

The Presbyterian Witness

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK... Dr. Chalmers.

VOL. VIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

NO. 35.

Labour and Rest

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
—Russian proverb.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute
And wrath at peace."
"I may we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not."
"Two hands to work address
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears."
So cry we afterwards, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father hear
these.

A Plea for Union.

(To the Editor of the Montreal Witness.)

Sir.—The efforts recently made, by the Synods of the United and Free Presbyterian Churches, towards arriving at such an understanding as might lead to their eventual amalgamation, must have been observed with interest, especially by those who like the writer entertain the conviction, that the time has come for taking the initiatory steps towards the execution of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. I have long been impressed with the firm and conscientious belief, that the divisions in the Presbyterian body were injurious to its efficiency and detrimental to the cause of true religion. Situated, as Presbyterians are in Canada, possessed of the broadest political liberty, and the widest latitude for the exercise of freedom of conscience, there can be here, no room for the discussion of questions unlikely to rise, and in fact excluded from arising, and no reason for remaining in a state of the entertainment of diverse views on abstract questions, adapted to the circumstances of Scotland. There are then in Canada three prominent sections of the Presbyterian Church, all acknowledging in the main the Westminster standards, and holding the same general views of Divine truth, and the same Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church of Canada or Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church of Canada. Although these bodies approximate so nearly, there has been, and there is keen opposition to each other, and the result is injurious in the extreme, as I view it. While I am no advocate for that semblance of unity—that dead uniformity which would serve but as an extinguisher to all vitality, yet I believe, humanly speaking, a real essential union, possessed of vitality and productive of good, might be effected among these churches; and in the present paper, I will briefly urge three reasons in favour of such a union.

1. We have here before us three churches, which may number in all some 200 ministers. There is spread out before them a wide field, ripe to the harvest; divided as they now are they cannot occupy it, but holding as they substantially do, the same standards, and inculcating the same doctrines, in view of the position of our country, do not these ministers and their people incur the guilt of selfishly remaining asunder? Do not their differences cause the adversary to triumph, and can they put from them the responsibility? This is a solemn question for the consideration of Christian ministers and people, and I much fear it is susceptible of but one answer. May such a spirit of christian accommodation, and such a closer resemblance to our great Head and Master be given to us, that we may be enabled to put this sin away from us all. But as I only desire to suggest topics for reflection, I submit another reason.

2. Does not the present position of the three churches restrain and hinder their usefulness? I admit freely, for instance, that the secession of 1843 has, under God, proved of great service to the church and the world, that it has exhibited a great spectacle of Christian liberality, that it has exerted a wide spread moral influence, that it has resulted in quickening both the old church and the new to increased efforts in the home and foreign fields of the world; but, admitting all this, I firmly believe, that a severance which may still be justifiable in Scotland is unjustifiable in Canada, and I humbly trust that Christian men will yet see it to be so. Just look at the result of the present state of matters. The pastorate is confessedly less remunerated of all the professions, and there is the cry from all the churches of the want of men to fill the vacancies occurring from time to time in the sacred office. In a rising country like Canada, with a scattered population, and with a people untrained to giving, the difficulty is increased, and the available men we have, instead of being planted in such a manner as to meet the wants of the population, are too often congregated upon a limited field, interfering with and thwarting each other. Go into many of our small towns or settled townships and you find a pastor of each of the three sections of the church, where, perhaps, there is room and comfortable support for but one. All this is wrong, and I earnestly trust events may be so ordered that this unseemly division may be healed, and that they may be led to the conclusion, that they are brethren in spirit, and so ought to be one.

3. I submit that the cause of religion demands the burying of our present unseemly differences. Our differences are a stumbling block in the way of the Romanist, and a jeer to the infidel. Our differences destroy that wholesome moral influence, which a united church might exert upon the mind of the peo-

ple—they impede the progress of the truth; they, I fear, cause many in the outskirts of our country to be deprived of ministerial teaching; they suffer many of our youth to grow up, careless of the Sabbath and unattached to the house of worship, not learning "to assemble themselves together." In short, I very much fear, that our differences are detrimental to our highest interests, and detrimental to the spread of true and undefiled religion.

