

matters back from the groove into which it has fallen. He read a paper at the Victoria Institute entitled "Modifications in the Idea of God produced by Modern Thought and Scientific Discovery." We had, said the Chancellor, been too much accustomed to separate speculation from revelation, instead of basing the former upon the latter; and we must go back to the days of the old conception of God as a liv-farce, manifested in the world which He has brought into being, and as an eternal self-existent Ruler of that world for the highest good of beings who lived, thought, and felt.

Consumption.

Some years ago the advantage of the climate of Colorado as a residence for the prevention and alleviation of pulmonary disease in the earlier stages were realized and the benefits of course exaggerated. Denver has, however, remained as a resort—where much benefit is derived. It may interest some to know that a gift has been made by a good churchman, Mr. Charles L. Adams, amounting to \$50,000, for the erection of an annex to the Consumptive Home in Denver, as a memorial to his deceased wife. This annex is to furnish accommodations, at a low rate, for consumptives who are unable to pay the rates in the main building.

Puritanism.

Our kind and learned correspondent, who objected to our editorial on what might be called the modern worship of Santa Claus, will, we trust, after reading the note which we found in an Old Country paper, understand our position better. He called it Puritanical, which surprised us, but "Peter Lombard" has a long note on Christmas which very aptly shows the use and abuse of Puritanism, and we hope that our extract will not be too long or out of place. "Things have swung round in two directions in the course of the last two centuries. Christmas was a day held in downright abhorrence by the Puritans of the 17th century. Let us, as true men and women, be just to them. Some of their most prominent writers declared that the festival was really a revival or continuation of the heathen Saturnalia, the rejoicing and merry-making of the Romans on the turn of the season, and named after Saturn as the author of husbandry and the arts of life. At this festival the utmost freedom of social intercourse was permitted; slaves were allowed to sit at the tables of their masters, processions crowded the streets, the nights were illuminated with lighted tapers of wax, which were also used as gifts between friends in the humbler walks of life. It was an especial season for the exchange of gifts of friendship, and especially of gifts to children. We may compare with this the similar joyous outburst at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, though this was earlier in the year. Nehemiah's exhortation to the nation, 'Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared,' would make a most fitting Christmas text; indeed, it has many a time been so used. In other words, we fit the happy rejoicings of the old Church of God into our Christian life. And there is no doubt that the early Christians thought it desirable to take whatever was attractive in the customs of their Pagan ancestors and try to adapt it to the higher life which they aspired to lead. . . . Well, Prynne, the great Puritan writer, in his *Histrio-Mastix*, which is not such

a bad book as some of us thought it until we had had a good look through it, abuses the observance of Christmas fiercely on the ground, which I am afraid is too true a one, that it was "spent in revelling, epicurisme, wantonnesse, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage-playes, and such other Christmas disorders now in use with Christians . . . which should call all pious Christians eternally to abominate them." Now if it were really the case that Christmas could not be kept in England without these accompaniments, I am sure that he would have had the great author of the first Epistle to the Corinthians with him. And he had, too, good reason to fear if we may judge by the literature of the time. We know now that there was another side to it all. . . . Good Christians, whether "Prelatists" or "Predestinationists," did not like being shut out of church on Christmas Day. As a matter of fact, many of the Puritans themselves felt this, and as time went on, though the prohibition remained in the Statute Book, the services were resumed in Church congregations, and nobody interfered with them. It is recorded how the great Oliver allowed himself to be taken by his High Church daughter to the Christmas Day service at the Church of St. Gregory-by-St. Paul, and showed his pleasure therein. . . . But then remember how much of the purification of all this we owe to the Puritan protest, continued long after Prynne, bravely carried on all the time that the devil seemed let loose again in the orgies which were resumed after the Restoration; carried on, too, thanks be to God, by the brave Nonjurors, who made common cause with the Puritans in maintaining that pure life and conversation were better than ceremonies, however sacred.

Is there a Dawn Wind?

