

Moreover, we are told, on scientific authority, that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Now, some of the special and important doctrines contained in the annihilated Protestantism are common to the teachings of the Roman Church also, and necessarily become equally extinct. Among those enumerated are the Miraculous Birth, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. I should think the organism must suffer from the manifold amputations.

One of the main supports that has given way is the Bible, which affords no external authority for its truth, and which gives merely its own warranty for its truth and the correct report of true religion. Now, repeating the above aphorism, that is precisely the case with the Roman Church—we have only its own warranty for its early and continuous existence, to attest its "personal experience" of "the earliest facts of its history."

There can be no room for doubt on the point that we have only the Church's own word to attest its conscious unity,—“a single organ of thought and historic memory.” The conclusion is thus thrust upon us, that whoever rejects the Protestant religion because it rests upon an authority having only its own warranty for being reliable, must for the same reason reject the Roman religion, because it also only presents its own warranty for its infallibility.

We are told that the Church of Rome has been compelled to take up this matter “under the pressure of criticism and evolution.” That remains to be proved. But, any way, it will require time; for, if it required two centuries to absorb the discoveries of Galileo, it will require many more centuries to assimilate the transcendently anti-theological ideas of modern Evolution.

DREAM DISCOVERIES.

THE Rev. Mr. Wodrow, the historian of the Covenanters, is an enthusiastic Calvinist. It was he, I think, who told a poor woman with a large family that “it would be an uncouth mercy if all her children were saved.” This was logical, from his point of view: they that be saved are few; here is a family of a dozen, and their mother actually expects to meet them all in the New Jerusalem! Such a mercy would be “uncouth.” Then Wodrow believes in every kind of portent, and miracle, and warning, and bogie, down to Cotton Mather's lost sermon, marvellously pursuing him and rejoining him as he rides.

The following anecdote would have delighted Wodrow, though how he would have classed it I cannot guess. A gentleman, very well known in many ways, was at his house in the country, where a young lady was visiting himself and his wife. She lost a pearl from a ring. It could not be found, and she went home. Four or five weeks later she again visited her friends, arriving in the evening, and, as it happened, not going into the library that day. Next morning, while dressing, her host said to his