On review then of the whole matter, is there not room for a careful examination of this subject in all its bearings? Is there not a call for earnest supplication for more light, that if the union of the churches would be productive of real good, it may be entered upon? I do not indeed anticipate a speedy settlement of our present differences. I believe that time, that earnest prayerful working will be needed, but I do humbly trust that I may yet be privileged to see a Presbyterian Church, not for Canada only, but for British North America, meeting together in general assembly and consulting for the good of the people entrusted to their charge, in spiritual things. Such a church, training up at its Divinity Hall, ministers, and independently after examination, if it thought fit, receiving licentiates of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, United Presbyterian Church, and the Irish Presbyterian Church might, under God's blessing, prove an honoured instrument in His hands for good in this rising country. To this, I believe events are tending. The Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, I understand, long ago placed on the record, an avowal of its willingness to heal the breaches in the walls of our Zion. The United Presbyterian Church has declared in favor of cultivating a union with other evangelical Presbyterian bodies, and appointed a committee to treat with the Free Church, who on their part have appointed a similar committee. The work then is in progress—difficulties will no doubt arise but they may be surmounted, and I trust that though the day may be distant, yet the standard of union now unfurled and displayed to view may be kept floating upon the breeze, until it is permitted to surmount the walls of the Presbyterian Church of British North America.

I am, yours faithfully,
A Layman and Member of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland.
A. S. 1855.

Home Work.

"I should love to be a missionary!" said Lizzie, as she stood leaning on the window-sill, apparently watching the falling flakes of snow, but in reality looking at nothing in particular, but merely indulging her own fancies.

Mrs Barton sat by the fire sewing diligently, and occasionally rocking the cradle in which lay a sleeping infant. She took no notice of Lizzie's remark; indeed it did not seem to be addressed to her, though Lizzie fully intended she should hear it. At length, leaving the window, she seated herself on a low seat by her mother, saying as she did so, "Mamma, should you like to have me be a missionary when I grow up?" "I can answer that question better some years hence, my dear, when I see what are your qualifications for the missionary work." Lizzie had never experienced that change of heart, which alone could qualify her for the arduous and self-denying duties of a missionary, and she supposed it, was that to which her mother referred. Not caring, however, to hear any thing said on the subject of personal religion, she turned at once to another topic. "The idea of being a missionary had, however, taken full possession of her mind, and she at last came to speak of it quite as a matter of course.

Lizzie's parents were good people, and warmly interested in all the religious objects of the day. With the missionary enterprise they had been familiar from the beginning. Lizzie, who had every fertile imagination, often pictured to herself the pleasure of a home in beautiful classic Greece, or beneath the shadows of Lebanon, or the spreading banyans of India. It was the romance of the thing that she loved, not the work itself. The thought of denying herself to do good to others had never entered her mind.

One day, when Mrs Barton was going out, she said to her daughter, "Lizzie, I want you to lay aside your book now, and attend to your little brother until I return."

"Why, mamma, I can read and take care of him too. It is too bad to have to leave this interesting story just in the midst."

"I prefer that you should lay aside your book," said her mother, gently but decidedly; "Willie has had a long nap, and now that he is fully awake he wants to be amused."

Lizzie threw down her book, exclaiming impatiently, "Well, it is too bad."

Mrs Barton saw the motion and heard the words, but said nothing. Her daughter was evidently in no mood to receive reproof, or profit by advice. Meanwhile, Willie, seeing his mother go out, set up a loud wailing, and it was some time before his impatient sister could pacify him. She probably would not have succeeded at all, if he had not stopped crying from exhaustion. "Dear me," thought Lizzie, "what a trouble children are; I do wish mamma could afford to hire a nursery maid." Lizzie forgot that she had once been as young, and probably as troublesome as Willie.

Before Mrs Barton returned, the children came home from school, and rushed into the sitting room, expecting to find their mother.

"What do you come in here with your thimble?" said Lizzie, angrily. "See there, George, your boots are all mud, and you have left some on the carpet. Emma, why did you not take off your bonnet in the entry?" "The string is in a hard knot. Do untie it, Lizzie."

