

holy to throw stones in Canada. Yes; we are satisfied with misrepresenting the sinner and refusing him the right of reply. Having thus raised a *fama* against him, we turn him out of the honourable position for which he has fitted himself by the labour of a lifetime. That is all we do, in these days of light and liberty. Then, we turn up our eyes to heaven, and ask: "Could we do less?" It might be answered: "Could you possibly do more, even if you had the will?"

The point that is made at present, be it noted, is that the action against Professor Workman was taken by the governing body of the University, that is, by the very men whom the public expected to defend the rights of Professors to investigate freely, even although the Professor—in the course of his investigation—should find something new. The case would be in a different position had the Supreme Court of the Methodist Church tried Professor Workman for heresy, and having found him guilty deposed him from the ministry. It is safe to say that the Methodist Church will take no such action through its Conference or any other of its Courts, but if it did so the Regents could then plead that their Constitution required the Professor of Biblical Criticism to be a minister in good standing of the Methodist Church, and that it was necessary to dismiss one who had been deposed. At present, however, they have no such defence. They stand before the country guilty of treason to the aim and object of every university, and specially of Victoria. It may be added here that a charge of libel for heresy against Dr. Workman could not be sustained for a moment. He believes firmly in Revelation and Inspiration. He believes firmly in the Messianic element in Old Testament prophecy. But instead of accepting the old mechanical interpretation of certain texts, he shows their living connection with the actual life of Israel. He thus endeavours to show to some extent "the many parts and many ways" in which the living God—according to Paul—gradually revealed Himself and so prepared the world for the full revelation of Himself in Jesus. Neither is anyone concerned to defend the interpretations of Dr. Workman in detail. Possibly he may be wrong, and in that case it is the duty of his honour students, of other Professors of Hebrew and of scholarly ministers and laymen to show that he has erred. Possibly a vigorous controversialist may be able to boast of success along this line. He may interpret some of the passages more accurately, and he may be able to persuade men so, especially if they wish to be persuaded, and if he has the command of a paper. But all this does not touch the merits of the case. Dr. Workman's conclusions on this or that point may or may not stand. His methods of interpretation must be accepted, even by those who disagree with his conclusions, for they are the acknowledged canons of linguistic, literary and historical criticism.

What makes the action of the Regents the more incomprehensible is that the men present at their meeting competent to discuss the question in the light of modern scholarship were in favour of giving Dr. Workman liberty to teach. The Chancellor of the University, whose volume on the Epistle to the Romans shows him to be an admirable exegete, the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and the other scholars present, were on one side. These were surely the best judges of the Professor, of his work and of the higher interests of the University in the matter.

Enough on this. The question must be looked at from other points of view. But, surely, now that the Regents have had time to reflect, they must see that a mistake has been made. Let them, then, do something that is harder but grander than persisting in the mistake.

PRESBYTER.

PARIS LETTER.

THAT Cadmean victory—the new ultra-protectionist tariff—provokes no enthusiasm. At the present moment France has no defined or permanent commercial relations with any country, save with Norway-Sweden for herrings and common timber. No wonder the journals of light and leading deplore the rash adventure into which the country has been plunged. The respite other nations accord to France to offer lower rates than her minimum tariff can terminate at any moment. Business men in the midst of such uncertainties can do nothing to tap the foreign markets, especially those of Europe. French as well as other national industries exacts stability; this wanting, all is uncertainty and the unknown. Germany now leads Europe in a relatively liberal commercial federation, while France sits on her Chinese wall, on where the mind's eye can discern "Ichabod." When France shall have worked up all her heavy stocks of imports, secured in anticipation of the new customs dues, she must find markets for her glut of outputs. Where? Other nations have hoisted her with her own petard.

But there is balm in Gilead, if no physician be there. The blind alley into which France has been driven by legislators who love her commercially well, but not wisely, must in time bring its inevitable solution. The margin of profits—so small in these times of trade competition—do not permit of the experiment France has undertaken. The leap in the dark must be paid for; the cost will be known before the end of the year. There is no political sentiment in the sad situation to be conquered by sugared ineptitudes and honeyed commonplaces, but a merciless strangulation by fixed laws and concrete facts. The refusal of Spain to accept even an ephemeral trade arrangement with France

confirms the belief that Iberia has more sheep's eyes for the Teutonic than for the Latin sister.

