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question, such as its bearing upon the genuineness and authority of the epistle of Jude, we are struck with the insight hereby given into the state of the Christian church within less than two-score years of its foundation. From the other epistles of the same period we learn, it is true, essentially the same facts; but here we look upon them from a different point of view, and, as it were, through the mind of another inspired writer. We find here the full verification of our Saviour's parables of the wheat and the tares, of the net gathering fish, good and bad; and we are certain that the church must have made great progress, before it could have been exposed to the dangers here mentioned, and before wicked men could have thought it worth their while surreptitiously to enter the Christian fold. We learn, too, how very short a time was necessary for the growth of corruptions in Christian doctrine, and how, from the earliest period, a certain fixed body of truth had been established, a "faith once delivered to the saints," to be earnestly contended for, as it is, without improvement and without change.

In a word, the whole epistle appears in quite a different light, if it be considered as belonging to A. D. 90, or as having been published A. D. 65. And, although its direct teaching is in either case the same, yet the information to be incidentally gained from it depends very much upon whether it was written five-and-twenty years earlier or later.

The earlier date is nearer than the later to what may be called the balance of the various dates adopted by the learned.

ARTICLE VII.

MAN AND HIS FOOD.

By Leonard Withington, D. D., Newbury, Mass.

Eating is one of the lowest enjoyments of a rational being, and yet necessary to our repose and our mental speculations. If a man will not work neither shall he eat; but it is equally clear that, if he does not eat, neither can he work. There is no

character which raises such perfect contempt as a glutton; we despise him more, though he is not a greater sinner, than the drunkard; and when we read in historical record that the great Caesar, the warrior, the conqueror, the orator, the statesman, the only man, as Cato said, that *came sober to the subversion of his country*, was accustomed, when invited to a feast, to whet his appetite by taking an emetic, we can scarcely believe the story, though so well attested;[1] and we come to the conclusion that not all the glories which blazed around his brow, can rescue this part of his character, and certainly this vice, from contempt. The old allegorical poet has given us a picture of gluttony which certainly embodies the common feelings of mankind against it:

"And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblown with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen was his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was ryht fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yivie garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweate.
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he sipt so oft, that in his seat
His drunken corse he scarse upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre, or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke is drowned so,
That from his frend he seldom knew his fo;
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew."

Faery Queen, B. I. Canto IV. 21—23.

[1] Vide Epistolas ad Atticum, 52. Lib. XIII. *Unctus est; accubuit; ἐμετικὴν agebat. Itaque edit et bibit ἀδρῶς et jucunde*, etc. It is more remarkable as Caesar was regarded as a model of Roman temperance. Vini parcissimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt; and Cato said, *unum ex omnibus ad evertendam* Remp. sobrium accessisse. — *Suetonius, Vita*, c. 53.

But this deformed vice is the abuse of a natural appetite. Take away from the astronomer his food, and he will soon cease to lift his telescope to the stars. The saint, the martyr, the moralist, and the poet, all pursue their sublime occupations through the vigor and animation of the body. In a word, as the sweetest blossom on the highest tree, though it seems to be fed by the very air which it decorates, is nourished by the dirt and manure around the roots of the tree, so the sublimest mind is supplied by the food of the body. Man does not live on bread alone, but, in order to live, he certainly needs bread.

In the Old Testament, food is used as a signal of celestial blessings. "He should have fed thee also with the finest of the wheat and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." These are not the aliments of savage man. We are instructed in the Bible to pray for our daily bread; we should be abundantly thankful whenever it is given. Nay, we are instructed not to be totally indifferent to the *kind* of food, for discrimination here is connected with other discrimination, and indicates improvement in the taste. We will not take advantage of Dr. Johnson's remark, who held that he who did not mind his dinner, would scarcely mind anything else. Suffice it to say, that taste in food and taste in dress, science, and literature, always go together. He that feeds grossly will judge grossly; and God himself has promised the finest of the wheat as a reward to obedience, and probably as a means of improvement. "Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh; for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof; whosoever eateth it shall be cut off. And every soul that eateth that which died of itself, or that which was torn with beasts (whether it be one of your own country or a stranger), he shall both wash his clothes and bathe himself in water and be unclean until the even, then he shall be clean." Lev. 17: 14, 15. The eleventh chapter of Leviticus is a remarkable chapter. Let any one consider the gier-eagle as the filthy bird is described by naturalists, and then ask why such a walking abomination is forbidden to man.[1]

