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WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 7, 1887

THE Cornwall Standard accuses the Hamilton Spectator of stealing the pith of its editorial. The Spec. should be indicted for petty larceny.

A LONDON medical paper publishes an article on "How to lie when asleep." We commend it to the attention of the Kasoot so that it may be able to carry on its daily occupation throughout the twenty-four hours.

AND now the white-haired poet, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and editor of the Nation, has been sent to prison, while the dade Balfour and the Jew Gooschen govern Ireland! "How long, O Lord, how long?"

TORY ideas of how to govern Ireland are beautifully exemplified by the Jew Gooschen and the Dade Balfour. These be the sort of men Ireland does not want, but who are forced upon her at the point of the bayonet, while men she has chosen—O'Brien, Mandeville and others—are put in prison and starved.

LORD LYONS, for many years British minister at Washington and recently superseded by Lord Lytton as ambassador at Paris, gives another instance of the progress of conversion to Catholicity which has been going on for some time among the English aristocracy. His Lordship was received into the Catholic Church by Mgr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark. He has been preparing for this step for some time, and when stricken by paralysis he asked to have it no longer delayed.

In the elevation of Hugh MacMahon to the bench, certain Irish Catholic Tories may see that a man of their faith and nationality can rise to the highest dignity without becoming a crawling sycophant, a political lackey, or a toady. They may also observe that it is possible for an Irish Catholic to obtain a judgeship without betraying his country, slandering those who are true to her, or becoming the slave and apologist of Orange Toryism.

ROBERT BLISSSET has addressed a letter to Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of several Irish-American societies, challenging him to a debate on the Irish question. The proposal is that one hour be consumed by Mr. Chamberlain in presenting his side of the question, and that an American, prominent in his country's affairs, be awarded one-half hour to reply. Should the offer be accepted, Mr. John Swinton has been selected to reply to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Swinton was born in Scotland.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times compliments Hartington and Goschen on their courage in "going to Ireland to insult the intelligence, and wound the feelings of the people, at a moment when the Government is filling the jails with its political opponents. The men of Ireland feel flattered by this visit from a dull-witted, but noble Lord, who condescends to address them, though he does not think them capable of governing themselves, and a Cabinet Minister who has made it his mission to assail them with reptile venom. It appears from Mr. Gooschen's speech in Manchester that he wishes the people to imitate "the

bull-dog tenacity of our fathers. With all his cleverness, Mr. Gooschen is making a great mistake in this matter. His father was a foreign Jew, and we feel certain that few Englishmen or Irishmen will care to imitate his habits."

THE Portland, Oregon, Daily News hits the nail right on the head in these words: "The telegrams report that the Tory Chamberlain, Fishery Commissioner to the United States, is guarded by a force of detectives, lest some harm shall come to him because of his hatred of Irishmen. He overestimates himself. There is no Irishman in the United States so mean, so wicked, and so despicable, as to waste even dirty water upon Chamberlain."

COMPULSORY voting is the latest advance in the direction of compelling citizens to do their duty. A bill has been prepared for introduction in the Maryland Legislature to make it obligatory on every qualified citizen to vote at every general election, with a fine of five dollars and costs in case of failure. Correct. Every man should do his duty.

THE rubber combine in this city, which has decided to raise the wholesale price of rubbers to one dollar, will give the public another illustration of the beauties of a fiscal system which makes them victims, without redress, to the extortionate manufacturers. Like Sinbad the Sailor, Canadians have taken the Old Man of the Sea on their shoulders, and while he grows fat they grow lean. Perhaps they may console themselves with the reflection that

"The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

BALFOURIAN brutality has again been exhibited in a way that would justify the bitterest retaliation. In T. P. Gill's cable letter to the N. Y. Tribune we read—

The most cruel act the Government has yet performed is the refusal to accept bail in Mr. Sheehy's case. The member for South Galway is not a man to run away, and the reason he asked to have bail accepted for him yesterday is that his wife is dangerously ill of scarlatina in Dublin, and he wanted to see her. Brutality could go no further.

If this sort of thing does not disgust all right feeling people in England we are greatly mistaken.

