

battery consists of eight guns of the same calibre—namely, one of 12 lb. or 14 lb., as far as one could guess. It is intended to use only one kind of gun for cavalry and infantry. For the Russians are of opinion that the light field guns have been rendered useless by the use of the long-range rifles, and they are adopting the system of artillery introduced by the Emperor Napoleon into the French army. Would that our authorities would open their eyes to this question, and institute some experiments in continuation of those begun in the Crimea. The horses were splendid, and surprised those Englishmen present who thought that no good quadrupeds of the kind could be seen out of England. The heavy roll of 12 batteries, with all their pomp of spare horses, caissons, &c., and the march of the artillerymen, did not cease till 30 minutes had elapsed, and then, blazing with gold and silver, the Cavalier Guard of the Emperor came up at the head of the 12 regiments of cavalry of the Imperial Guard and of the line.

It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty and condition of some of those regiments, and more particularly was one struck with the appearance of the horse and men of the hussar regiment of Groudon. The Gardes a Cheval, the Grenadiers of the Guard, the mounted Sappers and Pontonniers, the Cuirassiers, the Lanciers, the Hussars, and the Cossacks came in for their share of praise, and puzzled one to decide which was the most imposing and effective-looking. All the horses were turned out in marching order, with a bag of oats at the saddle, and every third man carried behind him a small copper stable bucket, which fitted to the end of the roll of his great coat or blanket. The cavalry went past in a front of 65 file. After they had saluted, each squadron wheeled round to the left, and drew up in line, extending more than a mile on the ground on the proper right of the plain; and now the very finest spectacle one ever saw was presented in a manner as grand as it was startling. When the squadron had dressed into a splendid line, a certain number of the officers slowly rode out in front, and came towards the line of spectators till they were within about 50 paces, when they halted, and took up points in a line parallel to that of the cavalry, who were distant from them about 650 yards. Then at a given signal, the whole of this tremendous body of cavalry, uttering loud cheers, and flourishing sabres or couched lances, burst into a gallop, and charged full speed towards the people and the Emperor's cortege. The effect was overwhelming: the earth indeed shook under the tramp of 15,000 war horses—their force seemed sufficient to annihilate whole armies—they sweep over the ground like some prodigious wave or roller of the great Atlantic—in a second they were close at hand, and it seemed as if nothing mortal could check that glittering flood. The women shrieked and fled, and some of the rear sex turned tail and sought refuge in the rear of the lines. The alarm was groundless. The horses were well in hand, notwithstanding the great speed at which they advanced, and on arriving at the line of officers the billow of Centaurs was arrested as if by magic, and the front suddenly halted in wonderful order amid the tremendous cheering of the people. Such are the sights which Russia exhibits to German Potentates and their followers, and such are the displays which have led half Europe to fear her as irresistible and unassailable. The recollection of this very charge might perplex a statesman or disturb the councils of a Cabinet. The review was now over, and the Emperor proceeded towards Petrowsky, surrounded on all sides by thousands of his subjects, the warmth of whose loyalty and attachment was most evident and heartfelt. The poorest mujik was permitted to come quite close to the person of him who represented in his eyes the incarnate Deity, nor did the General-marshal trample the crowd in the dirt or interfere in the slightest way except to keep order among the droshkies. As the troops marched past they fled off towards their respective quarters, heartily glad to get away from the choking dust and cold wind which they had endured for six hours. The corps of cadets, indeed, had marched over as early as 7 o'clock from a distance of several miles, but the Emperor was considerate enough to prepare refreshment for them at the Petrowsky Palace.

