

AN ADDRESS
DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,
ON THE EVENING OF THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY, A. D. 1852,
BY REV. J. G. HARRIS, A. M.,
OF HYATTSVILLE, OHIO,
FORMERLY PROFESSOR IN THE COLLEGE.
PUBLISHED BY THE EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.
SPRINGFIELD:
J. MAYNE, PRINTER.
1852.

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DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES'
OF WITTENBERG COLLEGE
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BY BEY. J. G. HARRIS, A. M.,
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Wittenberg College, October 14, 1852.

Reverend Sir:

The members of the Excelsior Society of Wittenberg College, have unanimously expressed themselves highly pleased with the moral and practical worth of your oration, delivered before them on the Commencement occasion, and have authorized us to address you, and solicit a copy for publication.

Yours, fraternally,

D. SCHINDLER,
J. GRAFF,
C. L. EHRENFELD, } Committee

To Rev. J. G. Harris.

Hyattsville , Miami County , O., Oct. 19, 1852.

Gentlemen:

In accordance with the unanimous wish of your Society, I cheerfully comply with your request, and here- with transmit a copy of my address to be disposed of as may best advance the interests of your association.

Yours, respectfully,

J. G. HARRIS.

Messrs. D. Schindler, J. Graff, C. L. Ehrenfeld, Committee.

Exchange

Peabody Inst., Balto.

Jan. 28

ADDRESS.

Young Gentlemen:

The few moments which we have been able to save from domestic duties, the paroxysms of the ague, and the arduous labors of an extensive ministerial charge, have been devoted to the preparation of this essay—hoping that it may prove gratifying to all our former associates, as well as the public in general.

The love of glory is the most ardent of all human affections. It glows alike in the bosom of the peasant and the king. For this the poet sings, the orator pleads, and the warrior bleeds. According to the bias which it receives from early education, it produces the greatest good or the greatest evil. Directed into a proper channel, it dispenses the blessings of peace, prosperity, and plenty, like a river. Assuming a different direction, it creates confusion, conflict, and carnage. However much men may be dazzled by the meteor glare of pageantry, pomp, and parade, true glory is nothing else but the shadow of virtue. If virtue depart, glory will certainly disappear. Where there is no substance, there can be no shadow. The path of duty and usefulness will ever be found to lead to glory and happiness. But as many and almost insurmountable obstacles present themselves in the way of rectitude, it may be proper to contemplate their influence on the life and character of men. And, therefore, we announce as our theme, on the present occasion:— DIFFICULTIES ARE NO SERIOUS OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF GENIUS, BUT RATHER INCENTIVES TO ITS , HIGHEST EFFORTS.

History furnishes us with almost innumerable illustrations of this truth. The question is not, where shall we find examples ? but which shall we choose out of the great abundance? Our own thoughts have been directed to the discussion of this subject, by rising from a perusal of the “Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Haynes, by Dr. Cooley.” The eminent success which crowned the efforts of this pious man of God, in opposition to what would be regarded by men of ordinary minds as utter impossibilities, excites our astonishment and admiration to their utmost tension. Born of unnatural parents, of whom, the father was of unmingled African extraction, and the mother of respectable ancestry in New England, he was discarded by them from the day of his birth; and although he inherited the name of neither, yet shared the shame and disgrace of both. His was the only hope of the poor orphan. “ When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” At the age of five years he was bound out as a common servant to a farmer of singular piety, under whose exemplary conduct and teaching, he was pointed “ to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.” After having passed the dangers incident to childhood, he was sent to a district school, and shewed an uncommon aptness in acquiring the rudiments of an education. If it were asked at what institution young Haynes received his instruction, it might be answered, in the chimney-corner of Deacon Rose ; and what were his text books, the reply would be, the Bible, Young’s Night Thoughts, and Watts’s Psalms and Hymns. Being a good reader, he was frequently employed by his master in reading aloud every Saturday evening, the sermons of Watts, Whitefield, Dodridge, and ; Davies. The idea once occurred to him, to prepare a sermon of his own, and read it before the family. At the close of the exercise, the unsuspecting old deacon, whose eyes, like those of Jacob, had become dim with age, inquired— Whose sermon have you been reading? Is it Davies, or Watts, or Whitefield’s? Haynes blushed and hesitated, and at last replied, “It is Lemuel’s sermon.” After a critical examination of this sermon, composed without studying the Evidences of Christianity, Archaeology, Biblical Criticism, Rhetoric, or Homiletics, we may safely assume, that it is a better production than those of half the young men, who are ordained by our Western Synods. In after life he became a flaming witness of the truth, and was exceedingly useful, and sought after in revivals of