When we look over the world, we find every variety in the

[1] The *vultur percnopterus*. "The appearance of the bird is as horrid as can well be imagined. The face is naked and wrinkled, the eyes large and black, the beak black and crooked, the talons large and extended for prey; and the whole body polluted with filth." — See Natural History of the Bible, by Dr. Harris of Dorchester, p. 182.

human family, from the Esquimaux, who lives among the icebergs of Greenland, to the very *delicate lady* of our glittering cities, *who would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness.* Some people reach the top of refinement and seem by their skill almost to command nature, and some are at the bottom of the scale and are the slaves of nature's severest powers. What an amazing difference! What variety! We may almost conclude with Dr. Watts: "I could even venture to say that the improvement of reason hath raised the learned and prudent in the European world almost as much above the Hottentots and other savages of Africa, as those savages are by nature superior to the birds, the beasts, and the fishes."[1] We have not only these extremes, but all the intermediate states between them. There are the refined and doubly refined; the civilized and the over-civilized; the plain, the coarse; the rustic, the ignorant; the savage, the barbarous, the brutal. We have the poet, *with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling*, and the man whose bodily wants press him to the dust, and conceal from him the secret that he has any mental fire. But in all these gradations, which differ as much as the tallest oak that intercepts the sun from the meanest weed that shares its shade, you will find that these men differ in their food; that their food indicates the degree of improvement, and that their low state, if their state be low, is caused and continued by an improper and scanty diet. "He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

All historians seem to agree in tracing the history of man from his purest refinements up to the grossest barbarism.[2] Such was Greece, and such was Rome, before their meridian of grandeur

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[1] Watts's Logic, Introduction, p. 1.

[2] A popular orator would best represent the common opinion. Hear Cicero: Quis enim vestrum, judices, ignorat, ita naturam rerum tulisse, ut quodam tempore homines, nondum neque naturali, neque civili jure descripto, fusi per agros ac dispersi vagarentur, tantumque haberent, quantum manu ac viribus per caedem ac vulnera aut eripere aut retinere potuissent? Qui igitur primi virtute et consilio praestanti extiterunt, ii perspecto genere humanae docilitatis atque ingenii dissipatos, unum in locum congregarunt, eosque ex feritate illa ad justitiam atque mansuetudinem transduxerunt. Tum res ad communem utilitatem, quas publicas appellamus, tum conventicula hominum, quae postea civitates nominatae sunt, tum domicilia conjuncta, quas urbes dicimus, invento et divino et humano jure, moenibus saepserunt. — *Oratio pro Sextio*, Sect. 42.

and improvement. If it was so, it must have been that this barbarism was a terrible degeneracy from a previous state of refinement and elevation; it must be the shoals and flats of a tide which had ebbed out and was to reflow; for God made *man upright*, though they have *sought out many inventions*. Certainly there was no want in Eden; there bloomed the tree of life, and there it was said: "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is on the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree, yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat." This was a state not only of the highest civilization, but innocence; when man fell, he was followed by the provisions of grace. Depravity, to be sure, tends downward. Religion and civilization are intimately connected. We read that Cain *went out from the presence of the Lord*, that is, from the ordinances and restraints of religion. Perhaps thousands, in various ages, have *degenerated* into barbarism. Perhaps the fallacy of the old speculators, such as Aristotle, Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus and Cicero, was, that they mistook a factitious for a primitive state. Barbarism was the state to which man *sunk*, rather than civilization the state to which he *rose*. At any rate, all the profane historians and philosophers trace the rise of nations by slow degrees from the most abject depression.