The troops paraded on this occasion consisted of 16 squadrons of Cuirassiers, 36 squadrons of Light Cavalry, and 12 squadrons of Cossacks; 12 squadrons of Pioneers a Cheval, and 1 squadron of His Majesty's escort—in all 73 squadrons. The Infantry consisted of four complete divisions of the Guard. Each division is composed of four regiments, and each regiment contains four battalions. There were, therefore, 64 battalions, or about 50,000 men of the Guard; to these must be added 20 battalions of the corps of Grenadiers, three battalions of Rifles, one battalion of Sappers, and one battalion of Marine Infantry of the Guard, in all 90 battalions of Infantry. Each of these divisions brought its batteries into the field, so that there were at least 116 guns on the ground—some say there were 140 pieces paraded, but I only counted the number stated above. The aspect of the field may be imagined when it is recollected that there were more men present than there were on both sides together at the battle of the Alma, and considerably more than there were of English, French, and Russians at the battle of Inkermann. The Grand Duke Constantine held his court this evening at the Palace of the Governor at 8 o'clock, and those strangers who had been presented to the Emperor had the honor of being introduced to His Imperial Highness. He speaks English remarkably well, and he put several questions to our countrymen respecting their uniforms and other matters which showed that he was acquainted with the external appearance, at all events, of the British army. The American Minister and his suite, and Colonel Colt were presented to the Grand Duke in full uniform, cocked hat, plume of yellow cox's feathers, blue coat, large gold epaulettes, gold lace-striped trousers, sword, &c. Well, said the Colonel, "you are not the most magnificent Grand Duke I ever met." How is that, Colonel? asked the Grand Duke. "Why, you shook hands with me, and you are the first Grand Duke that has done that yet," was the reply. His Imperial Highness

smiled and did not seem to know how to take the remark. September 4. It is impossible to judge from the restaurants at Moscow, there is no better place in the world to come to in order to prepare for the hardships of a campaign, or to try the temper. The best of them is dear, and bad beyond comparison; and the only things good are the wine and the bread. It must be admitted that the latter is excellent, light, sweet, white, and wholesome, and our London bakers would do well if they came to Moscow for an apprenticeship in the art of making bread. It is very hard to have to pay £1 for cabbage soup, flet du cheval, a bit of bad fish, one stewed pear, and a bottle of light French wine; but it is harder still to wait for 20 minutes between every dish, while leaden-eyed waiters are staring at you with a mixture of contempt and compassion because of your ignorance of the Russian tongue. Tired, cross, and dyspeptic, the stranger seeks a Russian dining room where the arts of French cookery have never been employed to render bad meat still worse. There, amid the odors of tobacco—for a Russian not being able to smoke in the streets makes up for it by inhaling you resign yourself to an unknown bill of fare and the caprices of your bearded attendant. It is fair to say of the said waiter that he is clad in a milk-white and scrupulously clean robe, which descends in easy folds from his neck to his heels, so that he looks like a very high priest of the deity of gastronomy, and that you need not be as uneasy about his fingers and hands as you have good cause to be at the Russo-French restaurants. First you will be presented with a huge bowl of cabbage soup, a kind of pot-au-feu, which must be eaten, however, with several odd adjuncts, such as cakes stuffed with chopped vegetables, a dish of gnelots, chopped fat fried brown and crisp, and lastly a large ewer full of sour milk. Then comes a vol-au-vent of fowl and toad-stools. Next, if you are alive, porosenok, or a boiled sucking-pig with tart sauce; then a very nasty little fish much prized in Moscow, and called sterlet; a hich of roast beef and a dish of birds about the size of pigeons called guilemots; a compote of fruit closes the meal. I have forgotten to say how it begins. Before dinner a tray is laid out with caviare, raw salt herrings, raw hain and sardines, bottles of brandy, vodka, anisette, and doppel kummel, a sweet spirit with a flavor of mint. It is de rigueur to eat some of this, and as the caviare is generally good it is the best part of the dinner.

September 4. The ceremony of proclaiming the Emperor's coronation was performed to-day for the first time. At 9 o'clock in the morning the procession was formed in the square before the Senate House, inside the Kremlin, in the following manner:—The General in command, Osten-Sacken, on horseback, halted in the centre of the open space; on his right hand, a little in the rear, a squadron of the Cavalier Gardé, and on his left a squadron of the Garde a Cheval were drawn up in parade order; the trumpeters of each squadron were posted on the flanks, and six led horses, with rich caparisons, were stationed in a line on each side of the trumpets. In front of the general were the two Secretaries of the Senate. An aide-de-camp-general, a grand master of the ceremonies, a herald-at-arms, and two masters of the ceremonies, in full costume, were placed at each side of Osten-Sacken, and behind him were four trumpeters, with trumpets of silver magnificently draped with cloth of gold embroidered with the Imperial arms. The masters of the ceremonies wore tri-colored scarfs embroidered with gold, and the heralds-at-arms were as richly and fantastically clad as Norry or Claveux could desire. Shortly after the assistants had taken their places, the General raised his hand and gave an order in Russian, whereupon the trumpets burst out into a wild and startling flourish, the heralds raised their maces in the air, and all having uncovered their heads, one of the Secretaries read the proclamation, of which the following is a translation into English:—