religion. He also received the degree of A. M. from one of the most respectable colleges in New England. One of his master efforts seems to have been displayed in his contest with Hosea Ballou, the apostle of Universalism, whom he triumphantly vanquished in a sermon delivered impromptu, from the text, "Ye shall not surely die." It may be proper to state here, that this sermon is one of the most popular arguments, which has ever been published against that loose and corrupting system of doctrine, and has been printed and reprinted both in England and America, until no one pretends to mention the number of editions. Summing up all his virtues in the couplet of Shakspeare, we may say,

" He was a man, take him for all in all;

We ne'er shall see his like again."

We give this illustration on account of its appropriateness to the peculiar situation of most young men connected with our literary institutions. They have difficulties of no ordinary character to surmount in the acquisition of a thorough education. And yet we venture the assertion, that no young man ever became less useful in after life by being pressed with trials and discouragements while a student. Opposition is absolutely necessary to arouse the dormant powers of the immortal mind, and fully to develop all its resources. An eminent statesman remarks, " Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." With equal propriety we might say, Eternal effort is the price of eminent usefulness. If the sentiment of Aristotle be true, that a statue lies hid in every block of marble, and that the art of the I statuary only clears away the rubbish, we ought not to shrink from the rude touches of the chisel and the hammer in the form of obstacles. It may be the only way of removing superfluities and developing the whole man. What is an education but overcoming the obstacles of nature and circumstances? Nature gives us the material in its rude state, art polishes and improves. Addison beautifully observes : " What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light." The art of a Phidias or a Praxiteles consisted not in creating a statue, but in bringing it out from its hiding place.

Napoleon Bonaparte commenced his wild and mad career of military glory, surrounded by almost insurmountable difficulties. After he had conceived the stupendous plan of crossing the Alps, he one day called his chief engineer into his presence, and revealed his mighty project. The engineer almost stunned by the magnitude of the enterprise, hesitated and demurred. Without waiting for any of his objections, the emperor inquired, "Is the route practicable?" " It is barely possible to pass," was the reply. The next step is the command to the advance column of the army : " Press forward ! " And then, amid incredible labors, wild enthusiasm, Alpine storms, lofty mountain peaks of perpetual snow, the everlasting glaciers, and deep mountain gorges, he presses onward and upward until the last summit is scaled. The descent is as easy as the ascent is difficult. The sunny climes and fair fields of Italy open upon his ravished eye, and victory crowns the valor of his arms. Hannibal, in his invasion of Italy, in the days of the ancient Romans, had doubtless performed the same feat, but the place and manner are matters of mere conjecture. The undaunted McDonald passed the Splugen in the midst of winter, and in the face of terrible and mighty avalanches, which overwhelmed and precipitated two hundred of his brave soldiers down an awful chasm three thousand feet in depth. And the brave Suwarrow, pursued by an enemy, led his mighty army over the Schachenthal breast-deep in snow. But the passage of Napoleon over Mt. St. Bernard is generally acknowledged as the most stupendous achievement of the kind ever presented to the gaze of an astonished and admiring world. This achievement is another illustration of the aphorism,

“What man has done, man may do.” And the student, as he journeys up the giddy height of high Parnassus, need only inquire, “Is the route practicable?” And having ascertained that the difficulties which beset his pathway, can be surmounted, let him not shrink from a fair trial, and though mountain upon mountain, and alp upon alp, arise to obstruct his progress, mountains will dwindle into hills, and hills will melt into plains.

Kossuth, on account of a political offence against the suspicious and tyrannical government of Austria, was shut up in a dungeon without being allowed a single political work. Clearly foreseeing the advantages which might possibly be derived from the acquisition of the English language, he obtains an English grammar, Walker’s dictionary, and a copy of Shakspeare, and applies himself with such close and minute attention as to spend at first whole days in reading a single page, but, step by step, he at last overcomes all the difficulties of a foreign language without a living teacher; yea, more, is enabled to speak it with such fluency and ease as to surpass some of the best orators in their native tongue. If this great patriot had not been persecuted and thrown into prison by his enemies, his fertile genius would never have been exercised to its fullest extent. He never would have acquired so intimate a knowledge of our language, or have been able so effectually to expose the policy of tyrants and the wrongs of his oppressed country. And he never would have enlisted, to the same extent, the strong sympathies and material aid of a nation of freemen. Men of doubtful minds may, however, insinuate that circumstances, over which we have no control make great men. Admitting this, we would also add, that great men make circumstances. The whole sentence then would read thus: Circumstances make great men, and great men make Circumstances. “Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness that heroism gains its greatest and best developments and illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny.”

