

but that they hope, to use a hackneyed term, to become rich by degrees? I do not mean to say that the authorities of these colleges deliberately dispose of their degrees for mercenary considerations, but I do say that appearances indicate that they sometimes confer a degree which they would hesitate to bestow did they not cherish the hope that the conferee, or some of his friends, would remember the institution in his will, or if not going so far as that, that substantial advantages would accrue to the institution as a result of the honour bestowed by it.

What is true of the degree of D.D. is perhaps still more true respecting the degree of LL.D. It is a very convenient toy to play with, perfectly harmless you know. It can be conferred without hesitation whether the recipient knows anything of law or not. It would be absurd to make a man a doctor of divinity who had never studied theology (though I believe it has been done in the case of Count Bismarck, on what pretext I am not aware), but to make a man a doctor of laws who knows nothing of law is apparently considered quite the proper thing. In one instance I believe (I am happy to say it was not in Canada), it was conferred upon a person who had invented an improved stove! That individual doubtless conferred a greater boon upon humanity (if his stove was a good one, and probably it was) than many who toil and moil with their brain, and discover some new theory or advance some new idea in the world of thought, but let some new degree be adopted if a distinction of that class is desirable, to meet such cases, and let not the degree and the individual be rendered ridiculous.

This is a utilitarian age and more attention is being paid to technical and industrial training and less to the dead languages and abstruse subjects fitted only for mental gymnastics than formerly. Why not affiliate our schools of practical science with the universities as has been already done in some instances, and have degrees which would cover the cases of those who had undergone a training or distinguished themselves in the field of manual work? Do not degrade those distinctions which ought to signify a training in the realm of mind.

In making these comments I do not wish to cast any reflection upon one of our leading universities which recently turned out a large batch of LL.D.s, the first in its history, for I believe that in every case they were worthily bestowed, but I wish to utter a note of warning and to urge the authorities of our universities and degree-conferring colleges to be sparing in the exercise of their powers. I should be sorry indeed to see a graduate of any Canadian institution feel constrained to write of his fellow graduates as Dr. Bacon has had to do. But if the brakes are not put on I fear it will not be long till there will be reason to do so. People wearing honorary degrees, it is only fair to say not all conferred by home institutions, are becoming very plentiful. By all means let everyone who can have a degree, but let it be an evidence of mental training, a proof that its possessor has learned how to study, rather than the result of so much knowledge obtained by means of cram, or what is worse, so much of a consideration paid for an equivalent. I trust, however, no Canadian college will ever sink so low as to sell its degrees.

J. J. BELL.

THE EXTINCTION OF LEISURE.

Some day there will come to this time-begrudging, routine-ridden, always living-in-the-future nation of ours a revival of leisure; but it will not be during the lifetime of the present generation. Until our wonderful estate is sufficiently impoverished to work a diminishment of credit—that “spring-board from whence so much of our civilization vaults and turns its somersaults”—the fever for sudden riches, for artificial diversions, for luxurious living, and for lavish display will distemper our blood as it has for the last thirty years. When all our prairies have been exhausted, all our forests felled, and all our cattle ranches uninhabited; when all our railways have been built and all our mines discovered; when there is nothing left for us to rob—then we must needs begin to recuperate our patrimony, unless we seek a new continent to strip. The nourishing and restoring of an estate begets a different character from that which is begotten by the consuming of it. It develops fortitude in men, throws them perpetually upon their own resources, and forces them to think whether they will or no. It drives them back to the earth, for simplicity and economy, and—leisure, for it is in the nature of man, as of certain of the lower animals, to be impelled by contraries. As long as the bounty of nature invites us to leisure, we despise it; when the poverty of nature appears to deny us leisure, we appreciate it and possess more of it. The perpetual accretion among us of enormous private fortunes is the greatest discourager of leisure. Such magical success, with its accompanying ostentation and extravagance, fires the imaginations of men, and raises the ideal of fortune and of expenditure continually higher, so that we wear ourselves out in getting ready to live. A generation or two will distribute most of these phenomenal fortunes, as well as introduce the heaven of refinement among those to whom they descend. Nothing so effectually destroys the desire to obtain wealth as the inherited possession of wealth. When a well-to-do family becomes impoverished, its members are less likely to expend themselves wholly in money-getting than are those reared in parsimony or indigence. Education and refinement distract a man's powers from the getting of gain, so often to the ignorant and the refined the only resource. They teach men how much there is in the world which cannot be bought, and that too little causes no more un-

happiness than too much. Choose whichever you will—the struggle to have, or the struggle to do without—there is escape from neither, and both are pain. They are but acute and chronic forms of the same disease. But the man who strives to do without has this inestimable advantage over the man who strives to have: the gods fight upon his side. If he is defeated, it is always his own fault, and if he wins, nothing can deprive him of his winnings. “He that lives according to reason shall never be poor, and he that governs his life by opinion shall never be rich; nature is limited, but fancy is boundless.”—*Alfred H. Peters, in The Forum.*

HOW HISTORY IS MADE.

