

meteoric passage over the scene with, the massive, and by no means merely controversial Protestantism of Northern Europe, are we not led to the conclusion that there must be some subtle difference in the causes which have issued in such a signal contrast of results."

The question is further complicated by the consideration of the frequently superior *Christianity* of the sect to the church. "I must admit," he says, "that at periods not wholly beyond my memory, and in appreciably large portions of the country, it has appeared as if the hands principally charged with the training of souls for God, were the hands mainly or only of Nonconformists." Again he writes: "I have seen and known, and but too easily could quote the cases in which the Christian side of political controversies has been largely made over by the members of the English church to the championship of Nonconformists."

These and similar considerations have convinced Mr. Gladstone that some modification of the doctrine of Heresy and Schism is called for, and he seeks for justification of such a view in the pages of Holy Scripture. Here he finds that modification of the laws of religion is not infrequent. He accuses the stringent law of the Old Covenant against not merely the worship but the manufacture of any visible representation of Divine things, a law which has never been abrogated in so many words, but whose modification is witnessed in every stained glass window of our churches. Other examples will occur to the mind, in commenting upon which Mr. Gladstone writes less like the author of the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and more like a reverent critic. "Scripture is not a stereotype projected into the world at a given time and place, but is a record of comprehensive and progressive teaching, applicable to a nature set under providential discipline, observant of its wants which must vary with its growth and adapting thereto in the most careful manner its provisions."

History therefore suggests the need of the recognition of a distinction "between the facts of Heresy and Schism as they stood in the apostolic age, and the corresponding facts as they present themselves to us at present," whilst Scripture affords a sufficient justification of such a distinction. There remains yet another weighty consideration to be cast into the same scale.

Divided Protestantism, renouncing church authority altogether, has nevertheless preserved in the face of great difficulties, the fundamentals of the faith, viz., the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation. "When I consider what human nature and human history have been, and how feeble is the spirit in its warfare with the flesh, I bow my head in amazement before this mighty moral miracle, this marvellous concurrence evolved from the very heart of discord." Undenominational religion has thus without the aid of apostolic ministry, and "valid" sacraments, preserved the citadel of faith. The conclusion is obvious. Must not these theories belong to the sphere of the non-essential? Are they not rather of the scaffolding than of the very Temple of God itself? The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation "constitute the very kernel of the whole gospel. Everything besides that clusters round them, including the doctrines respecting the Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints, and the great facts of eschatology is only developments which have been embodied in

the historic Christianity of the past, as *auxiliary* to the great central purpose of redemption."

Mr. Gladstone's utterance is the more impressive coming as it does from the most distinguished Englishman of the age, so soon after the encyclical of the Pope. It is, perhaps, accordant with the spirit of Teutonic as compared with Latin Christianity, that it should come from a layman, and be printed in a secular magazine. It is not a little remarkable that the Papal encyclical breathes the spirit of St. Peter, whose cautious and halting universalism would have admitted the Gentiles only through the gate of Judaism, just as the Pope to-day demands the submission of the free spirit of Teutonic Christianity to the fetters of his ineffectual infallibility; whilst, on the other hand, in the last quotation from Mr. Gladstone's article, as well as in its whole drift, we seem to hear the echoes of the all-comprehensive catholicity of St. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, to whom is dedicated the cathedral church of the Metropolitan City of the world.

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MONTREAL LETTER.

