

duty by the selfishness and vanity with which much that goes by the name of the Christian life in these days has enveloped it; but which has not ceased and will not cease, in ways which even consciousness cannot always trace, to cast its spell on human hearts?

Mr. Harrison seems to start in his argument with the conviction that there is a certain baseness in this longing for immortality, and he falls on the belief with a fierceness which the sense of its baseness alone could justify. But surely he must stamp much more with the same brand. Each day's struggle to live is a bit of the baseness, and there seems to be no answer to Mr. Hutton's remark that the truly unselfish action under such conditions would be suicide. But at any rate it is clear from history that the men who formulated the doctrine and perfected the art of suicide in the early days of Imperial Rome, belonged to the most basely selfish and heartless generation that has ever cumbered this sorrowful world. The love of life is on the whole a noble thing, for the staple of life is duty. The more I see of classes in which at first sight selfishness seems to reign, the more am I struck with the measure in which duty, thought for others, and work for others, enters into their lives. The desire to live on, to those who catch the Christian idea, and would follow Him who 'came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' is a desire to work on, and by living to bless more richly a larger circle in a wider world.

I can even cherish some thankfulness for the fling at the eternity of the tabor in which Mr. Harrison indulges, and which draws on him a rebuke from his critics the severity of which one can also well understand. It is a last fling at the *laus perennis*, which once seemed so beautiful to monastic hearts, and which, looked at ideally, to those who can enter into Mr. Hutton's lofty view of adoration, means all that he describes. But practically it was a very poor, narrow, mechanical thing; and base even when it represented, as it did to multitudes, the loftiest form of a soul's activity in such a sad suffering world as this. I, for one, can understand, though I could not utter, the anathema which follows it as it vanishes from sight. And it bears closely on the matter in hand. It is no dead mediæval idea. It tinctures strongly the popular religious notions of heaven. The favourite hymns of the evangelical school are set in the same key. There is an easy, self-satisfied, self-indulgent temper in the popular way of thinking and praying, and above all of singing, about heaven, which, sternly as the singers would denounce the cloister, is really caught from the monastic choir. There is a very favourite verse which runs thus:—

There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.*

It is a fair sample of the staple of much pious forecasting of the occupations and enjoyments of heaven. I cannot but welcome very heartily any such shock as Mr. Harrison administers to this restful and self-centred vision of immortality. Should he find himself at last endowed with the inheritance which he refuses, and be thrown in the way of these souls mooning on the mount, it is evident that he would feel tempted to give them a vigorous shake, and to set them with some stinging words about some good work for God and for their world. And as many of us want the shaking now badly enough, I can thank him for it, although it is administered by an over-rough and contemptuous hand.

I feel some hearty sympathy, too, with much which he says about the unity of the man. The passage to which I refer commences on page 632 with the words 'The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that man loves, thinks, acts, not that the ganglia, the senses, or any organ of man, loves, thinks, and acts.'

So far as Mr. Harrison's language and line of thought are a protest against the vague, bloodless, bodiless notion of the life of the future, which has more affinity with Hades than with Heaven, I heartily thank him for it. Man is an embodied spirit, and wherever his lot is cast he will need and will have the means of a spirit's manifestation to and action on its surrounding world. But this is precisely what is substantiated by the Resurrection. The priceless value of the truth of the Resurrection lies in the close interlacing and interlocking of the two worlds which it reveals. It is the life which is lived here, the life of the embodied spirit, which is carried through the veil and lived there. The wonderful power of the Gospel of 'Jesus and the Resurrection' lay in the homely human interest which it lent to the life of the immortals. The risen Lord took up life just where He left it. The things which He had taught His disciples to care about here, were the things which those who had passed on were caring about there, the reign of truth, righteousness, and love. I hold to the truth of the Resurrection, not only because it appears to be firmly established on the most valid testimony, but because it alone seems to explain man's constitution as a spirit embodied in flesh which he is sorely tempted to curse as a clog. It furnishes to man the key to the mystery of the flesh on the one hand, while on the other it justifies his aspiration and realises his hope.

Belief in the risen and reigning Christ was at the heart of that wonderful uprising and outburst of human energy which marked the age of the Advent. The contrast is most striking between the sad and even despairing tone which breathes through the noblest heathen literature, which utters perhaps its deepest wail in the cry of Epictetus, 'Show me a Stoic—by heaven I long to see a Stoic,' and the sense of victorious power, of buoyant exulting hope, which breathes through the word and shines from the life of the infant Church. 'As dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' The Gospel which brought life and immortality to light won its way just as dawn wins its way, when 'jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,' and flashes his rays over a sleeping world. Everywhere the radiance penetrates; it shines into every nook of shade; and all living creatures stir, awake, and come forth to bask in its beams. Just thus the flood of kindling light streamed forth from the Resurrection, and spread like the dawn in the morning sky; it touched all forms of things in a dark, sad world with its splendour, and called man forth from the tomb in which his higher life seemed to be buried, to a new career of fruit-

ful, sunlit activity; even as the Saviour prophesied, 'The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.'

(To be continued.)

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

(Continued.)