One of the most harmonious among the legion of inharmonious street cries of Paris is: *Mouron pour les petits oiseaux!*—chick weed for cage birds. It is chiefly sold in the early morning when servants come downstairs to purchase milk and hot rolls. It is almost an insignificant industry, but it enables some hundreds of poor families to honestly earn a crust. All the capital required is a good pair of legs, a knowledge of the waste or neglected garden sites near the fortifications, or, as is more general, the kitchen garden fields and vineyards in the suburbs. The weed must be sold as fresh as newly-made bread, crisp, brittle, tender, neither too much flower nor too little seeds. The birds, canaries especially, peck and nibble at the delicate leaves which form their salad in the winter season. An old man, his wife and two little girls may have been given the run over several fields to gather the weed. The latter is carried in a large basket on the back to the fortifications or city entrance. There is a gathering of the clans; some buy the basket for a lump sum, and then make it up in small bundles, tied with a straw, and to be sold for one sou each in retail, or three for two sous, wholesale. The girls who have good lungs commence their musical cry, which the birds almost seem to comprehend.

Not unfrequently paterfamilias may have a friend in some house porter who will permit him to sell the *mouron* during the morning under the entrance gate. A nip of brandy occasionally is all that is expected by the porter. And these *mouron* people display a numbered brass medal, like costermongers, streetshoe-blacks, etc., which is issued by the police to know who's who. Of course it is all romance about played-out members of the liberal profession, unfrocked priests and pumped-dry millionaires being found amongst these Pariahs. Like the scavengers, the rag men and other well-to-do members of the submerged tenth, they have now agreed, at an open-air meeting, to form a syndicate. As the show of hands was nearly equal, a division was called for; two washing tubs served for ballot boxes, and the "bulletins" were corks for "yes" and an onion for "no," each voter passing to the back of the scrutineers after depositing his bulletin. A stand-up déjeuner followed, at the uniform price of six sous, consisting of a junk of head, cylindrical slices of horse sausage and a bottle of cider. There is a protective social side to this new plan of grouping all the lowly employments and giving them office accommodation in the monster Labour Hall. Those who are not registered under their natural calling can be registered at any moment to give a biographical sketch of themselves to the police.

Miss Nelson continues her fasting feat without any parade or horn-blowing. She is the type of "the fair with golden hair," tall, and with prepossessing manners. She is an Anglo-Saxon, and is at home either with English or Americans, but happier when with both. She is not unknown to Parisians as a popular concert singer. She tells all visitors who desire to know, with frankness and sincerity, that, like everyone else, she desires an increased revenue, and believes in the elixir she prepares from South American plants, that thirst can be assuaged and hunger deceived for a relatively long time without deteriorating health. Some philanthropists might try some thousand bottles on the starving Russians—and British Hindoos. Miss Nelson's fasting, like Caesar's wife, is above suspicion. Automatic checks control the experiments independent of the doctors. At the end of thirty days she may indulge in hot cross buns and bohea. She has in private rehearsed during twenty-seven days the rôle she now fills. Her Anglo-Saxon pluck merits success.

Paris has certainly sighed for five minutes over the fate of a Darby and Joan, whose united ages amount to 150 years. The old man was bed-ridden four years, and Aphonic, the aged and palsied wife, could crawl up and down stairs; they dwelt in an attic. The wife caught influenza, took to bed, and in thirty-six hours was a corpse beside her husband. Four days this mezentian torture endured, till the house-porter knocked at the door for the rent, when the husband related the drama—appropriate for a realist theatre.

It is a pleasant turn of the year when the private clubs open their annual exhibition of paintings by their members, and enable the mind to forget new tariffs; the syllabuses of Cardinals and politicians; strikes, the Damocles-Suol war, and even the influenza. The fashionable crowds at these artistic gatherings have no fear of infection from the epidemic. It is agreeable to listen to the criticisms of the ladies on the paintings—they are far better judges than the gentlemen; but the beautiful and the true are the appanages of the fair sex. Some of the paintings we shall meet again at the annual salons. The "Volney Club" has had superior exhibitions to the present, but the exhibits by Lefebvre, Henner, Benjamin Constant, Bouguereau, Trappa and Ruffio, alone would draw a crowd. Bouguereau's "Child" is poetry itself; Henner, as a painter of flesh, can only be paralleled by Henner. Carolus-Durand contributes a portrait of this artist, exquisite in colouring and drawing, though some maintain he has turned out better work. M. Paul Rouffio's portrait of a lady and of a boy blowing soap bubbles up in the air are very charming, full of expression, and of happy colouring. Aimé Millet's two pieces of statuary are gems.