Poetry told of a time when men lived on acorns and dwelt in caves:

> quum frigida parvas
> Praeberet spelunca domos, ignemque, laremque,[1]

and it is likely through these gleams of fiction we see some truth. But it is certain, with such food they must be in the lowest stage of improvement. There must be no discrimination, no knowledge, no taste, no books, no arts, no statesmen among them. They have not the use of iron, and therefore are a feeble and helpless race. They must be lazy and inefficient; and even their temperance must be the effect of ignorant necessity. The next stage would be to live on wild meat; this would imply a little greater progress. They must have some weapons of war, and some of the arts of hunting. In this state, one remove from the lowest, were the savages of this continent found, when our fathers came hither to confront native imbecility with civilized

[1] Juvenal, Sect. VI. line 2 and 3.

improvement. In this condition were the most powerful tribes found; and what was their condition? It took as many acres to support one family as would now support whole brigades.[1] One interminable dark, green forest overshaded the soil; the wolf howled in the meadow; the bear climbed the tree; the owl shrieked in the swamp; and a few patches of Indian corn were feebly cultivated in the most favorable places. The most dreaded nations, the Irequois, could not muster half the able-bodied men that are now found in Haverhill or Lawrence; and they occupied about the whole of western New York. Their food was an INDICATION of their standing, and a cause of their barbarism. They were not fed with the *finest of the wheat*, though they might occasionally get *honey from the rock*. They were always on the verge of starvation; for, if plenty came, their prodigality and profusion soon dissipated it, and the dreadful phantom of want was always before them. Every winter they endured privations which would glorify a martyr or a hermit. They had no high speculations, no literary employment, no elevating pursuits, no seasons of calm meditation. They saw the sun by day and the stars by night, without the least curiosity to ask their nature, or study their motions. They had no earnest pursuit but war, and no exciting pleasure but revenge. It was their highest delight to torture a captive, and, when the poor victim died under their prolonged cruelties, they tore out his heart and literally drank his blood. Now these demons in human shape were not naturally worse than other men. They bore in their bosoms all the elements of human nature; its powers, its sympathies, its tendency to regeneration, and its capacity for improvement. The fact is, their ferocity was made by their condition; and nothing had a greater effect than their food, and the sparing and precarious way in which it came to them. They got it without regular industry; it required little preparation, or foresight; they consumed it with gluttony, and then they fasted like martyrs. Their winter evenings were long and monotonous; and, when

[1] Between the Mississippi on the west and the ocean on the east, between the Ohio on the south and Lake Superior and the other chain of lakes on the north, the whole Indian population at the close of the French war, 1758, did not greatly exceed 10,000 fighting men. All men who could lift a tomahawk were fighting men. — See Parkman's Life of Pontiac.

Had such barbarism a right to the soil on the abstract idea of property; an idea which the very purchasers were obliged to put into their heads when they first bought of them?

the war-whoop summoned them to battle, they rallied out, like hungry wolves, for the complex object of finding food and gratifying their revenge. A hungry man always feels the risings of cruelty, however they may be conquered by nobler principle. When you think of the cruelty of an Indian, you should always think of his famished condition. *Men do not despise the thief* of civilization, *if he steal to satisfy his soul, when hungry.* How much less the poor uninstructed savage! Think of his surroundings, his wilderness, his rocks, his trees, his hunger, his passion, his fiery temper, his ignorance and his desolation. God alone, who appointed his place, can judge his infirmities. God may have mercy on his soul. When he sends him the Gospel, he will give him the double bread.