Almost every young man, who has ever entered classic halls, is doubtless acquainted with the almost supernatural efforts of Demosthenes. Ill-favored both by nature and circumstances, he overcame the most inveterate habits by his unconquerable will. To prevent stammering he spoke with pebbles in his mouth. To remove the distortion of his countenance, he watched the movement of his muscles in a mirror. To remedy the unnatural shrugging of his left shoulder, he suspended above it a naked sword. To strengthen his lungs, he ran frequently up hill. To accustom himself to the noise and tumult of a popular assembly, he declaimed aloud before the dashing waves of the sea-shore. And that he might study without interruption, he passed whole months in a cave, and there wrote and re-wrote the history of Thucydides ten times, in order that he might form his style after so pure a model. We need not advert to the brilliant success of his indefatigable labor. All history teems with his glory. His enemies in subsequent life ridiculed his productions, sneeringly remarking that they “smelt of the lamp.” This should be regarded rather as a compliment than as a reproach. Surely no scholar will deny Cicero’s great natural talent, and yet in his rules for the formation of a public speaker, he insists upon the student toiling with the pen. His own words are, “Stilus optimus et praestantissimus dicendi effector aemagister.” The pen is the best, the most excellent former and director of the tongue. He thus intimates the necessity of severe application.

As this address is intended chiefly for the encouragement of students, let us advert to the case of the Rev. David Brainard, the great apostle of the Indians. While a student at Yale College, he incautiously made an unguarded remark in private in reference to one of the teachers: “He has no more grace, than this chair.” Such a remark, even though uncharitable, ought to have been overlooked in so young a man, especially when made in private; or, he should have been affectionately rebuked. But, nevertheless, he

was expelled from the College. When we reflect upon the odium which attaches to a young man under the ban of expulsion, the great wonder is that he did not yield to the force of circumstances, and give up in despair. A sense of his wrongs, however, seemed only to arouse his dormant energies, and make him the instrument, under God, of the greatest revivals which have ever occurred among those rude children of the forest. Had he never been expelled, perhaps he never would have been the same holy man. But no thanks are due, on this account, to the resentment of his teacher. The fame of Whittlesey has perished. Who knows anything about Whittlesey, save that he was a teacher in Yale College? But the name of Brainard is familiar to every intelligent Christian, and will be lisped by future and unborn generations, as the man whom God delighted to honor.

Tradition says, although we have never seen it in print, that when the Hon. Daniel Webster was refused a diploma, and, perhaps, justly too, stung with shame at his failure, he told the faculty they should hear from him again. They did hear from him, and, if alive, hear from him every day.

We do not wish to be understood as making these remarks to encourage students in idleness or insubordination. No ! We have long since learned the truth of the poetic sentiment: " Order is heaven's first law," and that to govern well, we must first learn to be governed. Our design is rather to show what men have done and can do, when, by some unexpected event, the latent energies of their minds are brought into action.

Time would fail to tell of a Luther, who, when a student, sang his " Panem propter Deum," from door to door, to satisfy the demands of hunger. His genius only kindled in proportion as the Pope and the Devil, and all the combined powers of a proud, pampered, and persecuting hierarchy arose in dreadful array before his vision. Of a Franklin, whose father was an humble tallow chandler, and who, himself, walked Market street, Philadelphia, with a roll of bread under each arm, a poor printer's boy; but subsequently became an ambassador to the most distinguished courts of Europe, and has been honored with the name of the great American Philosopher. Of the Rev. Robert Hall, who, on account of his timidity, actually failed twice in succession in his endeavors to preach, but finally overcame this defect, and became the model preacher of his age. Of our own beloved and lamented Keller, who once wended his way from his father's residence to Pennsylvania College, with ragged shoes on his feet, and barely one quarter of a dollar in his pocket, and who, with his own hands, assisted in piling the bricks which reared this consecrated temple.

We need not tell this audience that he filled the most responsible stations in the church with the highest ability. " He pleased the pious, he enlightened the ignorant, he satisfied the inquiring, he overawed the skeptical—

" And fools who came to laugh, remained to pray."

