

light which is worship,—and with snug little cages of metal, into which priests put their god when they have made him out of a little dried batter. We are told that James VII. strove hard to convert his somewhat unscrupulous favourite, the semi-infidel Sheffield, to Popery. “Your Majesty must excuse me,” said the courtier: “I have at length come to believe that God made man, which is something; but I cannot believe that man, to be quits with his Maker, turns round and discharges the obligation by making God.” In such a display of human faculty as the Great Exhibition, the strangely expressed feeling of Sheffield must surely have come upon many a visitor of the mediæval apartment. What man is,—how glorious in intellect, how rich in genius, and how powerful in his control over the blind forces of nature,—was manifested, in by much the larger part of the Exhibition, in a manner in which none present had ever seen it manifested before. And what then must be the character and standing of that Great Being by whom man was created? Under the ample roof, however, there were here and there grotesque corners filled with the false and the old-fashioned; and, curiously enough, there were posted in these grotesque corners, as specimens of human workmanship, false old-fashioned gods,—gods with paunch bellies, and gods with bloated negro-like faces, and gods with from fourteen to twenty hands and arms a-piece; and here, in yet one other grotesque corner, amid a false painting and a false sculpture, we found copes, and albs, and painted candles seven feet high, and little cages for holding what the early reformers termed the “bread-god,” which priests manufacture. Here, as in the other idolatrous apartments, false old-fashioned arts were associated with a false old-fashioned religion, and both wore alike on their foreheads the stamp of mortality and decay.

Popery, however, had, I found, one grand advantage over Puseyism in its use of art. With Puseyism all was restora-