Now we are in the land of the saints. Here is Saint Octave, and also Saint Flavie. Such ecclesiastical names seem mightily incongruous with this array of side tracks and freight cars, these workshops, engine sheds, coal shoots and other preparations for prospective traffic which the railway has established at this point. An hour later and we come to Rimouski, episcopal headquarters for the Lower St. Lawrence district, and centre of a powerful ecclesiastical organization that exerts almost unlimited influence among the *habitants*. We have now reached a comparatively populous district, with fishing settlements all along the shore, and many small villages scattered throughout the inland country to a considerable distance back from the riverside. The railway runs parallel to the river, sometimes so close to the water's edge that we can almost feel the salt spray from the waves as they dash in and break on the shingle beach. Near Rimouski a short branch road connects with a wharf where during the summer season the Liverpool mails are landed. The most attractive scenery on this part of the coast is at the little village of Bic, where a cluster of islands encloses a lovely bay, presenting in every direction a perfect panorama of beauty. The fishing in this locality is considered the best in the province.

Another halt of half an hour at Trois Pistoles for dinner, and then the terminus of the Intercolonial is soon reached. At River du Loup the cars are transferred to the Grand Trunk, and after a short delay we are again traversing the broad prairie-like meadow lands that extend several miles back from the river bank for nearly the whole distance up to Quebec. Here we see French Canadian farming in all its unadorned simplicity. The country is cut up into long narrow strips of land apparently reaching continuously from the riverside to the foothills away southward. The crops are mostly hay or oats. Occasionally one sees a field of wheat, but of very unpromising appearance. Even in this, the last week of August, there is not much to indicate the harvest month, every field presenting the same sickly and sodden aspect, as if longing for a few hours of our bright western sunshine to give it life and vigor. Indeed the method of harvesting in this district appears quite independent of any ripening of the grain, as in some of the fields a portion of the crop had been already reaped, green and immature as it was. The pursuit of agriculture in this district is carried on under difficulties that would be insuperable to any less patient and docile a race than that which has so tenaciously maintained its foothold in this remote northern region for these many generations past.

At the end of a long day's travel, the familiar outline of the fortress-crowned rock of our new-world Gibraltar looms up stern and dark in the faint twilight, as the Point Levis wharf recedes into the gloom behind us. Who can ever tire of Quebec! The grand old city retains its hold on the memory of every visitor who has once gazed on that glorious landscape revealed from Durham Terrace. But this is no time to linger here. In a few hours more the stately towers of the old French Church of Montreal come into view, and here is the next halting place before striking out for "fresh fields and pastures new."

After a stay of some days in this city I went to Boston. But it must be distinctly understood that I do not recommend this as the most direct route to California. However, leaving Montreal one afternoon at half-past three by the Delaware and Hudson road, and slumbering peacefully through the night hours as the cars dashed along at express speed through some of the grandest scenery in the Eastern States, early next morning I woke up and saw that we were passing a broad river, which somebody said was the Connecticut. An hour later I was enjoying a cup of coffee at Worcester, and admiring the spacious and cleverly-designed station building at that place, which struck me as exhibiting much architectural originality. Then, through the most uninteresting region imaginable, a dreary waste of stony desert whence not even New England ingenuity can extract any profitable return, the train keeps up a good forty-mile-an-hour speed until, just in time for a reasonably early breakfast, its passengers are landed in the gloomy and unsavoury recesses of the ancient edifice that constitutes the terminus of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

A legend of uncertain age recalls to the memory of the present generation a time when Boston was popularly regarded as the Hub of the Universe. At present it is better known as the City of Restaurants, where beans cooked in twenty-four different styles are procurable at small cost, and where a variety of brown bread that has established a well-nigh universal reputation was originally compounded. To another important section of the community, Boston is even yet the Mecca and Medina in one of their creed, inasmuch as it enshrines the publication office of the *Banner of Light*, and in other respects still holds the foremost rank in the deluded world of Spiritualism. A more solid pre-eminence is that claimed for this city as the centre and brain of the intellectual energy of the Republic, whence emanate the progressive ideas which have instilled into the educational systems of the Eastern States whatever of vitality and earnestness they possess to-day. But for all that Boston is a disappointing city. For me, as perhaps for many other foreigners whose acquaintance with Boston is of very recent date, there will always be two cities of that name,—the one a visionary republic of letters, a Utopian community of intellectual giants, an impossible revival of more than Augustan culture; the other an interminable alternation of cheap eating-houses and retail dry goods stores, with a fleeting panorama of street cars overlaid with very commonplace humanity, most cosmopolitan of type.

Perhaps the most interesting building in the city is the new Church of the Trinity, recently erected for Mr. Phillips Brooks at a cost of over seven hundred thousand dollars. Though somewhat heavy in exterior outline, and internally overdone in excessive detail of superfluous ornamentation, this structure is generally acknowledged to be the most notable of the many ecclesiastical edifices which have arisen throughout New England cities within the past few years. Among secular buildings, the new station of the Boston and Providence Railway is well worth a visit; displaying as it does a combination of true constructive genius and adaptive capacity in every detail that is a welcome feature in Ameri-

* Mr. Martin's picture of the Plains of Heaven exactly presents it, and it is a picture greatly admired in the circles of which we speak.