Having presented to your consideration a number of illustrations to show the influence of difficulties in developing a man's powers, it might not be amiss to mention a few qualifications essential to overcoming difficulties.

The first is *conscious integrity*. Purity of motive should ever characterize the actions of every aspirant after true greatness. His ambition should be like that of the eagle, who, while he denies not to other birds the right of soaring above the clouds, yet towers in mammoth gyrations above all his tribe. He should first ascertain whether his cause is just, honorable, and humane. Nor should he be unmindful of

the means which he employs in the accomplishment of his end. To employ foul means in a good cause, is as base as to employ fair means in a bad cause. It is base, because a good cause needs no such miserable shifts. None but the wily Jesuit could ever adopt, as his rule of conduct, "The end justifies the means." Low cunning, treachery, deception, dissimulation, lying, and other mean arts, by which the mass of mankind seek to accomplish their designs, enter largely into the dispositions of brute beasts, and should not for a moment be entertained by a man who aims at honorable principles. He who supplants a worthy rival, either by his own meanness, or the meanness of his friends, that moment loses his self-respect. He feels that he has done violence to a tender sensibility of his soul, which he ought to value more than a mine of gold—his own integrity. We would not sully our integrity for the honors and emoluments of a thousand worlds. Hear the noble reply of the gallant Reed, when solicited by British gold to betray his country in the revolutionary struggle : "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the king of England is not rich enough to buy me." Place by his side Benedict Arnold, the traitor, and you will have a contrast as strong as the bright fields of Elysium and the dark abodes of Tartarus. Says the eloquent Wirt, "Conscious integrity is one of the strongest elements of a decided character."

The second qualification is cheerfulness. By cheerfulness we mean all that is implied in the expression of the apostle Paul, "a willing mind." By the exercise of this happy disposition we are prevented from desponding in the beginning of any enterprise. It must be obvious that despondency in the beginning, generally stamps failure on the end. Nothing, therefore, is more important than to possess a fund of cheerfulness, and to enter upon a duty with our hearts beating with high hopes and bright anticipations. This disposition will prompt a man at least to try before he despairs. We have an apt illustration of this in the battle of Chippewa. Gen. Ripley, perceiving how fatal to Scott's brigade was a British battery of artillery, said to Col. Miller, "Will you take yonder battery?" "I'll try," was the cheerful reply of Miller. The attempt was : crowned with signal success. There is almost omnipotent power in the little word try. It is the secret talisman by which some men are so successful, that they are called the favorites of fortune. By trying men have subdued elephants, vanquished lions, tamed tigers, caught whales, scaled mountains, traversed oceans, rode on the wings of the wind, harnessed the fiery thunder-bolts of heaven, and made innumerable discoveries and inventions, which have greatly contributed to the improvement and happiness of mankind.

The third qualification is industry. Labor in every department of usefulness is sacred, because it has the sanction of high Heaven. God worked in the creation of the heavens and the earth, and works hitherto in preserving and sustaining his creatures. The nobility of labor has been celebrated in the best classic style. Horace says, "Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus," (B. I. Sat. IX.) But a higher authority says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It is surprising what value industry will confer on products comparatively insignificant. The material of a yard of lace is too small to be computed; its value consists in the labor bestowed. A pound of iron will furnish eighty-thousand watch-springs, which at twelve and a half cents a-piece, would amount to ten thousand dollars.

The same law governs the intellectual as well as the material world. Do you aim at extensive usefulness? Be industrious. Are you an aspirant after fame? Be industrious. Do you wish to be an honor to your family and a benefactor to your race? Be industrious. The whole economy of nature invites to industry.

"No good, or worth sublime, will heaven permit

To fall on man, as from the passing air.

Did Newton learn from fancy as it roves,

To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?

Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,

By wanderings wild, which nature's pilgrim loves'?

Did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,

By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece'?"

Let those who are intimate with the biographies of those great men, answer these interrogatories. Let the sluggard sleep. His doom is sealed! Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : so shall his ! poverty come as one that travelleth, and his want as an armed man. Sallust says, " Death and idleness are the same." Why ? " Because oblivion covers them both."

The fourth qualification is perseverance. It is not doing a Herculean task in one day, but doing a little every day, and doing it well, that constitutes another secret of success. Sir Edward Sugden, an eminent lawyer, thus relates his experience for the benefit of students : " I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make every thing I acquired my own, and never go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I did in a week, but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."

