

hensive and far-reaching view, such as is rarely met with. But the Cardinal, in his remedy for the ills that bulk so largely in his eye, claims too much for the Church. Statesmen have to choose, he says, between revolution and anarchy and the Church of God, to wit the Roman Catholic Church of Cardinal Manning. The salvation of the world—of nations as of individuals—can be accomplished only through the influence of those principles of life to which religion gives its sanction. But they are in no way bound up or synonymous with the Roman Catholic Church. So to identify them is to confound the temporary and accidental form with the eternal spirit. The letter of the truth is constantly changing; the spirit of it, never. The Roman Catholic Church as an ecclesiastico-political institution must yield before the Time Spirit that is destroying it. But the salvation of men and of the world will be achieved by the operation of the same eternal principles of truth and righteousness which found in it a temporary abode. Christianity has proved itself the salvation of the world in the past; and as a principle of divine life in the souls of men and nations, is not confined to one particular body or to any outward form. As a living motive power for good, therefore, it shall endure though the Roman Catholic Church and all the other churches in existence should disappear at once. What is universal and eternal in them will reappear in higher forms. Only their temporary and accidental elements can perish.

THE POOR WIDOWS!

Who, in reading the lines—

“No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching
Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
For pain has its heaven and pleasure its hell,”—

can help acknowledging their deep truth. It may appear rather paradoxical to say “heaven of pain,” or “pleasure of hell,” but nearly every one has experienced such an avalanche of painful events, or such a surfeit of pleasure, as to affirm the above contradictions of terms. As an almost perfect illustration of the “pleasure of pain,” we may cite the fact that in the dramatic representation of tragical events the pleasure experienced is surely evolved from pain. Persons who have met with sad bereavements, in the loss of husbands, parents or friends, and who have nothing to occupy their minds, usually make of their pain a pleasure, and amuse themselves in inflicting upon their acquaintances a long and doleful history of their woes. It gives them something to do, and perhaps serves to vary the monotony of conversation, when one is not residing with them, otherwise it is rather uncomfortable. It may be useful, however, to remind one of the “gingham widow” of the farce who moves in a flood of tears.

Lady Constance says:

“Grief fills the room up of my absent . . .
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.”

These lines express appositely the pith of the whole matter. When we find persons parading their grief and indulging in tears upon the slightest hint (such as the mention of a name), we may be satisfied that they are fond of grief; this sort of grief is only a dreary, meaningless jolliness.

We find people who will put on mourning and lamentations on each anniversary of an event—will retire to their chambers and pharisaically bottle their saline tears, secretly pluming themselves that they can yet weep. In these the absurdity is of course evident, while in the case of those who do this enjoyable sort of thing all the year around, the spectator is apt, in some cases, to regard it as sincere: a mistake—an entire mistake. The weepers may believe themselves sincere, but they are not; they are only amusing themselves with this funny sadness. It is related of a certain lady that, while weeping in her room on the sad anniversary, a bouquet was brought to her by a servant. The weeping ceased. The servant was told: “Now, Simpson, put these in water, and they will do for my dinner-party to-morrow night.” The servant retired, and the weeping was again taken up as easily as a piece of embroidery. Oh, ye hypocrites—it is better far to be born without a heart than to have such a spongey substitute.

Another phase of pleasure in grief is, the profession of grief for relations with whom one may have never been *en rapport*, or whom one may not have seen for years, or whom one may have sent away to get rid of. This phase is indulged in chiefly by those who are desirous of making obeisance to the social world, or by those who think mourning improves their personal appearance. There is not much to be learnt from people of this stamp; they are merely toadies to fashion or to their own vanity. We see them every day, and do not not take much notice of them.

Those that trouble us are the persons who chase grief year after year and find occupation and pleasure in the chase. On the other hand, we must not say that we should forget those who are gone, but surely we can remember them with love without making fools of ourselves. Respect for and remembrance of the dead is one of the holiest feelings of the human heart, but in the over-indulgence we commit sin.

