

have seen a picture of himself charging the wind-mills or stabbing the wine-skins, he would surely have said, "Why, that's the picture of a madman!" In the same way, had Mr. Poole, before his head was addled by the perusal of such little volumes of nonsense as the one which Mr. Gresley has given to the world upon this particular subject—had he, we say, seen himself locked up in the vestry of St. Barnabas and conferring with a Pimlico Magdalen upon the Seventh Commandment, he would have deemed himself a fit inmate for Bedlam. Granting—as we are fully prepared to grant—that lie himself was pure as the topmost drift of snow on the crown of Mount Blanc, would it be so with others? Was this a practice which would be tolerated in the British Islands—save by the Roman Catholic portion of the population—in the year 1859? There is no doubt that, step by step, a man may ascend the ladder of mental delusion until he has forgotten how far he has left the solid earth, upon which human beings must be content to walk, beneath him. Ordinary men of our time, however, have no sympathy with those acrobats of imagination. As was well remarked by an old divine, though not one of Mr. Poole's school, "True religion is the most common-sense thing in the whole world." While you arrive at such conclusions as Mr. Poole deduced in the vestry of St. Barnabas, there is something false in your premises or your reasoning. Your conclusion is a practical absurdity, and,