

our splendid heritage of Evangelical learning—not excepting even those theological puzzles presumed to underlie salvation, and the making out of which, unlike the pest of an unprogressive Tantalus, is regarded not as a penance but rather as a lucrative and highly popular profession, wherein each of the infinite variety of opposite conclusions are regarded as such an exclusive triumph of ecclesiastical erudition and scholarly ability, as raises the precocious adept out of the groping darkness of mean apprenticeship, out of the apathetic mysticism of mere professorship to that higher earthly Elysium of prodigious talent set up in opposition to the Limbo of idiots. There, although only dead to his novitiate, he undergoes amongst the initiated a kind of apotheosis, and becomes thenceforward, in the estimation of a substrata of comparative stupidity, that human prodigy of the class dubbed “Doctors of Divinity.”

In raising my weak voice, and breaking the spell of hush and awe, that characterize the unthinking credulity of other men, it is not that I need to be admonished of the acquiescence becoming one of my humble attainments; on the contrary, my motive in thus relieving my mind gets both its impulse and inspiration in the mournful consciousness that to justify even the pretence of understanding, it is necessary to have mastered the preliminary and occult science of Schismatics; and, when we consider the chaos of perplexity in which our learned professors have involved, not simply the arts of peace, but the conditions of eternal bliss, it must be admitted for anyone, in the