

ships where the sermon was preached, and presuming no doubt on his reputation as an author, questioning them as to the authority of their minister to preach the gospel, and that in the manner rather of a constable or messenger-at-arms, than as a calm lover of truth or spiritual adviser. Hearing this, we were induced to give the discourse a second perusal, and judge of our surprize, when looking into Bishop Beveridge's works, we find that the greater part of it is not the writer's own, but a barefaced plagiarism from Dr. B's discourse on the Parable of the Sower. We should always wish to be charitable to the author of a sermon—and if sound in doctrine we should hardly presume to censure him for handling the subject in any way, or adopting any style that is most natural to express his own views and sentiments. We know it is a somewhat difficult task to write a good sermon, and we should not despise any tribute, however small it might be, to the stream of our sacred literature. Nevertheless, as ingenious journalists, we certainly hold it to be our duty to require that what an author publishes as his own, should not belong to another man. When the jackdaw came dressed up in the plumage of the peacock it was only an act of propriety to manifest whose it was—and the parable holds in reference to authorship. It is a special dishonour done to the memory of an author, when those writings on which he had bestowed much care, and had bequeathed as his best legacy to a grateful posterity, after being garbled and interlarded by a less skilful hand, are served up again to the public under a false name. To allow this to pass without being noticed, would be to connive at the giving of praise where praise was not due, and withholding it where it was righteously earned. Many other minor considerations seem to require of journalists to be vigilant in judging of the authorship of writings that come under their review. It is Horace, we think, who represents the public as feeling a peculiar interest in authors. They point to them with the finger in the public walks, and it is only right they should not be under a mistake as to their identity. It would moreover be an anomaly in the philosophy of mind which it would seem could not be easily explained, how one who had the name of being "the ingenious author" of such a book or pamphlet should yet give no other

symptoms of any ingenuity at all. He would have the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau. It is for such reasons we doubt not, that a plagiarism in common literature is so odious—but we humbly think it is even more so in Sacred literature. It appears to us that if thefts are censurable in the republic of letters, they are more so in the church of God. We must say, too, we wonder greatly that an author who is an advocate for the apostolic succession as centering exclusively in his own bishop, should have exposed this doctrine to such eminent peril by a literary larceny. Presbyterians are moderately well read, and we do not think the claim to the apostolical succession, would weigh a feather with them, if they found the virtue of common honesty wanting in those who made it. It is not every one, the author probably knows who is capable of discussing with him the historical part of the argument adduced for this doctrine. The catalogue of a line of bishops for 1800 years is a nice affair which requires a good logician to examine its relevancy—and then few would have historical furniture enough to ascertain its truth—and therefore we wonder much, how a champion who in a dispute with the peasantry had such a high vantage ground on which to stand and bid defiance to their missiles, should have descended from this arena and challenged distinction by his acquirements in theology. "We cannot follow you," they would say, "through the links of a chain that terminates nearly two thousand years ago, in the days of the apostles; but we judge of apostolic men not by their pretensions, but by their products; we know that Timothy never pilfered any of the writings of Paul, neither did Paul those of Timothy, nor Peter of Paul. We judge of what is before us—truth must be consistent, and no lie is of the truth." We fear it would be a poor set off to say with this author, (for we do not find the words in Bishop Beveridge's sermon)—"it is to the office, to the commission, not to the man that this deeply respectful consideration is to be paid."

But lest we should be thought to make averments without evidence, we shall now prove our charge that the greater part of the sermon does not belong to the author whose name it bears, but to Bishop Beveridge whose name is never once mentioned.