Our very august, very high, and very puissant Lord, the Emperor Alexander Nicolaievitch, being mounted on the throne of his ancestors, which is that of All the Russias, as well as upon those of the kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from it, has deigned to order that the coronation of His Imperial Majesty and his oath shall take place on the 26th of the month of August, His August Spouse the Empress Marie Alexandrovna participating in this sacred ceremony. This solemn act is announced by the present proclamation to all faithful subjects, to the end that on this happy day they may redouble their fervor in their prayers to the King of Kings, that He may spread by His Almighty power His favors and blessings on the reign of His Majesty, and that throughout its duration He may maintain peace and tranquillity, to the glory of His holy name, and for the unalterable prosperity of the Empire. Let us hope that "all the people cried—"Amen" to this prayer. May it be heard! Then the heralds-at-arms scattered printed copies of the proclamation among the people, which were very eagerly caught up, and the trumpets of the cavalry played "God save the Czar." The crowd cheered loudly, and many knelt down and prayed. The procession then re-formed, and passed out through the Saviour's Gate to the Place where the monument to Minnie and Pojarsky is erected, as follows:—First, four led horses, very richly caparisoned, two led horses for the heralds, four for the Grand Masters of the Ceremonies, two for the General-in-Chief, a squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes preceded by trumpets and kettle-drums, two heralds preceded by the four trumpeters with silver trumpets and flags, four Masters of the Ceremonies two and two, General Osten-Sacken, two Aide-de-Camp Generals, the two Secretaries, and a squadron of the Guides a Cheval. The proclamation was again made in the same form as before, and then the cortege was divided into two bodies of equal size, each composed of the functionaries of similar rank, which separated and proceeded to the various gates and principal points of the town, where the proclamation was again made, and copies distributed to the people. When this ceremony was finished, the Masters of the Ceremonies proceeded in great state, in gold coaches, to the residences of the different Ambassadors, to announce that Sunday next had been fixed for the coronation.

RUSSIAN PASSPORTS. The passenger, when he puts down his fare, is asked for his passport. If he has imagined that any of the several previous permits which have been granted to him in St. Petersburg will serve (for each change of hotel a new one), over and above the regular visas of his original passport by his ambassador or consul, and then by the police; if he has supposed that this is sufficient, he is quite mistaken. He is sent back for another day. It is the inconceivable complications of the Russian passport system, and its accessory obligations, which more than any other unpleasantness, make travellers who have once been in the country dread a return to it; and as there is nothing which the new reign is said to be more anxious to encourage than the influx of foreigners into Russia, it would really and seriously be worth the while of Government in Russia to modify the vexatious requirements now imposed upon the traveller. No other country, except China has, or ever had in force forms so numerous, so onerous, so useless, so absurd, or, in some respects so discreditable. Smith has complied with every portion of the intricate regulations, and, knowing this, he has not felt any of the anxiety which made me proceed so superfluously early (as it might seem) to the railway station. When, therefore, in return for the production of his money he is asked for his Moscow passport, he confidently draws it forth; but the bell is ringing, and heavens! he is told that it is not valid. He points to the visa of his consul, to the next visa of the secret police, to Count Orloff's visa, to the visa of the police of his first quarter, to that of the police of the quarter to which he then removed, to that of the police in the district from which he has last and only just come, and he demands indignantly, "Do they call that 'not valid'?" The English speaking clerk has, unluckily, his attention engaged elsewhere for the moment; and it is with German that poor Smith is being pelted now. Still he has one chance. The clerk addresses a few words in Russ to the porter; the latter jabbars vehemently to Smith, and points across the office; "Pashovsk!" he cries, and beckons Smith to follow. Ah! if our tormented countryman's good angel would only inspire him to do so. The Russian porter will not despair, and in reply, to Smith's "You be—, it is vised, I tell you; don't you see its vised in fifty—places." In reply to this he ventures to lay a hand on Smith's collar gently to draw him through the seething and fast-thickening crowd. The spirit of a Briton is immediately roused by this last atrocity; he has not rightly read the benevolent anxiety in the face of the poor Mujik; for Smith is athletic, but not a physiognomist, any more than a linguist. Just as he has sent his insolent adversary reeling against the fat Russian merchant who is hurrying out to the platform at the sound of the second bell, the clerk, who speaks all languages, happens to be again disengaged, and calls out that the visa now required is merely that of the officer at the other side of the booking office. Smith rushes thither, presents his passport, has it stamped, receives it back, struggles once more through the crowd, and arrives at the counter where he should receive his passenger ticket, only to find that the time is past for his delivery. Meanwhile his luggage is in the train, which, nearly a quarter of a mile long, is now beginning slowly to move past the tall windows and windowed doors. There will be no more trains that day, except a special one for his Imperial Highness the Prince Romanovsky and his suite.—*Correspondent of Morning Post.*