A story is told of one who on a steamer one night was singing to a group upon the deck, “Jesus, Lover of my Soul.” A stranger in the company was attracted by some peculiar intonation of the singer, and suddenly springing up, said to him, “Sir, were you in the army during the late war?” “Yes,” replied he. “Do you remember singing that hymn one night on the Potomac?” “Yes, one night I was sadly depressed as I was out alone on picket duty, and to cheer myself I sang this sweet, old hymn.” “I,” said the stranger, “was then in the Confederate army. The night was dark, and I came very near the Union lines, within easy range of a Union soldier. I lifted my gun to fire, when I heard him sing, ‘Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.’ I dropped my gun, and your life was saved.” *The Church Papers, passim.*

Some journalistic Jeremiah was lately bowailing, upon the housetops of San Francisco, the degeneracy of a century which was nearing its end without producing any truly great and original poem, play, picture, sculpture, or other work of the intellect, but was content to occupy itself with repeated threshings of a few ears of wheat, filched from the garner of preceding ages. Filled with indignation at what seemed to me a case of gross carelessness or blindness, I was about to echo in these columns the names of a few of the men of this century who have lit tapers that are destined to burn as long as any light of intelligence illumines the earth, when I became interested in an article in the *Church Guardian*, describing the peculiar and powerful inspiration under which Charles Wesley composed that famous hymn, “Jesus, Lover of my Soul,” the more so because the account supplied an excellent illustration of something that I had intended to advance on the question of strength and originality in intellectual work. The article went on to give examples of the influence of the hymn under various circumstances connected with the singing of it, and one example described the emotion that took possession of an ex-Confederate soldier on a Potomac river excursion steamer in recognizing in the person of another excursionist, who was singing the hymn to the accompaniment of the saloon piano, a Federal soldier whom he had been about to shoot on the picket line many years before, when his murderous purpose was arrested by the circumstance of his intended victim's starting up the same hymn, in a peculiarly tender and touching manner, while walking his lonely beat. Mutual explanations followed (on the steamer, not the picket line), and the curtain was lowered on an effective tableau. My own emotions, however, outrivalled those of either of the pair of veterans on the Potomac excursion, for I recognized in the yarn a modernization and elaboration of a fanciful production of my own published in the *Washington Chronicle* a few years after the close of the rebellion, under the title, “A Little Story of the Great War,” and which by reason of the pathos of its subject, gained a wide circulation at the time in the clippings of the press. I have no reason to believe that the Confederate and Federal soldier told of in the *Church Guardian* ever had an existence outside of my own brain, and I am about ready to join the Jeremiah of San Francisco, who weeps at the flat, stale, and hashed-up character of nineteenth century literature.—*“Auditus,” in Printers' Ink.*

POPULAR FICTION IN NEW YORK.

“Uncle Tom's Cabin” was the book most in demand in 1887, last year, 1888, “Ben Hur;” next to that the greatest demand is for “Monte Cristo.” The circulation of complete editions and separate plays of Shakespeare is, however, usually as large as any work of fiction. Of the separate plays the “Merchants of Venice,” “Romeo and Juliet” and “Richard III.” are the most popular. The works of Charles Dickens are in great demand, “Pickwick” heading the list, while “Oliver Twist” and “David Copperfield” are great favourites. Jules Verne's “Mysterious Island” and “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea” come usually next. The other novel-writers mostly in demand are Thackeray, Scott, Mrs. Craik, Sue “The Wandering Jew,” Charlotte Brontë, Black, Mrs. Holmes, Hawthorne, Samuel Lover, Ebers, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Marryat, and Balwer.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A KILMARNOCK minister is reported to have read for the second lesson in public worship, the other Sunday, one of Tennyson's poems.

MR. JOHN MACDONALD, who was the first general treasurer of the Free Church, and who until a few years ago superintended its financial department, died lately in his seventy-ninth year. Along with Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Archibald Bonar he took an active part in working out the details of the sustentation fund scheme. As far back as 1831 he was an elder in the Gaelic Church in Edinburgh and afterwards in the congregation of Dr. Moody Stuart.

British and Foreign.

THE natives of Damascus call drunken men victims of “the English disease.”

PROF. SAYCE of Oxford has received the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh University.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR declares that as a rule the rich are those that give least to the poor.

CLOYNE CATHEDRAL is about to receive a monument to Berkeley, the greatest of its bishops.

THE Bishop of St. Albans has sanctioned the use of a special burial service over unbaptized persons.

