

people, in priestly stole, and with illuminated missal? Here is a workman, clogging the wheels to the best of his ability, covering them with the cobwebs of cast off superstitions and formalising the life of the Church, with dead ceremonies, taken out of a popish censer. Let us turn in another direction, and we shall see a strange adaptation of the machinery. The fly wheel is in full force, and is doing much valuable labour by its numerous auxiliaries, but see, every accepted piece of work is first of all let down into cold water, and this must be a prime and principal part of the operation. Every wheel, great and small, has a dipping apparatus. This is the peculiarity in this portion of the machine, but it works well notwithstanding, and is doing good service.

Let us now turn to Presbyterianism, and observe its movements. There is a good deal here worth looking at and studying. It will be seen that the work is not done by one large, but rather by three or four small wheels, moving by belts of their own, and keeping their work well apart. An ordinary spectator can see no difference whatever in the *modus operandi*, and some have not hesitated to consider the division a waste of power. One enthusiast cries out, substitute a large wheel for these three diminutive ones. Stop a little, says a more cautious member, I fear the material of the wheels is very different in quality and nature, and the proposed amalgamation may prove a failure. Let us begin with *rogged* wheels which though separate, by fitting into each other, may materially help, and move in harmony and fellow-sympathy. We like the second proposal rather than the first. But there is a kind of experimental speculation abroad just now, which is advocating the large wheel system very strongly. We will have more strength and more work, they say, at less expense. But they forget that the wheel would be made of discordant materials and though the central and main portion is firm enough, the outside parts are so slippery that the belt (of love) would be forever coming off, and damaging the whole concern. We would say, then, let the smaller wheels work away, after their own fashion. Let us only be certain that the work is done, and that no part of the vast and complicated machine is idle. Our Synod is the fly wheel of our Church, the generator of motion. The machinery itself is remarkable for its extreme simplicity. One would therefore imagine it ought to work easily and well. And so it would if every one were only to do his duty. Sometimes the individual is laggard, occasionally a whole congregation hangs like a dead weight on the working power. Every individual who with niggard hand withholds his due proportion of nourishment is starving the machine—clogging its movements, and rendering it inoperative. Alas, it is too common a sight to see some wheels standing still altogether for want of a connecting belt in the

form of a minister. Others again well belted, but moving at a snail's pace, eaten into with the fatal rust of avarice and selfishness, and indifference of the component parts—the membership of the congregation.

"Give me a spot to stand on," said the self-confident philosopher of old, "and I will move the world." Yet the world was moving all the time, and he did not know it, and even could he have found a resting-place for his lever, by a well known axiom in mechanics—even had he succeeded in his daring hope, what would he have accomplished with his boasted knowledge? Were he to work without resting, it would take some 150 billions of years to raise it one inch—for what would be gained in power would be lost in time. This would have been slow work for the philosopher. But let us suppose that, from the beginning, Christianity had been checked by no divisions—that the bitterness of sect had never been known—and that no division or difference of opinion had ever existed; had they remained one family—animated by one hope—working for one common object, without a jar to ruffle or retard the great work of progress;—in what condition would the world have been now? And ought we not to labour to bring about that consummation so far as we can? Doubtless we ought, if the price to be paid is not too great. But it is, after all, but a wild chimera; and while the human mind is constituted as it is, there will continue to be divisions and differences—There will be those who walk in their own way for conscience sake—there will also be those who serve God in hypocrisy or vain show, or through selfishness, or out of contention. These are jars, but they, doubtless, are permitted for wise purposes, and may prevent even greater evils. We all know the deadening effect of a chilling uniformity, and who knows but it might ere this have frozen the Church to death? We cannot tell. We confess that brotherly kindness and charity are the very spirit and essence of the Gospel. Our blessed Lord both taught and practiced them. And when we find one sect intriguing against and trying to undermine another—when we witness the heats and passions of so-called christian men and women, our heart is apt to fail within us. When we see the little country Church standing in the midst of a district as a common centre of worship, and just beside it another Church planted—in spite and bitterness, we say to ourselves—there is no christianity in such an act, and no blessing or good of any kind can attend it. Such spirit, alas! has been, is, and will be a spirit of evil, crushing all charity out of the heart. Churches may multiply—and have multiplied around us—but, in too many instances, the spirit which caused them to be planted has been a curse rather than a blessing to the community. An old white-headed patriarch, who has read his Bible 'or nigh eighty years, remarked to us, with srr-