The wharf-rat leaned against the dyke railing and smoked his black clay with an air of contentment peculiar to the fraternity which lounge, eat and sleep by the spot where the commerce of the land and sea meet. He gazed down upon the laborers struggling with casks, boxes, steel rails and tin plate with an air of pity. He scanned the smoking funnels and thanked his stars he was not a stoker, five decks down, handling coal in a torrid atmosphere, breathing dust. He espied Jack scraping the main-royal of a sugar ship, hanging by his teeth, as it were, in a blazing sun, and blessed his mother that he had not been born at sea for he might have been a sailor. It puzzled him to see that old man with bent back, hoe in hand, scraping the dirt and garbage into little heaps by the railroad track and he considered the youth who pitched it into the cart to have been born under an unlucky star. He whiffed his pipe and took a broad view of the opposite shore of the river where, from daylight to dawn, men worked the land and went to bed tired, poor unfortunates. "Well, I spose h'evry man 'as 'is trade—mine's good enough for me. I h'aint got good clog, to be sure, but they're cheap and I h'aint no alderman." Why should he worry? If his clothes are scant the sun is warm and it will always shine, for there is not a cloud in the sky to-day and there is no to-morrow. He is not particular as to what he eats, and as to sleep, well, what is better than down under the dyke? It is airy but water under tight, each crack and crevice filled with oakum, and bed-clothes would only smother him. Why should he worry? He has no taxes to pay, the old man with bent back and hoe in hand sees to that. Then who would charge a man rent for the privilege of sleeping under the dyke? It makes him laugh to think of those fellows working down there having to pay water taxes and having to buy fuel, food and clothing. How they perspire. His pipe has gone out and he taps it on the rail to see if there is any more tobacco in it. A small pyramid of ashes forms there and he sweeps it away with his hand. His pipe is empty. But why worry? "'Ere's a likely lookin' gent comin' along. Say

mister, beggin' pardon, sir, but could you give a poor man a few cents, aint 'ad nothin' to eat to-day."—"Yes, sir, I 'ave tried, but the labor market seems to be pretty well crowded in this 'ere city, sir."—"Yes, sir, but they only give one night's lodgin' free."—"No, sir, h'aint taken a drop for weeks."—"Will try, sir."—"Yes, sir."—"Thank ye."—"God bless ye, sir." The old man with bent back, hoe in hand, scrapes away and the wharf-rat looks down upon him with contemptuous pity and wonders why.

Five ships of the North Atlantic Squadron sailed into port one fine evening recently and announced their arrival with a booming of guns. They steamed up the channel in perfect order and manoeuvred through signals by command of Admiral Sir John Hopkins, whose flag flew from the mainmast of the "Tartar," it having been transferred from the "Blake," which owing to her great size was left at Quebec. The "Tartar" leading, she was followed in order by the "Tourmaline," "Canada," "Magicienne" and "Partridge." A formal welcome was extended by the mayor and aldermen and the fleet put itself into snug shape for a week's visit. In the morning Jack set to and holy-stoned the deck until it was like a dancing floor, polished the brass to a dazzling brightness, painted the hull black and the funnel buff, tarred the rigging and oiled and worked the guns and then went aft and said his prayers. The citizens crowded the wharves and waited to go aboard, but Jack was not yet ready to receive them. He hauled in his washing from the yards and stays, took off his working suit and put on the regulation uniform (down below of course), shaved, polished his boots, took a good big chew of fine-cut, looked pleasant and said, "Come on." The crowd was curious, Jack was happy. He was attention to the ladies and pleasant to the gentlemen. He showed them the whole ship from stem to stern and from bridge to keelson. He solved to them the mysteries of the torpedo, the hotchkiss and Nordenfeldt, gave them a peep at the engines, the magazine and small arms, boxed the compass and introduced them to "Billy" the mascot. Then Jack went ashore and took possession of the town. He walked our streets, his arms akimbo and his bell-shaped trousers flopping in the breeze. He showed the landlubbers how to drill and use the cutlass. The city turned out the fire brigade to parade in his honor and he returned the courtesy by giving an exhibition of the search-light in the harbor by night. It was a pleasant week for both the citizens and the jolly Jack Tars and when the time came for the fleet to weigh anchor and leave, the crowd in the harbor watched the stately ships drop down the current with feelings of regret at having to part. It was the largest fleet of warships that ever appeared in this port and many people came from the neighboring towns and cities to see it.

At last, after a stubborn fight, the gamblers who have heretofore been carrying on their nefarious business with impunity have been compelled to retreat, leaving their machines behind them. Public opinion was too strong for them, and the wheels of justice were so moved as to inflict the operators with heavy fines and to cause the destruction of the wheels of fortune in the public square. The instruments were beautiful and costly, but the High Constable's axes were unmerciful and in a very short time they were in fragments. These instruments