

hymnology and that type of music which belong to any age and breathe its keenest and purest spiritual feelings are the best and fittest for the worship of that age. The same instrumentality, inspired and uninspired, which Luther used so potently, and with which the Wesleys and all the long line of kindred souls stirred the masses, is not to be brushed aside by a breeze from the skirts of our modern Pharisee, to whom, like his exemplar of yore, the mint and anise and cummin are at least as important as the weightier matters of the law. There are "trashy" hymns in vogue now-a-days, it is said. True; and there are trashy sermons also, in superabundance; yet we never heard of a homily being foregone, or a gusty pulpit harangue being challenged on that account. If "uninspired" hymns are objectionable, so are prayers, which, as Chesterfield remarked, appear to be sermons preached *at* the people, and sermons themselves, which are as uninspired as the prayers or the hymns. It does seem strange that men who object to the use of a liturgy because it is inelastic and unfitted as a vehicle for the needs of the time, should desire to cramp the feelings and chill the spirituality of the age in that very department of worship where the emotional element demands the amplest freedom. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell only sought a carefully-selected hymnal containing two hundred lyrics; and shall it be said that in an age when the devotional muse has proved unusually fervent and spiritual, that there could be any difficulty in making such a collection? But our sacred anthology is not so limited. Through all the Christian centuries, from the Ambrosian period, to which we owe the rhythmical prose of the majestic *Te Deum Laudamus*, until now, there seems a rippling current of poetic praise, confession, and aspiration, some of whose eddies remain to the Christian world as an everlasting possession. From so vast a range surely Dr. Robb might find something which, if not inspired in his sense of the word, is full of religious fervour, and might even impart warmth and vitality to the wasting frame of his emaciated orthodoxy.

The efforts being made by well-drilled partyism in the States to vindicate its right to patronage and pelf in the teeth of a reforming President, compare most unfavour-

ably with the *dénouement* of a drama in another Republic, where the nation, determined and patient, has triumphed over its ruler. Perhaps the distinction between struggles for party and struggles for principle were never more clearly put in contrast than they are by looking first at the United States and then at France at the present moment. It was long since asserted, and the elections verified the statement, that the French nation had accepted the Republic *ex animo*, and would adhere to it at all risks and in spite of the machinery of constraint and oppression employed by an usurping oligarchy. But the world was not prepared for the wondrous patience and sorely-tried long suffering of the people. Never since the great cataclysm of 1789, has France had so much cause of complaint, never would insurrection been half so justifiable as since the 16th of May. Yet she has submitted to be gagged, bullied, and trodden under foot, without turning upon the miserable band of conspirators who maltreated her. And now the reward is hers. The Marshal, after intriguing during two entire months, has deliberately chosen, or rather been forced to choose, one of Gambetta's alternatives—"submission." The immediate cause of the Marshal's surrender was the defection of the Orleanist Senators. So soon as he had learned that a second dissolution was out of the question, he yielded to the tide, though not without a struggle. M. Dufaure was taken in at first only to be insulted by the preposterous demand that three portfolios should be at the command of the Marshal. Then M. Bathie made a final attempt on the basis of Dissolution, and the game was up. M. Pouyer Quertier performed "a surgical operation on the Marshal's brain and let a ray of good constitutional sense into it;" the result was a *carte blanche* to Dufaure, with whom McMahon knew he could trifle no more. The new Premier is a cold, hard-headed man, singularly indifferent to parties, and has never been popular, because he never coveted or cared for popularity. Of his Cabinet the best known are De Marcère of the Interior, Léon Say, Finance Minister and M. Waddington, a Protestant of English parentage and education, who takes the important portfolio of Foreign affairs. It seemed almost cruel to put so strongly constitutional an Address in the Marshal's mouth, after the course he madly pursued from the 16th of