"I can't, I have got Willie to take care of," was the unkind reply. Emma's little red hands were too full to undo it herself, and she began to cry. "Oh, mamma, I wish my mother was at home, these boys are always so troublesome," Willie, hearing Emma cry, joined the chorus, and just then Mrs Barton entered the room, and exclaimed, "Willie, stop crying, and hold out his arms for his mother to take him; Emma rubbed her eyes with the back of her little red hands, and Mrs Barton, without stopping to take off her things, rubbed the troublesome knot, and warmed the cold hands between her own. What a change the mother's presence had effected! How much sunshine she spread around her! All now looked bright and happy, and the children had a great deal to tell about school, to all of which their mother listened with evident interest. Lizzie, meantime, had gone back to her book, but her countenance still wore traces of silliness and discontent. When the little ones had eaten their supper and gone to bed, Mrs Barton spoke to Lizzie about her conduct, and she, as usual, tried to excuse herself.

"I don't know what is the reason, mamma, but the children always behave badly when you are out."

"I do not see that they were to blame," replied her mother. "Poor little Emma could not possibly untie her bonnet string with her cold hands. If you had done it for her she would not have cried. Her crying made Willie cry, and George, who is very fond of Emma, was crying because she was neglected."

"You always blame me, mamma, when anything goes wrong with the children," said Lizzie, pettishly.

Mrs Barton looked reproachfully at her, and Lizzie burst into tears. After a long pause, her mother resumed the conversation.

"You Lizzie, as the elder sister, occupy an important position in the family. You might be a great help to me in training the younger children, if your influence was what it ought to be."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say."

Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience smote her, and she thought of the children with her. "I was reading, they made too much noise," she was at work, their little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work-box. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said, Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced."

"You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

"Why, mamma, I do not see how any one can practise them at home?"

"It is the best possible place to practise them," replied her mother. "It is a constant desire for the welfare of others, and willingness to bear trials cheerfully, to go to make up the character of a missionary. Where can you practise these virtues better than at home?"

"I do not believe, mother, that the missionaries have much more to try than I have. It seems as if things were always going wrong with me."

"I hope, my dear, they meet their trials in a different spirit. And what trials have you, my child, that do not spring from your own ungodly passions? Be assured, if you are not a good daughter and a good sister, you will never make a good missionary. Change of place, of climate, of associations, will not change your heart."

It is very true that, in all Lizzie's ideas of missionary life, she had never taken the work or the trials into account. She had pictured to herself a delightful home, all sunshine and roses; she had thought of the strange, brightly-winged birds, and the lovely wild flowers, and the stately tropical trees that she had read about so much. How charming would be a home amid such scenes! She thought little of the degraded beings among whom the missionary's life is cast, except as she could derive amusement from their strange costumes.

As might be expected, several things went notwithstanding her watchful eye. She congratulated herself that she had succeeded as well as at first. She had yet to be continued her fruitless efforts, and the trials of life in the school.

She prided herself on what she did make, and attributed it to her peculiar situation. She talked as much as ever of a subject of missions, and was frequently consulted on the subject by other members of the family. If she complained of the heat, she was told that she would never do to live in India. Her French verbs tried her patience, she was reminded that they were not in common with the unlearned dialects in which missionaries were obliged to converse.

Sings went on for about three years, when Lizzie became a hopeful convert, to the great joy of her parents. The change which was a radical one. Not that her selfish and irritable were overcome at once, it required many a painful struggle, and many a watchful eye; but she had learned now to whom to look for aid, and she took new views of life and life's duties.

She assumed her rightful position in the family as the eldest child. She became the teacher, the friend, the beloved companion of her younger brothers and sisters. To her parents she was a real help and comfort. She visited the sick, she comforted the afflicted, she cheered the indigent. There were many who came up to call her blessed.

One evening her father said to her, "Lizzie, what are you reading so intently?"

"It is an account of the Nestorian Mission, papa. It is really delightful. Have you read it?"