It is important to remember, however, that there are varieties and degrees in the life below the proper line of civilization. The savage nations are found in various stages of improvement. Dr. Robertson was certainly deceived when he compared the Gauls and Germans to the tribes on our continent.[1] The Helvetii, as we find in Caesar, were comparatively a great people; they were divided into hundreds and villages; they planned a migration from their land two years before it was to take place; they laid up the necessary provisions; they had their statistics recorded in the Greek letters, all which are signals of improvement beyond the reach and conception of our Indians. In the account of Tacitus, the Suevi are a very different people from the Fenns, of whom it is said: *mira feritas, foeda paupertas; non arma, non equi, non Penates; victui herba, vestui pelles, cubile humus.*[2] These few words give a complete insight into their condition. The nomadic state, also, is a peculiar and distinct one. They feed on hunted meat, like venison, but especially delight in milk and horse-flesh. The modern Tartars are an example.

But the next step in the upward grade is a very important one, and that is, when a people come to live on wheat, or as Revela-

[1] See Caesar, Commentaries, Lib. I. c. 3. *Somewhere* in Gaul, Caesar found their statistics recorded in the Greek language. How immensely above our Indians! We are not sure it was the Helvetii that had the Greek letters. See Dr. Robertson's note, Charles V. Vol. I. note VI. F, where he compares the Gauls to our aborigines, though he afterwards allows some difference. There was very *great* difference. Had the Gauls conquered a civilized land, they would have organized and risen, whereas our savage predecessors would probably have destroyed and sunk.

[2] See Tacitus, De Moribus Germaniae, Sect. 46.

tion says: "God feeds them with the finest wheat;" they are now transformed into another people. The old poet, with profound philosophy, has noticed this:

> Prima Ceres unco glebam dimovit aratro,
> Prima dedit fruges, alimentaque mitia terris,
> Prima dedit leges.[1]

That is, Ceres, the goddess of corn, first moved the glebe by the crooked ploughshare; first gave to man the various kinds of grain as better food, and she, also, first gave them laws. Now remark, how the poet has linked these things together. You are told that a people are a wheat-eating people. Of course, they must raise it; they must have the plough and the ploughshare; they must command iron, or, at least, some hard metal; they must understand the process of mining and smelting; they must have fields and fences; they must have foresight to sow and patience to wait for a crop; and, finally, they must be protected by law, for no one will lend the labor who is not assured of the protection, and thus the poet tells us, Ceres — *Prima dedit leges* — first gave laws to mankind. All this marks a cultivated and comparatively improved people. We have reached the borders of civilization; we have passed the fence that separates the forest from the fallow ground, and yet, we presume, there was a time when the wheat-stem was a wild plant, growing almost unnoticed and unknown.[2] We have seen, on the margin of our sea, a grass growing, which seemed to be intended by prolific nature for a farinaceous plant; it might, perhaps, be improved into a new species of food. The line that joins the sea to the shore, is an important line; it has been the cradle of blessings. There humanity flourishes, and there the Father of fer-

[1] See Ovid, Matamorphoses, Lib. V. 340—342. What a poet! how profound; how silly; how licentious; how moral! What opulence of fancy and what luxury of imagination wasted on Tom-Thumb stories. Was there ever before such a combination! He will sometimes give you the most natural picture of the most natural sorrow in the most unnatural condition, a woman, for example, turning into a tree. You weep at the sentiment and laugh at the story in the same breath. You often stumble on the profoundest aphorism, beautifully expressed, at the close of the most extravagant narrative.

[2] However, the use of wheat has been so long known, that its origin is unknown. It might have sprouted in Eden, under the branches of the tree of life. — See an Address of Gen. Dearborn before the Agricultural Society of Norfolk County.

tility drops his richest gifts. "Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother." Life, spiritual and animal, is often found on the border of the sea.

When our Lord, who knew the force of all symbols, and how to select the best, instituted the sacramental supper, the tokens of the feast were BREAD and WINE.

