

simple experiment. The house where he conducted it is situated a few hundred yards from the sea. In front of it is a lawn without flower-beds. On each side of it are gardens full of blossoms which bees love. A score of bees were removed from the hive, put in a bag, and taken out a short distance to sea, and there let loose. Not one of them ever returned. Another lot of bees were taken in the same way to the sea-shore and there liberated, but none of them ever returned. A third lot were taken out to the lawn in front of the house and allowed to go free; but, though so close to their hive, not one of them found its way back. But those which were set at liberty in the flower gardens, some distance further off, returned without exception, and almost immediately. At sea, on the shore, and on the lawn they were on unknown ground, and had no familiar objects to guide them in finding their way home. But in the flower gardens every object was well known to the bees; and by these aids, and by these alone, they got back to their hive.

RECIPROCITY, Retaliation, Fair Trade, and the various other *aliases* of Protection have sadly puzzled a good many people, and even now there are some who profess to be anxious for an enlightenment which they do not possess. To such we commend the following brief extract from the writings of Dr. Franklin, written about a century ago. It leaves scarcely anything to be desired in the matter of clearness:

"Suppose a country, X, with three manufactures, cloth, silk, iron, supplying three other countries, A, B, C, but is desirous of increasing the vent and raising the price of cloth in favour of her own clothiers.

"In order to do this, she forbids the importation of foreign cloths from A.

"A, in return, forbids silk from X.

"Then the silk-workers complain of a decay of trade.

"And X, to content them, forbids silks from B.

"B, in return, forbids ironware from X.

"Then the ironworkers complain of decay.

"And X forbids the importation of iron from C.

"C, in return, forbids cloth from X.

"What is got by all these prohibitions?

"Answer—All four find their common stock of the enjoyments and conveniences of life diminished."

It is well known that the greatest curse of Russian industry and morals is drunkenness. Even the priesthood of the Greek Church are sadly corrupted by this vice, and upon the numerous holidays lead their flocks in excesses. The Czar has lately issued a decree closing all tippling-shops, and allowing spirits to be sold only at inns and eating-houses. Ninety thousand grog-shops will be closed by this measure. That is the kind of reform Canada needs.

THE Boston Cremation Society is reported to have adopted plans for their Crematory something as follows: There will be a chapel where any form of religious service can be held at the option of the relatives or friends of the dead. The coffin containing the body will be placed on a platform which moves vertically by machinery, and over which is suspended a permanent canopy. It will then be lowered to the basement, in which the furnace is situated, placed in the receiving chamber of the furnace and cremated. The ashes will be withdrawn, placed in an urn and raised to the chapel on the platform. Then, when the services are concluded, the canopy is drawn aside and the urn with its ashes removed. The change has taken place while the congregation are chanting dirges. A third apartment will be the columbarium, where the urns containing the ashes are stored in case the relatives do not desire them removed. The furnace will cost \$125 for construction, and the weight of the ashes will vary from five to seven pounds, according to the weight of the body. The new society starts off full of promise.

A WRITER in the Belfast *News* proposes to force every candidate for Parliament to pledge himself in favour of an Act forbidding any one under sixteen to smoke. Of course the Act would contain a clause empowering the Anti-Tobacco men to send their policemen into your home to see that you did not allow your children to smoke, and another clause compelling all the members of the family to bear evidence against each other.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

A REIGN OF HYPOCRISY.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—It is now open and palpable that in some churches pastors may hold and teach doctrines and practices at their own will, and independently of the church as a whole; at all events, they practically do so without having first obtained the formal sanction of either the denomination to which they belong, or of their own congregations. A pastor may now teach that wine was neither made nor used by the Founder of their faith; that it is the cup of devils, and that it is wrong to use it. He may substitute grape-syrup at the sacrament; and his congregation as a whole may or may not approve. If he does not substitute that delectable article for wine he is acting against his own declared convictions. If he does, many of his flock are compelled to act against theirs. In olden times a new matter of doctrine or practice was brought up for consideration by the church as a church, and duly delivered upon. If any office-bearer dissented he had the option of resigning. Some hundreds did so in Scotland in 1843. Now, no man can say what the distinctive doctrines and practices of some churches, as churches, are. He can only find that in those of older origin.

