

tune, though a very honest and good sort of person, to be devout ; and the weakness, like the dead-fly in the apothecary's ointment, imparts a dangerous taint to the whole character. And thus the lesson of the tale runs on. We see in it the secret of the hostility entertained to evangelism by the insurgents of Vaud and Argovia, and which rendered them not less tolerant of a vital Protestantism than even the Jesuits whom they so determinedly opposed. We see in it, too, the grand error of Voltaire repeated,—miserable attempts to create a blank where, in the nature of things, no blank can exist ; and an utter ignorance of the great fact, that the religion of the New Testament is the only efficient antidote against superstition, and a widely-circulated Bible the sole permanent protection against the encroachments of an ambitious priesthood. It would be bold to conjecture what the rising crop of opinion, so thickly sown over Europe, is ultimately to produce. There exists a widely-extended belief that Popery, when its final day has come, is to have infidelity for its executioner. Do we see in works such as those of Eugene Sue the executioner in training ? Or is the old cycle again to revolve, and the blank formed by infidelity to be filled up by superstition ? We would fain see a safer *exposé* of the Jesuits than the fiction of the insidious novelist,—an *exposé* at once so just to the order, that they could raise no effectual protest against it, and so true to the interests of religion and the nature of man, that it could contain no elements of re-action favourable to the body it assailed. When are we to have a translation of the “ Provincial Letters ” at once worthy of Pascal and of the existing emergency ?—  
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