

that we cannot see the end from the beginning. . . . We have no faith in emotions, otherwise than as they follow the dictates of the understanding; nor in organized unity where there is no oneness of soul. It is easy to get up a sentimental affection, but it is difficult to discover a use for it when excited. Mere agreement is nothing—argues no virtue; mere disagreement is nothing—argues no serious evil. When Herod and Pilate became reconciled, there was no feature in their reconciliation to commend it to our reverence. When Paul withstood Peter to the face “because he was to be blamed,” there was *nothing* in his conduct incompatible with Christian meekness. The unity which is to be attained and preserved by shutting the eyes, and holding the tongue, and hushing the conscience, is not divine but human. Men of different opinions and convictions may shake hands in the eye of the world, and call on the world to admire their proceeding; but if, in order to this, either party have to hide their opinions behind their back, the moral effect upon the world will be, not admiration of the love exhibited, but doubt as to the sincerity implied. They know that a truce patched up for an occasion is likely enough to terminate in still bitterer war.

We long to see a manlier Christianity than that which characterises our day—not a rough, offensive, brawling thing, but, far-seeing, patient, and large-hearted. There is to us something peculiarly mournful in the little expedients which pinch the fruit to make it ripe, unmindful how those who come after us may suffer from our childishness. It is not too much to say that the whole world groans to see God’s truth emancipated from secular thralldom,—that Providence is moving on with majestic steadiness towards this glorious consummation—and that the destiny of future ages is ultimately connected with the mode in which this question shall be disposed of. But that it should be indefinitely postponed in order that some good men in our day should enjoy the luxury of shaking hands together, and meeting as Christian brethren ought always to meet, strikes us as one of the saddest displays of selfishness and littleness which can be looked upon by a reflecting mind.

INFIDELITY, AND THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

No. 6.

One of the evidences of the divinity of the Christian religion is its power to impart joy, peace, hope, and noble desire in life and in death. The following extract is worthy of perusal as a graphic contrast between the character of an infidel champion and that of a christian:—

I have been lately reading the memoirs of Mr. Gibbon, as I hope to my edification, and confirmation in the truth of Christi-