When man has reached a certain point of civilization, he is sure to go on. Just as an imprisoned pond of water, if an outlet be once made, is sure to flow. All alone wheat may be called a luxury. But it is a significant luxury. The introduction of SUGAR, for example, has changed the whole face of society. The Bible, in two places at least, speaks of the sweet cane. Isaiah 43: 24: "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of sacrifices." So in Jer. 6: 20: "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and sweet cane from a far country?" This is supposed by some to be the sugar-cane. It was known long before its riches were explored or its use appreciated. It was known as the flag-root is now known, something that is prized by boys. A writer in the thirteenth century speaks of a new salt, which they had found, whose taste was sweet, and recommends that lumps of it be put into the mouths of sick people, it would be soothing and cooling.[1] It was used as a medicine, then as a luxury, until by degrees it became a necessary of life. People no longer talked of *honey out of the rock.* It was found to be one of the purest and least cloying sweets ever discovered. It was handed from the Arabs to the Spaniards; it was cultivated first in the Madeira Islands; then it was given to all the European nations; was raised in the West Indies on an immense scale. Then came rum, brandy, and all the alcoholic drinks, slavery and all its consequences, until now it is a debated problem whether the sweet cane was a blessing or a curse. At any rate, this single article of food, so unimportant and neglected in its origin, changed the whole face of society. So that sugar now is a Moloch and an angel. One of its wings is iron, and one fringed with gold; in one hand, is a cup filled with the sweetest beverage, and in the other, a "cup and the wine is red, it is full of mixture, and he poureth out the same, but the dregs thereof all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them." Wring them out! that is,

[1] See the Penny Magazine.

subject them to the torturing still, and turn them into a maddening beverage.

One of the most remarkable articles of food in its influence on social happiness is RICE. It comes to us very demurely with an innocent aspect, almost a Quaker in simplicity, and yet its effects are very doubtful. It promises more than it performs, and its excellence is its defect. In the first place, the cultivation is very destructive of life and comfort. The work will be performed by none but slaves; secondly, in most countries where lassitude accompanies abstinence, they are strongly tempted to make it their chief article of food; and, thirdly, the failure of one crop produces famine. Hence we are constantly hearing of famine on the banks of the Ganges. It marks a civilized, but not an enterprising, land.

Our readers must all have heard of Sir Walter Raleigh, the scholar, the statesman, the warrior, the historian, the discoverer, the philosopher, and even the poet; the man whose comprehensive mind joined the most distant perfections, and yet whose irregular greatness compels the assent of his friends to his defects, and of his enemies to his virtues. His mind was like the soil around Mount Aetna, where the olive-tree and the lava are found together. Surely America ought to venerate his memory. He was the father and patron of one of our oldest settlements — Virginia. He is said to have introduced into England two articles, one a useless luxury and the other an important improvement, tobacco and the potato. The last article is questioned in the late Report on the Census, as to its having Raleigh for its introduction into England: "The common English and Irish potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), so extensively cultivated throughout most of the temperate countries of the civilized globe, contributing as it does to the necessities of a large portion of the human race, as well as to the nourishment and fattening of stock, is regarded as of but little less importance in our national economy than maize, wheat or rice. It has been found in an indigenous state in Chili, on the mountains near Valparaiso and Mendoza; also near Montevideo, Lima, Quito, as well as in Santa Fé de Bogota, and more recently in Mexico on the banks of the Orizaba.

"The history of this plant, in connection with that of the sweet potato, is involved in obscurity, as the accounts of their introduction into Europe are somewhat conflicting, and often they

