

LONDON LETTER.

AN old man stands at the creaking entrance-gate to the Waterloo panorama, an old man dressed in a queer, tight, red tunic and grey gaiters and odd-shaped head-piece. He is like a Gilbray caricature come to life. He has round stooping shoulders and knotted hands (the top of one finger was shot away, he tells you, at Quatre Bras), and his eyes, from which the colour has faded long and long ago, look out dimly from his weatherbeaten face framed in whiskers which still possess something of the roll in fashion fifty years back. Sometimes a shy little lad comes up to shake hands, and mechanically the old soldier clasps the small fingers without much interest in the ceremony. Or an inquisitive elder will address a loud remark which is answered in a low voice flavoured with a country accent delightful to hear. But for the most part of the time this queer figure stands by the Commissionaire who takes up the shillings, and, leaning on his stick, examines as much of the horizon as can be seen through the open doors, over the tall Victoria Street houses, and pays scant attention to the company who come pouring in all day long. So, after listening to the thunder of the guns that June Sunday at Waterloo, to-day he is content to hear the singing of the fiddles in the orchestra at his back, and, so long as he is left in peace by the staring, gaping crowd, does not regret at all (I think) the change from the free life among the Cornish lanes to the restraint of the busy streets of Westminster.

A little fly-leaf (reprinted from Tit-Bits), which tells all about Mr. James Davey, this old soldier, is put into your hands as you come into the hall of the panorama. In the paper you find that he was born in 1795 at Carhar-rack in Cornwall, that, being a member of the Falmouth volunteer corps, he volunteered for the war in 1815, joining the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and that he was paid off in a lump sum of £200 eighteen months afterwards. For seventy years he worked in the mines. His children are all dead, his wife is partially imbecile, and is in Truro workhouse. He himself having no pension is now dependent on charity. He can walk, this man of 95, twenty miles a day at least without fatigue. "I eat a great deal of bread and butter (he told the writer of the fly-leaf), I like the butter in May month, because the herbs are at their best, and as the cows chew the herbs I get the benefit in the butter, or the new milk which also does me good. Herb beer is my favourite drink, as I do not touch intoxicating liquors now. I eat plenty of cabbage and other vegetables, but very little animal food. Meal is also part of my diet, and oranges, and other fruits when I can afford them. I was once a heavy smoker, sometimes consuming as much as seven ounces of tobacco in a week; but three years ago, after a terrible struggle, I managed to conquer the habit, and also my liking for intoxicating liquors—in which, however, I had never indulged to excess. I had to pray twenty times before I felt that I was no longer a slave to tobacco, but after offering up three prayers I felt the master of intoxicants. I was converted to religion in 1814 at Gwennap Pit (the famous amphitheatre where John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, often harangued the multitude) under the preaching of 'Thundering Aimes,' so called because of his powerful ministrations. There was a great revival on that occasion and over 2,000 persons were converted before leaving the Pit. The revival extended throughout the country, and lasted nine months."

Mr. Davey is the only living relic that the management has been able to secure. But the glass cases are full of suggestive material for all manner of romance, from the boyish letter dated on Waterloo day from the camp, in which the writer says he is hoarse with cheering, to the silver watch smashed by a bullet. There is so much to see, indeed, that the panorama upstairs hardly seems an attraction. One is glad to leave the pictured soldiers and the great battle field (confusing enough to a civilian) with its air of unreality, for the Hall where the Fusilier moves briskly about (there are two Waterloo officers still living, they tell you, but this Fusilier is the only private), and where letters from the Great Duke and memorials of every sort of value once belonging to the dead braves are skilfully gathered together. If the Cornishman with the stooping shoulders—by his face he might be taken for a man of sixty or so—chooses to talk to you, so much the better. It is not often he takes any notice of the crowd. And I suppose if one were burdened with the weight of near a hundred years one would be stolid and motionless, too. As I look at him I think that is how the people took their life in Mr. Besant's "Inner House." To be forgotten by Death, to be exempt from the universal law, would you choose that? We work in gangs, like convicts. Could you pluck up heart to go on with the old, old routine if you were left solitary—if the chains that once bound you all together were broken about your feet, and the others, your friends, had escaped into freedom? Go to, Mr. James Davey, of Truro, Cornwall, you are not to be envied; even if you possess the Great Secret of which Mr. Besant's Arch-Physician was the guard, indeed you are not to be envied. Rather, (if only we could choose) let us hope to bid good-bye in the evening of the day, as the sun is sinking, and the light is on the faces near by and one hears the sound of the work about us. But not in the black, lonely, quiet night—anything but that.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam.
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Was there ever anything more beautiful than this song of Tennyson's? Whenever one comes across it one stays to read it again with fresh pleasure, though, indeed, one knows it by heart. I wonder if the Latin translation of the Master of Trinity has already reached you in Canada.

