

Yes. On the whole, the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada is a matter for congratulation all round. It gets rid of a difficulty which has vexed British royalty for some time past; viz., what to do with the Marquis. He could not be made royal, and his wife could not be less than royal, and it was said that some trouble had come of it often. For five years at least that matter will be at rest. And for Canada it is equally fortunate. We do not want a man as Governor-General with ideas, and strength of will, and schemes for the development of the country, and such like troublesome endowments. We want a man of high social position, first of all, and then with grace to give dinners in good style, and to take them in the same way; to make speeches which have a little in them, but not too much; to be always commendatory and never critical, and to give the royal assent to bills which the Houses of Parliament have passed; to be, in truth, ornamental rather than anything else; to do nothing and say nothing in a royal manner. The Marquis will be able to play his important part wisely and well.

But we would suggest that there is one new and great source of danger opened up in our midst—the Marquis of Lorne is a play-writer. The piece he wrote for the London stage did but little harm probably, for Londoners are hardened to that sort of thing, and the play didn't run for many nights, but we are a guileless people, not much given to theatre-going—except now and then when we are beguiled by Variety players who attract our curiosity by the peculiarity of their antics and attire; but when we know what they are about—when they announce a play from Shakespeare, or such like—well, it is vain to set the scare in the sight of any bird, and we never get caught. But if the new Governor-General should begin to write plays for us, and to promote the theatre in any way, it will be a great calamity. It would be well if a deputation could meet him, with Canon Baldwin at its head, soon after his arrival, with a request—or a prayer—that he will stay his dramatic genius for the general good of the people.

A breeze is passing over the United States, causing some little excitement. Two conventions of "Nationals" have been held in New York State and in Ohio. The genesis of the "Nationals" seems to be this: The workingmen found themselves—or thought they did—suffering under the intolerable pressure of hard times. Neither political party was paying much attention to the real needs of those heroes of toil. Said heroes began, therefore, to do some thinking for themselves. The thought became a thing—the thing moved. It was directed by active, but not very sober-minded men. They were crude, and of course dogmatic and demagogical—as all crude thinkers are—but they had a panacea, and the foolish clutched at it—as the foolish always will at any quackery. So a party has grown up destined to last for a day or two—for, wishing to secure for its leaders "men of character, honesty and ability," it ended by nominating for Judge of the Court of Appeals a man who was present to engineer for his own nomination, and who suffered, without rebuke or protest, a promise to be made on his behalf that, "if he is elected, no favour will be shown to cases wherein Corporations are concerned." Honesty is the best policy it appears for the workingmen in the States, and Corporations will not look for justice.

The Earl of Beaconsfield has renewed his youth, like the eagle. Years ago he was well known for the violence and unscrupulousness of his speech, which stopped at nothing and spared none. O'Connell and he were masters of the art of vituperation, and he was the greater of the two. But for a long period he has put on a more dignified style; that however is gone, and he is resuming the worst faults of his youth. Speaking recently at a banquet he described Mr. Gladstone as "a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." Nothing in the worst style of the worst political speaking on this side of the Atlantic is so bad. It is grandiloquent, stupid, and spiteful—giving proof positive that the Earl has entered upon the period of second childhood. But it may be allowed us to hope that his admirers will not copy his reassumed form of speech.

Here is a magnificent programme for the British to contemplate when they would know the nature of the government which is to be established in Asiatic Turkey—as sketched by the *Times*. "The English Government will confine itself to demanding real administrative reforms. The most important requirement which will be thus pressed on the Porte will be the choice of honest and capable governors, and their enjoyment of a secure tenure of office. Under the authority of these governors we shall expect incorrupt administration of the law by educated and competent judges, and the maintenance of public order by an efficient police, with carefully selected officers. We shall further insist that the revenue be raised without extortion, and for this purpose we shall urge that the practice of farming out the taxes be abolished, and that settlement, after the example of India, based on a survey, shall be substituted for it." When all that shall have been

accomplished for Turkey, all the nations of the earth will be called upon to attend the opening of the millennium, and then will the great Earl be glorious. But, if he has to wait for his glory until all that be accomplished—well—he had better learn patience meantime.

