

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

This beautiful prayer for grace, by Robert Louis Stevenson, is worthy of being clipped out for frequent perusal: "Grant that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our cause without dishonor to ourselves or hurt to others, and when the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favor, from mean hopes and cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency; let him not be cast down; support the stumbling on the way, and give at last rest to the weary."

A contemporary pleads for the proper use of the postlude. The postlude is the organ voluntary played as the congregation is going out. A suffering church has cause against the postlude. Only the judgment day will reveal the results of its sins. It is the most misused and tactless and spiritually obtuse part of the ordinary service. "It bruises when it might heal. It distracts when it might intensify. It pours out upon us hail and thunderbolts when we are waiting for the soft and gentle dew. It comes marching forth like an army with banners, when our hearts are listening for the still, small voice. After the prayers and discourse have led our struggling souls to a kind of climax of spiritual feeling, and fixed us in a state of mind for an enriching spiritual meditation, why will the postlude insist on assaulting us in our sensitiveness with the full battle of pedal and fortissimo organ. At this moment of cumulative impressiveness, why can it not come forth like some sweet, subdued and subduing afterthought born of what has gone before, and give impulse to my soul in the direction to which the whole service has sent it? It must, or be excommunicated."

England seems intent upon raising a "Welsh question" to keep company with her "Irish problem." The dominant party in Parliament jammed through the House of Commons a new Education Act designed to coerce the County Councils of Wales into putting the public schools into the hands of the English Church, and rushed it into and out of the House of Lords against the protest of those best acquainted with the situation in that rugged and stubborn little realm. The fact is that it is too late in the day to set up any system of public education in any Anglo-Saxon country under the domination of any sect; and while the present English Government finds an experiment difficult in England, she will discover it impossible in Wales, where the church so favored scarcely exists among the native population. The original Education Act having taken the government of the public schools out of the hands of the county authorities and relegated the same to the Anglican church, the Welsh County Councils very promptly declined to raise funds for their support. The party in power retaliated by this new and special act which provides for the support of the

schools direct from London, and charges it up against certain subsidies Wales had been accustomed to receive. The Welsh have now begun the organization of independent and voluntary schools upon a large scale, but with a bitterness of feeling which bodes ill for coming days. The late Parliament seems destined to go down to history as having done more to alienate the allegiance of those whose friendship the Government needed, than any other Parliament for half a century.

The good people of Switzerland have taken hold of the "tramp problem" in a spirit at once vigorous and humane. An Inter-Cantonal Union has been formed which now covers more than half the area of Switzerland, the half where wandering and idle men constituted a menace to the welfare of society. When any honest workman is thrown out of employment by circumstances beyond his control, he is furnished with a "travelers relief book" in which his name, residence and occupation are written down. At any office of the Union he is thereupon furnished with breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging, but not often more than once in six months at the same place. The public become agents of the Union and keep informed of any parties in the canton who have applied for help. In some of the cantons there are many such relief offices; in Zurich, for instance, fifty one. At Neuchâtel there is what we would call a model farm, where men in straits can be profitably employed without shame and at fair remuneration, the superintendent of the farm working in the fields with the men. The idle and shiftless are soon run down by these methods, and are put at forced labor or sent out of the state. The honest and industrious but unfortunate are helped to reach places where there kind of work is needed, and in default of finding such within a reasonable time, they are furnished labor on land belonging to the cantons. Inspectors from England sent to examine the operations of this system have praised it highly as practicable, kindly and efficient.

Probably no Bishop has ever care less for the art of oratory, says The Yorkshire Post, than Dr. Ridding, the retiring Bishop of Southwell. For many years there was an anecdote that while he was headmaster of Winchester he had begun a sermon with the words "I feel a feeling which I feel we all feel." The charitable always regarded the anecdote as being an invention, but years later, in 1883, a series of sermons were preached in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which were afterwards published in book form, and if the curious care to refer to that volume they will find a sermon preached by the Bishop which actually, in cold type, said, "I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel"—probably the strongest exordium to a printed sermon to be found in the language.

It is reported from Vatican circles that the Pope has no intention of yielding one iota to the French Government; that, on

the contrary, he is of the opinion that war to the knife in France might be beneficial to his interests, rather than reserve. On the other hand the opinion is entertained that the French Government have their minds made up to put a stay once and for all upon Papal pretensions, to the toleration of which not a little of the internal trouble of the past few years is directly and unmistakably attributable. Should both sides have resolved upon a struggle, the combat will be momentous, and we have not the slightest doubt as to the nature of the denouement.

FORSAKING BY CONSECRATION.

The ideal of the Christian life is that of a continuous consecration. It is a sanctified life in the sense of something set apart, dedicated to God. This consecration is not partial. It is not confined to certain sets of activities, or to particular and exclusive sections of our time, but covers the entire range of our energies and all moments. Our days are so bound each to each that it is impossible to render true service to God on Sunday and in the church, if on other days and in other places we are devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil. We cannot serve God and mammon. To whom we yield our selves servants, in the governing aims of life, his servants we are—Lutheran Ob-server.

Literary Notes.

Timid readers who have feared the critic's meant to leave them no pleasure in Conan Doyle will take heart of grace again when they see the handsome compliments paid their favorite by the redoubtable review of the *Quarterly*. His article is produced in *The Living Age* for Sept. 10.

The September number of *Canadian Good Housekeeping* (Dominion Phelps, Toronto) opens with "An Outing in the Aftermath" in which is described a rather original holiday spent by a family belonging to a Canadian village. Montreal is the city described in the series of articles by Clara Clement. Several good short stories and the usual number of excellent articles on household topics go to make up a good issue of this magazine.

It is announced that The Studio will shortly publish a Special Autumn Number devoted to the work of two of France's greatest humorous draughtsmen—Daumier and Gavarni. In these hurrying days these two remarkable geniuses are almost forgotten, yet both of them can, with hesitation, be assigned places amongst the most powerful and the most imaginative draughtsmen the world has ever seen. They were humorists of the first order—sometimes subtle, sometimes grim, and sometimes boisterous, but always humorists in the best sense of the word. Each of them at times took excursions into the realms of tragedy and pathos, in astonishing contrast to his usual habit of brimming humour, but above all things, each, by the force and flexibility and the significance of his line, was a draughtsman of the very first rank. The Studio's Special will contain, as usual, a large number of Coloured Plates and Photogravures, as well as full-page facsimile illustrations in black and white—Offices of "The Studio," 44 Leicester Square, London, W. C.