

to everybody, his projected apology for Christianity must needs from one standpoint at least, have some drawbacks. This, however shall not prevent it from possessing a great many merits which it shall be sure to have, for the fruits of his vast intellectual labors, of his strangely checkered experience, of his solitary examinations, and his scholarly researches are not all soured, as he has proven time and again to the living generations of admirers who surround him. Is it precipitation then to foretell a certain defeat for a man like Ingersoll, by a genius so great and so versatile as Gladstone's? Of course we are all prepared for the infidel's attitude. We know beforehand just what he will say; his invincible determination to vilify Christianity furnishes him with a startling copiousness of very startling language—but his *réchauffés* lack one charm, one flavor, without what they can no longer gratify the highly-seasoned palates of the epicurean world of readers of our day, and that is novelty. Then, in addition to numerous other mistakes, he has made that fatal one, of identifying conflict with controversy. He is a master of the one, but a poor hand at the other, as everybody knows who saw with what clumsy manœuvres he sought to escape the confession into which Father Lambert's lucid exposition of his errors threw him, not so very long ago. Mr. Ingersoll has another lesson to learn which the immortal Faber condensed into a few words for the benefit, possibly, of misdemeanants whose memories are conveniently faulty. Habitual reverence, he says, is the high-breeding of the spiritual life. This is a precept which no one can well deny—which Mr. Ingersoll himself could scarcely have the audacity to disallow since it is, and has ever been propped up, by the concurrent verdicts of the majority or educated men. If Mr. Ingersoll, while he is under training for his encounter with Gladstone would only give himself up to an analysis of and a reflection upon the various lessons which are contained in this forcible little aphorism, he might rise a step or two in his profession and from the "wicked barbarian" evolve into an "educated sinner." He might also, by applying himself with the assiduity of a third-form school-boy, outgrow that anile fashion he has of bespattering his unconquerable *Bête-noir*, with all manner of foul and ill-founded aspersions, instead

of confronting it manfully, and showing his virile courage, if he has any! Even the devil-haunted deliriums of the self-intoxicated Shelley are preferable to the tissues of deliberate falsehood and ill-chosen aggressions in which Mr. Ingersoll has formulated his charges against Christianity. But then, we must remember the words of the eminent divine, who has so truly said that "God's attributes are *our* ways of looking at Him, of speaking of Him, and of worshipping Him," for they give us the key-note to the conduct of such men, clearly explaining, why, those whose lives are, to use their own expression, a "vain and feverish dream of sensualism," should find it next to impossible to believe in the existence of essential sanctity. To them, God is that restless, irritating, uncontrollable, self-criminating force which harrows with unsparring severity the hearts of guilty men, and to whose pitiless, cryptic workings may be attributed nine-tenths of the suicides, which are daily committed the world over. Is it any wonder then, that they hate Him? Their hatred is a blind precipitation undoubted, and only adds fuel to the consuming fire, which their evil passions have kindled, but it is a recognition as well, of the power and supremacy of the Holy, and the Strong God, 'whom to outrage in words is easy, but 'neath whose uplifted hand their timid souls cower, in spite of their much-vaunted fearlessness.' History supports this truth, in the person of the apostate emperor Julian, whose childish efforts to defy the ordinances of the Most High by attempting the reconstruction of the temple of Jerusalem proved not only abortive in their defeat, by the miraculous intervention which in the shape of a whirlwind of flame drove him and his abettors from their daring task, but brought a swift and fearful retribution upon the head of the unlucky traitor, whose irate words, half-smothered in their utterance as they were, by the icy hand of death which clutched him, even as he spoke, shall go down forever to the last generations of men as an unparalleled warning to those who blaspheme their Maker in their hearts, or with their lips. The "Galilean" who "conquered" Julian, has lost none of His power, which is infinite, equal and even worse insults are offered to Him with apparent impunity by traitors of modern times, who throw hand-