

person. The authorities acted promptly, and arrested the whole charivari party. As usual the newspapers have been busy "in the interests of justice,"—interviewing the prisoners, exaggerating their statements, and giving them hideous characters. Society demands that the guilty should be punished, but there is danger of over-doing the thing. Newspaper law is almost as bad as lynch law.

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OR *versus* AND.

II.

(Continued.)

It is beyond a doubt that sentiment, which results from our rational powers and moral feelings acting in concert, is too good a thing to be dispensed with, either in our speculations or in our faith. But left to its own guidance, it is an *ignis fatuus*, a flitting capricious thing, moving in its gyrations by springs of its own on marshy and treacherous ground, and boasting many an incautious victim. To promote any useful purpose, sentiment must be able to show reason for its sallies; and in matters of faith it will be judged with unspairing severity. If it is a gift of God given to sweeten life, to stimulate, to elevate, to give high aspirations, it is given also subject to controlling reason. It is a favouring breeze that fills the sheets and speeds the bark, but whether to open sea or sunken reef is no affair of its. It needs a pilot. Reason will steer it, on reason's own waters; but when it reaches the unexplored expanse of revelation, faith must take the steering. Now the sentimental believer renounces both those guides: he scuds onward without suspicion of danger and indulges in sweet fancies, which, having no reality, will eventually cast him on some rocky shore. To speak without figure, he revels in joy over doctrines, images, or facts, which, for all he knows, may or may not be according to God's word, and some of which, as the Revision declares, are of human invention.

Here then is a man, who, unconsciously perhaps, but in fact, renounces the use of his reasoning powers and all external aids, and this too in the treatment of his most sacred interests, and despite the light furnished him by the new Revision. He anchors his hopes on the Version and the Cup. But, does not this blind sentimentality exert its magic power on the mind of a Turk, without justifying itself by any principle of reason? Is the reader of the Koran in the right faith because he feels he could adore that book? Like the Bible-reader, the Koran-reader warms to the often-read pages, and would bleed if forced to part with them? Not that his reason is at all clear on the truthfulness of what he reads, but that his joys are bound up with the volume; it is his *Ha' Bible*.*

To foster the idea that the veracity of Scripture could be established by the argument of instinct and sentimentality was simplicity enough: but our enthusiast finds an argument of equal calibre in the principle of friendship. The old Bible has been the companion of his life: on many a solemn sabbath day and many a stilly evening it has freely unbosomed itself to him, and mingled its sympathy with his distress. The inopportune Revision carries on its front a repulsiveness that throws him back on his old friend and serves to confirm his first love. But has he any security that no deceit lurked in the heart of the old acquaintance, and that there is nothing trustworthy in the new comer? Is he sure, can he clearly show to the satisfaction of any reasoning mind, that the old Version, any more than the new, is not a Thug, and that it has not been preying all his life time on the very vitals of his Christianity? In a case of so called friendship, where one of the parties is incapable of manifesting either thought or sentiment, there is no reaction, no interchange of affection, and, consequently, no friendship. The Bible sees not, hears not, speaks not, feels not, thinks not: it is not a sentient being that can reciprocate. It does not speak and explain itself; it does not protest against the false interpretations given to it, nor does it express its approval of the true: it is a dumb book made up of paper and ink, indifferent and insensible to the foul play which it every day meets. To interpret and enjoy the truth and beauty with which the Bible teems, no human means will suffice; it needs an interpreter of divine institution and guidance to match the Bible's divine inspiration. The Bible in every shape is a deep book, and needs other eyes than those of any private man to see down into its depths, other tests of truth than even the loftiest and most delicate feeling and fondness. Both are gifts of nature, and have noble purposes to serve; but away with them when they usurp a place not their own and darken the approach of truth.

Has it ever happened in any society that they have been admitted as guides to judgments and lights to demonstrations in science, trade, politics, government? No, the world's wisdom builds on more solid ground. And what in the daily transactions of life is summarily rejected as absurd or ridiculous, is actually taken up and made the boasted test of religious truth, the key of revealed science. Sad to think—there have been in every age men of consummate worldly wisdom who have made the fold of religion the scene of the strangest vagaries. What they hooted at in one case, they deemed good enough in the other. Reason might interpose and protest: vain its voice where blindfold fancy ruled supreme. And yet the delusion has its moral. To what a pitiable shift that man is reduced who throws off the authority of the Church and takes the helm of his eternal destinies into his own hands! Having given up the only means of coming at revealed truth, he is forced to fall back upon himself, and seek from within

* The *Ha' Bible* is the Scottish Presbyterian family Bible.