

of the smaller attendance. I repacked my library and prepared to quit the country.

To this day the Bishop regards that vicinity as the black spot of his diocese. An Episcopal minister shows his face there at his own peril, though the more timid of the inhabitants will flee as if they had seen a railroad train. I intend, however, to preach again in that country, if I live, but it will be in disguise. I shall go as a Jumper, a Hard-water or Soft-water Baptist, or in the guise of some other popular religionist, certainly not in my true colors.

My old sexton was the only man of those parts to stand by me. (He was an illustration of the law of *reaction*, so often observed in theology. He was what is called a "Boiled-water Baptist," his father having professed the special tenets of the "Ice-water Baptists.") He came to my room the day after that first Sabbath, his kindness of heart struggling with his natural veracity. The former was strongest, and he merely told me that the people considered me "kinder 'stracted;" while he should have mentioned that I had been lynched in effigy that very morning, as he very well knew—having tied the hangman's knot himself. This was learned afterwards by the Bishop on his biennial tour. I now gave him (the sexton) a quarter for his faithfulness, whereupon he sat down and delivered the following lecture which I took down in shorthand for the benefit of your readers: "Bors 'n preacher, yorter know we folks haint got the gift o' tongues like you 'n' the rest o' the blessed Pörsels! Yer must be fram some cawlege, shooting off wi' yer furrin jargo and ellycution. We here speaks all of us in the tongue wharin which we was borned. We haint none of yer Porthins, as knows Greek! We haint Injuns or 'Squimeaux. We haint them tarnal Canucks yer finds eatin' porridge up in Canidy! We haint Hellymites! No, sor! We be sich as you see us. Why, them men as yer seen yesterday, they didn't come for *nuthin*. Come to *larn* suffin. Some o' them could ha' cut a cord of wood the time they was wasting in church; and they won't come again in a hurry for noboddy—and don't you forget yourself! But this I want to say to yer, Cap'n, we could follow yer all day Saturday. Then you was a shoutin'. Yer talked our lingo, Saturday—by golly, why didn't yer keep to it on Sunday? You'll scuse me, sor. I wish yer g'day!"

DEATH OF HYPATIA.

Ravens like wolves the cursed horde
Swept up the church's pillared space;
Fierce eyes, lean faces, lined and scored
By passion's fires, filled all the place,
And in their midst that one clear face
Shone out, undimmed by fear of death;
Dumb at the sight of man so base,
Naked and blanched for one brief breath

She stood—then, with a sickening yell
They closed upon her—shriek on shriek
Rang piercing out—as each sharp shell
Rent the soft flesh,—and then grew weak,
Died to a moan. See! out they sneak
Like hell hounds gluttied of their prey,—
Without grim rage, men cannot speak
Of those cowed devils' work that day.

J. A. R.

SOCIALISM AND ITS RELATION TO PERSONAL LIBERTY.

"The vast frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at need,—
And by this law the mighty whole subsists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-glattering minds."

Wordsworth, "The Excursion."

The way of life was represented by the Divine Word as narrow and the gate leading to it as straight. The author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with vivid imagination, has constructed upon this representation an ideal journey along the narrow way, and has dwelt upon the innumerable dangers that beset it, the alluring by-paths, the sloughs, ditches and quagmires into which the unwary are certain to fall. Whilst we are aware that he is describing the spiritual progress of the Christian, we cannot help thinking there is considerable analogy with the progressive march of true civilization and culture.

The way of life for the world at large, or for the nation, is equally with that of the individual—narrow, and beset with snares and tempting prospects to the right hand and the left. Therefore, agitations for reform, whether political or social, when met with obstacles in the path, are, under the influence of impatient spirits, very liable to be diverted to what in appearance alone is a more direct path.

In the present day, we appear to be living at a time when everything is in a state of transition. Old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. The closing scene of an act in the world's great drama is being played, giving only such faint hints as to what the next will be like, that our curiosity is whetted rather than satisfied. That great changes are coming, that they are even now being worked out we feel certain. That they will be, on the whole, changes for the better, we cannot but believe, whose faith is rested in a Providence, who, even though He works in a mysterious way, yet over-rules all things for the best. Yet, if attempts are made to hurry such changes, to direct them abnormally we fear a long time will elapse before all mistakes are rectified and true progress is insured.

In considering the theory, which in practice would be the greatest revolution the world has ever seen, we may first notice that socialism is not, as is sometimes supposed, a birth of the nineteenth century. True, it is more sweeping in its aims, and proposes to extend itself universally by means of the law. This is where, we think, the theory of the present day differs most from those of ancient socialistic communities. They were voluntary, it would be compulsory. They were in many cases founded upon a religious idea, it would set but little store on religion, a fact we shall have occasion to