These are some of the prices paid for the mere idea of prohibition—liberty of conscience—civil liberty—latitude in making unfounded statements—understating or overstating the truth. If this result be the blossom—the promise—of the idea in the churches, what can full fruition mean to the laity?

Just exactly what we may expect, and what we actually find. A reign of hypocrisy—a meeting of extremes—illicit traders and prohibitionists voting the same ticket—natural allies against all law, including temperance, against which Scripture says there is no law. The state of temperance is invaded by asceticism. Excess combines; temperance is conquered, leaving only fragments. The allies then each work out their own sweet wills. The "law" is upon the statute books, and the shattered fragments of temperance have no recourse but the old one of "moral suasion." Immutable law intervenes; it inculcates moral force, and that alone, and, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, moral force at last it is. We are forced to begin where we left off, after encountering distraction and defeat.

But history has no lessons it can teach to these extremists, none; what they do not know already is not worth knowing. They are the corollary of creation, and man's chief end is to refuse the use of the environments it has pleased his Maker to bestow upon him, of that of which He Himself partook.

Yours, etc.,

PRESBYTERIAN.

Toronto, November 14th.

THE OLD COACHING INN.

AYE! it stands, and has stood for a century or more,
And its signboard still creaks by the black oaken door;
But the Lion and legend have faded at last
'Neath the hot breath of June and December's chill blast.
Yet a form may be spied in the broad light of day,
Though all but the outline has long passed away,
And left but a ghost there to mourn for the din
Once heard 'neath the roof of the old Coaching Inn.

How welcome its cheer when the herald of Morn
Was borne on the notes of the guard's bugle horn;
What a bustle was there and a hurrying forth
When the Royal Mail coach rumbled up from the North,
And the dew-stricken "outsides," bedraggled and chilled,
At the great kitchen fire felt their shiverings stilled,
And the guard passed the news o'er his noggin o' gin
While the cattle were changed at the old Coaching Inn.

O ruddy-crown'd hearth! where the wayfarer might
Forget in thy sunshine the moorland's despoil;
How those rafters have echoed the jest and the song
When the crown bowl of punch made the even less long;
What chuckles were heard when the stranger guest told
How the Knights of the road "eased" the Bishop of old,
And a time-serving roar shook the fat double chin
That belonged to mine host of the old Coaching Inn!

Then a silence fell on that assembly awhile,
And mine host's mottled face wore a curious smile,
And the cobbler laughed out as he bade them good eve,
Whilst the "score"-burden'd tailor grinned low in his sleeve:
For 'twas more than suspected by those who knew best
That the sire of mine host on his death-bed confessed
That the Church's despoilers were more than akin
To the landlord and son of the old Coaching Inn.

But stilled are the notes of the cheery-faced guard,
And mine host sleepeth well in the village church yard,
The cobbler's rude laughter is hushed evermore,
And the rats scurry fast o'er the once sanded floor.
Alas! and alack! for the days that are gone,
Alas! for that hostel deserted and lone,
Alas! for this tribute—nor deem it a sin—
A sigh and good-bye to the old Coaching Inn.

H. K. COCKIN.

A STARLIT NIGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

SUGGESTED BY MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "SELF-DEPENDENCE."

O GREAT Stars, aflame with awful beauty!
O great Sea, with glittering heaving breast!
Stars, that march all calm in lines of duty;
Sea, that swayest to stern Law's behest;—

Mighty in your unimpassioned splendour,
Ye are filling all my puny soul
With the longing this vexed self to render
Wholly to calm Duty's sure control.

It were restful so to let the ruling
Of the mightier Law sway all the life,
Eager will and passionate spirit schooling,
Till unfelt the pains of lesser strife.

Yet, O Stars, your quivering shafts unheeding
On these tangled human sorrows smite;
Merciless Stars! that on hearts crushed and bleeding
Pour the sharp stings of your bleak cold light.