Vesper adest; adsit; solem mox stella sequetur:
Tum mihi, nec surda, vox sonet aure, "Redi":
Absit aquae gemitus sileatur ad ostia portus,
Cum portu excedens solus in alta vehor.
Lenis, ut in somno, pleni maris affluat aestus,
Sic tamen ut spuma vis strepitumque vacet,
Ex infinito cum vita exorta profundo
Divinam repetit, prodiit unde, domum.
Vesper adest; dubiae jam lucis ab aede sonabit
Naenia, tum noctis nigrior umbra cadet:
Absit amicorum vox lugubris ire vetantum,
Cum mea se terra solvit itura ratis.
Nam licet hos ultra fines terrenaque claustra
Tractibus immensis aequora vasta ferant,
Spes mihi Rectoris praesentem agnoscere vultum
Ut primum ignotas experiemur aquas.

In Latin or English how fine these lines are! And how vastly superior are they in their simplicity and music to Pope's often quoted "Vital Spark." Wordsworth used to repeat, and say he envied Mrs. Barbauld's charming well-known ode written when she was seventy, the ode of which Thackeray was so fond, which Rogers used so frequently to quote, and which Mme. D'Arblay declared she said over to herself every night after her prayers. Still of the many Swan-Songs of which one's memory is full, there are none, surely, that come near to Tennyson's touching verses. Only to have written these is sufficient to make the name of young Mr. Tennyson, as Gandish calls the poet in Mr. Lang's amusing "Old Friends" famous amongst us.

It is not often that one recommends enthusiastically to other people the stories and books that please one's self. It is dangerous to do so, and, like giving a letter of introduction, is something that should be well thought over before attempting. But it is impossible to resist in the case of one of Mr. Kipling's latest sketches "The Man Who Was," which you will find in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April. If you know of anything better, anything that comes within a mile of these few pages for dramatic power, show it me. It is not only that Mr. Kipling has been lucky in finding a gold mine, it is that he works the raw material into something rich and rare, with consummate skill. No cherrystone carving is this. Every stroke is bold, every touch tells. Faultless it is not, of course, but the extraordinary qualities possessed by this extraordinary young writer of five-and-twenty are in themselves sufficient to condone any roughness of manner and faults of taste. Is it too much to say that, as a story-teller, Mr. Kipling stands absolutely alone? I think not. Wait till you have read "The Man Who Was."

WALTER POWELL.

A PRAYER.

If love of me doth drag him down,
Narrow and cramp his soul,
Rob him of life's intended crown,
Make part serve for the whole—

Hold back from that high destiny
That means all great endeavour,—
Let him from that weak love be free,
And cast me forth forever!

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, N.B.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

THE opinion, we are aware, is widely entertained, and it has even been embodied in decisions of the courts, if we mistake not, that an ecclesiastic is amenable to the law if he brings spiritual penalties or terrors to bear in order to influence an elector in the exercise of his franchise.

This opinion we cannot share, for the following reasons: That the State cannot interfere in such a matter without virtually pronouncing the ecclesiastical teaching concerned in the case to be false, which it is not in a position to do. The Church claims to be the minister of sacred and unseen things, of things appertaining to another, and much more important, sphere of existence than the present. Does the State object to this claim? By no means. Every day of her life the Church collects money for work done—the effect of which is understood to lie in another world. If a private individual claimed to have power to diminish the sufferings of departed spirits and collected money from persons employing his services for that purpose, he might possibly be interfered with by the law; but the efficacy of the Church's ministrations is so far recognized that there is no thought of interference with her proceedings in a similar line. When, therefore, a bishop instructs his people—those who recognize his authority—how they are to act in a certain political matter if they wish to avoid sin and its penalties, there are certainly no *prima facie* grounds for impugning the correctness of his teaching; and if his teaching is correct, if the act that he indicates as sinful is sinful, surely it would be a strange kind of tyranny that would debar him from uttering, and the believer from accepting, a true statement of the very greatest importance. On the theory, therefore, that such teaching is true, interference is not justifiable. On the

theory that it is false, and that the State has means of determining its falsity, interference would be justifiable; but when has that position been taken? When has the State, or when have the law courts ever said: "We know that what ecclesiastical authority has indicated as sin is not sin?" When have they ever said: "We know that sin is a wholly unreal thing, and that to talk of it at all is only to impose on people?" Never.

