

thought of all this, let us ask ourselves whether or not the man who is born to such an estate, and who tries to do it justice is entitled to something more than a passive recognition of his merits from those whose firesides he has protected, whose coffers he has filled, whose rights he has defended, and whose wrongs he has redressed? Can any one recognise in this rough sketch, the silver-haired premier of England, with whom, O tell it it not in Gath, a certain Mr. Ingersoll of local notoriety is destined to enjoy a fortuitous connection during the coming months! *The North American Review*, a periodical of the most questionable orthodoxy, has announced an impending treat to its readers, in the shape of a controversy upon that muchly-controverted subject, religion. If I remember rightly, it is expected to last twelve months. The assailant is Mr. Robert Ingersoll, and if the precept that practice makes perfect be worth anything, he shall attack his subject with no "prentice han." The defendant is Wm. Ewart Gladstone!

Like his archetype, that disreputable twelfth part of a shilling, Mr. Ingersoll has 'turned up' again. It was his ill-luck to have 'turned up' on a former occasion between the fingers of a knowing man, who gave him some merciless knocks upon the flinty counters of common sense, and set a whole world of spectacles laughing at his spuriousness, Father L. A. Lambert of Waterloo, Diocese of Rochester, N. Y. If he does not meet with a worse fate now, he may thank his various gods, for unless they arm him with necessary weapons of defence, he shall pay dearly for his rashness. It seems odd to us that men like Father Lambert and Mr. Gladstone should wage war against a moral pigmy, such as Mr. Ingersoll has proven himself to be. Of course it is not for us, who are so far below the level of both, to criticise deeds which their profound knowledge and restless zeal inspire them to undertake. We know before hand that such things, to a far-seeing wisdom, are means which justify a most worthy end, but as Mr. Gladstone may be enough like the rest of us not to see himself as others see him, we may be permitted upon this supposition to express some regret that he should have stooped to "wrestle in tough argument" with, or "flash logic" at the

now almost forgotten, or at best unheeded mouthpiece of infidelity in America.

Mr. Ingersoll, as every observing reader knows, is one of those slightly demented people who are constantly inviting argument upon a subject for the ostensible purpose of having their objections legitimately disposed of, and who are determined before hand that no amount of rhyme or reason shall convince them of anything they do not already allow. Now, surely the man is no match for the immortal Gladstone, who, were it not for the just horror which every fair minded and well bred antagonist has, of saying anything in matters of controversy that might be construed into personal abuse, should have long since been condemned as insane upon the one theme which has been the burden of his ill-measured and fescennine song, for years!

Mr. Gladstone must of course be sure of doing some good by entering the field of polemics with this man, and is therefore justified in challenging him, but it has always seemed to me that a victory is more or less compunctious when one has slain a weak and ill-armed adversary.

Mr. Ingersoll is basking in the sweetly foolish conviction that his discoveries in the Bible and elsewhere are too good to be summarily wiped out by anybody else's, so he bathes them after each conflict tenderly and fondly in the classic marsh of Lerna and deceives himself with the belief that they come forth full-formed Hydras, more formidable and less vulnerable every time. What he cannot realize is that among those whose principles he challenges with a perseverance truly worthy of a more promising cause, there are two thousand strong unconquered and unconquerable Hercules for every head upon his ill proportioned monster. Mr. Ingersoll should know this, for it has been pointed out to him in various unpleasant ways, since he first began this poor fruitless crusade against a power whose shield is of "ten-fold adamant." But suppose Mr. Ingersoll, or his tenets, which are the same thing, to be a real raving Hydra, and suppose the Hydra to have double the number of stomachs that he has heads, and suppose these stomachs to be filled up with an ideal digestive apparatus, he could rot, even at this distant date have turned into chyme, the dose of cold heavy