

logic which the relentless Lambert so dexterously administered to him, when, urged more I think by his humanity, than any apprehension he could have had of the effect of the infidel's words, which could not unsinew the creed of a child, he sought to cure his fellow creature of a vile distemper, which has held possession of him for a distressingly long time. But the unthankful patient hates both the remedy and the physician, as every one shall see when Mr. Gladstone attempts to repeat the dose. There is one feature however of the projected contest which must be a source of no small satisfaction to Mr. Ingersoll, and which shall establish a stimulating sort of precedent for those who are inclined to follow in his footsteps; it is, that he should have succeeded in attracting the serious attention of one of the greatest potentates of the day by dint of invincible perseverance in his pronouncedly wicked course. This is Mr. Ingersoll's laurel-crown, and poisoned though the leaves may be, he should cherish them fondly and proudly. This sort of triumph is the only heaven which he has not shut against himself, let him enjoy it therefore while it lasts, and make the most of it. When he comes out of the scathful conflict, it shall be in a strong mood to sympathize most cordially with that more or less eminent historical personage whose vaunted privilege it was, to have received a gratuitous, and more impetuous than affectionate impression of one of the pedal extremities of His Majesty King George upon a sensitive corner of his corporeal substance. The process involved some discomfort, as processes of too suddenly surprising a nature are wont to do, and a momentary humiliation before the vulgar rabble who cannot be trained to recognize a nice distinction, but it was gratifying when the ordeal was over, it must have been, for the unworthy recipient of the royal favor to feel that if he and his Sovereign had not rubbed shoulders in the strictly literal sense of the term, they had rubbed other joints of equal importance, and with a force which quite compensated for whatever the shoulders would have supplied.

There is one weapon however, which Mr. Gladstone may not wield in his defense of Christianity, for it hangs upon the richly-trophied walls of an ancient armory, from which, by his own choice, he stands

excluded. He may see its glitter through the sombre low-lying clouds which hang between him and this sacred depository, better known as The Church of Christ, and considering the stuff his adversary is made of, he may fight and win without it. But if those who stand within arm's-reach of it, (and many of them are children of his own Alma Mater), could hand it to him across the narrow prejudices which separate him from it, the world should stand appalled at the results. If only the warrior himself had not drunk so long and deeply from the infected breasts of that Alma Mater, he should like many of his Oxford contemporaries have outlived his morbid intolerance of the Church which disputes and disallows the claims of the Communion whose interests she has long tried to serve, to the undivisible title of Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and should have secured to himself the right of fighting side by side with Newman, Brownson and Faber, and all those world-famed immortals, who have rallied round the standard of Catholicism, in the last fifty years. But we are bound by the scrupulous rectitude with which Mr. Gladstone has ever discharged the duties of his public life, to believe that he has done no criminal violence to his convictions by remaining in the ranks which have been deserted by some of his nearest and dearest friends. He can be intolerant of what seems to him assumptions on the part of the Catholic Church in a defensive sort of way, which is quite a different thing from the offensive attitude of less earnest and intelligent heretics. His pamphlet entitled *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civilization* (1874) though not perhaps what he would write now, that he has had reason to change some of his old opinions and form some new ones, has been judged by more than one extremist as a mere outburst of prejudice against the Roman Church, but though this prejudice exists and not causelessly, to those who bear in mind the peculiar circumstances of the author's early life and the various exacting events which marked that portion of it when men make their choice of the principles which shall govern their future, it is nothing more than a negative affirmation of his own faith, with just as much causticity in it as the leaven of a truth-coated heresy would be likely to produce. But as this is not equally clear