

of Truth. Under this delusion Kings and Legislatures made creeds, and sought with pains and penalties to enforce belief. In less than one century the so-called Protestant church dissolves into a confused and angry mob of disputing sectarians. Too late is it discovered that if a body of men may rightfully, upon their mere reason, devise their religious creed and forms, every individual of the Protestant body may do the like upon *his* mere reason.

In vain did the dissenters, who stood nearest to the Church, call from their pulpits and through the statute book to the new sects "*hear ye the Church.*" The reply was ready—"we are the Church. if we are not the Church as much as ye, then the Reformation is a vain thing." And from that time to the present the variant and conflicting sects of Protestantism have continually multiplied—acknowledging but one principle of unity—displaying but one sign of brotherhood, namely, hostility to the church from which they had revolted.

What is the result of this experiment of "rational Christianity"—an experiment that has been working for three centuries? In the nineteenth century, so boastful of its light and intelligence—the most visible and palpable result of the Protestant experiment is that Protestant has Paganized itself.

At no time since the Christian era has the appetite for fable and delusion been so ravenous and so unscrupulous as it is in this enlightened nineteenth century. It seems to matter not how wild, how destructive of worldly peace and welfare—how blasphemous a new "religious" or "philanthropical" theory may be—let it bear the semblance of novelty, and it fails not to find followers, not among the weak and unlearned alone, but among the strong in worldly wisdom and the learned.

Rational Christianity, indeed,

"Can find commodious place for every god  
Promptly received as prodigally brought  
\* \* \* \* \* at choice of all adventurers,"

and thus when we look upon the Protestant sects instead of a church with creed and a form, we see nothing but contest, altar against altar, creed against creed. Are these discordant sects churches? Christian churches with whom the SAVIOUR is always to be?

Are they not rather like the people of the plain who sought to make their names famous by building their tower even unto heaven—but of whom the Lord said, "Let us go down and confound their tongue that they may not understand one another's speech."

Distracted and sick with the doubts, confusion and denials of ever changing Protestantism—some, we fear, of the worldly wise, retreat, like the learned Pagans of old, for a time at least, to the chill and dreary shades of Infidelity.

May they yet find repose and security in the Faith and Practice of the Church which is and is to be "*SEMPER ET EADEM.*"

## BODY AND MIND.

BY CARLYLE.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implements, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed, thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battle wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God created form but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on, thou art in the duty, be out of it who may; thou toiledst for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.<sup>1</sup>

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony—revealing this by act and by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and inward endeavours are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implements conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Guidance, Freedom, Immortality! These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such anywhere now be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

And again; it is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal, (however we name our stealing,) which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor man is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food