ENGLISH Tories are making much of the fact that Ireland is sending more meat to England at present than all the world combined. This speaks volumes for the industry of the Irish people under the greatest disadvantages. It reminds us, however, of the fact that in famine days American ships bringing food to the starving people of Ireland were met by English ships taking meat and provisions from Ireland to England. The people, robbed of what they had produced by the landlords, were left to starve, America, as usual, coming to their rescue. The fact jubilantly published by the Tories is only another proof of history repeating itself.

A LONDON correspondent writes that the promoter of the Conservative Home Rule Association profess themselves to be both pleased and astonished by the rapid and important response which has been made to their invitation for help from individual Conservatives opposed to the policy of coercion in Ireland. (One of the prime movers in this significant new departure of London Conservatism states to-day that more than two hundred active political workers in metropolitan constituencies, who have never previously opposed the measures of their party leaders, have orally or in writing, assured him of their sympathy, while the majority have given in their names as members of the association. Common cause is being made with similar organizations in the provinces.

A cock and bull story, started by the Tory Morning Post, has been cabled to America and appears in the morning papers. It pretends to relate how certain Fenians had plotted to murder Hartington and Goschen, but "the plot miscarried owing to the watchfulness of the police." What wonderful fellows those police are? If the alleged Fenians really made up their minds to remove the Jew and Gentile mentioned, the funerals would have been ordered before the "watchful" police would have the first idea of what was intended. But it is no part of the Irish plan of campaign to murder anybody, something which cannot be said of the Salisbury ministry, which has deliberately adopted a policy of murder in Ireland. The God of justice and mercy will, in his own good time, call the murderers to account.

THE crisis in France has ended in a manner that must be highly satisfactory to all friends of the Republic. Sadi-Carnot is what is called a safe man, and his presence at the head of affairs will be a guarantee of a sound conservative policy. With the exception of a little street theatricals by cranks of the Louise Michel stripe Paris was fairly quiet during the crisis. The chambers acted with dignity and the people with calmness. Frenchmen have evidently learned to regard the revolutionary monster with distrust and to rely on the civil law. The events of the last few days will do much to redeem the French people from the charge of turbulence and fickleness made against them by the friends of reaction.

A FEW months ago we recorded the gratifying fact of the presentation of white gloves to Mr. Justice Holmes when he took his seat for the first time on the Bench at Drogheda. An ardent advocate of the Crimes Act, he had in his own person a proof of the scarcity of crime in Ireland. Now comes County Court Judge Kibbey, who has only been on the Bench a few months, and at Drogheda he had to confess—it was hardly fair to the Chief Secretary—that he had got white gloves three times. Here is what Judge Kibbey said to the Grand Jury at Drogheda: "I am happy to be able again to congratulate you on the complete absence of crime from

this part of the country. This is the third time I have here and had the same pleasing duty to say the same remarkable words. And yet Drogheda is in a proclaimed district.

By appointing Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., an Irish Catholic Liberal, to the seat on the Ontario bench vacant by the lamented death of Judge O'Connor, Sir John Macdonald deserves commendation. No better selection could have been made. Mr. MacMahon is a representative of the young Irish Canadian generation, and a gentleman of the highest legal standing. Were he in Ireland he would in all likelihood be put in jail for daring to be an able and honest man; but, being in a free country, he is made a judge, as he ought to be. And so the Irish, wherever they get a chance, rise to the top of the heap. Mr. MacMahon's appointment is less owing to Sir John's generosity in acknowledging Irish claims than to the fact that he dare not disregard them.

POSSIBLY the Fisheries Commission may be able to patch up some sort of a temporary arrangement, but nobody expects that any permanent result will be reached. This view is founded on the attitude of parties in the States in regard to the presidential election, the unwillingness of the Canadian Government to accept unrestricted reciprocity and the avowed hostility of the Chief British Commissioner to any settlement which would unite Canada with the Republic commercially to the exclusion of England. What the nature of the arrangement may be, nobody can tell, but it must take some form of reciprocity, or it will not be accepted. Every body now sees that the question can only be settled on the broad basis of unrestricted reciprocity, and we can only regret that British selfishness and Canadian misrepresentation will delay to the great loss of Canada the only and inevitable solution of the questions at issue between us and our neighbors.

