

religion. Those may presently notice that Christ has never prohibited the use of wine, but left it among the things that are lawful * * * whereas Buddha on the other hand has forbidden it altogether." It is not perhaps universally known what strenuous efforts are being made to exalt Buddhism at the expense of Christianity, but I quote the above passages to show how strong a difference of opinion may exist between good men: for Mr. Pomeroy's tone throughout is distinctly condemnatory of pharisaical asceticism.

It is also a curious fact that the fast increasing mass of sceptics, free-thinkers, and—as great numbers may fairly be called—atheists, both in England and the States, are strong, not to say bigotted prohibitionists. Their extensive literature is not very nice reading, but any one who can make up his mind to wade a little way into it will find evidence of what I say. Somewhere in the South, I think in Tennessee, they established six or seven years ago, a free-thinking village community which they called "Liberty," and in which they boasted there was neither church, god nor tavern.

In my last communication I quoted J. S. Mill's opinion that "there is no invasion of human liberty, which the theory of this (Prohibition) movement would not justify." I recommend the paragraph which precedes the one containing that quotation to the perusal of your readers. Let them read it again and again, and yet again, and engrave it deep in their hearts and minds. Already the footsteps of the further encroachment of pharisaic tyranny are audible. The man who smokes a pipe is shortly to be relegated by the sheepfold of the elect to the waste places of the goats. The *Week* of July 16, after stating in reference to some uncourteous attack from the *Christian Guardian*, that in the Scott Act polling in Middlesex, 8000 only, out of 20,000 electors voted (two fifths), goes on to say, "in the same number the *Guardian* complains of the increasing use of tobacco, and proposes to make this also a church question. How long will you stand it, men of Canada?"

"It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited freedom chose,
The land where, girl with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

"This was the land we, twenty or more years ago, deemed Canada to be. It is fast ceasing to be so. Men are at present supinely giving themselves over to the domination of a shallow, but blatant minority. But I think a turning point has been reached. Men have begun to rouse themselves and to ask whether there is really ground for this outpouring of the vials of a sham righteousness, half a dozen of the representatives of which are said to have quitted their grog in a hurry to vote against the Senate's amendments. Three Scott Act contests have recently gone against the agitators. Rational men know that Canada is not the country whose citizens are given over to remaining "in saloons guzzling and tipping by the hour," which is the stock idea of the prohibitionist as to the mass of his fellow countrymen who are not to be led by the nose by a pretentious and impudent clap-trap; and rational men will some day, and that not far off, so vindicate Freedom

"That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes."

But I fear I am again running to undue length. I had it in my mind to add some statistics which, if correct, are somewhat curious, but I had better reserve them for another occasion.

FRANC-THEUR.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

"The Dane," through the columns of the *Halifax Herald*, informs the public that the Provincial and City Hospital is, and has been for a series of years, in a condition altogether unfit for the treatment of the sick. He tells us that the building is not suitable; the hygienic regulations are imperfect; the diet unfit for the sick and convalescent; the laundry department a cess-pool of filth; the cooks and nurses ignorant, incompetent and insufficient for the performance of their most important duties; the steward and matrons are held to be mere political machines who care but little for the welfare of the unfortunate patients who are placed under their immediate charge. Altogether I have never heard such an array of charges of incompetency, as are made by "The Dane" against the managers and employees of the hospital. It almost reminds me of the charges made by the Federals against the Confederates in regard to the celebrated "Prison Hospital," of Andersonville, Georgia. It is strange that the Medical Board did not resign long before they did, as they must have been cognizant of the fact that the hospital was not being conducted in a manner conducive to the health and welfare of the patients. It is unfortunate too that the students of the Halifax Medical College must be exposed to the filth and contagion of the hospital during their clinical studies there. The "Board of Charities" have been derelict in their duties, or else "The Dane" is laboring under a delusion. Which is it? Let us hear from you gentlemen.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* by publishing London's secret vices has made an ephemeral fame that will die out long before vice and immorality are finally consigned to the tomb. It is a well known fact that all great cities like London, Paris and New York, must contain a large percentage of poverty-stricken human beings, and poverty and crime must ever go hand in hand. It is a sad commentary upon the depravity of poor fallen men and women to think, that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the good and great men of the past and present ages to put down vice and immorality, we have still these modern "Babylons" in our midst. From the revelations of the *Gazette* we are led to ask is the world increasing in crime in the face of all that Christianity is doing? Are the countless millions of Bibles and reli-

