

had been baptized : and the corner in which they had sat for so many years was the only corner anywhere in England in which they could fairly deem themselves "at church." And so *there* were they to be found, Sabbath after Sabbath, regardless of the new face of doctrine that flared upon them from the pulpit. The sermon, though by no means striking as a piece of composition or argument, was fraught with its important lesson. It inscribed the "Do this and live" of the abrogated covenant, so congenial to the proud confidence of the unsubdued human heart, on a substratum of that lurking fear of unforgiving trespass, not less natural to man, which suggests the mediation of the merely human priest, the merit of penance, and the necessity of the confessional. It represented man as free to will and work out his own salvation ; but exhibited him also as a very slave, because he had failed to will and to work it. It spoke of a glorious privilege, in which all present had shared, — the privilege of being converted through baptism ; but left every one in doubt whether, in *his* individual case, the benefit had not been greatly more than neutralized by transgression since committed, and whether he were not now in an immensely more perilous state of reprobation than if he had never been *converted*. Such always is the vaulting liberty of a false theology, when held in sincerity. Its liberty invariably "overleaps itself, and falls on the other side." It is a liberty which "gendereth to bondage."

I next visited the Popish cathedral, and there I found in perfection all that Puseyism so palpably wanted. What perhaps first struck was the air of real belief — of credulity all awake and earnest — which characterized the congregation. The mind, as certainly as the body, seemed engaged in the kneelings, the bowings, the responses, the crossings of the person, and the dippings of the finger-tip in the holy water. It was the