

that Orangeism was quite as much at home under a president as under a king or queen. "I maintain," said the correspondent, "that the moment an Orangeman forswears allegiance to the British Crown, and swears allegiance to the government of a country whose constitution recognizes neither altar nor throne, he ceases to be an Orangeman to all intents and purposes." Such a dogma would be the ruin of Orangeism on this continent. Was not William of Orange himself the Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic? Have not many of the Orangemen in Ireland always been Presbyterians, who never bowed at the altar of the Established Church? To be a bulwark of Protestant civilization in all lands, whatever their political institutions, in which the English tongue is spoken, is the mission of Orangeism, if Orangeism still has a mission, as all the signs in the political heavens seem at present to portend that it has. Such a bulwark is not less necessary in the United States than it is in Canada or in Ireland. William of Orange carried on the work of Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, and William the Silent. He was the heroic chief of Protestantism in Europe, and its defender against Roman Catholic Reaction seated on the throne of the Bourbons, and wielding, for purposes of religious persecution as well as of territorial rapine, the victorious sword of France. To that cause and the cause of European liberty his life was devoted: he recked little of dynasties, or, what the correspondent of the *Orange Sentinel* calls altars. The English dynasty of the Stuarts he overthrew; the Anglican Church of Scotland he disestablished. He was thwarted, traduced and persecuted into his grave by that very Tory Party which slavishly worships thrones and altars, and with which Orangeism, in its degenerate hour, allowed itself to be identified. The Tory Party supported the exclusion of Roman Catholics from civil privileges, not out of hatred of Roman Catholicism, to which, throughout its history, it had been rather inclined, but out of love of exclusion. This, however, was the cord which bound the Orange Order to the wheels of the Tory car in the Mother Country, and in Canada has dragged it into a servitude of the same kind. How can it be strong if it allows itself to be marched to the polls in support of Roman Catholic ascendancy? To regain his strength, Samson must let the locks of his freedom grow again. The reception by Canadian Orangemen of the Grand Master of the Order in the United States, instead of being an act of apostasy, is a signal recognition of the real character and proper objects of the institution. If a struggle comes, it will be a continental struggle, and Orangemen will have to cast political prejudices to the winds, and join hands across the line in defence of Protestant civilization.

THE visit of Archdeacon Farrar to Canada was, as it was sure to be, entirely successful. Both at his lectures and at his sermons crowded audiences bore witness to the influence of his writings and the popularity of his name. Nor did anyone go away disappointed. Some, indeed, seem to have expected a pulpit-orator like Ward Beecher or Lacordaire, but that character can hardly be sustained by a preacher who reads his sermons, though the Archdeacon's freedom of delivery is not greatly impaired by the necessity of keeping his eye upon his manuscript. Through the United States the Archdeacon's progress will certainly be triumphal. His sermon on Grant has thoroughly touched the American heart, and prepared for him a more than hearty reception. But apart from this, he is really the great divine of the people of the United States. His regard for fundamentals alone, and his liberal treatment of all secondary questions, though viewed askance by the eye of English orthodoxy, precisely suit both the tendencies of the American mind and the exigencies of the American situation. The breadth and boldness with which he gives utterance to his liberalism is also extremely pleasing to the Republican heart. Nothing could possibly suit American tastes more perfectly than his doctrine respecting the future state. The humanitarianism of Democracy rebels against the belief in Eternal Punishment, and the only considerable Church to which America herself has given birth, that of the Universalists, is the expression and monument of that feeling. Even Roman Catholic writers of the more liberal school in the United States have felt the influence, and have been disposed to substitute mere exclusion from the Beatific Vision for the everlasting torture-house of Dante. Those who wish to see good-will between the English-speaking people of America and those of Old England could hardly desire a better missionary than a Canon of Westminster Abbey who is the author of the sermons on Eternal Hope.

