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THE TIMES.

The condition of things at Ottawa remains unchanged. All is dull routine. The Quebec *coup d'état* gave promise of livelier times, but the promise has not been fulfilled. Mr. Laflamme goes on demonstrating his utter unfitness to be Minister of Justice, but still keeping fortune well on his side in the matter of the Supreme Court, while Mr. Workman proves his faithfulness to his party by not resigning his seat, and his faithfulness to himself by not taking it. So that as the net result, Mr. Bernard Devlin is saved from a seat in the Senate and Montreal is saved the expense of an election, the party from the loss of a seat, and himself from the payment of an indemnity. All parties are profited, and all are pleased.

Montreal should rejoice and be exceeding glad, for glory hath come to it. Nothing more surely happens than the unlooked for. Who could have imagined a few months ago the honour in store for it. While the battle of the Orangemen and the Irish Catholic Union was raging, and the Grand Jury were making their name immortal in our annals of crime and injustice, others were over the sea gathering riches with which to endow us. A learned Principal had a great desire, which one day found speech and the next day fulfilment. The desire was to have for the college library a copy of the *Codex Sinaiticus*. Nothing easier. The learned Principal had a friend who was a friend of the friend of the Russian King. This friend of the King wrote at once, and sent his letter by a special messenger. The King answered eagerly. He would have brought it himself, but that he had some matters to settle with the Turks which were pressing. And he sent *two*. Not because he had a good many and was glad to get rid of them; but because it was the first time he had been asked, and reckoned it would be the last. And the Emperor Alexander II. is a pious man, and would like the fact known; is also a learned man, and it may happen that he will be called upon to give an address to some one of the many colleges they are opening there in Russia, and he will need a model address before his eyes—not for copying purposes, he being an honest man—but just to see how it is done; and it will be well for him to have one personal friend well up in the work. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, saw more even than this in this new friendship he was forming. England had been rather saucy, for she believed herself able to try a fall with the Russian Bear, and a great deal of her confidence had come from the fact that Canada was ready to send an army to help her. Alexander knew that. They told him of it one day when he was at dinner, and he had his plate changed—so stunned was he. But when the messenger came, bringing the letter which asked for the *Codex*, he was restored to peace, for he said: "My friend of England and his friend of Canada shall stand between me and danger. I will send them the book. I will send them *two* of the books, and then when Canada soundeth to arms against me, my friend will show the *fac simile*, and say, 'Alexander is generous and good.'" So a new, and most touching friendship has been formed; a valuable book is acquired, bound in Russia to the shame of all binding in Turkey; and that book is going to correct all other books of the new Testament, for it is the whole new Testament, without even the slightest defect, and an additional Epistle—that of Barnabas.

Separate schools in Ontario are now emphatically on their trial. If they cannot march with the times they are doomed. The most ardent advocate of the system can scarcely feel satisfied with the present aspect of the denominational schools in that province. Toronto, at all events, does not present the sectarian system in an attractive light. Yet there, if anywhere, one would expect to see that system at its best. In that

city the Romanist population, though a minority, forms a numerous, compact, and fairly prosperous section of the community. The separate schools, however, are a source of perpetual discord. It has become an ordinary occurrence for the meetings of the Board of Trustees to break up in confusion. The clerical and lay elements stand arranged in apparently irreconcilable hostility. For want of efficient supervision, the office of Local Superintendent being held, nominally by the Archbishop, whose spare time available for school inspection must, to say the least, be very limited,—the Roman Catholic schools are fast deteriorating.

Some of our Canadian cities illustrate in a very marked degree the tendency of churches of the same denomination to cluster around some special district or locality. Toronto and Hamilton afford remarkable instances of this. At the former city two Presbyterian Churches were opened last Sunday, situate within a few hundred yards of each other. A new church of the same denomination, opened last summer, stands within easy reach towards the west; and yet another, two or three blocks towards the north. Four churches within this very limited space should be ample evidence of the liberality and enterprise of Toronto Presbyterianism; nevertheless, a fifth congregation of that communion is understood to have its eye on an eligible corner lot situate within sight of the already established quadrilateral. At Hamilton, on James street, stands a Presbyterian Church which for architectural beauty has few rivals in Canada. Close at hand, towards the north-west, is the Central Presbyterian; westward, St. Andrew's; southward a block or two, McNab Street Presbyterian; four again, exponents of the same doctrine and discipline, within a few minutes walk. Of course this result is in each case due to special local considerations, which left little choice in the matter. This clustering of Churches is not, however, an unmitigated evil, for it favours the exhibition of a spirit of unity, the existence of which would be otherwise unsuspected. In Montreal this arrangement is found helpful to a class of missionaries who endeavor to serve their day and generation by a vigilant observance of the flocks that err and stray from orthodox paths. All attempts at proselytism and pew-letting being at the same time carefully avoided.

In a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Gladstone revived an anecdote in the life of Bishop Butler, which tells that walking in the garden one day with his chaplain, Dean Tucker, the Bishop asked whether in his, Dean Tucker's, judgment it were possible that there could be in nations or kingdoms a frame of mind analogous to that which in individuals constitutes madness? For, said the Bishop, if there cannot, it seems very difficult to account for the major part of the transactions recorded in history. Mr. Gladstone adds that, evidently, the Bishop had in view the wars and conflicts, of which the blood-stained web of history has been usually woven. It seems as if the English people are passing now through one of those periods of very general mental aberration. No one can understand it, still less account for it. When the war broke out between Russia and Turkey a portion of the press went mad; the *Daily Telegraph* the maddest of all. Even the distant colonies caught the war spirit. Our Colonial Conservatives followed their brethren at home, shouting as loudly, and as loosely, as their leaders. They wanted a fight. "British interests" they shouted. They lashed themselves into madness. They were invited to define what they meant by "British interests," and when and what for they wished war, but no clear answer was ever obtained from them. Sober men imagined that the interests of Great Britain would best be promoted by a general European peace, but the Turcophiles knew better, and wanted to hunt down once again the wild Russian Bear. Unfortunately they were led or supported by the Government, the head of which was ever bellicose in the manner of his speaking. A little time ago it looked as if the war-storm had blown itself out and peace was assured. But now it has assumed a new phase, and one full of danger. It is no longer a matter of "interest," but a matter of *honour*. And when that question is raised peace is put in great peril. It is just as difficult to see where the matter of honour comes in as ever it was to see where the "interests" came in; but it is easy to see that a desperate game is being played between the diplomatists of Europe, and no one can say which of them all will win. But the chances are on the side of Prince