But it may be said that neither of these is the true position of the State in reference to these matters—that what it says in effect is: "We do not know whether what is indicated as sin is sin or not; neither do we care; but we forbid any one to characterize or treat as sin any exercise whatever of civil rights." That position might be taken in words, but it would not be a logical or a very sincere one: not a logical one since it predicates action upon ignorance of what, admittedly, may be a very serious factor in the question; not a sincere one since, while professing ignorance of a certain thing, it really treats that thing with contempt. A really unknown quantity never can be a negligible quantity; and conversely any quantity which we treat as negligible must, to justify such treatment, be known to us as of no practical account.

Moreover we do not believe in protecting people against their own intellectual convictions. The Church exercises sway only over those who believe in her. The State in interfering between the Church and its adherents virtually affirms that the latter are not capable of forming sound opinions or of asserting their intellectual liberty—an assumption which ought not to be made. The adherents of every church must be prepared—seeing that their connection with the Church is wholly voluntary, and can be dissolved at a moment's notice—to accept the natural consequences of their membership. Cases have occurred of course in which church members have appealed to the civil courts against the action of the church authorities; and the civil courts will always be open to those who hold that their civil or contract rights have been infringed. What we do not believe in is an anticipation by the State of complaints on the part of the faithful, and the forcing on the latter of a protection for which they have not asked. We call this interference from one point of view with religious liberty and, from another point of view, with religious responsibility. Neither should be interfered with. Every citizen, on the contrary, should be made to feel, first, that he is free to choose his own religion and to have it administered to him and for him without any restraint from the civil power; secondly, that the State is not going to interfere to get him out of any difficulty he may have with the authorities of his Church, unless he has some ground of civil action against them, and is himself prepared to bring his case into the courts.

The powers which the Church claims to exercise were not derived from the State; they rest on the convictions of individual citizens. Destroy the belief that the Church is the interpreter and minister of spiritual things, and the whole institution collapses and vanishes like a ruptured bubble. But while that belief lasts it is ridiculous for the State to come forward and seek to interfere with the natural relation thus created between priest and people. One could understand a community, in which the secular principle had been carried very far, refusing to admit to full citizenship persons who declared that their most important convictions related to another and super-sensible world, and that they recognized a certain set of men as their guides and directors in all that related to that other world including many lines of action in which this world's interests were implicated. It is conceivable, we say, that such persons might be excluded from citizenship in a secularist State; but where the State is not secularist, but recognizes religion in a hundred ways, no one, on account of his religion, can rightly be excluded from citizenship; nor can the State rightly interfere between the individual and his spiritual guides. Everything is best tested when left to work out its natural and full results; and, if there is anything hurtful in the authority claimed and exercised by a priesthood, it is not well that any mitigations arbitrarily imposed from without should disguise the fact. Religious responsibility is the natural complement of religious liberty.

Ottawa, May, 1890.

W. D. LE SUEUR.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Mesrouze plan of vine culture is attracting a good deal of attention. The author claims to produce 880 gallons of wine per acre on lands of an inferior quality; in 1888, he produced as many as 1,144 gallons. The vines are thirteen feet apart, and the distance between each row three feet. The stems of the vine are trained to run along parallel galvanized wires. But the whole system consists in leaving two eyes of each season's new wood; thus the old wood, by this pruning, lengthens along the wire proportionally and can rejoin the branches of another vine. The branches are tied, of course, down to the wire. The power of a trunk is thus concentrated at the extremity of the wire's branches. The vines can be placed at 40 or 100 feet apart, following vigour and productiveness; so that in the course of a dozen years bad stems can be extirpated, and an acre of vineyard which had 1,120 vines reduced to 160, without diminishing the yield of grapes. About 5,000 yards of wire will be required per acre. M. Mesrouze has thus cultivated his vineyards for eight years; the system is, in a word, long *versus* short pruning. How often ought a vineyard to be scarified in a year, for the eight-share scarifier has replaced the plough? Some