THERE are some controversies so absurd that immersion in them gives us the sensation of being drowned in a puddle. Among these is the question whether the wine mentioned in the Gospel and used by Christ and his disciples was really wine or the unfermented juice of the grape, and identical with the stuff advertised by Yankees as Sacramental wine. The Rev. John

Carry, however, has felt it necessary to prove once more by learned arguments that the wine of the Gospels was wine. He even allows himself to become somewhat heated by the discussion, though the only emotion which it is reasonable to feel on the subject is that of sorrow at the astounding gullibility of mankind. A man who has persuaded himself that the wine quaffed at the marriage feast; the wine for tasting which our Lord was called a wine-bibber, and his use of which proved a contrast to the ascetic abstinence of John the Baptist; the wine employed in the Eucharist, and with which some of the Corinthian Christians were drunken—was unfermented wine, will be proof against all Dr. Carry's reasonings and any array of quotations. The Rev. R. Wallace, in a pamphlet which comes out at the same time with Dr. Carry's, maintains these paradoxes; but then a glance at his pages will show in what spirit he has approached the work of exegesis. It might be supposed that he who champions a reform in the name of Christianity would be particularly anxious to fulfil all righteousness, and that when he was ruining men whose trade, as he must admit, has been specially sanctioned by the State, he would rather eagerly propose compensation, which he can well afford to pay if, as he asserts, immense commercial gain is to accrue to the community from Prohibition. But the worthy man apparently has convinced himself that everyone who is opposed to him on this subject is a child of perdition, and he evidently exults in the prospect of reducing the satanic brood to beggary and hearing their howls. He would fine the liquor dealers for their sins in the past as well as ruin them for the future. From all churches which have not synodically endorsed the Scott Act he withholds the title of Evangelical. Our eminent guest, Archdeacon Farrar, in his reply to Baron Bramwell, earnestly abjures on the part of total abstainers the most shadowy feeling of severity or unkind judgment with respect to those who, with the most entire right to their own opinions, continue to indulge themselves innocently in a perfectly lawful enjoyment, and his charity must of course extend to the sellers of the liquor as well as to those who drink it. But when he penned his disclaimer he had evidently not read Mr. Wallace. That Archdeacon Farrar believes the wine of the New Testament to be wine will be clear to anyone who reads the passage in his "Life of Christ" respecting the miracle at Cana. In that passage he pointedly contrasts the "genial innocence" of Christ's ethics with the "crushing asceticism" of other systems. So that we come to this, that on a question of morals, all important in the eyes of Mr. Wallace and those who agree with him, the Holy Spirit dictated to the Evangelists and St. Paul language which not only misled, and inevitably misled, all theologians, all celebrants or participants of the Eucharist, and the whole Church for eighteen centuries, but now, in the meridian light of Mr. Wallace's discovery, misleads a writer who is at once an advocate of total abstinence, and one of the most distinguished divines of the day. After this, how can we feel sure that we understand the plainest words of Scripture, and that there does not lurk beneath them some pitfall of non-natural meaning into which we may slip to the destruction of our souls? If *oinos* does not really mean wine, how can we know that *charis* really means charity, and not the temper of a familiar of the Inquisition?

A GRINDER at Sheffield, as we learn from an English journal, woke the other night to find his wife sawing at his throat. On investigation, it turned out that she had formerly been a woman of notorious character, but was then a shining light in the Salvation Army. The English journal is led to remark that the grinder, when healed, would doubtless like to sharpen General Booth's scissors free of charge. Religious enthusiasm ranks high among the causes of madness, and madness often takes a homicidal turn. Is that a ground for suppressing religion, or even for proceeding to extreme measures against enthusiasm? The other day an unhappy woman in Toronto tried to cut the throats of her three children. It was stated that she was given to drink. But it also clearly appeared that her madness had its source in melancholy caused by the destitution to which she and her family had been reduced. Crimes are often set down to drink when the fact is that the crime and the craving for drink have some common cause antecedent to them both, and when drink perhaps, instead of hastening, may, by the solace which it affords, evil in its excess though that solace is, have delayed the commission of the crime. But we were told, and from a quarter in which we generally look to find a union of good sense and humour, that if whiskey had done nothing else since Toronto was Little York, violent measures for the expulsion of whiskey would have been justified by this incident. The Maine Prison Report gives intemperance rather a low place among the causes of crime; but if everything which in its abuse or excess leads occasionally to crime were on that account to be doomed to legislative extirpation, little would be left of human life.