

attacked by hordes of dervishes. Their hostility is to be explained by their hatred of Egyptian rule. Egyptian rule, as far as the Soudan is concerned, only daring to show itself at Suakin, that place is made the objective point of their attacks. The English are, of course, included in these attacks, for England is looked upon (and quite rightly) as Egypt's ally. This much is plain, but how by Egypt, and by Egypt's ally, these dervishes are to be treated—that is the puzzle of puzzles. Egypt herself would only too willingly evacuate Suakin. Suakin is a thorn in the flesh to her. But England will not hear of this. She must remain there, and it is far pleasanter (taking into consideration European jealousies and other awkward matters of a like nature) it is far pleasanter to remain there as Egypt's ally than by her own authority. This being settled, there follow numerous as yet unsettled questions. For example—Are the dervishes merely to be beaten off as often as they approach too rashly, or are they to be eradicated altogether? Is this possible? Are they not connected with disaffected tribes stretching far into that interior which Egypt so much wishes to leave severely alone? Again, what of trade? Is this to be fostered by Egyptian and British influence? If so, how? By conciliation or by intimidation? What of the slave trade, too?—a most difficult problem this. These will suffice to show how many and how intricate are the questions to be discussed with reference to England's occupation of Suakin. It must not be forgotten also that every one of these questions is rendered still more intricate by its pecuniary side. Who is to pay for anything that is undertaken? That is a puzzle for everybody. The British tax-payer does not like paying for Egypt's muddles. England is chary about asking Egypt to pay for what she (England) almost compels her to do against her will. Altogether it is a curiously tangled web.

There is one significant point about the whole affair, and that is that neither the Khedive nor the Sultan appears to care to have any say whatsoever in the matter. England apparently is allowed to have it all her own way. Why does she not settle that way—and take it? That is what many are asking.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

TORONTO CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.

II.—ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL AND FATHER HANDS.

IN contributing to THE WEEK a brief account of the principal church belonging to the great Roman Catholic community in Toronto, I entirely accept the limitations laid down at the commencement of the series—that the comments, of whatever kind, should be fair and reverent. It is not easy for any one to give an account of a Roman Catholic service that shall be entirely satisfactory to any party. Almost any kind of criticism must be offensive to those who suppose themselves to be the representatives of a system above criticism. Almost any favourable remarks will be equally offensive to those who regard the Roman system as an unmitigated system of idolatry.

With all this I have nothing to do. Roman Catholics exist in this country in large numbers, and are a power, social, moral, religious, political. Many persons think that their actual influence is beyond what they are entitled to. Certainly this fact, if it is one, must be put down to their credit. It is not their fault that they believe in their own system. If other communions had equal faith in theirs, they might counterbalance the Roman influence. With all this, as I said, I have nothing to do. The truth or error of Roman doctrines is a question for theologians; their influence in the state is a matter for politicians to consider. My business is that of a visitor, a spectator, who wants to see what is going on, and who is ready to tell what he sees.

One thing will be admitted—that the Roman Catholics have, to the extent of their power, preserved the traditions of the Middle Ages in the building and adorning of their Churches; and the Cathedral of St. Michael is, externally and internally, an imposing building, and this is nearly all that can be said. The outside might be called fine; but there is a certain monotony of outline unrelieved by any distinction of the form of the choir, or by transepts, both of which features tend to give impressiveness to the exterior appearance of most of the Mediæval Churches. The exterior, however, is decidedly more pleasing than the interior, which is gloomy, monotonous, and singularly wanting in that effectiveness with which Roman Catholics hardly ever fail to invest their more important buildings. If, for example, we compare it with Notre Dame, at Montreal, we see how superior is the latter in a kind of living unity which draws the feelings out in a sort of responsive sympathy; and yet Notre Dame is encumbered with huge galleries, from which St. Michael's is free. It would hardly be fair to compare it with the new cathedral at New York—the finest ecclesiastical building on this side of the Atlantic—and still less to put it in competition with the glorious buildings of the Old World.

The Sunday on which I specially visited the Church was the one on which Archbishop Lynch lay dead, after his brief illness contracted in the rigorous discharge of his duties. No one could enter the building and let his eye rest upon the lugubrious decorations, no one could move about among the sorrow-stricken people without being deeply impressed by all he saw.

But first a little about the service and the preacher. I had made inquiries about the Roman Catholic preachers of the city; but I could hear of no one of eminence. Perhaps I may be more fortunate in the future, and I or some one

else may tell the readers of THE WEEK what we have heard and seen. As a matter of fact, I went to the ordinary service of Vespers and Benedictions, and heard the appointed preacher, Father Hands, who, without being remarkable or striking, spoke well and clearly—no small matter in a large building—and was listened to with great attention.

