

"But tell me," said the lady, "that *news* you had to tell me."

"Well, Miss ——, I am endeavoring to break it to you by degrees, as you thought you could not bear it very well this evening; *that* is the news—not that fifty thousand, but that more than *thirty millions* of Presbyterians in Switzerland, in Germany, in Ireland, in New England, in Old England, and wherever Presbyterianism has held sway, both pastors and parishes, in one terrific mass, have disowned the Trinity, and denied the divinity of Jesus. Now, Miss ——, let me beg you not to make yourself so unhappy about half a dozen men, who imagining that our Church bids fair to run the same course, are seeking refuge in Rome; but, if you must be unhappy, take up your lamentation over the thirty millions of Protestants going down this moment to the grave, and the fifty or one hundred millions, who have already gone, with the open denial on their lips of "Him who bought them with His blood." This was, however, a sad experiment with my parishioner. *She never forgave me.*

And if here and there amidst the general apostacy, the continental mind is seen returning to some dim perceptions of the truth, with what crudities of mysticism or fanaticism is the effort marred, how partial is the acknowledgement of ancient doctrine, how sceptical and mutilated the re-appropriation of the books of Scripture, how abandoned the mind to the *theologia pectoris*, as it has been termed, or the theology of sentiment, as phrase imports. As the famished sailor, taken from a wreck, has lost the power of discerning wholesome and appropriate food, and impelled by blind hunger, seizes on the first nourishment that offers, so a German or Continental mind, thus waking out of infidelity, plunges at once, under his new impulses and new wants, into all the revelry of a wild and licentious divinity; or