

Priests, the Bishops, the Pope, the Apostles themselves have not given their own private opinions; nothing of the kind. No ecclesiastical authority, no general council, none of the Apostles, not all the Apostles put together, could coin a new article of faith. Christ instructed his Apostles in the mysteries of the Christian and Catholic faith; and commissioned them, not only to communicate His truths to mankind, but to appoint others to do the same:—hence, during eighteen centuries, the faith of Christ has been handed down from one generation to another by the successors of the Apostles, the Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church, who in one unbroken chain have been inseparably linked together; *all seeking the same thing, and all partaking of the same bread.* It could not be otherwise: for Christ promised to protect his Church, and sent, to verify his own predictions, the Divine Spirit, the Paraclete, or Comforter, to “teach her all truth, and to abide with her for ever.” It is true that my faith is the faith of my Pastor; but, then, his faith is the faith of his Bishop; and the Bishop’s faith agrees with that of the Pope, and of all the Bishops and Priests of the Church, however widely diffused. You see, then, that I agree in faith with all the pastors of God’s own appointment now existing; and not only with them, but with all their predecessors during the last eighteen hundred years, who received their faith and mission from the Apostles. Now, the Apostles were taught in the school of Christ, and they received their power and authority from Him; and He, as he says himself, was sent by his Eternal Father. Hence I have the highest moral evidence, and testimony of the most conclusive description, that the religion of which I am a member is *alone* the true one.

You have heard a great deal about “the march of intellect,” and the improvement in “mechanics;” and, like too many more, you have foolishly imagined that Englishmen alone are wise, & that the nineteenth century far excels its predecessors; and, viewing religion as if it were the work of man, you weakly and rashly suppose that it too, is liable to all the vicissitudes to which human devices are naturally subject, and that it ought to be remodelled, changed in part, or wholly abrogated, to meet the whims, or to feed the fancies of wild enthusiasts, or plodding fools!—Truth, like its Author, is immutable; and no power, however great—no opposition, however strong—will be able to alter the eternal decrees; “Heaven and earth shall pass away,” says, Christ “but my word shall not pass away for ever.” Accept, then, my humble production in the spirit in which I present it to you, in the presence of my future Judge I solemnly declare, that your good alone urges me to appear before the public. Whatever may be the result, let us never lose sight of charity; and whilst we very properly condemn intolerance on ourselves. “Let not religion” (to use the words of the facetious O’Leary) —“the sacred name of religion, which in the eye of an enemy discovers a brother, be any longer a barrier of separation to keep us asunder.” And, above all, let us

not gratify the infidel and the sceptic, by bringing unmerited oblog on our common Christianity, through our acrimony and invectives. Study, then, the *real* principles of the Catholic Church, and compare them with the hideous caricature which the interested and malvolent have drawn of them; and you will really find, that light is not more opposite to darkness, nor heaven to hell, that, they are to one another.—*It.*

A NON-INTRUSION DIALOGUE.

[Scene—The manse of Snuggillit.—*Dramatis personæ*—The Rev. Dr. Micah Macdineuech and his wife Deborah. —*Time*—the night after Dr. Macdineuech’s return from the Convocation.]
Mrs. M.—Weel, Micah, what has been done? I’m just on nettles till I hear.

Dr. M.—Great things, Deborah, great things have been done.

Mrs. M.—For mercy’s sake tell me then, and keep me nae langer in the dark.

Dr. M.—There has been a great standard lifted, Deborah. Never, in my day has the Kirk been so magnified. We have made clean work o’ a’ State control, and sent forth a sound that’ll make our enemies quake.

Mrs. M.—Hoot, toot, Micah that is just the auld story owre again, and I’m sick o’t. There’s nae thing but talk in that ye ken, and talk’s but win’. It’ll indeed be lucky if ye hae naething else to tell me, but I’m fear’t ye’ve been taking dangerous steps, though ye promised faithfully to me, before ye gaed away, that ye would keep within safe bounds.

Dr. M.—It’s no possible, my doo, for a man o’ my standing in the Kirk, to avoid taking a leading part, mair especially when great matters are in hand, and I wadna hae dono justice to my character, if I had refused to strike boldly in the day o’ battle.

Mrs. M.—O Micah, what is it, ye hae done?

Dr. M.—Deborah, I hae trod in the footsteps o’ the great men o’ the covenanting times. I hae lifted up an unflinching testimony against patronage, interference of temporal courts in matters spiritual, and Erastianism in every form.

Mrs. M.—But ye’ve lifted up that testimony mony a time afore. I’ll be easy enough if ye’ve done naething but that, though what for ye should kick sae at patronage, *when ye were put in by’t yourself, is mair than I can understand.*

Dr. M.—Often and often Deborah, hae I explained to you that my ain case is an exception, Patronage, woman, is a base system, tak it in the piece, and tho’ a man like me may now and then get a kirk through the means o’ it, it is but seldom,—and for the maist part its effect is to let tumpies and ill-doers into the ministry.

Mrs. M.—Aweel, Micah, if it should be sae, does it no leave the mair room for you and the like o’ you to make yourself’s useful and respectit? O if ye had been content to make the maist o’ your ain gifts, and your ain high place, instead o’ getting the *good sacra* kirk built doon by toom your ain, and ranting against the very power that put you in, a happy man ye micht hae been this day.