CONFIDENCE OF PRAYER. The all-attention that some Brethren, I believe, of the English Association, have shown towards the subject of prayer, is a most acceptable sentiment, and is a most judicious expression of opinion. The presence of God as the aiders and abettors of mercy. With serious care the prayers must be examined as to their literary, logical, and moral qualities. Nor must it be imagined that this general view of prayer is discouraged, much less is it pronounced to be unsound, or an usurpation of the prerogative of Him to whom it is officially addressed. On the contrary, it is encouraged in the most unequivocal manner by the whole economy of Presbyterialism. The people are instructed that, when engaged in the election of a minister, they must carefully examine his gift of prayer—they must watch closely the structure of his sentences—the flow of his language—the shade of his opinions—the very tones of his voice, and the acceptableness of his doctrines as far as it can be gathered from his trial prayers. Does he pray so as to please the congregation? That is the point. The question whether his prayers were pleasing to God is quite another matter, and enters not into the programme of the inducting Presbytery. This is a step in advance for it places prayer on the list of marketable commodities whose value can be estimated with as much precision as a given amount of writing for a magazine or review.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. THE JESUIT MISSION IN ATHLONE.—The labors of the Jesuit Fathers in this town continue to be attended by the population of town and country, all eager to avail themselves of the edifying instruction, and listen to the beautiful and eloquent preaching of these gifted Clergymen. Not only from Athlone and its vicinity, but from more distant parts of the country, have the people come to participate—with that zeal for which our people are remarkable—in the devotional exercises and religious inculcations required by the Missionaries. Many of these heretofore believing in the errors of Protestantism have, by the enlightened teaching and convincing piety of the Jesuit Fathers, become convinced of their errors, and entered the bosom of the Catholic Church. We may state that on Wednesday, John Carr, of the Longford Royal Rifles, a zealous Protestant, entered the Catholic religion, and was baptized in the true faith.—Many others intend to do likewise, but have not yet been prepared to consummate their recantation.—*Athlone Sentinel.*

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—NEWMARKET-ON-FERGUS.—We are delighted to hear that the new church at Newmarket is to be commenced early next year, in a style of great magnificence. The site granted by Lord Inchiquin is the most beautiful that could be selected on the rising ground immediately over Carrigoran Lake, and commanding a view of the Fergus and Shannon. The Church is to be called St. Mary's on Ferris, and the plan is to be given by Mr. McCarthy of Dublin. The public spirited inhabitants of the united parishes have already given over £1,000; but, as it is the expressed wish of the worthy Bishop of the Diocese, of Lord Inchiquin, Sir Edward Fitzgerald, and the parishioners themselves, that St. Mary's Church should be not only a blessing to the parishioners, but an ornament to the country, the Rev. Mr. Quinlan, before soliciting aid from the people of other countries, is going, with the approbation of his Bishop, to appeal first to the people of his native Diocese to assist him in his glorious work.—*Clare Journal.*

On Sunday last the imposing ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a house of worship to the Almighty was performed at Louisburgh, by His Grace the most Rev. Archbishop of Tuam, the scenery of mountain and glen adding much to the solemnity of doing so good a work, and reminding the poor peasants of the tradition of the dreadful time of persecution, when they were obliged to steal to their performance of the sacred and holy rites of their religion in some of those very mountain caverns and recesses which are in the neighborhood of Louisburgh. A very liberal collection attended the endeavor of the Rev. Mr. Carley, assisted by the very able and pious exertions of His Grace, both in English and the mother tongue. The day was most propitious. The Rev. Mr. Carley sympathously entertained His Grace and the Clergy and laity who were present on the occasion at his hospitable board.—*Connaught Ranger.*

The New Catholic Cathedral of Kilkenny will be solemnly opened and dedicated early in October. Mr. James A. Johnson, late editor of the *Wexford People*, has left Ireland to enter the novitiate of the Redemptionist Order.

