republic, avowing his allegiance to heaven, and commending to his countrymen the Christian religion, as the only solid basis of national prosperity.† From the scene of his inaugural glory he retired to his closet; and, while the acclamations of triumph were yet ringing in his ears, fell upon his knees, and implored from God wisdom to govern the nation aright. The word of God he made the "man of his counsel." Its instructions were his guide in life; its hopes, his solace in death.

The career of General Harrison exemplifies, most impressively, that virtue is the only foundation of true glory. Never has the

* An incident has been published, in a Northern paper, which no one can read, without the deepest interest. The relator, speaking of the porter of the Presidential mansion, observes: "He conducted us to the dining room, where it has been the custom of the Presidents to dine with the members of Congress and of the Cabinet. 'I shall never forget,' said he, 'the day when President Harrison dined here with Mr. Van Buren, and the members of the old and new cabinets. They had such a merry time of it, cracking their jokes at each other! And the voice of President Harrison sounded above them all, for he had a beautiful voice. You would not think they ever had a hard feeling towards each other in all their lives. One of the servants of Mr. Van Buren has been here since the President's death, and he told me that Mr. Van Buren shed tears like a child at the breakfast table, when the news came that President Harrison was dead.'"

† See Appendix.

death of a distinguished individual, since the time of Washington, awakened a wider sympathy, nor his name been cherished, with a warmer affection. The demonstrations of public grief which attended his departure, are not to be confounded with the mockery of funereal pomp, and the formal decencies of fictitious woe. The feeling was purer, deeper. The wail of sorrow which swept through the land, went up from broken hearts. The tender interest expressed in so many countenances, the sigh that escaped from many a patriotic bosom, the unbidden tear that stained many a manly cheek, evinced, not only respect for a ruler, but grief for a benefactor and friend. It was the homage of the nation to patriotism and virtue. Gen. Harrison was known to his fellow citizens, as a good man, and an ardent lover of his country. His life presents a beautiful illustration of disinterested patriotism. His country was uppermost in his heart, and lingered last on his dying lips. To her safety, prosperity and glory, he consecrated his life. In early youth, he fought her battles; in mature age, he served her, at home and abroad; ambitious, rather to advance her greatness, than to share her emoluments and honors; and, it may be said of him, as truly as of any public officer, *Imperium adservit, non sibi sed patriæ*. It was the stern integrity and lofty virtue of Gen. Harrison, which gave him a claim to the admiration of his countrymen, while living; it is these which justify their sorrow, now that he is dead.

It is often the case, that our reverence for great men diminishes, as we become familiar with the incidents of their private life. The glare which dazzled at a distance, fades before the scrutiny of a closer inspection; and glory is disenchanted of its power to charm. But, it was in private life, that our late President appeared to the best advantage. It is there, that we see him, the model of the domestic and social virtues. Since his decease, we have been permitted to look in upon the privacy of his home; to witness the republican simplicity of his habits, the kindness of his heart, the cheerfulness of his disposition, his delicate conjugal affection, the

paternal tenderness with which he watched over the interests of those committed to his charge, the benevolence which diffused happiness around him, and the piety which hallowed his fireside. These are the treasures of his character; and they are deposited in the hearts of his countrymen. Now, that he has passed away, and the strife of party has been hushed at his tomb, he appears in his true greatness. From the gloom of the sepulchre, he has emerged with increased brightness; and his posthumous fame greater than he could have enjoyed when living, will be as wide and lasting as his character was rare and excellent.*

“The memory of the just is blessed.” The good are held in affectionate remembrance. The death of wise and virtuous rulers is felt as a common calamity. The young will hang garlands on their bier; the aged will bedew it with their tears. Their tombs are the shrines of patriotism.

There honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
And freedom shall, awhile, repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

In comparison with the solid satisfactions and the unpolluted glory of a virtuous public career, how contemptible are the triumphs of political intrigue, and the successes of guilty ambition. The demagogue may strut his brief hour upon the stage of worldly greatness, he may wield with despotic power, the victims of his infatuating sorceries, and may become, like the “veiled prophet,” the object of blind idolatry. But the popular delusion will soon be over. Awakened from their temporary delirium, the people will be the first to perceive the emptiness of his pretensions, the baseness of his servile arts, and the folly of their own delusion: and will hurl him from his ill-gotten pre-eminence. Thus, the baffled aspirant for political greatness, exiled from public favor,

* The scholar will be reminded of that beautiful tribute to Verginius Rufus, *Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur postquam ab oculis recessit.*—Plin. Epist. ii. 1.

