

this unknowable in the light of a God. For has not Mr. Spencer meant, according to this authority, "to crush" the idea of God by his criticisms of it, and "to crush" religion by his explanations of it. It is fortunate for us that we may still take from the universe what we are capable of appropriating and are not ruled altogether by any system of philosophy. It is good for us also that the critics have paid considerable attention to Mr. Spencer and that there have been many in this class who have been neither "dishonest nor incompetent." As to the consistency of the synthetic philosophy Dr. Fairbairn tells us that "it is at once an empirical Idealism, a transfigured Realism, and an agnostic transcendentalism." As to the data of ethics Mr. Wace says: "It proceeds by immense and arbitrary assumptions respecting the scope of human life, and its primary principle is reached by a logical fallacy. This principle on being worked out, proves so inapplicable that by the author's own confession 'throughout a large part of life' it must be 'entirely set aside,' and we are invited to fall back upon those primary intuitions of equity which are acknowledged to be everywhere operative and intelligible." As to its effect on religion, Mr. F. Harrison, as the champion of "Humanity," says: "The heart of man cannot love protoplasm, or feel enthusiastic devotion to the idea of the survival of the fittest." Mr. Mallock will prove to us that on the moral principles which are logically deducible from Mr. Spencer's philosophy life is *not* worth living; while many of our ablest scholars show that Mr. Spencer's theory as to the origin and growth of religion is inadequate to explain the facts upon which it professes to be based. All this proves that even in the "synthetic philosophy" we have not reached finality, and that criticism has a great work of threshing and winnowing still to do before the question can be settled as to Mr. Spencer's real and permanent contribution to the thought of this nineteenth century, "for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly
His soul's wings never furled."

Strathroy, Dec. 7th, 1895.

W. G. JORDAN.

Parisian Affairs.

THE publication of the official list of the *Chequards*, as the recipients of Panama money are nicknamed, has produced a tremendous sensation. For many it must be painful reading. And the Arton list of the famous 104 is to be published; this refers exclusively to legislators. Then the high Eiffel profits of contractors will be brought under the Search Light. To order a clean breast of the cushioned corruptions was a master stroke on the part of the Bourgeois ministry. They have annihilated the Opportunist party that refused to cleanse the Augean stable, and hence, why the nation backs the radical cabinet, and the reforms so sweepingly being made in the public offices. It is refreshing to witness the velocity at which parliamentary business is being executed; printing one hundred visiting cards *a la minute*, the staple industry at present, is surpassed. The great explosion of pentup indignation at the manner the Panama scandals were cloaked will burst forth when the famous Arton arrives from London to take the seat prepared for him in the dock.

The Sultan has so far displayed wisdom, by according to the six powers, their request to have an additional guardship lying to before Constantinople. But what a favourable impression he could have created had he conceded it at once. A kind of faint confidence might have been felt in his Majesty's judgment. What will be the next move of the powers, for they must complete their work? No one believes the anarchy in Asia Minor to be terminated. So long as a single live ember remains, conflagrations and explosions must be anticipated, and precautions taken to resist. Two questions are now on their trial in Turkey; the replacement of Abdul-Hamid or the dismemberment of the Empire he has conducted to ruin.

The Admiral Gervais affair becomes more and more a war of party. There are some who would have him cashiered at once—*pour encourager les autres*; there are, on the other hand, some who would promote him, and so demonstrate the leading of his squadron on a sand bank where four ships

stuck, was an accident beyond human control. The Government has ordered, in a word, a court martial, where admirals will fix the technical responsibility. Till then, land lubbers might cease demanding the Admiral's head. One journal printed that the sailors viewed with "satisfaction" the trial of Admiral Gervais; next day it announced it was "stupefaction" that ought to have been printed. The imps in the office ought to read the "apology for Satan" that has just appeared.

Paris, Nov. 30, 1895.

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XXI.

AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

THE slender and elegant spire of St. George's Church is the crowning manifestation of that quality of tastefulness that pervades the building. Its gentility—using the word in its best sense—is a gentility that is not by any means dependent on, or the result of, very lavish expenditure. No one, not even the most effusive reporter, would speak of St. George's as "a noble edifice." It is rather an exemplification of the capacity of good taste for making the best of things. Outwardly, the church, with the exception of its spire, is rather bare and commonplace. It is a brick building, the bricks of which look somewhat smoky and begrimed, and, to begin with, brick churches never look so well as stone, especially churches of a yellowish white colour. The architects have shown us in recent years how the Gothic spirit can be put into even brick buildings, but St. George's was built at a transition period, and looks somewhat as though it were designed by a very proper though somewhat antique schoolmistress. The newness of it has departed and it has a middle-aged look which has not developed into the venerableness of real antiquity. It stands in a quiet spot, near the top of John Street, and a stone's throw from the charming demesne where the Sage of Toronto writes elegantly with acidulated ink about politics, history, beliefs, and poetry. There are in the neighbourhood tall trees, and there might be rooks, at the proper season. The roar of Queen Street is sufficiently far away, and the sound of the street-car vexes not, even on week days.

As is quite fitting, the church named after the patron saint of England is the most English of the Anglican Toronto churches. There is a sedate respectability and moderation about it that are essentially English. Entering its somewhat narrow portal you find yourself in a pleasant oblong interior with two rows of tall clustered pillars reaching to the roof and painted a sort of terra-cotta colour. There is a main aisle and side aisles. On Sunday morning most of the light came through the southern windows where the sun was bright, producing wonderfully pleasing effects of illumination, shade, and colour. Only enough light to show the paintings on it, came through the east window over the altar. This is a handsome Gothic window of four bays, representing the four Evangelists. It must have been costly. Beneath this, the wall above the altar was draped with an amber curtain. The altar-draping itself was dark in colour, and embroidered, and on the super altar was a polished brass cross; on either side of the cross a vase of flowers. There is no chancel proper, the altar stands in a slight recess formed by the organ, in the south-eastern corner, and a small vestry, in the other, so that the choir pews on either side extend somewhat into the nave of the church. There is nothing violent in the way of decorations or inscriptions, all is quiet and tasteful. There are several other pictured windows beside the eastern one, and the pewing is of varnished pine, showing the natural colour of the wood. Some little distance from the chancel there are south and north transepts of a rudimentary character, wherein are small galleries, each forming a roomy pew, rather high up, where the occupants sit in an elevated, cherubic fashion and look down at the people on the floor, much as they would gaze from a second story window at a procession. These pews must be invaluable for family parties when the children are young, and on the whole they are the quaintest arrangements I have met with in my wanderings amongst the aisles of Toronto. The only other gallery is a comparatively small one over the western entrance such as in some churches is used for the organ. The roof of the church is unimpressive. There is no clerestory, the ceiling is in one line from eaves to ridge. The pulpit is a simple but artistic piece of joinery in hard-