

the world than a majority of the French and American novels since the first edition of Voltaire.

True, were I to hold this article for a part of my creed, I would argue as stoutly as any of them, or as stoutly as I was able, to uphold it. Why not? If God bestows faith, and bestows it for the purpose of saving the person to whom it is given, what can be the use of works of any name or character? Could I not argue that salvation is in the gift, and by reason of the gift; and hence the utter profitlessness of a dispute about the rest.

Yet I greatly and most tenaciously doubt this theology. It is one hoax built upon another. God never gave faith to any man, not even in the days of special gifts, as people now teach. He gave them then, and he gives them now, something to believe—something in which they may exercise and have faith. And the “fruits of faith,” or the “works of faith,” have always been required, and always required in accordance with the expressed will of the author of salvation. Now, therefore, to dig into the gloomy sepulchre, and pierce the coffin of an old doctor of divinity and find nothing, and then try to make something from it, seems almost analogous to a workless or non-obedient faith, such as some have who at present number among the popular. Whether a faith of this unproductive description is popular in heaven, will, I trust, be determined in your mind with the least possible delay.

If not courteously, at least sincerely,

D. OLIPHANT.

SPECULATION ON RELIGION.

There are persons, who professing a sincere love for truth, wander from it by their own speculations, and by neglecting that calm and deliberate application of the mind which is required for aiding their faith, *knowledge*. It is thus, that, in all ages, men have deluded themselves, and led others astray, by putting vague conceptions in the place of truth. To every one who would preserve himself from such delusions, the great and solemn object of inquiry ought to be, upon what ground his opinions have been formed? Have they been adduced from a full and candid investigation, and do they rest on such evidence as is sufficient to satisfy a sound understanding that they are true? We have an interesting but melancholy picture of human nature, when we endeavour to trace the principles by which minds of a serious character are influenced, in thus departing from the simplicity of the truth. In some it would appear to arise from a love of singularity, or a desire