"Instead of directly answering her question, Mr Barton said smilingly, 'Lizzie, how is it that you hear no more of your missionary plans? Have you decided on your field of labor?'"

"Papa," said Lizzie very seriously, "I hope I am more truly interested in missionary efforts than ever before, but I see so much to do at home, that I do not feel it necessary to go to a foreign field to seek employment. I hope I shall be willing to labour wherever Providence shall direct. At present the home sphere is wide enough to call for all my energies."

"I cannot be thankful enough, my dear child, that you have been brought to take such views of the duties of a Christian woman. They regard the simple duties of everyday life, as they regard beneath their notice, will bring a right spirit to the performance of any duties. There are some who will never do anything, unless they can do some great thing. But you may be sure that when God has some great service done, he will select his instruments from those who have been faithful in little things,—who have exercised their graces, and disciplined their hearts, and increased their moral strength by the diligent performance of home work."

Scottish Universities.

The North British Review contains an extended and animated article on the subject of University Reform in Scotland, from which we make the following extract:

"A university is to be regarded as a normal and prosperous condition only while it maintains by a marked boundary visible to all eyes, the native difference between an academic institution and a school. A university is not an establishment for drilling boys and inculcating elements, but for stimulating, enlightening, directing and elevating young men. Elements are sometimes taught in a university, it is only by an exceptional necessity, as in the case of Sanscrit, Chinese, or Arabic, and other subjects which do not belong to the curriculum even of the highest schools, and which, if taught at all, must be taught from their very starting-point at a university. The teaching, however, be it observed, even if it be to youths verging on manhood, for these latter only form the proper preparation of a university as distinguished from school. And generally, we may say, that whatever teaching of a merely elementary nature is practised in a university, this takes place with subjects which never can, in the common course of instruction, fall within the compass of the puerile mind, or for the teaching of which no sufficient school organization exists. The simplest elements of botany and zoology, for instance, may be taught in a university, though the elements of these sciences are of a nature peculiarly fitted for the understandings of boys; but this, whenever it takes place, arises from the in-judiciousness of the school curriculum, and is to be regarded as in so far a departure from the proper business and the peculiar honor of a university."

"The amount of merely elementary instruction communicated at any given university may therefore be taken as a very fair index of the degree to which that institution answers its proper purpose, or of the degree to which, by evil circumstances, it is forced to condescend to the inferior function of mere schooling. Tried by this test, the Scotch universities, we must confess, are sadly and notoriously deficient. The mere character of the population of our academic halls in the faculty of arts, will, at a single glance, reveal to the eye of the stranger the glaring fact of our academic dwarfishness. The majority of those who frequent the classes of the first two or three years of a Scotch curriculum, display the faces and exhibit the manners of boys. We feel these little academicians in red gowns and velvet collars, who dot the solitary streets of remote Aberdeen from November to April, are altogether a different generation from either the heavy-booted swabblers of Bonn and Jena, or the black-gowned square capped proprietors that mince along the pavements of clerical Oxford. It is in vain to shut our eyes to the fact that these pretended students are mere boys; and the institutions in which they receive instruction are plainly performing the part which the upper classes of good schools play in England and Germany. Further proofs are necessary. But if an educational tourist, fresh from the prelections of Boeckh and Lott, in Greek and Latin classes in any of the Scotch universities, he would see things done and taught there, which he might justly consider as very far from creditable to the countrymen of George Buchanan and Arthur Johnston. If in Edinburgh, he might learn that the most zealous patrons of academic learning in that city are the shopkeepers and the men of business in the municipal corporation—men who, some three years ago, made no small sensation in the academic world by enacting that the Alpha, Beta, Gamma, of the Greek grammar, should no longer be publicly taught in the Greek classes of King James's University; and that measure was considered by not a few wise persons, as an extraordinary and a dangerous step in the learned progress of the country! Nay, he might learn from some of the wiggid gentlemen of the Parliament House, learned in local law, that not many decades ago, a formal interdict was taken out by the Greek Professor in the University against the Head Master of the Burgh School, for the great offence of daring to teach the elements of Greek grammar in the highest classes of the school! If such things were done in the metropolis, what must have been the state of Greek learning in St. Andrews and Aberdeen!"

