

hotel which collapsed with the boom and never got beyond the low stone walls, which cover an immense area of ground.

We crossed the Assinaboine, which here flows from the west into the Red River, and turned up River Avenue, past some nice new houses. Here we again entered upon a region of trees and underbrush, through which pretty roads wound and charming little villas appeared, and soon came upon the Ross Mansion, another victim of the boom, at present unoccupied and unfinished. I was delighted with this part of Winnipeg, which promises to be the most attractive suburb of the city, the houses fronting on the Assinaboine especially, having a charming situation. After winding all through these wooded roads, time warned us homewards, and we returned by way of Broadway and Edmonton Street, with their pretty villa residences, to the Leland House, where I was deposited after spending a most enjoyable afternoon, feeling quite invigorated by the strong, fresh prairie wind which blew freely over the grassy plain stretching westward from the city to the setting sun.

Thursday, Dominion Day, had been named for the arrival of the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, which was advertised to leave Winnipeg at 9.40 o'clock in the morning, and was to bear me and my friends westward to the Rockies. At breakfast, we read in the *Winnipeg Free Press* the following announcement: "The arrival of the first C. P. R. transcontinental train will be welcomed by a salute from the Winnipeg Field Battery. The two military bands will be present. The Mayor and Council will attend in a body; and no doubt there will be a large turnout of citizens to mark this important event in Canadian history." Warned by this notice of an impending crowd, we tried to get down to the station early to avoid it, and left our hotel nearly an hour before the appointed time, but even at that early hour the platform was crowded; it was almost impossible to force a passage through the seething, struggling mass of humanity moving up and down. Fortunately, I had pressed the hotel proprietor and a porter into my service to carry my valise and rugs; and they succeeded in clearing a way for me to the baggage-room to get my baggage extracted from that of the other passengers, who, like myself, had waited over in Winnipeg for the through train. I had no difficulty in getting it rechecked for Calgary; and the heavy train, consisting of nine cars, having at last drawn up before the platform, I sank a few minutes later into a luxurious seat, flanked by my valise and rugs, feeling that I was established for the next thirty-six hours. E. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE PULPIT IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The sermon of the Rev. Mr. Longley on a recent Sunday in the Dominion Methodist Church at Ottawa, was an eloquent protest, not only against that party spirit with which our land is cursed, but against that absurd but very useful doctrine, so persistently preached by the party Press of both sides, that ministers, neither in nor out of the pulpit, have any business to express an opinion even on the moral aspects of the actions of politicians. The party Press would fain emasculate the pulpit, and justify the inclusion of our Canadian ministers in what Victor Hugo calls the third sex. Because they themselves have become the mere slaves and sycophants of a faction, the party writers would like to see the other great organ of public opinion reduced to a spiritless and unmanly silence. Politics are no province of the pulpit, they exclaim; as if anything that has a moral side ought to be exempt from its criticism. As well might a tradesman who adulterates his goods protest that, because a minister ought not to engage in trade, he should not, therefore, preach against the tradesman's fraudulent practices.

The origin of this strange delusion, which, however, is firmly cherished and honestly believed in by many good people, is hard to trace. It was certainly not held by any of the founders of the great Protestant denominations now existing among us. Bishop Latimer's sermon against bribery—indeed, most of his sermons—must have given great offence to the corrupt judges and greedy and time-serving politicians of his day. The Book of Homilies abounds with vigorous denunciations, in the very plainest and strongest English, of the public and private vices and shortcomings of men in authority, from courtiers to churchwardens. John Knox, of whom, at his burial, Regent Morton said that he feared not the face of mortal man, well deserved this tribute to his ever-faithful dealing with the sins of the great. "I have not feared to speak before many angry men, and shall I now fear the fair face of a gentlewoman?" was his reply to some weaker brethren who sought to dissuade him from attacking the Romish errors and French morality of the Scottish Court in the presence of Queen Mary herself. And the later fathers of the Scottish Kirk in all its branches, from the martyrs and heroes of the Covenant to Thomas Chalmers and Norman McLeod, never hesitated to speak their minds on the great issues of their day and generation. In an age which tolerated

not merely slavery but the slave trade, John Wesley denounced that nefarious traffic as "the sum of all villainies." Surely his disciples in Canada of this generation are only following his example in protesting against the starvation of Indians, and the traffic in Indian girls, and this, too, only hypothetically on the facts being proved, which is all that can be charged against Mr. Longley.

