

strongest controversial feeling, not in love to itself, but in dislike to that to which it stands opposed. Wherever this is the case, the *whole* of Evangelical truth is never received, even by the understanding, nor any portion of it, in its real integrity. Its adoption extends no further, and lies no deeper than is necessary to the purposes of controversial and systematic distinction.

SENTIMENTALITY.—This knows nothing, as matter of necessity, of either symbolism or Evangelicalism, as such: while it may have, indifferently, a sympathy more or less partial with both, or a strong and exclusive identity with either. With how many is not this the sum and substance of their religiousness? Their feelings being, perhaps, highly susceptible, and that sensibility having a constitutional bias, it may be, towards the more imposing adjuncts of the external form of Christianity: or to those sympathetic, soothing, assuring, and elevating elements of Christian experience, which, it is but just to say, are found in their substantial reality only in the denominated sphere of Evangelical doctrine and practice; which, sought elsewhere, but sadden you with an echo where you listened for a voice, or seem to come as a hollow, painted thing instead of a life; and which, contemplated out of that sphere of spiritual life and truth, seem to lose their reality in proportion as you recede:—Whether to High-Churchism, where the pure Gospel is often held, but held always in danger, and rarely in its richness; to Tractarianism, where the pure Gospel cannot be held, where it is only used to pervert it, where honest Churchmanship ceases, and respect is justly forfeited—pity and prayer alone remaining;—to Broad-Churchism, which pulling down the platform of Christianity, builds one for itself with the materials, and therefrom proclaims “another Gospel, which is not another,” but its own; Broad-Churchism, whose substance and vitality exist wholly in the unregenerate energies of a mere philosophical philanthropy; which furnishes itself nominally with a text-book by rationalising the word of God, and then, for the putting forth of its destructive life, comes animated with a little of unsanctified genius,—loudly oracular by half-intelligible together with utterly unintelligible utterances of mingled nervous power, heresy, eloquence, and gibberish; sublime in wise obscurity, and getting itself adopted, worked, perpetuated, and spread abroad, by means of the pride of unconverted hearts, and the sceptical conceit of common-place heads;—to Popery, too bad for description, ever smiling with triumphant mockery upon the defeat which must always follow such an attempt. Take any of these at their best, if we can speak of such a thing as their best (perhaps in solemn, sober truth, their worst is their best, for assuredly, as concerns their destructive influences, their “best is their worst”), and you can find no real *sympathy* in them. They may speak powerfully to pride, to passion, to conceit, to disgust at the actual “truth,” to imagination, to scepticism; but for felt want, *they have not a word*.

EARNEST MEN.—This is a feature of Religiousness, and a form of popular Christianity, *exceedingly* popular just now. “An Earnest Man?” This is at once the cardinal virtue and the highest title.

Its unlimited adoption, as distinguishing from indifferentism of spirit, shows how little it is to be trusted for any necessary connection with either the Gospel ministry or the Christian life. A moral quality it certainly is, and that is all; save where it is pressed into the service of Christ’s Christianity. Taken alone, it belongs as naturally to Pharisaism as to anything better; to error, as to right judgment; to heresy, as to truth. Yet undeniably, it is now, in popular Christianity, greatly worshipped for its own sake. It is linked with the *man*, not with what he does. Thus, as though it were a complete counterbalance, and set all right, how often is it not remarked of some man, who cannot by any possibility ever be much more Romish than he is at present, “But he is such an *earnest* man!” “So much the worse,” is the only answer that can be made. It is but a phase of Hero-Worship, and a very poor one too; not only looking vastly like “fuss,” and sounding amazingly like “cant,” but being a mere quality of character; one peculiarly in harmony with the noisy, bustling, boasting spirit of the age; and “the god of this world” has favoured its adoption by popular Christianity as an apology for ill-directed energy, and a substitute for soundness of faith. Suppose this great and favourite diploma of our age, “Earnest man,” were to be