Appelles, who had gained the highest rank in his profession as a painter, never allowed a day to pass without drawing one line at least on the distended canvas, and hence arose the proverb, "Nulla dies sine linea."

The coral insect affords another striking illustration of the mighty achievements of perseverance. This little insect, varying in size from a pea to a pin's head, daily secretes its calcareous deposit, and builds its cell, until by the combination of numbers and long continued effort, a small island, and then a huge continent rises in the midst of the ocean.

To comprehend the magnitude of its operations, look on yonder map at the island of New Holland, stretching away one thousand miles in one direction, and eight hundred in another, and then ponder in your mind the stern truth, this vast country is the work of the little coral insect.

Robert Bruce, becoming interested in the operations of a spider in a corner of his room, which, after many and fruitless efforts, finally succeeded in swinging itself over to the opposite wall, was taught a lesson of perseverance by ! which he completely baffled all the assaults of the enemies of his country. "Perseverando vinces."

" 'Never give up ! —'t is the secret of glory,

Nothing so wise can philosophy preach ;

Think on the names that are famous in story ;

‘Never give up,’ is the lesson they teach.”

The fifth qualification is reliance upon God. It is said of some great and good men, that they never entered upon any important duty without first imploring divine wisdom and assistance. This seems to have been the immortal Luther’s plan. And from his practice evidently arose his motto, “ Bene precasse est bene studuisse.” It appeared to have been no interruption to his studies to pray three hours ; every day.

Every good cause is emphatically the cause of God. We are merely agents in his glorious plans. Let us not be discouraged in trials. God will own and bless his cause, and the instrumentalities of each of his subjects will be duly recognized. The noble man of God, to whom we have just alluded, once said to his coadjutors, in a peculiarly gloomy season, when all seemed to be lost, “ God is God.” What a world of thought, what an ocean of comfort is contained in this little expression ! And what a faith must he have exercised who was its author ! Paul also could say with confidence, “ I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

Before we conclude, let us notice the satisfaction and enthusiasm of overcoming difficulties. Just in proportion to the greatness of the obstacles overcome, will be our gratification.

“ Je harter krieg, je edler sieg.”

The harder the battle the more glorious the victory. Such was the enthusiasm of Archimedes in the study of mechanics, that he boasted to Hiero, king of Sicily : [unintelligible], “ Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world.” So intense was the emotion of Newton when about to demonstrate the law of gravitation, that he was obliged to desist and leave the completion to another. Conceive of the surprise of Franklin, when on applying a key to the line of his kite during a thunder storm, he received a spark of electricity. Imagine the exultation of Fulton when he saw the first steamboat, the result of his own invention, move majestically over the waters amidst the applause of an immense multitude, who had assembled to witness, as they supposed, a splendid failure.

The student has his peculiar trials. He finds it a hard task to abstract his mind from the allurements and gratifications, as well as the excitement of the busy world, of which he is a component part, and to fix it on abstract truths, such as the subtleties of metaphysics and the intricacies of mathematics, or to con over dry roots of obsolete words, and the peculiarities of an ancient Latin or Greek verse. The minds of some men, too, are naturally prone to building air-castles, a practice utterly at variance with the true secret of successful study. Yet it is natural to indulge in the illusions of hope and fancy. His memory is treacherous, his judgment immature, and his fancy, if permitted to soar, like the little boy’s kite, when it attains a certain height, dodges and comes down on its head, to the no small confusion of its owner. And he thus realizes the sentiment, that “ there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.” Besides, he finds that his bosom, in common with the rest of mankind, is filled with turbulent passions, whose government requires greater moral heroism than the taking of a city.

But gradually he learns to withdraw his attention from the trifles of the world, and to despise many things which men generally greatly prize. He forms the habit of concentration on subjects, which, but for the mental discipline they afford, seem to have comparatively little bearing on the business realities of life. His judgment is matured by habits of observation and reflection. His memory like a faithful old slave, proves the more loyal because the more severely taxed. His imagination, chastened by good taste ; and

sound criticism, may pursue its vagaries with some degree of safety. And even those passions of the soul, whose very existence he once deprecated, are now subservient to his purposes. Like Alexander's famous and spirited war-horse, Bucephalus, although once useless and dangerous, yet, when conquered and curbed, they become absolutely essential to his happiness, and give energy to all his efforts and glory to all his achievements.