spurned by the populace he had vilely courted, and oppressed with the conviction of his guilt and infamy, will seek in vain, in his own bosom, the repose which the world has denied him. Glory is only the "shadow of virtue," and will forever track her footsteps. Let the young emulate the example of Harrison. Let the candidate for public favor pursue the path to which virtue invites; and, whatever may be the reverses of his political career, he will at least retain that peace of mind, for the loss of which, even titles and distinctions are a beggarly compensation. Happy is the country which is governed by virtue; in which, he who rules over others, is not the slave of his own vices; in which, the legislator is the noblest representation of its character and institutions, and presents his own life as the most perfect exemplification of its laws.*

But, to maintain this high character in public men, a corresponding conduct is demanded on the part of the people. While, it becomes them to guard their political inheritance, by a vigilant observation of the conduct of their public servants, they should treat them with a generous confidence, and leave them to the dictates of their own consciences. The doctrine of the right of instruction may be very flattering to the vanity of the people; but, I can conceive of nothing more hurtful to their interests. It tends to destroy that high sense of honor, that sensitiveness of character, that just self-respect, which are essential to the purity of a representative, and, which distinguish the patriot from the demagogue. It annihilates personal responsibility, by merging it in the responsibility of the multitude, and teaches the legislator to prefer his interest to his duty. It is unreasonable to suppose that they, who have purchased our favor, by the sacrifice of their conscience, will not be ready, at any moment, to barter it for the favor of others. If we deprave the minds of our representatives by teaching them servility, it will be "absurd to expect," as Burke said to the electors of Bristol, "that they who are creeping and abject

* *Suam vitam ut legem præfert suis civibus.*—Cic. De Repub. i. 34.

toward us, will ever be bold and incorruptible asserters of our freedom." I speak freely, on this subject, because it is not so much a question of politics, as of morals. It involves not the interest of a party, but the welfare of the whole country. Teach your legislators to listen to the voice within them, to stand in awe of their own consciences; and they will not be wanting in a just deference to your opinions. The result will be as auspicious to you as to the Republic.

In contemplating the demise of our late President, we are impressed with the folly of those bitter dissensions, those fierce personal animosities which have, of late, distinguished our political struggles. With the growth of party excitement, respect for public characters has declined. Contempt for the decencies of political discussion, and abuse of rulers, have become widely prevalent. But, the Bible enjoins, "Thou shalt not curse the ruler of thy people." It is ungrateful to him, and injurious to those he serves. If the highest stations are exposed to the foulest assaults, if neither age nor virtue is safe from attack, if the purest character can claim no exemption from calumny, the best men will decline the service of their country, and the republic will be abandoned to those whose insensibility or ambition makes them callous to abuse. To guard public interests, it is not necessary to violate private rights. The press should be restrained, by its conductors, within proper limits. It should be "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well." It should deal magnanimously and kindly with the erring patriot, and, its thunder should be reserved for the agitator and the demagogue.

How does the spirit of detraction stand rebuked at the grave of Harrison. He has gone to his rest full of years and honors. Devout and patriotic men have carried him to his burial; and the swelling hearts of millions attest how greatly he was beloved.

The death of a ruler, under circumstances so peculiar, calls loudly upon us to "cease from man," and to commend our country

to the protection of Heaven. We are prone to trust in "an arm of flesh," and to identify the success of a cause with the life of frail, perishing man. But, the affairs of nations are in the hands of God, and his guardianship constitutes their best protection. From the clouds that surround his throne, the mandate comes, in obedience to which princes return to dust, and empires sink into decay. Let us confide in him; and, amid the perpetual succession of mortal rulers, he will preside over the destinies of our republic, and conduct it to happiness and glory.

We, my brethren, in this State, have had most impressive exhibitions of the vanity of all those hopes, which are founded upon human life. The few past years have been marked by the fall of illustrious men. One after another, the great lights of our political firmament are passing away; and, although a few still shine upon us with steady lustre, they, too, are fast verging to the eclipse of the tomb. The wise and the venerable, to whom our fathers looked, in times of public danger, are retiring from the scene of action, and others are occupying their places. Let us commend our country, anew, to God. Let us invoke the protection of Him, who will guard our precious inheritance, and transmit it unimpaired to our children.

Without detaining you with the various aspects in which this solemn event should be viewed, let me, merely, advert to the illustration, which it affords of the evanescence of worldly greatness, and the mutability of human affairs.