THE present occupants of Dublin Castle will go down to history, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, as an executive of unequalled meanness. Cold-blooded and tyrannical they are; reckless with regard to bloodshed they have on several occasions proved themselves; but the great characteristic of their mode of governing is petty persecution. They are as little able to understand manliness and dignity as fair play. The contumely which they have sought to heap on Mr. O'Brien, the theft of his clothes, and the harshness displayed towards a gentleman of refined tastes and delicate organism who is on the verge of consumption, if not actually in its grasp, are exhibitions of little-mindedness and cruelty which we did not expect to witness in this age. But the atmosphere of Dublin Castle is impure; and as it impregnates the whole system of those who move in it, Mr. Balfour and his satellites, probably do not perceive how disgracefully they are acting.

ONE of the barbarous survivals of the ages of ignorance is apothecaries' Latin, a medium by which very simple things are made to look grand, mysterious, and what is of more account, costly. It is therefore gratifying to learn that an effort is being made to do away with it and to substitute the popular vernacular. To German physicians we owe the inauguration of this reform. It is pointed out that countless mistakes, often fatal in result, may be attributed to the writing of prescriptions in Latin which druggists and drug clerks could not read or did not understand. Good plain English is the thing. And when the drug store Latin is done away with, the Troy Times suggests that the people tackle the villainous French that disfigures restaurant and hotel bills of fare, and often serves to disguise the real nature of the dishes and befoul the appetite of the eater. Let us have bills of fare in simple English, and restaurant and hotel patrons will be better for it. Hotel keepers generally are said to favor the change, a fact reflecting the good sense which characterizes them as a class.

AND so the Hon. Frank Smith has resigned his seat in Sir John's Cabinet. It will be remembered that he was the person who was more acceptable to the Orangemen, as an Irish Catholic minister of the Crown, than the Hon. John O'Donohue. Without pausing to reflect on the curious fact that an Irish Catholic must have the approval of the sworn enemies of his faith before he can stretch his legs under the council table within the Tory Cabinet at Ottawa, we may briefly observe that Mr. Smith's retirement will not make the smallest difference politically or otherwise in the Tory party. Like Byron's lost mariner, he only makes a bubble and a groan while disappearing forever. Sir John's practice has been to select Irish representatives whom the Irish would never think of selecting. In this way he has always a stock Irishman or two on hand for use when party exigencies require. Hon. Frank was one of those, and being but a lay figure in the ministry he drops out without being missed. The reason given for his retirement is said to be because his connection, J. J. Foy, was not made a judge. Mr. Foy is a nice young man who won distinction in the U. E. Club of blessed memory, but hardly a person to be chosen for the bench in preference to Mr. Hugh MacMahon. If Sir John has lost a colleague and a henchman by selecting the best man for the judgeship, we must congratulate him on having for once in his life done the right thing and therefore deserving of our commendation.

HUMANITY shudders at the spectacle of the slow murder of William O'Brien by the myrmidons of the Tory Government. United Ireland sorrowfully says:—"They are killing William O'Brien in jail. Later on, we assume, when the mischief is done, he will be sent to the infirmary, and possibly when the three months is over he will be tossed out of jail with some life still left in him, but clutched tight in the

grip of hereditary disease, broken in the power and spirit, to totter down to an early grave. It is time for plain speaking. Those who know the inner history of O'Brien's life know this: that brothers and sisters dropped off from his side, killed by consumption, until he was left alone in the world. His mother died when he was a prisoner in Kilmatinham. Many years ago the disease laid a strong hand upon himself, and it was by a flight into Egypt that his life was preserved. Since then his life, with its hardship and exposure, has been a miracle to his doctor. But the germ of the deadly disease were sleeping and not dead, and who can doubt they will wake and stir to active and terrible life under the stimulating influence of the paved cell, the plank bed and the punishment regimens of bread and water? William O'Brien is being murdered in Tallamore jail as surely as the police victims were murdered in Mitchellstown square, and Mr. Balfour may plume himself on both crimes."