EMIGRATION.—The "exodus" has by no means terminated. Every day during the last week brought its contingent of emigrants, accompanied by bands of relatives and friends, to our railway station. They were, for the most part, of the peasant class, and their passages had been paid for by their friends already across the Atlantic. We know of several families in this district at present, who are making preparations to try their fortunes in Australia.—*Ballinacree Star.*

The Bridgewater at Gort, formerly the residence of the late Lord Kilkenny, has been purchased from Mr. James Cahill for a convent and nunnery to be established in that town. General Sir Richard England has arrived at the Curragh Camp, and assumed the command of the troops. The Earl of Salisbury.—The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"The disputed claims to the title and estates of the late Earl of Shrewsbury promise a remunerative harvest for the legal profession in Ireland as well as in England. The petition of Major Talbot, of Castle Talbot, in the county of Wexford, has been already lodged in the department of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms; and it is believed here that, unless fortune prove more than usually fickle, there is a fair chance of the prize being carried off by the gallant major. In the opinion of those conversant with the mysteries of heraldic lore there is but one material point to be cleared up; and if that should be decided in favour of the petitioner, the committee will have but little difficulty in coming to a conclusion. Nevertheless, it might be as well for all parties concerned to make due allowance for the glorious uncertainty of the law, even when dispensed by the highest tribunal in the empire. That one point, so lightly spoken of, may keep the rightful inheritor out of possession for many a long year to come. [This is a Catholic branch of the family.—The late Lady Shrewsbury, who married the fifteenth Earl in 1814, was the eldest daughter of William Talbot, Esq., of Castle Talbot.]

THE ASPECT OF IRELAND.—The aspect of Ireland just now presents a combination of matters, which form a strange and curious medley. We have a great deal of cant and humbug enacted at agricultural and cattle shows, where beasts, and not men, are the admiration of the powers that be. We have dinners given to militia regiments, at which there is a great deal of baldrdash spoken, and a large quantity of nonsense and bad English flung before the nation. We have—and this is the most pleasing aspect we view—some hundreds of thousands of men and women, with sickle in hand, bending their backs, and cutting down the golden tined corn. We have reviews in "the fifteen acres," and presentations of new colors to old regiments; and the Lords of the Admiralty making their annual tour to inspect harbors, and vessels, and what not. But all this is to sustain England in her present tottering condition. Agricultural shows are held to encourage the breeding and fattening of stock to fill John Bull's stomach. The militia are feasted, to put them in good humour with John Bull's rule in Ireland. Reviews are held to inspect his army; the Lords of the Admiralty make their annual tour to look after his navy; and Irish rapiers are cutting corners to give him bayonet. This is the way the game is played. There is nothing being done for Ireland; nothing to bring plenty and power and comfort to her people. They work and suffer; they spend year after year in providing for their masters the best things the land can produce; and they themselves live on the rubbish. It was not so when Ireland had self rule. It was not so when she had a parliament to guide her, to protect her trade, foster her commerce, encourage her fisheries, take care of her revenue, and make her respected. But those days are gone, and we have fallen into the hands of Great Britain, who has taken care to destroy our manufactures, and has all but annihilated our commerce. He appropriates our surplus revenue to himself, and there is no one, not even one Irish member, to make himself acquainted with that question, and insist on having some portion of the Irish revenue given to this country for national purposes. If we had an independent parliament now, when a different aspect of the country would present. It would give new life to the people. It would infuse a new spirit into every class, and beneath its fostering rule the bungled system practised here by England would disappear. The seas round our coast would be studded with fishing vessels, and we would be exporting at least half a million's worth of fish annually, instead of paying nearly that amount for fish to foreigners. Factories would arise on the banks of our streams and rivers, and in the vicinity of our towns and villages, clothing our people with the work of their own hands, and exporting goods to other countries. The population would be profitably employed; would have money to spend, to enrich our traders and shopkeepers; the land laws would be reformed, and the land made twice as productive as it is. Our home and foreign trade would be more than doubled; and rags, squalid misery and beggary banished forever from our shores. Oh, it is a terrible calamity to lose self-government. It is handing your house, your business, and your purse over to your enemy to manage, them as he thinks proper, and such is what has been done with Ireland. She is now ruled, not for the good of her people, but to aggrandize England. That country has the making of our laws, and possession of our public purse. We are obliged to bend to her will, and that is abject slavery. When shall these things end? When? Never, till Ireland is governed from sea to sea by Irishmen; till the cant and nonsense heard in Dublin Castle are drowned by the united voices of all orders and classes in that land; and the reign of justice substituted for that of fraud and tyranny.—*Dunblak Democrat.*

