

sibility; your bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne. I returned to the house and took out a pocket edition of Milton and read the third book. I had hardly concluded when I heard the cheery voice of Mr. Annable: "Well, what are the plans to day?" O visions of roast chicken! I replied, "*Imprimis* breakfast, *secundum*, drive over and see the threshing and see our friends, and then back to Moosejaw by another trail calling on three or four of our friends, on Mr. Smail," (who has about the largest crops in these parts and a first rate farmer) "on Mrs. Beasley" (who had farmed and beaten all comers in gardening while her husband worked at his business of builder; a brave woman, who drives her team into Moosejaw and out and makes money and holds her own, and talks well and sums one up with her clear courageous blue eye) "and my sometime foe, Mr. Watson, whose redoubtable eloquence I had to meet two years ago on many a platform." "What!" cried Mrs. Sanders, "are you not going to stop to dinner? We will send for the girls to the valley who will be disappointed if you go away." What was to be done? We were not sure of our trail. We had several places to go. We wanted to reach Moosejaw before dark having to attend a dinner. It was impossible. Meanwhile breakfast was served, an abundant breakfast, eggs and beef and butter, and preserves made from the wild fruit of Buffalo Lake shores, and tea from China; no fatted chicken for this prodigal—that was for dinner; but as the fresh eggs—how many I dare not say—disappeared to make blood and cellular tissue for the writer and was subsequently built upon by piles of beef, I hardly regretted the pullets, or if there was regret, it was a feathery pang. Meanwhile one of the young ladies had ridden over from the valley. When the time came to go we had to write our names in the album. My friend Annable was in such high spirits he composed a verse in which our trip was described and the name of one of the party was made to rhyme with "spavin," a most vile slander on one of our steeds, and that the one of the gentler sex too was invented at the bidding of the exigencies of poetry. I also perpetrated a couplet which I dare not reproduce; "crupper" rhymed to "supper" and the vigorous driving of my friend and his determination to be down in the pot for supper was commemorated in immortal verse. For at least five minutes of heroic travail I pummelled my brains to work in "forget me not" to rhyme with some phrase ending in "pot," but the subject was too vast for my mediocre genius and my *muse*—the jade! like a half broken broncho who has been in the stable for a week, became unmanageable—and would not come to time.

"I never expected to see you," said our kind hostess. "Mr. Sanders told me you were coming, but two ministers, one Presbyterian and one Church of England promised to come and never came, and I hardly thought a politician would be more faithful to his word." "Ah!" I replied, "we are a much maligned class and the world does not believe in virtue."

Away our team went like the wind through the bright ether, feeling good. They too like ourselves had been well housed and well cared for. Besides the rogues knew as well as we did they were on their way home. What adventures befell us on our return journey, our good and bad fortune, I must reserve for another article.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, Oh Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

A. C.

NEW YORK LETTER.

At last welcome quiet succeeds the din of a Presidential canvass, the last drum of the victor is hushed, and the last waving broom of triumph is relegated to the chimney corner. President Cleveland's defeat is clearly to be attributed to his tariff reform message to Congress last December, which, by giving air to outspoken Free Trade doctrine, brought out the full force of Protection sentiment and interest. And while this is plain it must also be remembered that, after all, Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884 by men who stepped from the Republican ranks to withstand a disreputable Republican candidate. This year, with respectability at the head of the party ticket, a great many Mugwumps returned to their old allegiance.

No impartial observer can fail to see that after a most thorough and earnest agitation for tariff reform but slight impression has been made on the great body of the people. The reformers who, by a rapid extension of national organization, have come to see and hear more of one another than they used to do, have fallen into the very natural mistake of imagining that their numbers have been multiplied and their influence vastly extended during the year. From New York have been sent forth by the Reform Club immense editions of pamphlets and broadsheets, showing how the war

tariff robs the farmer, tempts and aids the monopolist, and diminishes the efficiency and reward of labour. Every important article of commerce raised in price by the Custom House has been treated in turn—wool, iron, steel, copper, tin, lumber, paper, and coal; and a well digested pamphlet on trusts and combines as fostered by the tariff has been issued. Yet although this literature has been sent broadcast throughout the country, the country has declared that only such minimized reductions of duty as the Republican Senate has advocated shall be effected. To the authors of Protection has been remanded the work of qualifying Protection. Their responsibility is fortunately complete, for the Republican party now has control of both branches of the Federal legislature and the wearisome seesaw of an opposed House of Representatives and Senate is at an end.