THE way justice in Ireland is dispensed with is beautifully illustrated in the case of the magistrate Dillon who sentenced Mr. Blunt at Woodford. This lovely specimen of Dublin Castle judiciary lately tried several batches of prisoners ranging from little girls of eleven to old women of seventy-five, for meeting to express sympathy with a wretched neighbor whose few sheep were seized and carried off for one half year's arrears of rack-rent. At the same time, this very magistrate Dillon's name appears in the black list for a judgment of £2,000 marked against him. "It must be specially gratifying," United Ireland thinks, "to Mr. Dillon's feelings to hear the ultra-violent Crown Prosecutor vehemently denounce the profligate dishonesty of these people who actually refuse to pay their lawful debts, on the pitiful excuse that they have not got the money, and who must be harried by bailiffs, batoned by policemen, and imprisoned by the magistrates as an inadequate punishment for this heinous crime. Of course, Mr. Dillon has consolation in the fact that the prisoners owe about five pounds and he owes two thousand; but it must be hurtful to his sensitive soul to be even remotely associated with such dishonest and sordid scoundrels." However, he soothed his ruffled feelings by giving them a double dose of imprisonment.

AN Italian-American, of Chicago, disputes the claim made by an English orator in that city recently, that the United States is an Anglo-Saxon nation. Our readers are probably aware that Englishmen in the United States have suddenly of late made a great movement to become citizens of the Republic, in order, as one of their leaders said, "to offset the Irish vote." Mr. Palmieri, the Italian-American alluded to, strikes back at John Bullism, as he calls it, in this style:—

Many remarkable assertions were indulged in by these Anglo-Saxons. Among them, and not the least false, I quote: "The causes which alienated Englishmen from their dear old home centuries ago have disappeared." What causes does this orator allude to? Is it the cause of oppression, of aristocratic empire, of unjust discrimination against a section of English subjects, of abrogating the civil and natural prerogatives conferred by law upon the people, of throttling free press and speech, of imposing arbitrary and ignominious taxes upon the weak, of monopolizing (by capitalistic machinations) every available worldly value? If this English orator desires us to interpret his words in a purely English sense, I declare his assertion to be unhistorical and untrue. Our school boys know that from 1492 many nations contributed to form the famous revolt of 1776 (and not as this funny Anglo-Saxon tells us, "Englishmen only were alienated from their dear old home.") I make bold to state that had there been only English blood here in 1776 there would have been no revolt whatever. It is passing strange that these specimens of incoarse John Bullism should, in the very face of facts of history, contemporary and immediate; of their present outrages upon the Irish and other subjects, should dare to make in public statements of the foregoing character. We are not more English here because we speak that language than were Chinese because we drink tea.

POLITICS IN MANITOBA.

IT is not at all astonishing that a ministerial crisis should have arisen in Manitoba. Those who have watched the career of Mr. Norquay must have been astonished and amused with the facility with which he could change his opinions. A sort of political Viceroy of Bray, he was determined to be Premier of Manitoba no matter how public opinion might change. He has even been known to join the popular cry against his own administration and then go on complacently with the government as if he had been sustained by a popular vote of confidence. Throughout all his twistings and turnings, however, he appears to have had Bulwer Lytton's idea always before him:—"The greatest good for the greatest number, and the greatest number is number one." The only matter in which he appeared sincere was in the Quebec Conference.

The present crisis in Manitoba is the result of Mr. Norquay's mismanagement of the railway policy of the province. It is alleged that he played false all through the Red River Valley Railway business. The history of that enterprise certainly reveals that he must have been either grossly incompetent or basely treacherous. Two letters, one published a few months ago and the other a few days ago, show Mr. Norquay in a very unfavorable light. The first, written by Mr. D. McArthur, of McArthur, Boyle & Allan, stated that that firm had made a responsible offer to take all the bonds of the R. R. V. Railway for 100%, that is for half a cent above par, an excellent figure under the circumstances. The offer was declined by the Norquay Government on the ground that it was not high enough. This letter was written in rebuttal of Mr. Norquay's statement that he never had received a bona fide offer for the bonds. The Winni-

peg Lake, Ontario, was published and that in addition to Mr. McArthur's testimony it was "seized of facts and knew that when Mr. Norquay stated that his government never had a real offer for the bonds he was guilty of deliberate and downright falsehood." Another circumstance that casts doubt on Mr. Norquay's good faith was his offer of the bonds of the Red River Valley Railway to Morton, Rose & Co., members of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who had been parties to every effort which had been made to prevent the construction of the road. Of course the London firm kept Norquay dangling as long as they could, in order to waste time, and finally refused to have anything to do with him. With this certificate of failure and discredit Mr. Norquay proceeded to New York, but the capitalists of that city would not look at his bonds since they had been rejected in England. He contrived, however, to waste several more months and at last returned to Winnipeg with his thumb in his mouth. Had he been employed by the C.P.R. he could not have more thoroughly served its interests.