In an age in which every act of politicians is blackened or white-washed by party spirit, the well-meaning and right-thinking men of all classes who, having nothing personally to gain or lose by party victories or defeats, desire nothing save the peace and prosperity of their country, and the treatment of the weaker races in a spirit of justice and mercy, cannot afford either to muzzle the pulpit or ignore the independent Press, for the convenience and at the bidding of politicians. Faction on both sides would fain close both these mouthpieces of education and unbiassed opinion. The Pharisaical censors of Mr. Longley in the dreary columns of the *Ottawa Citizen* have their counterparts in the elephantine humour and pompous dogmatism of the *Globe's* attacks on the Rev. Dr. Potts and other clerical loyalists. The *Mail*, on the other hand, while properly reproving in a recent article a very foolish clergyman for comparing Sir John Macdonald to Caligula, paid a dignified and graceful tribute to the motives of character as patriots of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie and George Brown, while protesting against the obloquy with which the *Globe* continually bespatters the graves of men equally as honest and conscientious—the plain straightforward soldiers, and shrewd and able lawyers of whom the much abused Family Compact was mainly composed. The article displayed an elevation of thought and breadth of view worthy of the scholar and thinker who I presume was its author, and agreeably disappointed many who scarcely expected to see opponents—even though dead and gone for years—treated so fairly in the columns of a party organ. When will the *Globe* in its turn learn to treat dead and gone Tories—to say nothing of living ones—as somewhat better than mere tyrants and plunderers? A. SPENCER JONES.

A PLEA FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As THE WEEK is an independent journal, and as you have several other subscribers who have the misfortune, like myself, to be Gladstonites on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland, I venture to offer one or two remarks on certain criticisms in the letter of "Liberal" in your issue of July 8th, which seem to me not to be quite fair.

1. "Liberal" refers your readers to the London *Times* as the "leading independent journal in the Empire, never to be bought, bullied, chicaned, or cajoled into advocating unpatriotic or unworthy measures—given to temperate, guarded, and measured speaking." "Liberal" may possibly know more about the "true inwardness" of the nobility of the *Times* than the majority of us, but I would ask him if the *Times* did not oppose nearly every great Liberal measure carried during the last fifty years, including Free Trade? I submit that the general opinion of the *Times* is summed up in the admirable criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who says: "We have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that."

2. "Liberal" draws a most remarkable parallel between the First Napoleon and Mr. Gladstone. He says they had "the same insensibility to human suffering and wrongs, caused by their own actions, yet coupled with kindness in private life." "Liberal" is good enough to allow, evidently, that Mr. Gladstone is kind in private life, but what history has taught him, I would ask, that Napoleon Buonaparte was anything like what a model head of a household ought to be? Certainly not the memoirs of those who were nearest to him and best able to judge. I would refer "Liberal" to the "Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat" for enlightenment on the subject of Napoleon's character.

3. "Liberal" says, continuing the parallel: "Napoleon was very greatly the abler man of the two, except in speaking. Very few of the great actors in the world's history have even been tolerable speakers. Certainly in private life, when we want able and skilful managers, captains of industry, or even cooks, we don't advertise for people who can orate for three hours at a time." In reply to the above I would say:—

1. That a comparison is not very generally drawn between a soldier and a statesman, except in a school essay.

2. That Napoleon was essentially a soldier, and that Mr. Gladstone is essentially a statesman.

3. That oratory (in the best sense of the word) is necessary for a statesman, but not quite so necessary for a soldier.

4. That oratory could be quite dispensed with in "able and skilful managers, captains of industry, and even cooks."

5. That Mr. Gladstone was never placed at the head of English affairs simply because he could "orate for three hours at a time."

In conclusion, sir, I may say that there are other criticisms in "Liberal's" letter which might be considered, but I shall be satisfied if your courtesy will accord space in THE WEEK for this brief and feeble protest from one of your readers not in sympathy with the present attitude of your journal towards Mr. Gladstone. I am, yours very truly,

Richmond, Que., July 10th, 1886.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON, Musical Director of the Ottawa Ladies' College and Organist of Christ Church, Ottawa, has resigned both positions to become Organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist church here. He will assume his new charge on the 1st August. Mr. Harrison was formerly music critic of THE WEEK; and his return to Toronto will doubtless be welcomed by very many old friends.