with skepticism? Would he leave the untutored mind to the fearful ravages so often incident to reading atheistical works? I hope not. Let him rather seek to arm the understanding with weapons of cultivation that these impious and alluring precepts may forever be erased from their places upon the pages of books. But he turns from his review of the reign of Terror with the bloody streets of Paris before his eyes, the execrations of France blazed and blotted with the stain of Civil War, the bright hopes of liberty suddenly arrested from the Patriotes by Robespierre and Danton, men of action! dark and terrible action! and asks who but men of action have ever been the apostles of liberty. No wonder if the quaint and enigmatic form of unhappy Ireland had arisen before his eyes and subdued his voice in this strange and unnatural question fell from his lips. No wonder if the shade of Warsaw's last champion had suddenly started up and pointed him in horror to that "leagued oppression" that snatched the last hope of freedom from his country and ask we are not these men of action.
Set him turn his eyes to where the battle wreath still encircles poor, down-trodden Hungary where the blood of her martyred patriots scarcely dry. Cries out against