God has come forth, in this affecting visitation, to show us that "the fashion of this world passeth away," and that "every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." In the ordinary approaches of death, we see enough to admonish us not to set our affections on "things on the earth." But, the common instances of mortality, however afflicting to the immediate sufferers, are not so wide in their influence, nor so impressive in their admonitions. A family

is overwhelmed with consternation, or a neighborhood clothed with grief.—But, on some rare occasions, the Almighty takes his position on the high places of the earth, and, by a startling event of his Providence, speaks to the inhabitants below. Thus multitudes are called to the house of mourning, and a nation bows under his stern decree. Such an event is suited to attract the attention of all. It is not the extinction of one of many glimmering lights. It is as if a Pharos had fallen, leaving darkness and consternation behind.

In the instance before us, every circumstance was combined which could impart solemnity to the final catastrophe. The honored individual was permitted to realize his fondest expectations, to reach the highest station in society, and to touch the utmost limit of human greatness: and, in the hour of fruition, his eyes were closed in death. What an unexpected reverse—what an illustration of the instability of life, and the vanity of worldly felicity and grandeur! Who could have anticipated, when he left his retired mansion, to enter upon the high station to which he had been so flatteringly called, that he was to return no more. Every circumstance was calculated to avert the thought of death. He was at the height of earthly glory. Multitudes delighted to honor him. Wherever he went, crowds greeted his approach, and benedictions were showered upon his head. His progress to the capitol seemed one continued triumph. On the great day appointed for his inauguration, did ever the seat of government present a more brilliant spectacle? The whole vicinity comes out to grace the festive occasion. Friends, from every part of the Union, have come to do him homage. The city is thronged. Crowds press into his triumphal train; and, as the procession moves along, congratulations and blessings are wafted from every dwelling, thronged with eager exulting spectators. The great chieftain passes on, amid the flapping of banners, the sound of music, and the shouts of millions. Arriving at the capitol, he takes the oath of office, and becomes the President of these United States. It seemed

the jubilee of the nation. But, oh! the unspeakable vanity of human hopes—in one short month, how changed! Look at the catastrophe—and what does all this pomp and magnificence seem, but the solemn preparation of death. The inauguration and the funeral are separated, by so short an interval, that they seem to be parts of one august ceremony. How soon is the procession of triumph converted into a train of mourners. The President is again on his way to the capitol. But his car is hung with the emblems of the last enemy. A cloud has covered the city. The voice of lamentation is heard in its dwellings. The din of business is stilled. Sadness sits on every countenance; tears are in every eye: and, the deep and solemn silence broken only by the tolling of the bell and the peal of the minute-gun, tells that the mighty has fallen—that a great and good man is hearse'd to his sepulchre.

Standing amid the ruins of fallen greatness, contemplating such an overwhelming calamity, we feel that the pillars of our confidence are shaken, and that there is nothing stable upon earth. Glory is a momentary dream, and human power and grandeur are “vanity.” But, amidst the vicissitudes of earth, it is consoling to think, that there is “a kingdom which cannot be moved.” There is substantial happiness; but it lies beyond these fleeting scenes. There are robes of honor which wax not old; there are crowns of glory which fade not away; but they belong to “a kingdom which is not of this world.” Into that kingdom, we doubt not, our departed ruler is now entered, and from his high station, can look down with indifference, upon the glories of this. He has exchanged corruptible for incorruptible honors. He has left the praises of men, for the approbation of God. He has gone up to the convocation of holy souls. He has been added to that “cloud of witnesses,” whom imagination reveals to the rapt patriot, as the presiding guardians of our republic. Happy will it be for us, if we follow his pious example. It is the lot of few to occupy so high a station on earth; but Heaven is accessible to us

all. We may not die, like him, amid the tears of a nation, nor be followed to our graves by ranks of illustrious mourners. But if we die in Jesus, we shall die in peace. We shall depart with a consciousness that we have done our duty, in the humble sphere which Providence has assigned us, and shall welcome the grave, as our passage to a glorious immortality.

