

perverted nature of the ascetic. He is an ambassador from God, but he is one with man. His devotion is impassioned, celestial; but it is a devotion which has given a new tenderness and force to every feeling of humanity, to every social affection. His preaching points to heaven, but his sympathies identify him with everything in the allotment of humanity on earth, and all that he might become thus potent in leading men to heaven. Such, in the pulpit, was Richard Baxter, and such in no mean degree, according to the testimony of Baxter, were many, very many, of the Puritan preachers in the seventeenth century.—*Dr. Vaughan.*

LUTHER AND IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

Luther took to wife a nun. For thirty years together, Loyola never once looked on the female countenance. To overthrow the houses of the order to which he belonged, was the triumph of the reformer. To establish a new order on indestructible foundations, the glory of the saint. The career of the one was opened in the cell, and concluded amidst the cares of secular government. The course of life of the other, led him from a youth of camps and palaces to an old age of religious abstraction. Demons haunted both; but to the northern visionary they appeared as foul or malignant fiends, with whom he was to agonize in spiritual strife; to the southern dreamer, as angels of light marshaling his way to celestial blessedness. As best became his Teutonic honesty and singleness of heart, Luther aimed at no perfection but such as may consist of the every-day cares, and the common duties, and the innocent delights of our social existence; at once the foremost of heroes, and a very man; now oppressed with melancholy, and defying the powers of darkness, satanic or human; then 'rejoicing in gladness and thankfulness of heart for all his abundance;' loving and beloved; communing with the wife of his bosom, prattling with his children; surrendering his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of nature or of art; responding alike to every divine impulse, and to every human feeling; no chord unstrung in his spiritual or sensitive frame, but all blending together in harmonies as copious as the bounties of Providence, and as changeable as the vicissitudes of life. How remote from the 'perfection' which Loyola proposed to himself, and which (unless we presume to distrust the Bulls by which he was beatified and canonized) we must suppose him to have attained. Drawn by infallible, not less distinctly than by fallible lines, the portrait of the military priest of the Casa Professa possesses the cold dignity and the grace of sculpture, but is wholly wanting in the mellow tones, the lights and shadows, the rich colouring, and the skilful composition of the sister

art. There he stands apart from us mortal men, familiar with visions which he may not communicate, and with joys which he cannot impart. Severe in the midst of raptures, composed in the very agonies of pain; a silent, austere, and solitary man; with a heart formed for tenderness, yet mortifying even his best affections, loving mankind as his brethren, and yet rejecting their sympathy; one while a squalid, care-worn, self-lacerated pauper, tormenting himself that so he might rescue others from sensuality; and then a monarch, reigning in secluded majesty, that so he might become the benefactor of his race, or a legislator exacting, though with no selfish purposes, an obedience as submissive and as prompt as is due to the King of Kings.

Heart and soul we are for the Protestant. He who will be wiser than his Maker is but seeming wise. He who will deaden one-half of his nature to invigorate the other half, will become at best a distorted prodigy. Dark as are the pages, and mystic the character in which the truth is inscribed, he who can decipher the roll will read there, that self-adoring pride is the head spring of stoicism, whether heathen or christian. But there is a roll neither dark nor mystic, in which the simplest and the most ignorant may learn in what the 'perfection' of our humanity really consists. Throughout the glorious profusion of didactic precepts, of pregnant apophthegms, of lyric and choral songs, of institutes ecclesiastical and civil, of historical legends and biographies, of homilies and apologies of prophetic menaces, of epistolary admonitions, and of positive laws, which crowd the inspired Canon, there is still one consentient voice proclaiming to man, that the world within and the world without him were created for each other; that his interior life must be sustained and nourished by intercourse with external things; and that he then most nearly approaches to the perfection of his nature, when most conversant with the joys and sorrows of life, and most affected by them, he is yet the best prepared to renounce the one or to endure the other, in cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

There is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business. No, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man I feel this kind of respect. Generosity seems to me a lower quality, a mere impulse compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities,—who bestows magnificent donations. That may be all very well. I speak not to