

less panorama. There is another heaven—the sky of Revelation; every truth of God studs it like a very sun, and every truth that sparkles there carries with it the evidence of its divine origin. You do not see those worlds of light and glory! You have blinded the eyes of your mind and your moral sense. You have hidden behind the thick wall of indifference, or your head is enveloped in the dust of the street which men make in walking and working! Then God will hold you to account for the evil work you have done in your own soul. If you are free—if you have intellectual capacity—if you have a moral sense, a conscience—and all of these you have—then you are responsible for what you *do* believe, and also for what you do not believe; because you have not sought after truth with willing, active, honest mind and heart and soul. When you have examined a statement made from the Bible, or some other authority, concerning what is moral; when you have brought your best of intellect; when you have allowed your moral sense to go out untrammelled, and then, you cannot understand it by heart and head, or either heart or head; I believe a man is not responsible for what he does not because he cannot believe; but if you have not done that, the sin of indifference must condemn you.

There is a great deal of practical atheism abroad in the world—not much of speculative atheism—out a great deal of a practical kind. Men want to get away from the moral obligations to think right and speak right. They do not wish to deny God and Christ, and sin, and heaven and hell—but they want to put them aside for future consideration; perhaps, as matters over which they can have no control at present. They say: the Churches are responsible for what we do believe, and nobody can be responsible for what he does not believe; and there we are content to let it rest. Yes: well content. For there is a necessary and uniform connection between belief and practice; and when a man is absolved from responsibility for his belief; he is absolved from responsibility for his actions. The life of man is composed of these three things,—thought, feeling, action. Knowledge supplies the food for thought, and feeling provides the motives for action. So that belief is an active principle that displays its power in all the walks of life. Does it matter little or nothing what the belief may be, or whether you have any at all? Is man not responsible? Opinions are the ends of actions, and surely man is accountable for what he does, and ought to do. Not responsible for belief? Then those early persecutors of the Church who slew the Saints for their great word and work—were they free from condemnation because they knew no better? Not responsible for belief? Will England teach that to the Thugs of India who believe that the murders they commit are not crimes? Will a parent preach that to his children? Will a judge say that to a thief at the bar of justice? Will you say that to that poor mortal who comes trooping down the wasted pitiless years with roses withered on the cheek and eyes dulled to the fires of youth,—and all because he had once believed in his own right to ruin himself by drink? Will you say that to the debauched crowds on the streets? No; you dare not. You frame laws and administer them, and hold men responsible for the keeping of them. So has God framed moral laws. He has revealed the truth of Himself, of his Son, of Love and Redemption. You *must* believe and live—or deny, and suffer condemnation.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. PARNELL'S PROGRESS.

We have hitherto refrained from commenting upon the events which have been taking place in Ireland, for the simple reason that we did not pretend to understand them. Our idea has always been that where the interests of the Irish did not conflict with those of the whole kingdom, the Irish were the best judges of what was good for them, a theory which is surely simple and plain enough, but which English statesmen have but very lately, if at all, begun to appreciate. Mr. Parnell's agitation, however, lacked definition, and this, we imagine, cannot have been without reason. For Mr. Parnell is not only a person of ability, but having no drop of Celtic blood in his veins and a strong dash of American, he is also a man of great coolness and presence of mind, one who never says a word that he does not deliberately intend to say, with a view to a distinct effect. Then, if Mr. Parnell's programme was vague, we felt quite sure that he either thought a judicious vagueness the best cloak for his purposes, or that he did not quite know what he himself wanted, and was rather drawing his hearers to tell him what they wanted, with a view to taking up that as his policy. Now it is quite evident that Mr. Parnell found that he was going too fast, and that generalisations on the iniquity of too high a rent were likely, when propounded to an excitable people, to lead to disastrous results; also he may have discovered that his speeches attracted rather more attention in England than was quite convenient, and that his doctrines, put down in black and white, read singularly like the purest Communism. So at length he issued his manifesto to the Irish in America, as able a piece of writing as we have read, and at the same time one which practically repudiated all the incendiary projects which had been attributed to him, and gave us something more or less tangible to discuss. Of course if Mr. Parnell can get the Irish in the "great shelter land of the peoples" to contribute of their wealth to buy up

estates in Ireland for the benefit of the tenant-farmers, we should be only too delighted. The mere transfer of the land-ownership to the State would, we fancy, not improve the tenants' position much, whereas becoming possessed of his land in fee simple undoubtedly would. We have always regarded the establishment of a peasant proprietorship in Ireland, and for the matter of that in England too, as a most desirable object, but Mr. Parnell's scheme has such a Utopian ring about it that we must really ask for time to consider whether there may not be something else in it. The money will not come in so fast but that it will give us time for reflection.—*English paper.*