The second letter to which we allude was the one recently published by Mr. Leacock, M.P.E., a former supporter of the Norquay Government, in which he formulates a strong indictment against the Manitoba Ministers. He shows that the so-called Holt contract is illegal, because by the Act under which the contract was made it was stipulated that it was to be taken before last July. But that is not all. The petition which Mr. Leacock has addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor shows that \$256,000 worth of Provincial bonds have been handed over to Mann & Holt, the contractors of the Hudson Bay Railway, while the promised Hudson Bay Company's land grant warrants thereto have not been received by the Government. Mr. Leacock argues that in both these cases the Ministers have proceeded illegally—a very serious matter if it is considered that their action involves \$1,000,000 guaranteed by Provincial bonds. Mr. Leacock sums up the state of affairs by showing that the "Province is without resources, her cheques dishonored, her contractors unpaid, her credit gone, a condition strange to the Provinces of the Dominion, almost unknown in the history of the colonies of the Empire."

It will thus be seen that there are very strong grounds for the demand which has been made for the immediate assembling of the Legislature. It was only on condition that it should be summoned at once should an emergency arise in connection with the road that the members consented to the adjournment. The latest report is, that owing to defections the Government is in a minority of one and is sure to be defeated on the assembling of the Legislature.

GLADSTONE'S PHILOSOPHY.

ALREADY William Ewart Gladstone looms up as one of the most commanding figures in the nineteenth century. It is doubtful if there is any character in all history to be compared to him if we regard the man in the full variety of his performances in statecraft and literature, the length of time he has stood in the blaze of public life and the extent of his attainments as a scholar. Dr. Parker, the successor of Beecher, speaking of him at Chicago, said:—

He imagined a meeting of Parliament at Corfu, in the Ionian Island; the leading character, speaking in modern Greek, is an Englishman named William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later a congress is held at Florence. They are discussing Dante in the Italian tongue. Listen to that eloquent man; we have seen him before. He is an Englishman, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. A few days later we are at Berlin. Who is that talking to Bismarck in his mother tongue? He is the distinguished English statesman whom we saw at Corfu and Florence, and his name is William Ewart Gladstone. The day following we are at a grand banquet in Paris. The Queen has been toasted. Who is that gentleman speaking faultless French, in response to the sentiment? Ah, we have seen him at Corfu, at Florence, at Berlin; his name is William Ewart Gladstone. He is now nearly seventy-eight, but in point of intellectual virility and capacity he is one of the youngest men in the political ranks of the world. "He began life as a Tory; but once you were a baby." He began in the cradle of Toryism; to-day he stands on the mountains of liberty and looks at a land that is far off.

So much for the personality of the man who has made the cause of Ireland his own and the cause of the Liberal party of Great Britain. What chiefly interests us at the present moment is the contribution he has made in the North American Review to the current philosophical literature of the day. In the article "Universitas Hominum; or, the Unity of History," Gladstone takes a comprehensive view of human history, which must strengthen all who read it in the belief of an over-ruling providence. He begins in a strain befitting one of his advanced age, and writes as a man "who must shortly quit the scene of life," but who has "an all lovable desire to suggest what may be of use to persons who have in prospect a longer tenure." He would "promote thrift and obviate waste in the matter of mental effort; what may help to invest thought with unity and method, to bring the various and separated movements of growing minds into relation with one another, and to give them their places as portions of the general scheme of life."

DR. AUBREY'S LECTURE.

