

wark of creation ; but if any one is prepared to prove that this strength is my weakness, I will not despise his effort.

To approach still nearer the cardinal point, and, if possible, satisfy every demand, we here ask another question. What, in particular, are the idols of sects ? A most dangerous and delicate question to answer ; and yet, if as much depended upon this answer as was depending on the reception of Luther's ninety-five propositions against indulgences, I would neither falter nor fear.

I do not say that the objects of worship among the generality of sects are similar to the relics, crosses, and images of the old-fashioned or modern-fashioned Roman Lady, the Mother and Mistress of all religious Harlotry and Idolatry. But I do say that their anti-scriptural doctrines, their creed-books, their written rolls, their altars, their pulpits, their ministers, their fanatical excitements, their fasts, feasts, and holidays, are as properly called idols, and those who revere them, idolators, as any thing of the like nature under the authority of the Pope or the Emperor of China. Meetings, called religious, are announced and attended without one sacred feeling or holy aspiration on the part of forty-nine out of every fifty of the worshippers. It is the system, the past founder of the system, the present advocate of the system, the honor, order, glory, and popularity of the system that dwells supremely in the mind ; and if this be not idolatry, I will thank any one for the true definition.

Indeed, passing over all the peculiarities and appendages of sectarianism, with the exception of preachers and pulpits, I am prepared to show that these are idols of the genuine stamp.—Courteous reader, was you never in a mansion that people called a "Church", adorned with various elegancies of which it would be useless now to 'speak particularly,' but especially set off with a gothical figure towering towards the ceiling, and richly furnished with ornaments of carved work, crimson and silk, consecrated "a sacred desk?" This is the peface and the platform for an image of another kind, a living Reverend, called, sent, and ordained, who, in costly apparel, weekly ascends this throne of the sanctuary, and either reads or repeats from memory a sermon with "three heads and nine particulars", to the religious astonishment of all his hearers. Idolatry was never more fully developed. It is here in its germ, bloom, and fruit. The preacher worships the congregation, its honor, its silver, and its gold ; and the congregation worships the pulpit and the preacher, their splendor, their equipment, their sanctity and grace.

How often do we hear those who are either leaving or have left a meeting where a discourse has been delivered—how often do we hear them say of the preacher, 'What a smart man ;' 'A talented discourse indeed ;' 'He is a powerful speaker.' Such