The first part of the service was a litany said in the pulpit, to which the congregation generally responded. Then came vespers, which seemed to be entirely a matter for the clergy and choir. The benediction followed the sermon. Clearly the benediction (the *Salut*, as they call it in France and Belgium) is the service which the Roman Catholics enjoy. The altar is like the rod of Moses, which swallows up all other rods. All other church offices seem to disappear in its presence. It may safely be said that Roman Catholic worshippers delight chiefly in the Mass, the communion and the benediction. I am mentioning this as a mere matter of fact, without censure or approval. It is quite natural that it should be so. If God incarnate is in the Tabernacle, the words, "Lo, God is here, let us adore," must have a meaning which they have not where no sacrament is reserved. In that case choir services must be uninteresting. Of course, they are kept up in cathedrals and monastic houses. I remember to have "assisted" at a vesper service in Paris, at which the congregation joined heartily in the singing; but even the vesper service has disappeared from many churches, particularly in Belgium, and where it remains it is without interest to most of those who are present at it.

Certainly there was less actual joining of the congregation in any part of the service at St. Michael's than is usual in France, in Germany, or in England. The familiar Eucharistic hymn, "O salutaris hostia," was sung by the choir alone, the people either listening or engaged in private prayer—a custom very different from our notion of common or public worship. But the power of the whole service was in the Host. It is sometimes asserted by thoughtless Protestants that the Roman Catholic clergy do not generally believe in Transubstantiation. No supposition could be more remote from truth. None but a very silly person, or one who had taken no pains to acquaint himself with the facts, will entertain such a belief. The priests and the people do undoubtedly believe that, when the Host is elevated, they are kneeling before God and worshipping Him. We may think it is idolatry. But there is a good deal of idolatry of different kinds in the world; and, at any rate, it is not my business to call names.

As regards the sermon, it was of so exceptional a character, being devoted to the commemoration of the dead Archbishop, that it should not, perhaps, be judged from the ordinary point of view. It is not easy, either, to say how far we are to receive testimony given, under such circumstances, to the departed pastor of the diocese. Father Hands, in presence of the throne which was never more to be occupied by the familiar form, spoke under the influence of visible emotion. The manifestations on the part of the congregation were audible and visible. The preacher spoke of the late Archbishop's passionate love of his country and of its people, of his affection for all that was connected with Ireland; and especially of his love and care for the poor. No one, however poor or ragged, was denied access to him; and few in their need went away unrelieved. He spoke of his habits of frugality and self-denial, of his early rising at five o'clock in the morning, of the simplicity of his life and deportment, of his genial accessibility. There was nothing in the least degree sensational in the good Father's manner of speech. All was plain and sober in utterance and in manner. And yet the effect was startling. Women wept and sobbed and trembled with emotion. Some seemed to give way to passionate, uncontrollable grief. It is quite likely that many of these, being of French or Irish extraction, indulged their emotions more freely than Englishwomen or Scotchwomen would have done. But, at least, the fact was plain enough. Archbishop Lynch is now beyond the praises of his friends and the criticisms of his foes. Some day his life may be written; but it is hardly possible that it should be written otherwise than with some amount of prejudice for or against its subject. It is possible that some of the accusations brought against him by some members of his own flock may be justified. But this, at least, is certain and undeniable, that he had gained the affections of the mass of his people and especially of the poor. Does the Christian minister desire any much better testimony than this? SPECTATOR.

MONTREAL LETTER.

MONTREAL is undergoing the process of settling down after the holiday excitement. The epidemic of selling, purchasing, eating and fraternizing has about lived itself to death, and has, no doubt, left the natural consequences of an epidemic—an enfeebled trade, exhausted purses, an impaired physique and a depleted brotherly love. In the midst of Christmas marketing the old Church of Bonsecour insists upon her too suggestive motto, "*Si l'amour de Marie en passant ne l'oublie en ton cœur grave de lui dire un an*"; and, as if the very shadow of the New Year tells but too truly of the inevitable evanescence of all things terrestrial, adds that no provisions of any kind can be admitted to her sacred precincts, even upon the pretext of devotions. The horses of the street cars look as if "going to grass" was reserved for them in a beatific future. The shops are cooling down and sweeping out, enjoying the nausea that follows upon a repast of sweets. At every step we are reminded of the *bona fide* cheap sales, the