The most formidable obstacles in the acquisition of knowledge present themselves in the beginning. And it has grown into a proverb in the German language, "Aller anfang ist schwer." The genius of learning, like a coy maiden, would flee away, and repel the first approach; but her affections once gained, she will lead her votaries up the steep hill of science to the portals of the temple of fame.

Students of Wittenberg, go on; wipe the word fail from your vocabulary. Should you, however, not reach the goal of an aspiring and laudable ambition, you will not fall lower than a highly respectable and talented class of men, known by the appellation of unsuccessful great men. Such men as Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and Cass, never have realized, and probably never will realize, a just reward of their labors in their own generation, while men of second-rate merit obtain the highest honors. True greatness always excites a double emotion. While on the one hand it elicits the admiration of mankind, on the other hand it arouses their envy. The green-eyed monster, alas! too often palliates the destiny of the truly deserving. Nevertheless those men have achieved for themselves a fame more enduring than monuments of brass, and their biographies will be read with intense and evergrowing interest, when the names of some of our Presidents will be forgotten.

But it is chiefly the Christian student who needs our counsels and our sympathies. He is impelled by a sense of duty transcendently higher than all the motives which can be drawn from human ambition or worldly glory. He stands before the world a moral hero, the champion of the God of battles, the ambassador of the Prince of Peace, the reprover of iniquity, the comforter of the distressed, the watchman on the towers of Zion. Whence shall we draw an illustration worthy of his imitation? Christ, Paul, Chrysostom, Luther, and a mighty host of others, are in the highest sense his exemplars. Yet it may not be irreverent to introduce to his notice the conduct of the hero of the battle of Wagram. The well known policy of the great scourge of nations was to pierce the centre of the enemy, and then to conquer in detail. "Divide et impera." The battle between the French and the Austrians waged for some time with doubtful success. At length McDonald was commissioned with the highly responsible and dangerous task of piercing the Austrian centre. He moves on at the head of sixteen thousand brave men to within half-cannon-shot of the enemy. The Arch Duke Charles, anticipating this movement, had before greatly strengthened his centre, and now brings up additional forces. Two hundred cannon are so arranged in battery as to produce a cross-fire, whose focus meets the advancing column with frightful energy. The crisis of the battle has commenced, and the fate of Europe is to be determined. The head of that column melts away before the Austrian cross-fire like ice before the tropical sun. Still, others rush in to fill up the awful chasms made at every discharge of the murderous cannon. Thus the fierce conflict rages until ten out of every eleven have fallen, and only fifteen hundred are left out of sixteen thousand. Their iron-hearted leader had previously communicated his purpose to his men to conquer or die. He halts as if to recover himself, and glances

back on the forlorn hope yet remaining. Bonaparte, standing on an eminence which afforded a view of the whole field, surveys the horrible carnage with dismay. His heart stops beating—the empire totters. McDonald, like a speck in the dim distance, is seen to pause. "Will he turn at last?" is the secret and

agonizing question Bonaparte put to himself. "Must my throne go down?" No! The brave general, looking away to where his emperor stands, sees a movement as if aid were at hand. Immediately he commands a fresh charge. "Onward," breaks from his iron lips. And then, amid the rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets, the enemy give way—the centre is pierced—the day is won—the empire is saved. This was a glorious day for McDonald. Bonaparte riding over the ensanguined field to the place where the calm and collected hero stood, surrounded by a handful of troops, eagerly grasped his hand. Both generals choked with emotion. After an interval of a few moments, Bonaparte broke the spell by creating him a marshal on the spot.

The Christian student has a still fiercer conflict to encounter. He wrestles not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. He wages an uncompromising warfare against the corrupt lusts and fierce passions of ungodly men combined with all the malice of Satan and the infernal artillery of hell. "Will he turn at last?" is the agonizing question of the great Captain of his salvation. "Will ye also go away?" said the anxiously inquiring Savior to ; his disciples in a gloomy hour of his earthly pilgrimage, We trust not. We fain would answer for every one of you an emphatic NO ! The voice of our general is "Onward." Let the world frown, and devils gnash, we have nothing to fear. The victory is ours. Our motto is " Nil desperandum Christo duce."

In your most fearful conflict with the powders of darkness, cast your eyes to where your Redeemer sits, and with the eye of faith see him coming to your aid, and know' that the moment of your deliverance is nigh. A badge of eternal honor awaits the test of your valor. " Be ye faithful unto death and I will give }mu a crown of life."

And then, when our toils are over, and our difficulties are vanquished, we will sheath our swords, lay by'our armor, and join the apostle in exclaiming: " I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."