MAXWORTH.—The opponents of the Irish Sebastopol will be gratified to learn that the trenches will positively be re-opened in the next session of Parliament, and that another vigorous effort will be made to demolish the stubborn stronghold. This decision was announced on Tuesday in the following letter read at the meeting of the Belfast Protestant Association:—"My dear Dr. Drew.—Pray, assure the Christ Church Protestant Association that I duly appreciate the kind manner in which they have noticed my attempt to put down the national sin of supporting the idolatrous College of Maynooth. The college, I have no doubt is doomed. How long it will be suffered to remain it is hard to say. At my time of life, 73 complete, I cannot expect to be permitted to see the full success of my exertions. Those exertions would have been all in vain had it not been for the assistance, encouragement which I have received from your society, and others of a similar nature. If spared till next session, it is my intention to move the question again, and I shall depend upon a renewal of your kind support.—I am, my dear Dr. Drew, yours truly, "RICHARD SPOONER."

Previous to the reading of the foregoing, the Rev. Dr. Drew read the 25th chapter of Isaiah, and then he read all present knelt in prayer; after which an animated discussion ensued in reference to the rather rickety discussion of the Conservative party in the Legislature, more especially as regards the knotty question of the Maynooth grant or endowment. Eventually, the following resolution was adopted:—"Resolved,—That this association learns with regret that any doubt exists in the minds of any Protestants as to the position in which Maynooth stands to the empire at large, and to Protestants especially; that there is abundant evidence to show that no compact exists between the Government and the supporters of Maynooth; that there is no legal compact, for of such no record is to be found; nor is there a Parliamentary understanding connected with the Union, in behalf of Maynooth, inasmuch as it is notorious the all but unanimous vote of the House of Lords, in 1799, utterly rejected the proposal for a grant; even if Maynooth did come under the proviso which allowed religious and benevolent institutions to receive certain sums for 20 years, that such time has expired. Independently, however, of all such views; this association holds the grant, whether in its old or later state, to be incompatible with Protestant principles and with civil and religious liberty."

The local paper, thus reports the conclusion of the proceedings:—"With hearty and well-tuned voices the members joined in the 'Doxology,' the President repeated the apostolic benediction; and all retired happily in thus fulfilling their duty to the monarch, to religion, to the Bible, and the Sovereign Ruler of all men."—*London Times.*

Equally "plain" and distinct is the teaching of "The Confession of Faith," and Professor Munro has ably succeeded in unmasking its plausibly concealed inconsistencies—a task which his own previous connection with Calvinism must have considerably lightened. The description of the Scotch Calvinist's idea of prayer is so good that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it entire:— Gradually, though perhaps unobtrusively, the principles of Calvinism have been producing their natural fruits in the Presbyterian body. Prayer, or to be more accurate public prayer, has virtually ceased. A moral or doctrinal academic essay is committed to memory by the officiating minister, and addressed ostentatiously to God, but in reality to the hearers. So well is this understood by the people that "the prayer" furnishes the weekly staple of pastoral criticism. Were the people inclined to look upon the exercise as prayer, and join with their ministers, in the spirit of humility, they would find serious difficulties to the accomplishment of their purpose. They are unacquainted with the petitions their minister intends to prefer. They know not the sentiments to which he may feel inclined to give utterance. How, then, could a people, zealous with such a burning zeal for orthodoxy as Calvinists are, turn their minds to the