obligatory clearances, the undreamt of sacrifices, the wholesale slaughter of, in fact, the voluntary and complete suicide which retail dry-goods martyrs undertake *pro bono publico*. When a man deliberately assures us he will supply us for half a dollar with a pair of gloves which cost a dollar, he evidently must act upon the presumption that one of the contracting parties is expected to be a fool; and when it becomes with him an annual or semi-annual experiment, the suspicion is unavoidable that he has taken the precaution to secure his own exemption from the imputation. It is hard to see ourselves as others see us, and in want of any school of advertising where our shopkeepers may graduate in good taste, we cannot hope that Montreal will too soon be ashamed of the faded, begrimed and tattered grandeur which is hoisted from tree to tree, and from pillar to post, glaring A Happy New Year at us, and flaunting in our faces the very acme of disgust in colour, design and material. Men, in the centre of our holiday thoroughfares, seem to seize the most debilitated table-cloth they can lay hands on, steal from an old Christmas card a label of Santa Claus, and, with a discarded broom, proceed to waste upon the table-cloth some stove-pipe varnish, a little Reckitt's Blue and a dash of *le beau jaune*. We are taught to regard this as a Christmas sign, without enquiring why it should be so effectual in driving away the trade it is intended to entrap. A real, efficient streamer, or window-card is like a good joke. It must be impromptu, fresh, to the point, and *good for this day only*. All patent, everlasting adaptability is fatal. The instinct by which a man sets an umbrella in his window on a rainy day and removes it when the sunshine returns is a salable commodity—a capital subject to the usual laws of profit and loss. If, by the way, a similar instinct could arrange our weather outside to suit the goods displayed inside, our fur dealers especially would make a hit. It is doubtful if even the most prodigiously extravagant carnival seekers can redeem the furrier's hopes from the despair which the carnival can only deepen. Any ordinary mortal who could postpone till the middle of January the purchase of a sealskin coat for want of a day cold enough to enjoy it, is not likely to suffer from the energy of the desire for the rest of the winter.

Our colleges and schools, and shall I say our churches too, are making an attempt at settling down. Far be it from me, in this world in which evil is supposed to preponderate over the good, to breathe a word in favour of increasing burdens already heavy enough, or of diminishing sunshine already too rare. But who does not know, the teacher in the class and the parent in the home, the deplorably unsatisfactory conditions described by *settling down*? And which of us can escape from a doubt as to whether the holiday is worth the cost? If it be generally admitted that we can get nothing for nothing, that every rose has its thorn, the questions arise, Is the life with the rose and the thorn to be compared to the life without either, and is there such a thing as a holiday at all? Speaking broadly, the press of work before and the press of arrears after a holiday seem to dispel the perfume of the rose. In our schools the week or two of restless interruption in regular systematic work known as preparing for Christmas, the week or two of mental vagrancy known as recess, and the week or two of promiscuous shaking together afterwards to regain our lost ground, appear to consume on an average a whole month—one out of twelve. Add to this a fortnight of a similar process at Easter—a half out of twelve; and, at least, two months in summer—two out of twelve. Then from Thanksgiving, Queen's Birthday and Teachers' Conventions, we have, with the thorns and the roses, about a week more—a quarter out of twelve, which is, of course, three quarter months out of twelve. The Sundays alone make up a total of more than one and a half out of twelve, giving us altogether something over five months out of every year. Thus when a lad reaches, say, eighteen, and is launched on the sea of life, he has spent of his past life of eighteen years the space of seven and a half holiday-making. So far from chopping off the Sundays, it is but too evident that we need a few more, another between Wednesday and Thursday; but surely it is not advocating all work and no play to suggest that something is wrong somewhere. Either we cram into the work period of the year what would be better done distributed, or we purposely set out with the determination to achieve in the preparatory years of a boy's life only a fraction of what we might. Is this protracted holiday system necessary? Is it in any sense satisfactory? Would a day dropped in periodically not secure more of the rose and less of the thorn? Ought there not to be a summer course, at least for children, beyond the drudgery of rudimentary classes? Or must we suppose that our boys and girls work so exhaustively every school day that all this sacrifice of time is required to re-create? Some institutions have come to be regarded with superstitious veneration. Is our holiday-making one of them? A movement is going on in England at present to have the Spring holidays of all public schools as much as possible at one time, *regardless of Easter*. If we are prepared to grant that the Church may abrogate her right to establish the date of the holiday, has she any right to dictate its existence?

The petition from the Royal Electric Light Company to have the remaining two of its seven years' contract extended into a monopoly of ten was laid before the Light Committee of the Council, and, after some discussion, was granted. Before the matter was finally settled, however, it drew forth the indignation of the citizens. A public meeting was called, and resolutions were passed condemning the action of the Committee for not throwing the contract open to competition, and protesting against the proposal to bind the city for the next