Let us not remove the veil further. The Scotch man has manifestly failed in one great mission of a university. For what is called academic learning in other countries, they merely give an elementary school drill. They have made their colleges play the part of schools, and this part they have played, as might have been expected, indifferently enough. A good school is always better for boys than a university turned down to the level of a school. The consequence has been, that every display of academic learning, from the small philologic discipline of editing a Greek play to the large philosophic enterprise of constructing a church history such as that of Neander, is absent from the registered culture of the Scotch mind. If works are occasionally produced in Scotland of the highest style of scholarly merit, it is not by virtue of the system of learned training which exists in the Scotch universities, but in spite of it. Where, of course, the Scotch universities are so, on a lower level, one among ten thousand plants may grow to a goodly tree without cause for special eulogy; and it is a remarkable fact in this view, that the two most notable achievements of recent scholarship in Scotland have been performed by men entirely unconnected with the university system of the country; we mean the translation of the works of Hippocrates, by Dr. Francis Adams of Banochry, and the history of Greek Literature, by Colonel Mure of Caldwell. Scotland, indeed does not require first-class academic men to do the elementary sort of schooling it is her habit to do in the principal classes of the curriculum of arts; and therefore if she gets such, it is only now and then, and by a happy accident. What, indeed, would a German Neulair, with his Titanic excavations and his massive architecture of Cyclopean walls, find to do in a Scotch chair of humanity? The thunder of an Olympian Jupiter would not be required to make music, when the village boys are assembled to dance at a harvest home. What need of a Napoleon, or other fighter of great battles, to marshal the city police and lead on a band of special constables at the call of the sheriff, to control a vulgar street mob? It is plain that if boys are sent to a university, when they should be in a school, the more completely the professor can metamorphose himself into a school master, so much the better for the students; and he will effect this necessary metamorphosis the more readily, the further removed he is naturally and by culture from the massive intellectual proportions of a Hermann and a Boeckh.

From the Montreal Witness.

Historical Notes on Servetus' Death.

The false accusation brought against John Calvin, of being the murderer of Servetus, has long remained without an elaborate answer based on historical researches. This apparent neglect may be accounted for from the obvious fact that the charge was made not by impartial historians but by bitter opponents of the Reformer's doctrine, such as Romanists, Unitarians or Infidels, who totally failed to bring proof and data in support of their malignant assertion. His friends and the numerous, as well as powerful, churches who acknowledged him as a leader, could afford to be contemptuous of this slander in company with many other infamous stories originated by the profligacy of monks and Jesuits. A whole life of self-denial, devotedness to the cause of Christ, and dispassioned love of truth and justice, was a sufficient answer to all the calumnies that would make him a fanatical villain, or a revengeful murderer. But, as with time the memory of the personal actions of the great man wore out, his adversaries with renewed zeal and a better chance of success, attempted to discredit his character, and, for the last many years have acquiesced in considering Servetus' death as an indelible stain on the life of the otherwise spotless, of Calvin.

It had been a favourite design of the late celebrated Dr. McCre, to publish a life of Calvin, and to set at rest the question of Servetus' death, by instituting original researches in the Archives and Public Library of the city of Geneva. This labor was intrusted to his able son, the Rev. John McCre, who visited the above city for this purpose, and devoted more than a year in collecting valuable

historical data for his father. But the venerable Doctor died when on the eve of undertaking the work which was to crown his literary career. The Rev. John McCre accepted as a sacred inheritance from his father, and a fruit of his laborious investigations, the now easy and distinguished task of rehabilitating the Reformer in public opinion, when a premature death disappointed the expectations of his friends and relatives.