appear to be confounded with one another. The common kind was doubtless introduced into Spain in the early part of the sixteenth century, from the neighborhood of Quito, where, as well as in all Spanish countries, the tubers are known as *papas*. The first published account of it we find on record is in La Cronica del Peru, by Pedro de Cieca, printed in Seville, in 1553, in which it is described and illustrated by an engraving. From Spain it seems to have found its way into Italy, where it assumed the same name as the truffle. It was received by Clusius, at Vienna, in 1598, in whose time it spread rapidly in the south of Europe, and even into Germany. To England, it is said to have found its way by a different route, having been brought from Virginia by Raleigh's colonists in 1586, which would seem improbable, as it was unknown in North America at that time, either wild or cultivated; and, besides, Gough, in his edition of Camden's Brittania, says, it was first planted by Sir Walter Raleigh on his estate at Youghal, near Cork, and that it was cultivated in Ireland before its value was known in England. Gerard, in his Herbal, published in 1597, gives a figure of this plant under the name of Batata Virginiana, to distinguish it from the sweet potato, Batata Edulis, and recommends the root to be eaten as a 'delicate dish' but not as a common food. 'The sweet potato,' says Sir Joseph Banks, 'was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of our potatoes; it was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigor.' It is related, that the common potato was accidentally introduced into England from Ireland, at a period somewhat earlier than that noticed by Gerard, in consequence of the wrecking of a vessel on the coasts of Lancashire which had a quantity on board. In 1663, the Royal Society of England took measures for encouraging the cultivation of this vegetable, with the view of preventing famine. Notwithstanding its utility as a food became better known, no high character was attached to it; and the writers on gardening, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a hundred years after its introduction, treated it indifferently. 'They are much used in Ireland and America as bread,' says one author, 'and may be propagated with advantage to poor people.' The famous nursery-men, London and Wise, did not consider it worthy of notice, in their Complete Gardener, published in 1719. But its use gradually spread, and

its excellence became better understood. It was near the middle of the last century before it was generally known either in Britain or North America, since which it has been most extensively cultivated."[1]

It is curious to see how these conservatives of gulosity speak of a plant, whose failure fills half the world with lamentation. They describe it as a root found in the new world, consisting of little knobs, held together by strings; if you boil it well, it *can* be eaten; it *may* become an article of food; it will certainly do for hogs, and, though it is rather acid and flatulent in the human stomach, perhaps, if you boil it with dates, it may serve to keep soul and body together among those who can find nothing better. Thus the potato, like other reformers, found his inventions long rejected; and, had he been as short lived as we mortals, his praises would only have flourished on his tomb.

> What though no weeping Lover thy ashes grace,
> Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
> What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
> Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb;
> Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed
> And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
> There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
> There the first roses of the year shall blow;
> While Angels, with their silver wings o'ershade
> The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

Let not the reader smile, if, in this connection, we introduce dainty children. There is a mystery about this subject, on which we may well bestow a passing thought. There is a class of children who are very difficult about their food, nor is this fastidiousness confined to the progeny of the rich, who are pampered with cake. These little connoisseurs cannot eat with the rest of the family, and the mother and the son are often at issue in an interminable controversy. The mother often says, it is all whim and caprice, and some severe matrons tell their children that they shall not eat a morsel until the given lump is devoured. But the son would say, if he could quote Shakspeare, "You cramb these things into mine ear against the stomach of my sense. I know I don't love it; I can't eat it, it is not fit to be eaten." Now how is this? Is this turn of the appetite a matter

[1] See the Report of the Superintendent of the Census for 1850, p. 71.

of caprice or necessity? Is the mother right or the boy? The controversy has been carried on for ages, and we have no doubt that Eve had it with Cain and Abel the first supper she gave them after they were weaned. We offer it as a profound conjecture that Cain was a dainty boy, and probably doubled up his fist at his mother. It is likely in this dispute (as in many others) both parties are partly wrong. That much depends on the training and volition, there can be no doubt; but much depends also on original nature and temperament. There are some things which we were never made for, and they were never made for us. There are some kinds of food, which, though they may suit the race, were never made for the *individual.* But this blended appetite, partly natural, partly artificial, follows through life. It appears in the prices of provision. Take the case of the finest teas imported from China, which employ many ships and sailors, and keep the eastern trade in motion. We have no doubt there is many a weed growing in our fields and mountains, which we might be TRAINED UP to relish and value as much as we now do the best Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Oolong and Ninyong, and any other barbarous names by which we justify our luxury. Our delicacies depend partly upon nature, partly upon fashion and habit, partly upon original and partly upon directed taste. The modifications depend on no eternal law — though there may be, under all our fluctuations, a subjacent perpetuity — even as the Mississippi must always flow somewhere near its present bed, though a thousand floods, and some every season, may alter the minuteness of its channel.

