

and conscious strength know how to use, and with a calmness and fairness of reasoning which only a perfect knowledge of the subject, and a thorough conviction of its truth, could employ, stand up before my eye, as one of the noblest monuments which human skill and piety can raise to God's glory and man's good. I mean not that the work is perfect, nor that keen criticism, nor that the large-pupiled eye of prejudice and envy cannot find weak spots in it; nor that I should not myself dissent from some minor points defended in it. But as an American, and a Christian, I rejoice, and bless God that the venerable author has been spared to place the top stone on this column of eternal truth, which I predict shall abide fresh and strong, when the Washington Monument and the Bunker Hill column shall become only crumbling mounds.

As an American, and a Christian too, when lately on a foreign shore, it was gratifying, and I hope to some better feelings than mere national pride, to be able to point to a certain Bibliotheca, whose pages, each trimester, open, to the scholar and the Christian, productions which combine philosophy more profound with biblical analysis more accurate than any other evangelical periodical in the English language with which I am acquainted. Let this testimony, too, be regarded only as an act of justice, and not of flattery.

This allusion to the Bibliotheca reminds us—as indeed almost every thing else does to-day—of another strong pillar of this institution, whom Providence has recently smitten down.* Nor is it this Seminary alone that feels the stroke. When such a man falls, it brings a cloud over the whole republic of letters, and creates a wide blank, especially among the cultivators of sacred literature. It will be deeply felt even on the other side of the Atlantic, where his able works

* Professor B. B. Edwards.