The rehabilitation of Calvin, however, was delayed only to become the more sure by being intrusted to his son, and taking place in the very city where the scenes reproached to him were enacted. A Unitarian clergyman of considerable talent and learning, the Rev. A. Keillier, stimulated by the example of Dr. McCre, ransacked the Archives of Geneva, investigated carefully all the manuscripts and correspondence of the times, preserved in the public libraries of Europe, which bore on this case; and, though avowing bitter hostility in Calvinism, yet, as an impartial historian he published in 1844, the detailed result of his investigations, which is a complete vindication of the mischievous and ungrounded charges brought against Calvin, in reference to Servetus' death. This interesting volume has since been translated and published in English, by the Rev. W. K. Tweedie. We had not been able to procure it when we attempted recently to re-establish in a condensed form, the true historical facts of this case, but are glad to see now, that we have advanced nothing that is not supported by overwhelming evidence in the book of Mr. Keillier, and the Unitarian clergyman who has gone as far, and even beyond us in acquitting Calvin of blame for the part he took in the fate of the unfortunate Servetus.

The conclusion to which Mr. Keillier arrives, upon evidence which can never be contested, may be summed up as follows:—Servetus, although opposed to the Trinity, was anything but a modern Unitarian; while he latter deny the divinity of Christ, he denied his humanity and considered him the absolute God; thus he was one degree farther removed from Unitarianism than the Orthodox; otherwise, a thorough Pantheist who asserted, even before his judges, that the bench on which he sat was God.

When Servetus came to Geneva he had just escaped from the prison at Vienna, where the Romish Bishop had him sentenced to be burned by slow fire. He concealed himself in a tavern under an assumed name, but learning that the Ministers had lost all their influence upon a Government which hated their rights, he sought to escape from Geneva, but by them in everything, and that Geneva had become untenable for him, he emerged from secrecy, in the hope of placing himself at the head of a political party, and driving both Reformers and Romanists from Geneva, and substituting his own rule and tenets. The trial of Servetus was equally that of Calvin; indeed, the fate of the latter was at times the more imminent of the two, the President of the Court, and influential members of the Council being his avowed and personal enemies. The struggle was forced upon him, the acquittal of the one was to be the sentence of the other. The awe of Protestant Governments might have saved Calvin from death, but not from imprisonment or perpetual exile if Servetus had succeeded.

The Court was partial to Servetus, and would have saved him if his triumphant overbearing had not ruined his cause; yet they would not pass sentence upon him, but left the case to the decision of the four Protestant Governments of Bern, Basle, Zurich and Schaffhausen. This all urged that the sentence of the Romish Bishop be carried out against Servetus, and left no other alternative to the weak Government of Geneva. In the mean time the King of France claimed energetically the execution of the heretic who had escaped from his kingdom under sentence. Servetus intreated as a favor to be executed in Geneva, and not by the slow fire of the Romish Bishop.

A most important point established by Keillier is, that the condemnation of Servetus was purely political; he was sentenced by the magistrates of Geneva not as a heretic, but as a rebel who had attempted to subvert the constitution of Geneva. "The purely theological quarrel disappeared before this motive for condemning, and the judicial sentence, in the list of charges brought against Servetus, does not mention at all, either the attacks against Calvin, or those against the ministers of Geneva. Servetus well understood, that if he could free himself from the suspicion of being a man of bad repute, and dangerous to the public tranquillity, his doctrine by itself would not form a sufficient motive for condemning him, or at least would not draw down a very severe castigation."

When the sentence was irrevocably passed, Calvin and his colleagues used all their efforts to have the punishment mitigated by at least substituting the sword for the fire, but "the little Council rejected the request of Calvin. It is to him, notwithstanding that men have always imputed the guilt of that funeral pile, which he wished had never been reared!"

We conclude in the words of the Rev. Mr. Tweedie:— "It is satisfactory to find Calvin thus freed from the charges so often brought against him. Servetus was condemned from political rather than religious considerations. Calvin was set aside. He was not consulted. Nay, contrary to his wishes, the Reformed Government were asked to counsel Geneva in the affair. Being thus situated a jury, their verdict was unanimous. A Geneva would have outraged the fame of Reformed Switzerland, had it ventured to pronounce Servetus innocent, or even found him guilty of only a venial offence, after both the Church and the States had virtually condemned him. It is, therefore, historically untrue that Calvin was the cause of the unhappy man's death. Had the other Churches not condemned him, Servetus would have been dismissed acquitted."