How will all this affect Canada? is the question a Canadian feels impelled to ask. In so far as it checks the reductions of the tariff proposed in the Mills Bill, it tends to confirm the N. P. in its strongholds. And President Harrison placed in power and sustained by a sweeping majority, will not find it necessary, even if he were willing, to manifest the "aggressive patriotism" to which Congress owed the retaliatory message and Hon. Mr. West his *congé*. Mr. Blaine has done much during the campaign to capture the Irish vote, which always follows in the wake of insult to England; yet Mr. Blaine has decried retaliation, and no matter whether he should continue to decry it or not, his health is now so poor that his ambition to be Prime Minister will probably remain as unfulfilled as his aspiration to the Presidency.

Polling as New York did a vote exceeding a quarter of a million, with the national issue believed to be turning on the city's decision, the order preserved on election day was beyond praise. Equally admirable is the acquiescence of the majority of local voters in the nation's contrary verdict.

A.

New York, November 9, 1888.

PROFESSOR CLARK ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."

PROFESSOR CLARK delivered a sermon last Sunday evening in St. Stephen's Church on the "Tendencies of Contemporary Unbelief, as illustrated in the story of *Robert Elsmere*." Some of his remarks on that important subject, illustrated by a book which has been so widely read, may be of interest to our readers, and are here reproduced in a condensed form. After some preliminary observations, he remarked that he had no intention of offering any minute criticism of the story as such, with its merits and defects as a literary composition he had very little to do. He would consider it almost entirely as a picture of a defection from the faith of Christ, and more particularly as typical of certain intellectual and spiritual tendencies of the present time.

In brief the story was this: Robert Elsmere was a clergyman of the English Church who fell under the influence of men who had abandoned the Christian faith in the sense of its being a Divine Revelation. By degrees his own faith was undermined, and he came to the conclusion that the difference between Jesus Christ and other men was a difference of degree and not of kind; and that, in short, there is no such thing as a supernatural revelation or a supernatural religion, for miracles do not now occur. In consequence, he resigned his benefice, and devoted himself to the teaching of a kind of natural theism which denied revelation. It might be conceded that the book was written with sincerity and moderation, and that the picture which it furnished was probably a true one. It was very likely that men did abandon the faith of their youth in very much the same way as Robert Elsmere was represented as lapsing into unbelief; and it might be interesting and useful to examine the process by which the change took place.

It would naturally occur to a reader that the book gave a very poor explanation of the reasons by which an Oxford graduate and an English clergyman was led to so serious a step as the surrender of the Christian faith. He does not seem to have really studied the questions at issue. There is no evidence of his having carefully weighed the argument in favour of the supernatural origin of the gospel before taking the decisive step. On the whole, he appears to have been influenced by a kind of indefinite sentiment, far more than by a clear conviction.

Now, it may seem very unreasonable, but, as a matter of fact, conversions and perversions do very commonly take place in this very manner. It is in this way that many persons have been led to join the Roman Communion. They have not examined the grounds of belief. They have simply come under Roman influence, they have felt a kind of sentimental interest in the system and an attraction towards it, and almost unconsciously they have imbibed so much of the virus, that they have not had strength of constitution to cast it out of the system. It has been sometimes the same with lapses into infidelity; and so it was substantially with Robert Elsmere.

But there is one tangible reason assigned for rejecting a belief in a miraculous or supernatural revelation, namely, the fact that *miracles do not now occur*. We have never seen a miracle—this is the argument—how can we then believe in miracles? If there are no miracles in the present, why should they have taken place in the past?

Such an objection may seem plausible; but it proceeds upon an entire misapprehension of the nature and significance of miracles, and of their place in the divine economy. Miracles are not represented in Scripture as the only, or the highest evidence of the truth of the gospel. When our Lord told the nobleman of Capernaum: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," those words were spoken as a reproach. It was implied that a weaker and a grosser faith needed such supports and buttresses. The same is intended by the words addressed to St. Thomas: