

Nothing seems too extravagant for outward appearance—nothing too indolent for inward reality. Phariseism, of olden time, in its freshest and fulest bloom, never presented such a spectacle to the world as our now-a-days' protestantism. The full-grown hypocrites of Jewish memory are more than matched. The arts of deception are improving. While the smooth-faced master spirits of ancient hypocrisy were like a beautiful sepulchre full of corruption, they were nevertheless not wholly deadened by a lazy corpulency; for they would traverse both sea and land to make a proselyte, although when made he was two-fold worse than he was before. The system was not destitute of zeal. But along with the Phariseism of modern times, there is a dull, dormant, dead indifference, unknown to the best scholars in the best days of Judean pomp and extravagant sanctimony.

Indeed were we not daily accustomed to an organized system of mystery, we could not credit the existence of a mystery which embraces such extraordinary elements. To find so much vital indifference accompanying such bursts of ostentatious display, seems like finding peace and placidness in the belching throes of a burning volcano. It seems, at first thought, like the union of life and death. Extremes, cemented together, would appear as natural as this sloth-hearted apathy and overgrown outward show.

Still, as idleness and pride, which are different names for apathy and ostentation, are often found in the same person, so we find them united upon a more extensive scale in the christianity of our times. It has been said, not untruthfully, that "the tendency both of *idleness* and *pride* is to place SELF before God, and cause us to believe not only that we merit all we receive, but that we create a good share of it." Hence perhaps one of the reasons why protestantism, as well as Catholicism, is so independent of divine teaching.

Here, for a moment, let us glance at the columns of a religious paper, and listen to a part of a story that is ceremoniously trumpeted through the land, respecting "the wedding of the Rev. Incumbent of Trinity Church," an edifice which adorns the former capital of this province:—

"The ceremony took place at 8, A. M., but from 7 o'clock the congregation continued pouring in (dressed as for a holiday, to do full honour to the occasion,) until the Church could contain no more. As the bridal party proceeded along the aisle a "sweetly solemn" voluntary was played on the organ by Miss Lee.

"The thronged seats,—the richly dressed bridal party,—the sweet music, and the many-coloured light streaming through the painted