

and improbable. Many prosing and some absurd ejaculatory sentences rectifies the stranger's supposition, that, the atonement sufficed for all—and that as *all* fell by Adam, *all* were saved by the Redeemer's death. The pith of the denial of this heterodox opinion, lies in those words :

" Men would not be
Redeemed,
Would not be saved for lost, have life for death !"

That part of the Bard's Song which relates to the " world at dawn," is passed over with much brevity. Perhaps, the recollection that another bard of earth—blind, though not dark—sang inimitably well on the subject, induced the judicious brevity ; few will wish the theme to have been longer dwelt on by the author under consideration. The world at mid-day, that is, at the just past, and present day, is a theme abundantly rife with topics ; our author introduces it, by stating causes, why men, " knowing themselves accountable, should persevere in evil and be lost." The first great delusion treated of, is, the attempt of temporal power, to usurp spiritual influence—in other words, the connection which we find in most despotisms, and in some free governments, of Church with State. And perhaps none should be more apart in reality, than those adulterately connected powers. One is a concentration of lowliness, humility, singleness of intent and appearance, meekness, philanthropy, long suffering, and piety ; the other is founded on national pride and independence ; its diplomatic boast is, cunning ; its glory, war ; its Honour, vindictiveness and revenge ; its god, gold ; and its fiend of fiends, national embarrassment and failure of revenue. Yet the object of the personification of the latter, was, and is, to usurp controul over the energies of the former, and to blend both in one : as Pollok says,

" To wrest the crown from off
Messiah's head, and put it on his own ;
And in His place give spiritual laws to men ;
To bind religion, free by birth, by God
And nature free, and made accountable
To none but God, behind the wheels of state ;
To make the holy altar, where the Prince
Of life, incarnate, bled to ransom man,
A footstool to the throne."

The abomination is too prevalent in the states which we love best ; its evil and absurdity—to the disinterested and judicious—must be as palpable as the sun at noon day. All men are alike before God : masses of men form to themselves masters from their own number—but how disgustingly erroneous for those poor erring agents of temporal power, those who make not the mockery of pious professions, to usurp supremacy in his church, who was meek and lowly, and whose glory is pure and spiritual, and whose followers