Thus we have endeavored to show how civilization has enlarged the circle of supply, and how much it depends upon the supply. Man must have his pressing wants alleviated, before he will rise into the world of thinking and noble action. Just as the bird must be fed in the nest, before he can expand his wings and soar into the air. We must have his root before we can have the flower. And now let us move the question, whether we have reached the terminus of all our stores; and, whether no other articles of food are to be introduced to the table from the forest, the field, the rivers, or the sea. Have we reached the line of our last inventions, and is there no new article to be discovered, which is to have an equal influence on virtue and happiness? Certainly there can be do doubt on this point. Boundless nature lies before us, and undeveloped skill is wrapt up in the human breast.

The exuberance of our system is not exhausted; her beasts, her birds, her fishes, her plants, her growing trees and her copious grasses, her pastures, her valleys, her lofty mountains, and her rolling streams, are all spread out to the hungry world. Nature is an image of God, and she echoes, though she does not originate, the words: "In my Father's house is bread enough and to spare." "Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparedst them corn when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof."

The way in which food operates upon intellect and character is no mystery. Though an infidel may say that man is a physical being; though Helvetius may teach that the mental difference between a man and a horse is, that one has a hand and the other a hoof; though Voltaire may pretend

> "Bonne ou mauvaise santé
> Fait notre philosophie;"[1]

the cause is very different. POVERTY IS A TEMPTATION. Extreme poverty is a great temptation. Now this temptation is diminished as we multiply his comforts and increase the supply. Avarice, it seems to me, will one day be ashamed of her carking care and her wrinkled brow, and generosity will look on her flowing streams and growing heaps, and double her efforts to remove the wants of the poor, and promote the praises of God.

Let us, then, propose this problem to all who are willing to join in its speedy solution. How shall we increase the circle of our supplies to the amplitude of nature? It was the idea of the old poets, that many unpublished virtues were found in plants and flowers, which might heal our diseases and mitigate our pains.

> O much is the powerful grace, that lies
> — In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some special good doth give.[2]

[1] See Notes on Pascal, Vol. II. p. 176. Paris edition. 1812. Renaurd.
[2] Shakspeare.

But surely we may, with better reason, suppose that there are magazines of FOOD yet to be discovered; and, that the manna, which is hereafter to be provided, will not be rained down from heaven, but will spring up from the earth.

That God is not indifferent to the influence of food on our character, is evident from the interdictions in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus. We need not look very deep for the causes of some of those discriminations.[1] As there are some actions so mean, so gross, and so indecent, that a good man must avoid them, though prohibited by no positive law, so there are some beasts and reptiles, so revolting, that cultivated people cannot select them for food. The word OBSCENE, applied by the poets to birds and animals, perhaps well conveys the indefinite, the illogical, but perhaps, after all, very clear idea. You feel that you cannot feast on such things and preserve your self-respect. The thing is unclean, and your are filthy, if you dare to touch it. You want delicacy (yes, moral delicacy, too) if your gorge does not rise at it. When we read in Pomponius Mela: "Troglodytae, nullarum opum domini, strident magis quam loquuntur, specus subeunt, alunturque serpentibus,"[2] we feel that these things admirably go together. We need no ghost to come and tell us that these people would be miserable judges of Grecian architecture, and would have as little relish for the finest descriptions of Homer, as they would for any better food than the snakes which they gobble down to prolong their own reptile existence.

It is remarkable to see how many things God could afford to throw away, in the densely peopled land of ancient Canaan. We are not sure that one collateral design was not to confute the starving theory of Malthus. It certainly *does* confute it; for that theory is as clearly false, as the word of God is clearly true.

