

right than the vulgar and illiterate impostor who knows nothing and has studied nothing but the art of deception.

If we could only believe a hundredth part of the assurances, proofs, and testimonials and cures which meet the eye of the newspaper reader every day of his life, disease would be as unknown among the human family as the Megatherium or the Mammoth—not a weak limb or a wrinkled face or a grey head or a languid eye would be seen any where. There would be perpetual health and perpetual youth. Who can believe such extravagance? yet the quacks find thousands of dupes who do so, and grow rich thereby.

Besides the authors of vegetable pills, infallible health restorers, &c., there is another class of impostors, not less dangerous, and equally to be avoided. These are the itinerant quacks, who travel from town to town, from village to village, as unfailling masters in some particular department in the medical or surgical art. What no mere commonplace or every-day doctor can do, they can do with the greatest ease and without the possibility of failure. They will cure consumption in a fortnight, and cancer in a week—they will make the deaf to hear and the blind to see—in spite of any college of physicians in the world. No case is beyond their reach: all you require to give them is faith and money—money at any rate. If the victims of these impostors would reflect only a moment, surely they might see that no man with such wonderful gifts would require to leave such cities as New York or London—in which, according to their own account, they have acquired imperishable fame, to seek a precarious living by wandering from one small village to another.

The regular practitioner has said that, in a pecuniary sense, the quack is his best friend, for he shatters a hundred constitutions for every one he cures—and his lost victims, in too many cases, come to the doctor when it is too late.

Wherever, then, we find extravagance of pretension, depend upon it there is some cause for suspicion. If a teacher makes his appearance and undertakes to teach you writing in three lessons, or to speak French in thirteen—depend upon it you have a charlatan before you, and if you are wise you will give him a wide berth. There is no short road to knowledge—it is the reward given to labour and time. Trust and honour, then, its true votaries—as your best teachers and safest guides; avoid shams and new-fangled notions, whether in Church or State; love the good old ways of truth and honour and lofty principle, and let that principle be based on that surest of all foundations—that ever during rock—the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

## Music in Churches.

WE confess there is a grandeur and sublimity in the full and deep swell of the organ. Nobody who has a well strung soul can hear unmoved the solemn crash of full toned harmony which falls upon his ear on entering a Roman Catholic or other Episcopal Church. Nor do we deny its solemnising effect upon the feelings for the time being—it converts devotion into something like an enjoyment, and we believe we are worshipping God, while we are enjoying some thing intensely pleasing to ourselves. It may be next to impossible amidst the majestic grandeur of the sound which falls upon our gratified ear in rich and solemn cadence to harbour any thing approaching to levity or indifference. On the contrary our devotional and reverential feelings are deeply affected. But we soon discover that they have been affected merely through the senses. The impression dies away with the last echo of the solemn harmony. We have been listening to that which altogether apart from religious worship, has something in it of an intensely pleasurable nature. We desire a repetition—and the desire grows upon us—but it would be utterly absurd to imagine that on that account we are becoming more devout or spiritually minded. We fear that there is a wave of formalism or ritualism advancing slowly over the whole Christian Church, and that some of the spray at least has reached or is reaching our plain and sober Presbyterianism. The Roman Catholic is adding to his gorgeous and sensuous ceremonies; the Puseyite is following in his train—aping his doctrines and his forms—lighting candles and burning incense—and making an image of the Cross. There is an imitation to be seen in some of the more ambitious and weak minded of our young Protestant clergymen in the cut of their dress—in M. B. waistcoats—and shovel hats. We said that Presbyterianism had not altogether escaped the contagion. A popular Minister in Edinburgh belonging to the established Church introduced a kind of liturgy of his own—read his prayers, in a kneeling position, besides using other forms peculiar to the Episcopal Church. The General Assembly interfered and partially at least checked this strange anomaly. It would seem that the feeling in favour of ritualism or outward worship is growing among a certain class in Scotland. The plain, practical, doctrinal sermon, the simple extemporaneous prayer, and the song of praise from the untutored lips of the whole congregation, are too bald and uninteresting for the present day. In a spirit of fairness we must also allow that these innovations, (though they deny that they are innovations) are favoured by some of the most accomplished of our clergy—and eagerly approved by many of the most influential and intellectual of our laity. This is a fact which in our opinion is deeply to be de-