There is a great deal of truth in the following story, though the circumstances are not befitting: “Jones was telling a friend about a widow who was present at the lowering of the coffin containing her husband’s body, and he told that the widow had fallen into the grave, she was so moved by grief.” His friend, who was of a practical turn of mind, said “that he supposed she wanted to pound him down, so that he would not rise to trouble her second husband—when she got him.” There is more truth than poetry about this. Tony Veller was a very correct, though eccentric judge and critic of those weeping contradictions, “the vidders.” Perhaps the widows will answer that they are moved by the feeling that “misery loves company,” and they wish, being or rather pretending to be miserable, that all their friends should follow their example. What can we think of this? The human heart is very tough and elastic, recovering from any heavy loss when the person is at all sensible—there is no use moping or crying over spilt milk. It is much more comfortable to take things philosophically, congratulating ourselves that very few events are so painful but that they might be worse. This grief for the dead is carried sometimes to such a painful extent that the statement has been made by widows that they would not care to go to heaven itself if the dearly-beloved one was not there. They had better try and get to heaven *themselves* without thinking much whether their “dearies” are there or not.

We find a noble, true, and sincere example of widowhood in our gracious Queen, but we find in her a strict and careful attention to her duties as a mother and a Queen. We find no moping, no useless weepings interfering with her daily life. Now, any widow who presumes to compare herself with the Queen, and who ventures to think that she can justify herself in remaining a widow, is necessarily obliged to follow the Queen’s example in all its particulars and be useful to others. When we analyze these extreme feelings of grief, we often find a want of balance intellectually, or an overweening vanity or aimlessness of life. Will any widow explain why she keeps up this endless “pageantry of woe,” or can she? That the memory of kind friends is sweet, and should be enduring, is true, most true—a name often and properly bringing up gentle echoes of the past:

“Yet still thy name, thy precious name,
My lonely bosom fills
Like an *echo* that has lost itself
Among the distant hills—
Which still with melancholy moan
Keeps faintly lingering on
When the joyous note which gave it birth
Is gone—forever gone.”

The history of the world is the memory of the dead, but that we should therefore weep does not necessarily follow; it is a glorious and noble thought to think of the dead as warriors who have fought in the tourney of life and have passed away—when their turn has come—the sadness or grief for the dead is deep indeed if we think the dead have not fought their fight or done their duty, otherwise we must think of the dead with more cheerfulness than sorrow. When we are told of the death of the leaf—we should not think it sad—it is a noble death, the leaf has faithfully served the tree and falls to the ground to renew the growing tree. Let us therefore so live that in our life we may sustain others, and in our death cause memories of the past to spring up diffusing happiness and encouragement to those we leave behind; let us die in the true and perfect performance of our duty—yea, even as the humble leaf.

Omega.

OTHER TRAITS OF CITY GIRLS.

Not long since we had an article in the SPECTATOR on “City Girls,” which was more truthful than complimentary; and, I fear some city girls have other traits which are even more objectionable than scandal, sarcasm, and silliness. Perhaps we should not call it a trait of the city girl but whatever we may call it, it is certainly true that many who consider themselves fashionable and highly respectable are allowed to attend evening entertainments, and go about generally with only a young man as escort. In the old countries such conduct would be considered vulgar and only permitted by the lower classes. No young lady of any position in society would be seen in public unless chaperoned by some members of her family, or married lady friend. Our American cousins used to meet all objections to this custom by saying that their girls were smart enough to take care of themselves; and their young men sufficiently honourable to ensure the respectful treatment of young ladies entrusted to their care. This may be so in the majority of cases, but even Americans are beginning to see that it does not enhance the matrimonial value of a young lady when it is known that she has been out for two or three seasons escorted by every Tom, Dick or Harry of her set, until each one has either tired of her company or she has tired of his attentions, and some new admirer has been found to act as general escort, purveyor of candies, ice-cream and bouquets and sometimes more expensive, and therefore, more objectionable presents. The better classes of Americans no longer allow their daughters to go about in this way, and really well-bred Canadians have never done so; still the custom is so universal that we may well consider it as to its effect on our young people; who are allowed to begin this career of flirtation at a very early age. Girls from