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ed with much force without a recognition of the fact of depravity. Exhortation, without this, will be powerless. It is a fact of conscious experience. There may be, here and there, one so pure by nature as not to feel himself very depraved; but most people, we think, will recognize the truthfulness of the doctrine of depravity, when it is fairly stated. When this is admitted, all the rest follows, not as doctrine and science, but as life; not as something that the preacher is to insist upon, but as something that he may permit the members of his flock to say.

This system can, and probably will, embrace all that is good in the other two. It will embrace enough of Pantheism to recognize the presence and agency of God everywhere, — to take a lifeless nature from between God and the soul, and Jay it open to his influences. It will also include all that is valuable in Unitarianism, properly so called, — the divine unity unbroken, the dignity of human nature, the example and sympathy of Jesus Christ, and a scrupulous attention to the outward life. Minds of all classes will then find themselves at home in the church. They will then find their duties explained and enforced, their hopes encouraged, their feelings interpreted and sympathized with, and their feeble aspirations directed to their proper objects. Then will the divine idea of Christ be realized, and there will be founded upon him a church that shall be indeed a mother to the souls of men. No radical shall be so latitude as not to find the church broader than his most far-reaching thought; — no genius so aspiring, but it shall find the church lofty enough for all the creations of his fancy, and even towering with height on height far beyond them; — and no saint shall be so pious but that the church shall be more pious still.

But it will need great souls to be pillars in such an edifice; greater, we fear, than will find themselves at home or welcome in this unpropitious age. We would not complain of the age; but we must concede to those that do so, that it is not the mother of giants. The philosophy, the theology, the literature of an age, are the exponents of the greatness of the soul in that age, and of its general culture. Man may get together, calling themselves the heads of the church, and say such and such was the theology of the church in some palmy period, and therefore it shall be

now. But it is all in vain. Nothing real is ever thus effected by main force. Changes in the church and society come not of the flesh, neither by the will of man, but by the will of God. Let some General Assembly, or Convocation of the Clergy, resolve to remodel the church upon the theology of some more flourishing period; they may do it in form and in name, but not in reality. They are like David clothed in Saul's armor. They cannot carry it to the field, much less do battle when there. They would do better to go with their simple sling, and the five smooth stones, — truth, honesty, faith, hope, and charity. Any system, however liberal and generous it may be in itself, is contracted by its entrance into a narrow mind. It then loses its form and comeliness; and lofty and poetic souls become dissatisfied with it, and seek something nobler and more beautiful.

We had intended to say a word on the prospects of theological discussions and controversies, but our article has already reached such a length that we forbear.
Dream.

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Something, yet but half-remembered,
Will not let me here remain;
Onward! Onward toward those loved ones,
My impatience grows a pain.
What a dreary time I've wasted!
How could I forget their love?
From my native Eden flying
Over Earth's cold mountains rove? —
In the twilight richly mingled
With the moonlight's purer ray,
Rise grey turrets veiled in misty
Colors both of night and day.
From the Gothic portal rush the
Blended floods of light and sound,
Up the marble steps I hasten,
Cross the terrace with a bound.
Now an ancient Hall I enter,
And at once an hundred eyes
Turn with friendly gaze of welcome,
And each voice this greeting cries,—
"Long expected! Welcome! Welcome!"
But no formal salutation
Brought these graceful, lordly figures
From their earnest occupation.
Some were seated others standing,
Grouped together, or apart;
But One Interest seemed to fasten
In its chain each mind and heart.
From an unseen harp the surges
Rushed in long unbroken swell;
Every form was bathed in radiance,
Whence it came I could not tell.
As I look, some ancient story
Rises in my memory — No!
'T is my own past life that rises;
As the vapors backward go
I see plainly; — often, often
Have I met you, friendly Powers!
By your superhuman beauty
And your wondrous love, the hours
Of my infancy were nurtured,
And my childish mind was taught
Lessons of unearthly wisdom
From the purer regions brought.
Gracefully a girl steps forward
From behind a silver screen:
"One thou hast forgotten, Brother,
Her our sister and our Queen;
Follow quickly," Quick I follow,
Laughingly she flies before,
Passing sculptured arch and portal,
High saloon and marble floor.