Something is wrong in our present system of dietetics. We do not eat the good of the land; for, without going to the extravagance of Graham and Dr. Alcott, we have not trained our taste to the amplitude or simplicity of nature.[3] There is one proof

[1] See Spencer, Michaelis, Lowman, Jahn, Dr. Harris of Dorchester. They have all looked very deep for the causes of the discrimination in food related in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus.

[2] De Situ Orbis, Lib. I. c. viii. Cyrenaica.

[3] In our relishes of the palate, as in our colors, and forms of dress, there is a line where habit and nature meet, a permanent line, which it is desirable to find

that the poverty of art has usurped the riches of nature; that we neglect the useful to adopt the pernicious, namely: THE EARLY DECAY OF THE TEETH OF THE RISING GENERATION. It is a growing evil, and we cannot but ask what it signifies. We know no devourer below man that eats up its own teeth. Nature made our bodies to last; and, when any part of them prematurely decay, it is a certain sign we have violated some of her fundamental laws.

Two objects, then, are before us, and let no one smile if we insist on their importance. One is, to import from the open field of nature all those good and wholesome things which our Father has laid up for us;[1] and, secondly, to train our taste and habits for the using of those things which are nutritive and sweet, and which may have the best influence on our moral character and social happiness.[2]

There are *many things* which we shall never throw away, but we are equally clear that there are *some things* which we shall yet discover.

Horace laughs at the Romans for eating the peacock, because his plumage was fine:

> Num vesceris istâ,
> Quam laudas, plumâ?[3]

One relic of this folly we have. We pay a higher price for

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and rest on. Thus, gaudy colors please at first, but plainer ones meet our improved and permanent taste. Now what is the food that will always be pleasing, always healthful, and always abundant?

> *Τῶν δ' ὅστις λωτοῖοο φάγοι μελιηδέα καρπόν,*
> *Οὐκετ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι πάλιν ἤθελεν, οὐδὲ νεέσθαι.*
>
> *Odyssey*, Lib. IX. lines 94, 95.

[1] One advantage of providing such food as is permanently grateful and wholesome will be, that students and professional gentlemen will not be tempted to eat too much. A copious source of disease and suffering! A gentleman in this vicinity has written the following recipe, on which he stakes his reputation as a poet and a philanthropist:

> "Your sickness, languor and distress
> You often might restore,
> If you would eat a little less
> And work a little more."

[2] The evil of smoking cigars, chewing tobacco, etc., is, that it tends to pervert and ruin this permanent taste for the wholesome and the good.

[3] See Satir, II. Lib. II. lines 26, 27.

the white flour that looks well, than for the coarse wheat which is far more nutritive and far more palatable. When the last treasures are discovered; when we have brought fashion and nature together;

> Then, like the Sun, let bounty spread her ray,
> And shine that superfluity away.

ARTICLE VIII.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

By William A. Stearns, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

In attempting to explain the transaction recorded in Matthew 4: 1—11, Mark 1: 12, 13, and Luke 4: 1—15, we do not forget that the subject is mysterious, and should be approached with awe. It comprehends a deep spiritual philosophy. Its interpretation is beset with difficulties. We have never met with any satisfactory commentary upon it. Nor shall we be disappointed if our own explanation should fail of commending itself to all. The subject, however, is exceedingly important, and invites study. If we are able to make even a small contribution towards a proper understanding of it, we shall not feel that we have labored in vain.

1. The circumstances under which the temptation occurred. It took place at the commencement of our Lord's ministry. In the history of his experience, it followed a season of high spiritual exaltation. He had just received baptism; the heavens had been opened unto him; the Spirit had descended upon him; the Father had said, in a voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and, according to Luke, he was at that time full of the Holy Ghost. These are the circumstances, and such was the state of mind, under which he was conducted to the scene of temptation.

2. The *time* occupied with this event. It is commonly spoken of as forty days and forty nights. But the record shows that