

was it brought back—demanding from time to time a new exorcism.

But though this incubus rested on the church for so many centuries, and often well nigh stopped its breath, modern divines seem to have gained little wisdom by the severe lesson. Plato and Aristotle, indeed, no longer vex the church by name. But their spirit, like the exorcised demon of old, walking through dry places, and seeking rest in vain, has commissioned seven other spirits to return into the sacred enclosure, not merely to modify Christianity, but to expel it. Hence, in modern theological literature, we have profound works on the gospel, whose object is to prove the gospel a fable; treatises on dogmatics, without any doctrines; and lives of Christ, from which Christ is excluded. Instead of one or two leaders, as of old, we now have scores. Having the shoulders of those old giants, Plato and Aristotle, to stand upon and start from, it is only necessary to be provided with a huge pair of transcendental wings to seem very large to a wondering world, as they soar away into the mysterious ether, into which those old giants found it difficult to rise, because the clogs of common sense hung so heavily upon them.

Justice requires me to add, in this connection, that the philosophy which has thus been exalted above revelation so often and so disastrously is not that of induction, but of abstraction; not that of Bacon, and Newton, and Whewell, but that of Hobbes, and Hume, and Diderot. I know that there always has been, and still is, a strong jealousy of physical science, as if it were hostile to religion; but where is the evidence of such hostility? What philosopher of the Baconian school has ever erected within the church a tower that overlooked and overawed Christianity itself, and made it a resort for those too proud to submit to revealed truth? But