MR. MACDOUGALL, of Florence, preached recently in Dr. Stewart's Church in Nether Lochaber.

MR. BLAIR of Cambuslang is to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in Islay during the present month.

DUNDEE has resolved to confer the freedom of the city on Lord Lorne and also on Mr. William Arrol, the builder of the Forth bridge.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, along with Mr. Johnson the pastor, conducted anniversary services in Dunoon recently; the collection exceeded \$350.

CANON MACCOLLS lectures on the Nicene Creed will be published in October under the title of “Christianity in Relation to Science and morals.”

THE list of ladies in favour of women's suffrage includes the wives of the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and of the bishops of London, Carlisle and Hereford.

DR. SHEDD's “Dogmatic Theology” is described as “a mountain of sacred truth,” by Mr. Spurgeon, who values “the whole mass with the exception of some very poor stuff upon Baptism.”

THE Brigend U. P. congregation, Dumbarton, have presented a memorial to their pastor, Mr. Watson, under call to Newington, Edinburgh, earnestly entreating him to remain with them.

THE old crown in the regalia of Scotland is specially interesting on account of their being some reason to believe that the lower rim is the same as was placed on the head of Robert the Bruce by the Countess of Mar.

DUNBLANE heritors are about to borrow the whole or part of an assessment of \$17,500 imposed upon themselves towards the cost of restoring the cathedral. This will allow the work to be proceeded with immediately.

BOTANICAL science has lost one of its brightest lights by the death in his eighty-sixth year of Mr. Berkeley, Vicar of Sibbertoft, North Hants. He devoted much of his time to the study of fungi and their relation to the diseases of plants.

IN Turkey there has been of late a greatly increased sale of Bibles among the Mohammedans. Except in very rare cases the Bibles are purchased. Few copies are given away, it being deemed best that those who get them should pay something for them.

MISS PARK, of Glasgow, accompanied by Miss Campbell, of Iona, has been labouring among the fisher-folk at Cullivoe, in Shetland. The meetings in the girls' room were keenly appreciated and large gatherings in the Parish Church were addressed by both ladies.

AN organization calling itself “The Fellowship of the New Life” has bought a school at Thornton and intends starting a communistic establishment in which printing, publishing, writing and teaching are to be allied to manual labour. Its organ, the *Sower*, is edited by Mr. Sydney Webb.

KIRKCALDY Free Church Presbytery notes indications of the rise of a public sentiment in favour of a better observance of the Sabbath and recommends ministers to bring the subject before their congregations and to protest against needless travelling or meeting for secular purposes on the Lord's Day.

A WRITER in the *Sydney Presbyterian* tables a protest against the “extravagant encomium of Dr. Marcus Dods by Prof. Henry Drummond.” He thinks it “fulsome flattery,” and an insult alike to contemporary brethren and the Christian intelligence of the Scottish people, to speak of Dr. Dods as the only true exponent of Christ's gospel.

THE Rev. John Robertson of Stonehaven, in accepting the call to the M'Ghie-Roxburgh Church, informed the Presbytery of Fordeun that there had been focussed on his path lights divine, human, and infernal, and he now humbly and clearly, sorrowfully and gladly, saw the will of God. Mr. Robertson's induction at Edinburgh is to take place on September 19th.

A COMMITTEE of scientists and philosophers, Italian and Foreign, has met at Milan to institute a new national Church, free from connection with the State, unfettered by creeds, and having for its sole guide the book of Nature. Their first step has been to draw up a catechism and to invite adhesions by a manifesto addressed to parents, students, and public officers.

DR. CULLEN, pastor of the West U. P. Church, Leslie, has been compelled to leave his manse for a month on account of the nuisance of a neighbour's dog whose persistent barking and howling makes study impossible. The police commissioners refuse to interfere as some of the other neighbours testify that the dog is one of the quietest animals in existence.

IN the second of a series of papers in the *Perthshire Magazine*, on “Prominent Perthshire People,” Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden gives a sympathetic sketch of George Gilliland. It is strange, he says, that no life of that gifted preacher and man of letters has been written, and stranger still to be told by those who have some reason to know that no life ever will be written.

THE remains of Dr. Horatius Bonar were interred in the family burial-place in the ancient churchyard of the Canon-gate. The members of his congregation and other friends met before the funeral in Chalmers memorial church, where devotional services were held, and the members of Presbytery assembled in Grange Church under the presidency of Prof. Smith.

ADMIRAL BAILLIE of Dryburgh Abbey, uncle of Lord Polwarth and of the earl of Haddington, like his recently deceased brother, Major Robert Baillie, a warmly attached member of the Church, died lately at Kelso in his seventy-eighth year. The late Canon Baillie of York was one of his brothers; and the Dowager-Countess of Aberdeen is one of his three surviving sisters.