

in, its day, in at least the more enlightened portions of the empire, would not be long.

There seems to be a considerable resemblance at bottom between the old English feeling exemplified in Shenstone, and that which at present animates the Ronge movement in Germany. We find the English poet exclaiming,

“Hail, honored Wickliffe, enterprising sage!  
*An Epicurus in the cause of truth!!*”

And the continental priest, — occupying at best but a half-way position between Luther and Voltaire, and who can remark in his preachings that “if Roman Catholics have a Pope at Rome, the Protestants have made their Pope of a book, and that that book is but a dead letter,” — apostrophizes in a similar spirit the old German reformers. I can, however, see nothing inconsistent in the zeal of such men. It does not greatly require the aid of religion to enable one to decide that exhibitions such as that of the holy coat of Treves are dishonest and absurd, or to warm with indignation at the intolerance that would make one's liberty or life pay the penalty of one's freedom of opinion. Shenstone, notwithstanding his indifference to the theological, was quite religious enough to have been sabred or shot, had he been at Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew, or knocked on the head if in Ulster at the time of the Irish massacre. What, apart from religious considerations, is chiefly to be censured and regretted in the zeal of the Ronges and Shenstones, Michelets and Eugene Sues, is, not that it is inconsistent, but that it constitutes at best but a vacuum-creating power. It forms a void where, in the nature of things, no void can permanently exist, and which superstition is ever rushing in to fill; and so the progress of the race, wherever it is influentially operative, instead of being conducted onwards in its proper line of march,