gious tracts that are strewn broadcast throughout the land benefiting the publishers more than the people? Are the ministers of the Gospel and their congregations doing their duty in sending missionaries to foreign lands when their labors are so much needed at home? Is the purity of the Erinno soiled by the silken tresses of the harlot? Are our laws and municipal regulations so feeble that such revolting crimes as are divulged by the *Gazette* cannot be checked? Without casting any reflections on the projectors of the scheme, it does seem to me that the time and money spent by our celebrated divines in revising the Bible, could have been more profitably used in ameliorating the condition of the poor as well as trying to reform erring men and women in the infamous dens of London and New York. The sin and iniquity of the world demanded more attention than the revision of the Bible. Men cannot revise the great truths of the Bible any more than they can a heart-beat. This "mystery of mysteries" has come down to us through all the ages of time, with its sacred influences over our minds with such force and vigor that it can never be supplanted—never revised—sinful men and women need revising at the present day—not the Bible—that this assertion is true is proved by the fact, that the *Gazette*, with its revelations and pandering to prurient horror-mongers, is more eagerly sought now by the people than the revised edition of the Bible.

VETERAN.

MISS CLEVELAND'S BOOK.

"George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies," is the title of a book published by Funk & Wagnalls of New York, which has already created great interest among the reading public. On the first day of its publication, two editions were exhausted, and even then many orders were only partially filled. Most of the leading American papers have given favorable criticisms of the book; the adverse opinions of others being for the most part easily accounted for on other grounds than that of fair criticism. It consists of nine essays, which have been delivered as lectures before young ladies of various schools and colleges. It would be difficult to give anything like a full review of a book of essays in so short a space; for each subject dealt with involves a different mode of treatment. But a general style of thought and expression is discernable throughout; and at this we may be allowed to glance. It is a sign of her robust American womanhood that the elevation of Miss Cleveland from the school room to the State-house, far from causing her to lapse into a life of social ease and general public uselessness, has suggested to her a means of widening her sphere of labor. She has long been making strenuous exertions in the cause of social reform. Vigor, clearness, and simplicity, are the main characteristics of her style. She is a thoughtful student of social problems, in the treatment of which she evinces broad generosity, keen insight into human character, and utter fearlessness in expressing her opinions. The language is often figurative, her metaphors being apt and well applied.

Five of the essays treat of the Middle Ages; and much light they throw upon various subjects of that little known and generally misunderstood period—"the dawning manhood of Europe," as Charles Kingsley says, "rich with all the tenderness, the simplicity, the enthusiasm of youth, but also darkened, alas! with its full share of youth's precipitance and extravagance, fierce passions, and blind self will; its virtues and its vices colossal, and for that very reason always haunted by the twim-imp of the colossal—the caricatured." Some lengthy quotations of Miss Cleveland's more lofty passages would give the public a better idea of her book than any criticism; but space will only allow a few short ones. In her essay on (social) Reciprocity, she says: "I am convinced that people think enough; it is the utterance of thought that is needed. If the habit of brave attempt at this utterance could be formed, and despite all criticism, be persevered in, how much more should we give to each other! What a world of enjoyment and improvement would spring up! How Athenian would Yankee life become! A Socrates at every doorway, an Aspasia—without Aspasia's reproach—at every tea urn, full of discourse that would exclude the weary pettiness of thoughtless talk." And from the same essay: "Manners are of the surface and of the moment. They do not have to do with the depths and the long run; yet it is by the surface that we enter the depths, and the moments make the long run." In advocating the thorough investigation of some historical problem rather than a cursory study of all history, she expresses her thought in this pithy sentence: "An acorn in the mind is worth more than an oak forest at the end of the tongue." What a clear treatise on the two uses of imagination we have in the following brief passage: "When, as in Carlyle's 'Cromwell,' it assembles together upon the foreground men and women who lived in the past, objective realities, veritable flesh and blood humanity; when it puts acts and facts from the lives of these upon its canvas, with actor and time and place and scene, so that we see the past as present, then it deals with the facts of history, and the painter, however much a poet he may be, has made a history. When, as in 'Paradise Lost,' with basis of fact and knowledge it makes the conceptions of the brain objective realities, and depicts upon its canvas a man who never was flesh and blood, a woman, alas! never flesh and blood, angels and devils, Satan and God, times, places, scenes,—all the fabric of a vision, why, then imagination deals with purely mental conception, and the painter, however much a historian, has made poetry—or verse."

EXCURSION.

A London scientist says that the highest velocity that has been imparted to shot is given as 1,626 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to a rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; and thus, if a cannon ball was fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.