

A business has sprung up in America in connection with railway passenger traffic which has assumed large proportions within the last few years. It is principally based on fraud,—first against the Railway Company, and often against travellers. Persons buy through tickets, sometimes not transferable, and use them a portion of the distance, sell them to a ticket-broker, who re-sells them; and often a ticket is used by three or four different persons between starting-point and destination. This is not the worst feature; stolen tickets are sometimes sold by these organizations, and tickets out of date are palmed off on the unwary and innocent country people, frequently on emigrants who get on the trains only to find that they have bought a valueless article. I have heard of cruel cases of robbery, which resulted in a whole family—father, mother, and young children—being put off a train, holding these worthless tickets. The Railway Companies have no option but to act so or collect fare. Sometimes the deluded and defrauded people return to the place where they bought their tickets, and by threats get back the money they have been swindled out of.

The trial of Abrahams for selling a pass made out in the name of a particular person (not transferable), and valid for a certain time, which had expired long before the sale of it took place, has occupied the attention of the Court of Queen's Bench. The case was a very plain one, and the Court had the advantage of being presided over by the Chief-Justice with a common-sense English-speaking jury. Two young Englishmen, one a Yorkshireman, told a plain story, of how they had gone out on a Saturday night, with their joint earnings of twenty dollars, procured by hard work at a Montreal foundry, to find the cheapest way of getting tickets to Chicago. They were attracted by newspaper advertisements to what is known as a "scalper's" ticket office. They wanted tickets to Chicago, and were offered free passage and parted with their twenty dollars, but when they got under a gaslight outside they found they had got a non-transferable pass to Port Huron, and an utterly worthless pass, out of date, from Port Huron to Chicago. Having been cheated, they took a sleep over the matter, and consulted Detective Richardson on the Sunday morning, who after seeing the Grand Trunk authorities on the Monday, and finding a fraud had been committed, gave the Crown authorities cognizance of the facts which resulted in an indictment being preferred and a true bill being found by the Grand Jury.

If the two witnesses for the defence could have given as unvarnished a tale as the two young Englishmen did, they might have had credence with the jury, but Mr. Davidson, the Crown Prosecutor, pointed out the palpable contradictions between the statements of Mr. Abraham's clerk and "Mr. Samuels," who went into Abraham's store to buy a cigar and get a ticket for a lady friend to New York, and waited there for three-quarters of an hour, while his presence at all was denied by the witnesses for the Crown, so that the utter failure of the defence was evident before the Chief-Justice gave his charge. But when he did so, and asked the jury to believe the evidence on one side or the other, then little was left for speculation as to how the verdict would be given. Notwithstanding that Mr. Keller spoke eloquently and tried to make the matter a Grand Trunk prosecution, the facts were too strong for him, and a verdict of guilty was returned, and Mr. Abraham is held for sentence, some law points being reserved.

DEAR SIR,—You ask for ideas upon Church work. My conviction is, if so-called Protestant Churches would agree to become Protestant indeed and of a truth, instead of as it is, claiming the name and doing the works of the Roman Catholic Church, they would do well. To begin at the beginning, let them all with one consent tear up their worn-out creeds, break down the partition walls which have so long kept them apart, and then they, in concert, should endeavour to build up Christian character, instead as before, make narrow bigots. This is legitimate Church work, all else would follow in due course.

Archbishop Lynch of Toronto has been lecturing on Christian unity. The time is appropriate for the enforcement of such an idea. A little while ago the Toronto Episcopal Bishop refused to join

Christians of other denominations in celebrating the yearly triumphs of the Bible Society because the meetings were held in a Presbyterian church. A western clergyman went to visit his mother and with her attended church services on the Sabbath. The church was of the Presbyterian order, and it was the day for communion. The clergyman took the communion with his mother, and was severely reprimanded for his unepiscopal conduct. In truth it came nigh costing him his appointment. Thus episcopacy.

The Presbyterians held a council at Philadelphia the other day and called it after the great god Pan. The discussion of dogmas was ventured upon and the air became hot. Principal Grant spoke after his manly liberal fashion, putting in a plea for generous dealing with those who do not believe in the right of the church to limit their ideas of the infallibility of its dogmas: The Rev. J. D. Macdonnel spoke in the same strain—and a little more feelingly than the Principal, probably, for he could speak out of his own experience. Later on the same bold and eloquent Toronto preacher, himself a total abstainer, ventured to ask that a platform might be erected big enough to hold Teetotalers and Moderate drinkers, so that the crime of drunkenness may be more efficiently dealt with. This also was regarded as sin, and the hot air of the discussion chamber got hotter, and it was decided that the brethren were too unbrotherly in temper for them to join in that one great token of heaven's love toward all sinners, and of that one pledge of brotherhood in the church,—The Lord's supper. Thus the Presbyterians.

The Baptists have just been holding their annual union meetings in Toronto, and dogmas were up for discussion—at least for one more confirmation. The Rev. Mr. McGregor read a paper on the subject: "What constitutes a regular Baptist Church?" One might have been forgiven for imagining that the question was settled long ago; but evidently it was not, or Mr. McGregor and some others thought they had better put into words once more what, according to their judgment, constitutes a regular Baptist. But the Rev. Mr. Brookman felt that it was his duty to promulgate a different set of opinions, and was eager to show the reason he had for such holding. The meeting refused to hear him. Mr. Boyd entered a protest against this treatment of Mr. Brookman—and the outside rational public will certainly approve of what Mr. Boyd said. The Rev. Mr. McLaurin managed to get a hearing for a brief period, and told the meeting, to its horror, that he did not believe that total immersion was necessary to salvation. Finally, Mr. Brookman was denied the right to make a statement of his views, and—thus the Baptists.

So a lecture on Christian unity is timely. Did Archbishop Lynch make an effort to heal all those differences and show Bishop Sweatman that an Episcopal minister may take the Communion with his Presbyterian mother and not put his Christian manhood at risk? and the American Presbyterians that they might hear the wise and generous words of Principal Grant and Mr. Macdonnel in good temper and take the Communion together afterward without bringing any dishonour on the name of Him who said: "Do this in remembrance of Me?" and did the Archbishop go on to tell the Baptist brethren that they may differ in matters even so important to their minds as adult baptism, and give Mr. Brookman a hearing, and be charitable enough toward the Christians who are not Baptists to believe that they have a chance of salvation by faith, without running the risk of helping on the cause of infidelity? No, alas! alas! The Archbishop wished to unite all people who now differ, by bringing them into one Church—and that Church, his own, of course! Thus Archbishop Lynch. What part does Christian love play in all this sad drama?

A Toronto friend well able to judge in the matter sends the following, which to me is final and satisfactory:—

DEAR SIR,—I note your paragraph in last week's SPECTATOR inviting correspondence as to alleged unfair treatment of the Shamrocks by the spectators, at our late match. There has been so much of what must be wilful misstatement in the Montreal press, especially in the *Gazette*, that I have been on the point several times of writing with our side of the case but have been advised to treat the many untruths with silent contempt. However I am not