An intellectual treat of high order was enjoyed by those who attended Dr. Aubrey's lecture in Queen's Hall last night. The Doctor is a typical Englishman of the best class. Thoroughly in earnest, a lucid thinker, a calm, logical but withal a forcible speaker. He drove every argument home and clinched it in the style of a man who was conversant with the whole range of British politics and endowed with that spirit of fair play which has dominated the Liberal party under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Aubrey brought before his hearers a view of the struggle now going on in England for the removal of Irish disabilities so clear, so lucid and in such good taste, we only wish he could have been heard by thousands instead of hundreds. When we see Englishmen of Dr. Aubrey's ability and standing pleading for justice to Ireland before a Canadian audience, we can judge what a vast change has taken place of late years in the character of the Irish struggle. The spectacle fills us with the hope that we may live to see that struggle ended, and the long night of centuries replaced by a day full of joyful fruition when the peoples of the sister islands will be united in the bonds of mutual confidence and good will, no longer kept apart by a designing oligarchy, but cemented in resistance to every species of political and social tyranny.

HERE surely we have a capable teacher; one whose wisdom commands our respect, and from whom, if from any man, we may learn the lesson of universal history. Taking his stand at once on the highest theistic conception of the destiny of man, he holds that "the plan of the world, material and moral, seen and unseen, is adjusted and subordinated to man and the fulfillment of his destinies, gift about, it is true, with speculative problems; which none ever solved, and perhaps none ever will, but yet in itself large, stirring,

profound and fruitful, so that we can in some degree understand why it is said that the little earth and what passes upon it may form a spectacle to men and angels; a lesson of wonder, of sympathy, and, it may be, of warning, to orders of being besides and beyond our own."

The clue to the meaning of human history Mr. Gladstone finds in the attempts of the great poets of ancient times, to picture the ideal man, a character which was finally and forever established in the person of Christ. Taking another view, he shows us that in the world of action the human unity has variously figured as an idea in the eyes of towering ambition. The wars of those great empires, which have been termed prehistoric, appear to have been inspired by the design of universal dominion. The same idea is traced through the histories of Persia, Greece, Rome, the Holy Roman Empire. It reappears in France with the colossal figure and performance of Napoleon. The more recent course of history, Mr. Gladstone thinks, does not favor the notion of the reappearance of this idea in the military form.

But Mr. Gladstone continues, while the possibilities of a political unity have receded into the distance, there have been fragmentary manifestations, mixed and often questionable in their character, of an initiatory substitute for it in the collective action of the great European powers; and some real progress, favored by the new facilities of trade and communication, has been made towards a great unity of human consent, by the formation of a common judgment among civilized mankind under the name of the Law of Nations, upon many matters that touch the liberty, morality and well-being of man. The influence of the English speaking races on the progress of universality is an idea which Mr. Gladstone does not neglect. He then goes on to consider the attempts of Christian literature to fulfil the aspirations of the world for a type of unity and perfection, referring chiefly to Dante's "De Monarchia," which, "denying to the Church the right or capacity for property, gave spiritual power to the Pope and temporal power to the Emperor, each in theory independent of the other, each universal, and each established once for all to fulfill a charge coextensive with the estimated doctrines of the species." This brings Mr. Gladstone to a point in his review where he could have found the most perfect and universal proof of the principle with which he started in the Catholic Church—"A lesson of wonder, of sympathy, and it may be of warning to orders of being besides and beyond our own." But he evades it. Further on, however, he tells us that there is one scheme, and one only, which tends and has tended for eighteen centuries to centrality and universality, which carries on its forehead the notes of an imperial power; which is now felt at every point where human breath is drawn; which is far indeed from having accomplished its work, and which has within it partial and sometimes formidable signs of disintegration; but which holds the field, holds it with ever growing hope and effort, and holds it without a rival. That is the Christian scheme.

Pursuing this line of thought Mr. Gladstone finds unity of design in history upheld, not destroyed, by science. "As the mind of an individual, by the use of reflection, often traces one pervading scheme of education in the experiences of his life, so probably for the race, certainly for its great central work of design, which runs unbroken from Adam to our day, there has been and is a profound unity of scheme well described by the poet Tennyson:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

In fulfilling this design all men have a place and a work to do, and each should perform his part to the best of his ability. "If only such be our desire," Mr. Gladstone says, in concluding this remarkable essay, "a compartment is ready to receive our effort in the framework made by the Eternal Workman; and all may contribute truly, though it may be infinitesimally to the accomplishment of His all-comprehending plan."

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JUDGE MACMAHON.

Hugh MacMahon, Q.C., recently appointed to the Ontario Bench, was born in Guelph in 1838, and when 20 years of age entered the office of Mr. Thomas (now Judge) Robertson, who was then practising in Dundas