

sonal life, institutions and manners. In the present imperfect state of my knowledge, it could require a volume to contain all the information and ideas I have picked up; but when I know the subject thoroughly, I shall doubtless be able to compress all that is worth putting into a letter or two. On the same end and principle you know that a minister who tries hard can compose one sermon in the week: he who studies moderately can prepare two; and the man that never studies can preach once a day and thrice on Sundays. It certainly it does not require the traveller to be long on the continent to have all his notions of spiritual worship shocked by the immemies and idolatry of Roman Catholicism. The Cathedrals represent Christian ideas. This architecture is the legitimate growth, and an expression of Christianity; and no one has any conception of what this architecture is capable of until he has seen the ecclesiastical edifices of Roman Catholic Europe.

The high embowered roof  
With antique pillars massive proof,  
And storied windows richly light,  
Casting a dim religious light,

the flying buttresses—light and ornamental as the lace frills of a cap, yet serving as props to the edifice, the great spires shooting far up—careful and varied as frost work, the daring arches and long solemn aisles—all contribute to excite in the mind, feelings of veneration and awe, of a grandeur and a unity reaching out unto the infinite, which no man can feel who enters the barns or mouse-traps called churches, in many parts of Scotland. He who casts his eye from the outside galleries of Cologne Cathedral over its boundless procession of shafts, and buttresses and turrets, but gazes from the streets far up in the sky at the marvellous spire of Antwerp Cathedral, must feel thankful that Christianity has so expressed itself on architecture, and has received so worthy a material representation, must feel humbled at the thought of his own insignificance, and awed by the immeasurable majesty of the religious idea. And then he is apt to imagine that here surely we shall see the practice art made the handmaid of Christianity; the people educated through the noblest personifications of the painter and the architect up into a pure and living spirituality. And perhaps he begins to pity the cold and dreary and meagre Puritanism which would ignore the beautiful; and to censure the unappearing iconoclasm of Calvin and Knox. But alas! enter and see the worship, and note that the worshipping of God by images comes first. It is not before the great paintings of Rubens or the statues of Thorwaldsen that the people bow the knee, but to coarse daubs, and be-gilt and bedizen'd red-checked dolls. It may be, the love of some saint or virgin is given them to adore; or they tell their beads, or they lift their eyes to the painted stucco—or if they were Buddhist devotees instead of Christians, worshipping the Father "in Spirit

and in truth." How could men who felt they had souls and that God the Father must speak personally to them, men like Luther and Latimer, tolerate such Fetish worship. They were forced to protest and fight against it in the name of God and of the human soul. And then the sin of schism lay not with them but with the Church which would not receive their true witnessbearing, and which unchurched itself when it hurled the thunder of excommunication against them. Sadder sight indeed I have seldom seen than that presented in the interior of those Cathedrals; to hear priests, some mumbling, and some drearily chanting with monotonous sing-song intonation, the high service, while the little choristers are making faces or shuffling on their dirty robes in the sacristy; to see the tottering old women with eyes fixed on a painted doll, while she cries to Mary, or the little boy beginning his religious career in superstition, by timidly dipping his hand into the basin of holy water, or the young girl in the confessional, pouring her whole heart forth to the low-browed priest. Alas! alas! is this the worship Jesus Christ spoke to the woman of Samaria.—is this all the length that Popes and Cardinals have brought us during all the long centuries of the Christian era, that have passed away?

Neither is this idol worship confined to the churches. The crosses scattered over the country are perhaps not so much to be objected to, because they are really a sign that you are not in a heathen land, and an ever-welcome sign too; but what can we say of those coarse statues of a crucified Saviour and those gaudy high-colored virgins in stucco, set upon "every high hill and under every green tree," but that they lead to idolatry of the grossest kind. I do not like the Romish system of denunciation and anathema; but often when the full abomination of Popery is plainly revealed, is one tempted to execrate it not only "in the name of the Lord," but with unhalloved human passion. Yet better is it for us to beware of the leaven of Popery among ourselves; to attempt to heal the distempers of our common Protestantism, and to provoke those who differ from us, not unto wrath, but unto love and good works. In this letter I have referred to some of the iniquities of Romanism. Had I been a Papist, doubtless the evils of Protestantism on the Continent would have proved the burden of my complaining; and an equally fertile subject it would have proved.

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REFUGE.

Numbers xxxv, 18; Romans viii, 1.

When God bestowed on Israel's race  
The promised land as dwelling place,  
And gave to Abraham's honored line  
Inheritance in Palestine.