The "Union Artistique Club" has a splendid display of pictures this year. Bounat has two portraits, and unanimously pronounced as very poor. Bouguereau is

represented by another of his exquisite ideals; Vibert contributes two of his scarlet cardinals, embodying North and South Pole temperaments; Dagnan-Boureret's portrait of an infant is excellent, as are the two portraits by Cormon. Cain's story or incident paintings, in addition to being amusing, are well executed. Weert's and Friant's exhibits are also to be commended.

Illustrative health hints: Mignet the historian, and celebrated for a Castor and Pollux friendship with Thiers, drank little wine, less of coffee, no tea, never smoked, rose at five o'clock, lighted his own fire, made his own breakfast, and during sixty years of his life had no servant; he died a bachelor, aged eighty-eight.

Jules Simon says 130,000 persons in Paris are annually killed in drinking Seine water.

Z.

THE FEUD.

"I HEAR a cry from the Sansard cave,
O mother, will no one hearken?
A cry of the lost, will no one save?
A cry of the dead tho' the oceans rave,
And the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,
While the shadows darken and darken."

Oh hush thee, child, for the night is wet,
And the cloud-caves split asunder,
With lightning in a jagged fret,
Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,
When the rocks are rich in the red sunset
And the stream rolls down in thunder.

"Mother, O mother, a pain at my heart,
A pang like the pang of dying;
Oh hush thee, child, for the wild birds dart
Up and down and close and part,
Wheeling round where the black cliffs start,
And the foam at their feet is flying.

"O mother, a strife like the black clouds' strife
And a peace that cometh after;
Hush child, for peace is the end of life,
And the heart of a maiden finds peace as a wife,
But the sky and the cliffs and the ocean are rife
With the storm and thunder's laughter.

Come in my sons, come in and rest,
For the shadows darken and darken,
And your sister is pale as the white swan's breast,
And her eyes are fixed and her lips are pressed
In the death of a name ye might have guessed
Had ye twain been here to hearken.

Hush mother, a corpse lies on the sand,
And the spray is round it driven,
It lies on its face, and one white hand
Points thro' the mist on the belt of strand
To where the cliffs of Sansard stand
And the ocean's strength is riven.

"Was it God, my sons, who laid him there?
Or the sea that left him sleeping?"
Nay, mother, our dirks where his heart was bare,
As swift as the rain in the teeth of the air;
And the foam-fingers play in the Saxon's hair,
While the tides are round him creeping.

Oh, curses on ye hand and head,
Like the rains in this wild weather,
The guilt of blood is swift and dread,
Your sister's face is cold and dead,
Ye may not part whom God would wed
And love hath knit together.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

MR. GRAY'S STRANGE STORY.

What may this mean
So terribly to shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.
—Hamlet, Act I, Scene IV.

I AM a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, fifty years old, in sound health of body and mind. I have never had any belief in spiritualism, clairvoyance or any similar psychical delusions. My favourite studies at college were logic and mathematics, and no one who knew me could suspect me of belonging to that class of enthusiasts in which ghosts and other preternatural manifestations have their origin. Yet I have had one strange experience in my life which apparently contradicts all my theories of the universe and its laws, nor have I ever been able to explain it on any rational hypothesis. That there is some reasonable explanation I believe, and as there is no one living now, except myself, whom the facts concern, I have determined to give them to the world for the benefit of those who are interested in abnormal phenomena.

Twenty-five years ago I was minister of a newly built church, in a village on the shore of Lake Erie. The village had sprung up round the saw mills of Mason and Company, lately erected to turn the giant pines that grew on the sandy borders of the lake into lumber. When the pines were all worked up, the great saw mills and lumber yards sought another locality, and the village which had never had any individuality of its own dropped out of existence.