APPENDIX

In the opinion thus expressed of the importance of religion to civil government, Gen. Harrison coincides with Washington, and, indeed, with the wisest and best of men of every age and country. It is needless to refer at large to the sentiments of the ancient philosophers and legislators, as this has been, already, fully done by such writers as Warburton and Tholuck. It is worthy of remark, however, that Cicero ascribes the grandeur of the Roman commonwealth to the religious principles of its founders, and its fall to the vices of their irreligious and degenerate posterity. The fathers of the republic held in veneration the forms of the national faith; and the sternness of Roman virtue became proverbial. Romulus was a devout worshipper of the divinities of his country; and Numa endeavored to mitigate the ferocity of his warlike people by introducing among them the ceremonies of religion; *ardentes consuetudine et cupiditate bellandi religionum ceremoniis mitigavit.*—*De Republ. ii. 14.* He regarded it one of the main pillars of the State. The treatise *De Republ.* seems to have been the product of Cicero's filial solicitude for his country. He was sick at heart with the degeneracy of his times; his mind was filled with gloomy forebodings; and he endeavored to recall his countrymen to the practice of ancient virtue, by showing them that, under its auspices, the Republic had risen to the highest pitch of glory. Unfortunately, the most valuable portions of this work are lost. In the fourth and fifth books, of which little now remains, he portrayed the high character of the ancient Romans, contrasting with it the vices of his (or rather Scipio's) cotemporaries, and uttering the melancholy confession, *Nostris enim vitis, non casu aliquo, rem publicam verbo retinemus, re ipsa vero jam pridem amissimus.*—*De Republ. v. 1.* The last book embraced the subject of religion, so Mai thinks—*Lib. vi. argumentum.* Scarcely any of this remains except the *Sonnum Scipionis*, a sublime vision, in which is revealed the glorious reversion of departed patriots. This testimony of Cicero is the more important from the fact that, his treatise is historical and not like that of Plato, purely ideal. He shows us, not what a republic should be, but what it has been, and develops the causes of its greatness.—*Facilius autem etc. De Republ. ii. 1.*

Machiavelli, to whom this work of Cicero was, of course, unknown, had, by his own examination and reflection, arrived at the conclusions so admirably expressed by the Roman statesman. He applauds the wisdom of Numa in the introduction of religion, as necessary to the maintenance of the civil polity. "Whoever" says he "will consider attentively the history of Rome, will see how much religion contributed to subordination in the army and union in the populace, to the support of the good and the shame of the bad." Again: "As the observance of divine worship was the cause of the greatness of the Republic, so the

contempt of it was the cause of its ruin."—Discorsi. i. cap. 11. In chapter 13th of this book, the learned Florentine discourses on the utility of religion to states; expresses the opinion that a ruler should support the national faith, although false; and complains bitterly of the Papal court for having, by its example, corrupted the people of Italy and extinguished all respect for religion, observing with the most cutting sarcasm, *Abbiamo adunque con la chiesa e coi Preti noi Italiani questo primo obbligo, d'essere diventati senza Religione a cattivi.*

Rousseau, while he contends for religion as necessary to civil government, rejects the Christian system as too pure and spiritual. A Christian republic, he considers a contradiction in terms. A republic of true christians would cease to be a society of men. The christian is a citizen of another world, and must, therefore, be indifferent to the welfare of this. His graces are exercised in submission to the evils which misgovernment may inflict upon him, and therefore, he is more fit to be the slave of a despot than the citizen of a free country.—*Du Contrat Social*. liv. iv. chap. 8. This, we think, presents the strength of Rousseau's argument. Without any abatement of the deference which is due to a vigorous, but erratic mind, it may be remarked that these objections are weak and even puerile. The *Contrat Social* is, as the author himself informs us, merely an extract from a larger work, which he had relinquished, on finding himself unequal to the task. It is to be regretted that he did not abandon the subject altogether. Nothing but a very superficial view of Christianity could have led him to attach importance to such objections. It will be sufficient to say here, that to the dictum of the Genevan philosopher, stands opposed the evidence of experience. Without adverting to the fact, that the most free nations on the globe are those in which Christianity prevails, in its greatest purity, we need only cite the example of a single individual, as its refutation. The Apostle Paul was an eminent Christian; but as a Roman citizen he fully appreciated his civil rights. When he and his companion Silas had been unjustly imprisoned at Phillippi, and the magistrates sent orders to the jailor to let them out as an act of mercy to culprits, they refused to go; and Paul exclaimed with the indignant spirit of a freeman, "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now, do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out.—Acts xvi. 37. Christianity, while it directs our attention chiefly to the concerns of another world, enjoins a faithful observance of the duties of this.

That the union of church and state is a curse to both, is undeniable; but, that the sanctions of religion are necessary to the support of that public virtue which is the ornament and defence of a State, is the dictate of reason confirmed by experience. Religion is only dangerous when armed with secular power, or perverted to the thralldom of the conscience, by an ambitious priesthood. A worldly hierarchy, claiming jurisdiction over the conscience, and assuming the right of dispensing the awards of heaven and hell, is the only natural enemy of freedom.

The obvious utility of religion to civil governments has sometimes led to the opinion that it is nothing more than a political imposture. But it must be remembered that religion is inherent in man's nature. It satisfies his wants. It realizes his longings after the infinite, the pure and the good. Politicians did not create the religious sentiment; they have only availed themselves of its existence, as an essential element of civil society. Religion is not the invention of political craftsmen, but, as Cudworth said, long ago, it is "deeply rooted in the intellectual nature of man; a thing solid at the bottom and supported by its own weight."—*Intellectual System*, vol. 2, p. 104.