I have been attending some pretty High Church Episcopal services, where the eastward position, the bowing, etc., etc., are done, and have been asked to give the reason for this bowing of the head at the name of Christ. I am not clear upon the point. They say it is based upon the passage which declares that at "the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess"—but I do not believe the High Church leaders are such poor exegites as to base a ritual upon a passage of Scripture which has not even a remote reference to any form of public worship. Will some one give the correct reason for the bowing?

Bishop Gregg, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, has just received from residents, including officers of the military and civil services in Ceylon (diocese of Colombo) a formal address, expressive of "thankfulness" for the existence of the R. E. C., and an urgent request that he would "consider the evils from which we suffer, and so by some Christian counsel help many who would welcome with joy a return to the earnest and pious spirit of the early Christian Churches." This is the second application which Bishop Gregg has very recently received from far distant dependencies of the British Crown.

At the anniversary of the Free and Open Church Association, held in St. Paul's, London, July 15, the preacher was Bishop Doane, of Albany. In the course of the sermon the Bishop declared that it was inconceivable that men should assign places in the house of God for money value to any human being, not only for use, but abuse; not only for accommodation, but exclusion. He condemned the pew-rent system, as also a method they had in America of building churches on the stockbroker's system, by which every contributor of five hundred dollars was assigned a certain number of seats. This system, he contended, deserved the condemnation inflicted on the money changers in the Temple. Where does this system prevail? Very many churches, it is true, are paid for from the sales of pews; but the usage has no speculative element in it, and certainly does not deserve to be called a "stockbroker's system."

CHRISTIANITY AS AN ENERGY.

Sermon Preached at Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. A. J. Bray.

MATTHEW xi. 12.—And from the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

I propose to speak of Christianity as an energy—a living and acting force—Christ in the text declares it to be that. The Kingdom of Heaven puts forth force, and the men of force strongly lay hold of it. From the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven has put forth a new spiritual energy, and men of ready mind and earnest spirit have seized hold of that energy and are borne along by it. That is the meaning of the text.

Let me develop the idea a little. There has been always, and perhaps everywhere, a "kingdom of heaven." Among the heathen the recognition of a Divine existence and an Omnipotent will,—the consciousness in themselves of a sense of right and wrong,—a desire to love and approve whatever is virtuous and good,—a sense of loss and foreboding of evil when the inward law was broken,—the hope, faint and intermittent, but still a hope, of a happy future;—these, and such like intuitions and convictions, were to them a "kingdom of heaven." But to the Jews this kingdom was a larger thing—its foundations were laid on fixed and eternal truth—its laws were clearly expressed—it had rewards for the virtuous and punishment for the vicious—God was King, and earthly potentates were but His local magistrates. This idea was not the outcome of any intuition or of any conviction born of experience—it was a divine idea revealed by human means to the human mind. God had spoken to the fathers by the prophets—had given the law in thunder from Sinai—had elected a priesthood and defined its duties. But the kingdom was narrowed by local laws, restrained by national ceremonies. It came to be a kingdom but in name. It came to be that religion went out of it, and all was unreality. The natural and appointed teachers of the people spent their time in theological discussions which they mistook for religion, and in investigating the letter of the Scriptures while they denied its spirit. Jewish religion was a nut without the kernel—a sepulchre, white and fair without, but within full of dead men's bones. But with all the people this was not so. There were great exceptions. For centuries the thoughts and passions of the prophets had streamed into the Jewish heart. There were men who could feel the force of their thought, and the glow of their passion. They found kindled within them vague desires—wild hopes of a far-off kingdom, and a passionate discontent with things as they were. At last, those scattered dreams and hopes concentrated themselves into one desire—took form and substance in one prophecy, the coming of a new King. The excitement which had been smouldering for a thousand years began to blaze up—the long series of oscillations which had been gradually increasing in swing and force was becoming more powerful.

And then a new prophet arose, a man who was the product of that passion and the chosen of God. His cry to the people was "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He began to trouble the whole of Jewish society to its depths. He declared religion to be a life—inward goodness and outward justness. Then the King himself came—the Son of God—and declared the nature