

one-half of the remainder have practically discarded creeds.—we note a change from asceticism to the enjoyment of liberty and life, to more or less toleration and good will. And we cannot fail to perceive the ceaseless action of evolution in every department of life. The continual changing of ideas, some as queer as “the shifting glories of the shimmering opal,” presents a picture to the mind at once interesting and instructive. Truly, “the world do move.”

Fifty years ago, to propose that public reading rooms be opened on Sunday would mean ostracism from all social pleasures ; would mean the fanning into existence of flames of hatred and persecution ; to-day, almost every library in the cities of the United States, England, France and Germany is open on Sunday ; to-day, in the city of Hamilton, Sunday street cars are patronized by all classes in the community, from the happy little boot-blacks to the pompous bishop. About twenty-three years ago the public libraries of Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia were opened for the first time to the working man on Sunday. The average Sunday attendance during the first year in one was seven hundred, in another over eleven hundred. Our newspaper men, school teachers, clergymen, lawyers, and all others who are blessed with private libraries and an abundance of papers and periodicals, make free use of them on Sunday. Why take away from others less fortunate the public literature on their only day of leisure ? Those who possess flower gardens, lawns and shrubbery, are aware of the pleasures within their reach, and find them to be an inspiration and a delight on the first day of the week. Is it impracticable for the city to co-operate with the Brantford Street Railway Company (Mohawk Park) and the Ontario Government (grounds of the Institute for the Blind) and with a little landscape gardening make these wildernesses into paradises of flowers and shrubbery,—two parks, one at each extreme of the city ? Let us have a little less church exemption, less bonusing of proposed railroads, which (once decided upon by the projectors that they would pay) generally go through whether bonused or not, and a little more city improvement of the right kind. Those who possess private conveyances may be seen Sundays on the streets of the city or on country roads enjoying the ever-changing panorama of view. Why stall the public horse in the street car barn ? And why so, especially when the radial railways come into existence ? Is it selfishness ; that which destroys every inclination towards generous action, every inclination towards true nobility of character ? Is it thoughtlessness, or a mistaken sense of propriety, which prohibits all elevating pleasure on Sunday ? Action is life ; action of mind and body is health. Physiologically, man does not require rest during wakefulness, unless from undue exertion. The average worker, who absolutely rests mind and body all day Sunday, is generally as tired on Monday morning as on Saturday evening. Inaction begets a feeling of lassitude, which perhaps has occasioned more than once the remark, “This is blue Monday.” What all require at short intervals is a change of occupation, of scene, of