

in the hearing, but what saves the mind from all painful exertion to follow. Not what will lay down duties to be performed, and that insists upon their due and speedy performance, at whatever cost and sacrifice, but that which is calculated to soothe and flatter; that which produces a pleasing sensation, as if laid upon a bed of roses, from which every thorn has been carefully extracted, the perfume of which carries the hearers to ambrosial fields, or a kind of sensual paradise.

But does not such preaching prey fearfully on the understanding, and prevent the proper exercise of the judgment and memory as to leave them mere supernumerary properties of religious existence. The intellectuality is gone, and the man becomes a monster in the church—an overgrown mass of sensitiveness.

Christianity, after all that we may say about heaven and the glory that is to be revealed in us, has peculiar reference to this life, and to heaven as a secondary state of existence, not in point of importance but in point of order, the glorious result of "continuance in well doing." It is then with this world we have now to do; here are our duties and interests. There is a strange longing to be prematurely glorified, or rather to revel in its joys brought down to us, and commingle with earthly elements, but very little desire to raise earth to heaven. We have no objection to live near heaven, to feel the powers of the world to come, in prompting and animating; but we do not believe it our duty to cease to work for God, or be diverted from it, though it were to listen to the angelic choirs singing, or angels harping on their harps, if it were possible to hear either. And yet it is to the arms of such a Church—so excitable, and so ardent in her own love of pleasing emotion, with a fixed aversion, acquired by long habit, to regular labour that might encroach on her repose, and cause fatigue or weariness, limited in her knowledge and averse to comprehend fully her duties—we have to entrust the babes of Christ; and surely if the mother be sickly the child cannot be otherwise. If the mother can soon return to her habitual slumber, the child cannot be cared for. If the soul of the mother cleaves to the dust, can the mother prevent the child from being defiled; besides the mother being diseased herself, she has a constant craving for stimulants and narcotics, so that the child becomes deformed, or an idiot, or soon ceases to live. Is it to be wondered at, then, that we have so many backsliders?

(To be continued.)