

amidst the throes of anarchy, and is recovering some of her old strength, without casting away any of her bigotry or persecuting spirit. Prussia shakes her fist in the face of her sovereign, who stands with his back to the wall, and his vizor down, a sword in one hand and a constitution in the other. Germany is amidst her books, giving forth, amidst clouds of philosophical smoke, her learned dogmas on everything possible and impossible, in heaven and earth, the chosen Utopia of Christendom, the store-house of human learning, from which come forth theories and views, problems and speculations on subjects, the highest and the meanest, suited for every palate, and in support of every opinion. Britain, keen and ambitious, compromising, yet proud, sits queen among the nations, her domain wider and more consolidated than ever. She has proved her prowess at Alma and Inkerman, and still more lately on a hundred fields in India, victor everywhere, and bringing back by the throat, a rebellious dependency, ten times her size, and nearly ten times her population. The States of America, North and South, are tearing each other like the wild beasts of the desert, their country a huge modern amphitheatre, having for spectators, an astonished world. Gold is drawn from its secret recesses, in quantities such as Solomon or Cræsus, in their wildest dreams, never thought of, converging in tons to the mighty centre of industry and wealth, the Bank of England.

Ships plough the ocean, approaching in size, that, which finally stranded on Mount Ararat, hastening on their course, with the speed of the race horse, and never tiring.

Now-a-days, steam not only weaves the shirt we wear, but ploughs our field, grinds our corn, and, we believe, were it thought worth while, could be made to blow our nose, with all possible grace and delicacy. The tailor and seamstress throw aside their needle and putting their garment in a machine, bring it forth in a few minutes, stitched with a beauty and regularity which no human fingers could rival. Art and ingenuity are working wonders; by the aid of science, almost equal to the traditional miracles of the geni of olden time. Nay, greater far. The poets represent the Cyclops forging thunderbolts with Mount Etna for a furnace, but we question, if even their imagination ever armed them with a hammer twenty tons in weight, and wielded with the strength of a thousand Titans.

We can make the sun draw pictures, more faithful and beautiful than those of Apelles, and turn them off by thousands in a day.

If we had space, we might go on enumerating, but we must stop. Would, that these activities always acted in so beneficial or harmless a way. But the intellectual daring of man is equal to that of the fabled Prometheus. We would scale heaven itself in our folly, and some of us would even seek to teach the Most High Wisdom, or even call him to account for his doings, or boldly question his

infallibility. Is it a characteristic of the age that genius should cease to be humble and reverential, that the faith which satisfied a Newton, should be insufficient for a Colenso? O tempora! O mores! we might well cry out with far better reason than Cicero. Religion now-a-days is a queer medley. We fear that in many quarters, it has ceased to be synonymous with holiness of heart and life, with humble, undoubting, childlike faith. One party would dress it out in forms and gew-gaws, and torture it into turnings and genuflexions; another would strip it bare and deprive it even of a temple. What have we here? A book, written by a bishop, and given to the world, for its instruction and enlightenment. Let us open it and read the preface, setting forth the history of the author's mind, as his apology for endeavouring to destroy Christianity in the world. The book is the famous, or rather notorious work of Bishop Colenso. What does this book teach? to disbelieve all that we have held sacred, to consider the historical books of the Bible, in the same light as we do the Iliad of Homer, the work, not of Moses, but of some one who lived three or four hundred years later, taking the popular traditions of his nation, as the ground work of his story. The bishop tells us we must reject the history of the Creation and the Fall as a silly fable, the flood as an impossibility, the number of the children of Israel in the wilderness as a puerile absurdity. We confess we took up this book, with something like fear, lest we might meet something to stagger our faith. We read and read, and at last laid it down with pity for its poor author and devout thankfulness that it had dissipated any shade of doubt that might have been lingering in our mind. We are too near the end of our communication, to enter into any analysis of it, but we may simply mention that he takes up detached parts in no regular order, and does his best, with all the spirit of a special pleader, to make out his case. There is no appearance of one seeking for the truth, with an humble and reverential spirit, but rather with the utmost dogmatism and arrogance. He would have a Bible fact proved with all the rigid severity of a mathematical formula, calling in the aid of probabilities, only when they can be used against it. He commences, for example, with the family of Judah, in order to show the impossibility and incredibility of the Scripture narrative. Judah was 42 years old, when he went down with Jacob into Egypt. Judah marries a wife—has children, the wife of one of these deceives Judah, and bears him twins; one of these twins grows to maturity, and has two sons, and all this happens before Judah goes down with Jacob to Egypt. And this, Bishop Colenso pronounces monstrous and incredible. Any one who takes the trouble to read the Scripture account, will at once see the deliberate perversion of the passage by the critic, for Moses in the verses is stating simply the