THE POSTAGE OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Fischer, an *Oberpostath* of the Imperial German Post-office (corresponding to the rank of assistant secretary with us), has just published an interesting pamphlet showing the comparative postal and telegraphic statistics. But in some cases the information yet available does not enable him to bring down his work later than 1873. The letter post of the whole world for that year amounted in round numbers to 3,300,000,000 letters, or about 9¼ millions daily; and the numbers have been increasing daily at an astonishing rate. Thus in Japan the number of post-offices in 1872 was 1,159, and in 1876 it had risen to 3,649. The number of separate articles which passed through the Japanese post in 1878 was 47,000,000, of which 25,000,000 were letters, 10,000,000 post-cards, 9½ millions newspapers. Post-cards were first brought into use only in 1865, and now they are employed in almost every country of the world. The parcels post has, however, not yet got beyond the first stage of development. The number of telegraphic despatches sent in 1877 amounted for the whole globe to nearly 130,000,000, or an average of 353,000 daily. More than one-third of the total number of telegraphic despatches are private, dealing with purely personal concerns. It is unnecessary to say that the newspaper press absorbs a large proportion of the telegrams of the world, while the world of finance and commerce also appropriates a giant's share.

INDIAN GRAVES IN AMERICA.

An extensive burial-ground of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians has recently been examined by one of the scientific societies of Pennsylvania. The cemetery was located on the north bank of the historical Brandywine Creek, on a prominence overlooking the valley. About twenty graves were opened with the following results:—The skeletons were stretched at full length with the heads toward the east. The depth of the graves was about three feet. Associated with the bodies were quantities of Venetian beads of various sizes, shapes, and colours, and a number of objects of Indian workmanship, such as arrow-heads and bead ornaments of stone. In two of the graves were found several antique clay pipes of considerable interest. With the initials "R. T." stamped in the bowls. In the beginning and middle of the 17th century pipes were made by various makers in the vicinity of Bath, England. Among these was one Richard Tyler, and the initials R. T. in all probability were impressed at his manufactory. An approximate date can, therefore, be assigned to these objects with some degree of certainty. The earlier British pipes, sometimes called elfin or fairy pipes, and by some antiquaries attributed to the Romans, made, however, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, frequently possessed the initials of the makers' names on the base of the flat spurs which characterized them. These were gradually superseded by pipes with elongated bowls, in which the spurs or heels were pointed or entirely absent. The more recent English pipes of the last century or thereabouts, had the names of their makers stamped on the stems. The examples referred to are of the elongated pattern, minus the heel, with the initials stamped in the bowls. The stems have been broken off about six inches from the bowls, having been originally longer. They were taken to America by the early settlers and traded to the Indians. These graves, while only perhaps a century or so in age, are particularly valuable to the student of American ethnology as producing skeletons of the tribe inhabiting the valley of the Delaware River at the time of the settlement of the States. Such remains have been exceedingly rare in Pennsylvania, and no graves have as yet been opened which did not produce objects of European introduction.

STRANGE—VERY.

After the victory, even when that gratifying event happens to have been preceded by disaster, comes the inevitable pæan, and in an age devoted to a Falstaffian Imperialism, heroism is a very remunerative virtue. So long as the popular enthusiasm does not fling laurels at the hero of Isandula, we do not grudge his captains a fairly well-merited ovation. Pearson, Evelyn Wood, and Buller are all virile specimens of the race, and have maintained somewhat of the reputation our army lost owing to the "black scare." It was doubtless appropriate that the several shires which boast among their living worthies three such soldiers should testimonial them with swords of honour, and feast them right lavishly. "Only the brave deserve the fair" is a sentiment which has been reiterated, "fair," however, being spelt "fare." Equally inevitable was it that the said heroes when thus assailed with appreciation, if not flattery, should return thanks in a soldierlike fashion. That they did so goes without