

and earnest love. In the utterances of such men as Channing and Martineau you will find Christ spoken of in words that seem to indicate a spirit of worship in the men. They tell us we have got nearer to them—that we have broadened and became more rational. That is so, but the unitarians have also been changing by coming nearer to us. Learning of them, we have sought after reason more,—and learning of us, they have sought out the secret and power of faith. I earnestly confess that to me it appears as if they are not quite consistent—as if they stand in perilous places. They speak of Christ as man only—divinely sent—divinely inspired—filled with the Spirit of God, and they worship him. And to worship any thing or person less than very God, can be nothing but idolatry.

But this, every candid critic must allow, the unitarians have carried their principles into most magnificent practice. Right is right, said they, by immutable and irrevocable law, and the only true life is that which is true to justice. And they have lived, for the most part, as if they believed in what they said. In all unitarian literature there is a high and healthy tone as to morality. Theodore Parker has been much abused for his theology, and deserves it in some measure; but I have nowhere read in the English tongue, or other, outside of the Bible, sentiments that shone with clearer light of good living; sentiments that were more charged with a deep and swelling passion for what is pure in life; sentiments more calculated to inspire esteem and love of the good, and the true, and the noble, than I have found in the writings of Theodore Parker. I know not how it may be here, but I know that in England our beloved orthodoxy is greatly discounted in the markets. The long faced members of Calvinistic or Armenian churches don't get much or long, credit as a rule. It is a fact, that if you were to go to Manchester, and ask some man of information and judgment to take men as representing churches as to integrity in commercial matters, and say which stood highest in his estimation, he would say at once, "the unitarian." Now, I am not an unitarian; I could not be. My faith in the Godhead of Christ is almost a passion; it inspires me as nothing else can do. I hold to the doctrine of the Trinity though I cannot explain it. Unitarianism is too constantly aggressive, I think, in its tone and its policy; it lacks warm blood, fire, the throb of emotion; it is cold—too precise and mathematical in its movements for me; but I would be slow to speak words of