Dr. M.—I tell ye, woman, I had no choico. Didna I keep quiet enough, and content enough, till that black Voluntary controversy begun? Did ever ye hear mo say a word against patronage till it was clear the Dissenters were stealing the hearts o’ men, aye, and woman bairn, awa’ wi’ their system o’ free election? Or did ever I speak about the want o’ kirk accomodation till Dr. Chalmers put forth his great Church extension scheme to swamp the Dissenters? No, indeed Deborah, I was not sic a sumph as run my head into troubles, without a reason.

Mrs. M.—I never can see any reason in the course ye’ve been following for the last six or eight years. But I want to ken what has been done at that weary Convocation that nae advice o’ mine could keep ye frae.

Dr. M.—You’ll learn the upshot o’ the proceedings best from the resolutions we passed. Here they are, and if ye’ll pay attention I’ll read them to ye. [Here the Dr. reads the resolutions passed by the Convocation.]

Mrs. M.—Aweel Micah, if I understand them right, we’re a ruined family, and we may slit frae Snuggillit as soon as we like.

Dr. M.—No sae fast, Deborah, no sae fast.

Mrs. M.—Oh, how could ye come hame to the bairns and me, after making us beggars?

Dr. M.—Keep yoursel’ calm, my doo. Be patient under this affliction. There may guid come o’t, and its may be no sae ill as ye think after a’.

Mrs. M.—Patient! how can I be patient? Did ye no put your name to that paper, Micah?

Dr. M.—Yes, my dear, I did.

Mrs. M.—Then, if I’m no mista’en, ye ha’e bund yoursel’ to leave the kirk, and manse, and glebe, the brow income o’ meai, kanechens, and white siller, that has keep it us aye sae bien and warm, frae year’s end to year’s end, in guid time and bad. O the folly o’ wise men, it surpasses the foolishness o’ fools.

Dr. M.—Did I not tell you often Deborah, that I was prepared to stand up, if ever need should be, for the rights and honour o’ the Kirk, as did Cameron and Peden, Cargill, and Renwick, and a’ the other martyrs that counted no sacrifice too great for the good cause? And now when the time for crying aloud and sparing not is come, would ye ha’ me to prove mysel’ a dumb dog, an unfaithful watchman?

Mrs. M.—Deed ye may be a watchman or a watchdog as faithfully’s ye like, if there is naething but crying the hours or barking to be done; but what ye ca’ suffering for the cause I canna win awa’ wi’. Hae ye nae pity, man, for the bits o’ weans, if ye hae nane for me? Could you think to deprive them o’ this cozy house and the fu’ haudin they’ve been used wi’, and put them to their shifts like common folk’s bairns—sair wark, thin cleeding, and scanty meals? Oh, Micah, ye can never, never be sae cruel. Ye ken ye got me out o’ a comfortable family, and ye canna hae the heart to bring me and mine to sic misery. It’s a plea-

sant enough to read in the “Scots Worthies,” and sic books, about martyrs—they have been wonderfu’ men, nae doubt, and ye might hae been as guid as ony o’ them, had ye lived in the days o’ the covenant; but times hae changed now, and naebody in his senses thinks o’ martyrdom. Sae, guidman, there maun be nae mair o’t. If ye hae made ony rash promise, just get ye clear o’t the best way ye can. Make apologies, submissions, or explanations anew. Do onything that’s needful to make matters smooth again, but if ye hae ony love for me, or rather affection for your bairns, never, never think o’ throwing up your kirk.

Dr. M.—Deborah, dear, do ye think I’m daft? Can ye believe I ever had ony thoughts o’ sic a foolish step? Na, na, lass. I, ken the worth o’ my place owre weel for that. We hae threatened strongly to be sure, and I hope and trust our threatening will take effect in the proper quarters; and that the heel o’ the Kirk will yet be put on the necks o’ a’ schismatics, latitudinarians and Dissenting Voluntaries, is the utmost that can be desired. But we’ve committed ourselves, in a sense, to nothing. We’ve spoken o’ severing our connexion wi’ the State, but we’ve taken good care not to set a time;—that’s the saving clause Deborah. A’ the management lies there. I know not how lang a time other folk may think sufficient to try what Parliament will do, before we should resort to the *ultimatum* we’ve spoken o’; but it’ll not be easy to convince me that a century is owre lang. Sae keep your mind easy, my dear, and never hae the least fear o’ me leaving the Kirk sae lang as ye see I can count my stipend by the market price o’ meal. Throw up our kirks indeed! Nonsense! Government must now grant us the *liberum arbitrium*, or some measure of the kind, that will bring us decently out o’ the hole; but if they don’t, our duty will be (as Dr. Candlish very justly said) to *wait till—they see what is their duty.*

Mrs. M.—Hech, guidman, there’s some comfort in your words at last!

MILLERISM.

Millerism flourishes with increasing splendor in all parts of the country. The editor of the New Bedford Bulletin, said the other day, that while he was writing the paragraph, a man was on his knees in the snow in front of his office, with a hymn book and some Miller pamphlets in either hand, alternately praying and blaspheming in the most pitiable manner, and attracting crowds of idle men and boys about him. He is a mechanic of that town—a man of much respectability—the possessor of a snug little property—who has been driven to his present humiliating and awful situation by the preaching of the Millerites. He has for some days been utterly insane.

More Millerism.—The Essex Banner says: “Mr. Nathaniel Brown, of Kingstown, N. H., formerly travelling agent of the Exeter Mutual Fire Insurance Office, cut his wife’s throat on Thursday last, in such a shocking manner that her life was despaired of. It is said he was partially deranged, caused by over excitement on the Miller doctrine.”

A young man has been sent from Providence to the insane Asylum; having been made a maniac by the Millerites.