The "Spectator" rejoices in having such a large number of literary readers, that where one of them starts a discussion the only difficulty the editor has is to choose among the multitude of responses that reach him. In selecting from one of these discussions our readers will pardon us if we take more than our usual space. On the 28th of December, Mr. W. W. Ward, asked the above question. Is the morning the mother of winds, as Hesiod calls her? After quoting from what Virgil, Dante, and Longfellow say of the precursor wind, he adds: In that passionate poem translated in the Revised Version, "The Song of Songs which is Solomon's" a nuptial song composed, it is said, by Solomon on his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter, we read: "My love is mine and I am his. He is feeding his flocks among the lilies until the day breathes and the shadows flee away." Until the day breathes, not breaks, as if the dawn wind were as certain a sign of the approach of day as the first streak of light in the clouds. Has there been as yet any satisfactory interpretation of the mysterious line of Wordsworth, "The winds come to me from the fields of sleep"? May they not be the herald winds of that "sweet May morning"? The editor appositely heads the letters with the line from Tennyson, "The cold wind that foreruns the morn." F. T. Bullen, whom Mr. Ward calls the true poet of the sea, and others the modern John Bunyan, contributes a letter which we love to quote in full as he raises all he touches to such a religious and spiritual plane. Delightful as his letter is there is one jarring note struck in the first sentence, "Is there a dawn wind?"—jarring,

that is, because it puts a question as to the existence of what should long ago have passed beyond the realm of debate. Truly, he hastens to show, buttressed by a wealth of lovely quotation, how firm is his faith; but to how many of our colonists, sailors, soldiers, and travellers will his admittance of that question seem an act of heresy? For the coming of the breath of dawn is to vast numbers of enduring men and women scattered all over our wide-spread Empire the most precious physical fact of each day, an event to be looked forward to throughout what would often be the otherwise unbearably humid heat of the night. And its failure to arrive at the expected moment, for it does fail at times under the stress of certain atmospheric disturbances, is a calamity of the first magnitude, often alas! proving that the final straw that breaks down the terribly weakened resistance of the brave sufferer. And even when retirement from those exacting lands has come, and the released one retires to the easeful quiet and changefulness of climate of his native islands, the memory of those precious moments remains to him. As one of the uses of pain is the sense of gratitude cessation from it brings as well as the cultivation of hopeful endurance while it lasts, so one of the chief pleasures of memory of our experiences in tropical lands is our bearing patiently the heat of the night because of the certain expectation of most delicious relief at dawn. For then, as if by some miracle of Nature, the heat-waves suddenly cease to surge over the throbbing brain, the oozing sweat dries, and like the healing touch of a ministering cherub a delicious freshness prevades all things. "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but a breath of coolness (it is no more than a breath) has come, and if there be any sense of divine Providence left in the heart, now is the season for morning praise and prayer. It will be pure from the fountain of life. But in the foregoing only the nether margin of this Aurora of delight has been indicated. To enter the upper regions we must wait on a tropical sea-coast, or better still, stand upon the deck of some calm-bound ship in low latitudes at the coming of day. Then, having wondered and worshipped throughout the mighty silences of the night, gazing with restful sight upon the immensity of the sea-plain beneath touched momentarily with suggestions of unearthly radiance or lifting wondering eyes above where in perfect harmony the morning stars sing together, the soul may rise to higher eminences of joy. To the watcher whose mind is attuned by submission to these sweet influences there will then come a frame of sacred expectation such as no other time or place on earth can bestow. There is silence in heaven. There has been, but not the same. Now heaven and earth and sea are waiting, and man must needs wait also. Not long. And God said "Let there be light." He speaks, and His breath is felt bringing life as well as light. The twin glories of day-dawn appear. The rich deep sheen of the blue-black ocean becomes diversified as the freshness of that celestial breath passes over it, while following closely, the triumphant clanging of colours strikes upon the senses as they rush athwart the sky. The tides of being that have been just at lowest ebb respond to the mighty call. They flow, at first sluggishly, but as the light sweet airs strengthen, and the precursor lances of the sun pierce the heart of darkness, they rise

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