

doctrines, but that of resigning to fulfil the duties of a teacher, and visible to the people, are therefore to be put in the hands of the people, when teaching the tenets of a good man who dis- To use a the goose

agregation tion, un- undon the me Con-

ROOM.

Bungville onfided to depravity e reporter, ssertion in Neighbor educed to plaintively to inform Johnson's f ruins." vax to the aders of a ad below rince Bis- ide by the e ought to landelions rass," was ulated the e "chan-

a sensa- stic bliss, noon Cut Hungarian ench poli- ster," only morning guardian Globe as "Multum s," while vout pub- drama

were recently informed that Augustin Daly's adaptation of Shakespeare's "Turning of the Screw" was a great success. Doubtless Mr. Daly felt that the immortal William's "Taming of the Shrew" had been pretty rudely "turned" by the intelligent compositor. The same villain announced a few weeks ago that Mr. Mantell would appear in "Tangled Livers," a bull which tangled more lives than one in the office in which it occurred.

The non-professional reader may ask in amazement how such mistakes could possibly occur. The wonder to the initiated is that that do not occur much oftener.

Were this sheet of copy,—the handwriting is admittedly villainous,—intended for a daily paper, on which a hundred hungry compositors were waiting for copy, it would be required to pass through the hands of a copy-cutter, who would scissor it into portions, or "takes," of perhaps only a few lines each. It follows that one man can rarely get hold of enough fairly to get the drift of the article he is required to put into type; and, as he may have forty such pieces in the course of the night, it equally follows that he rarely cares.

The deft compositor who gets the portion of an article,—let us say the account of the fire alluded to above,—will see that his "take" ends "even" (*i. e.*, without the break of a paragraph), and that it reads intelligibly enough that the "handsome barn was reduced to a". What follows is on another man's "take," and he tries to grasp the idea without consulting his predecessor. Let the "gentle reader" who has followed us so far take a pen,—the more dilapidated the better,—and scrawl the words "mass of ruins." It is possible that it will present the general appearance of "a mess of onions," especially if he is not particular as to his formation of the letters "n" and "u." (If he is, he is an exception, and is practically unknown in a newspaper office). Therefore Compositor No. 2 reads "mess of onions," and so inflicts the bull upon the *Bugle's* readers.

"But then," the careful reader is ready to remark, "then there is the proof-reader." Yes, there is. And, like Tubal Cain, he is "a man of might;" but even a proof-reader cannot be in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird. In sending the proof to be perused by the lynx-eyed proof-reader, haste may compel the division of the slip, so that two may read. If the division is made at the point where Compositor No. 1 left off, *i. e.*, that the "barn was reduced to a", the proof-reader on No. 2's portion may or may not be aware of the absurdity of the "mess of onions." In fact the chances of mistakes passing even "lynx-eyed" proof-readers in this way are enough to account for many errors.

And then, though the assertion sounds exceedingly heterodox, even proof-readers are not infallible. He is the one man against whom the recording angel never balances the account. He may capture and summarily execute one hundred typographical brigands bent on making nonsense of some interesting and instructive article, but if one slips by him no recording angel drops a tear and wipes out

the blot. Not a bit of it.irate editors, furious reporters, incensed managers unite to pour out their vials of wrath on the proof-reader, and if Nature, with her grand gift of compensation, had not provided him with the hide of a rhinoceros, he might, once in a while, feel sore.

If the non-professional reader will cut small pieces at random from each of the sixty-four columns which form the Boston daily paper of to-day, news, advertisements, stories, editorials, etc., without regard to the continuity or arrangement, and then set himself to reading them, he may have some idea of the mass of disconnected rubbish which has to filter through the proof-room before it meets the eye of the critical purchasers of the paper.

What can be more conducive to good reading and correctness of printing than to have a boy droning out, hour after hour, a portion of the Bible in this style, which I once heard at the Oxford University (Clarendon) Press. It is necessary to add that the frequent use of italics in the Bible compelled the reader to save the frequent use of the word "ital." by rapping the desk with a stick. So Psalm civ., 15, read something like this:—

Par. 15. And ref. y that (rap!) maketh glad the heart of man com. and (rap!) dagger oil to make his (rap!) face to shine com. and bread which (rap!) strengtheneth man's heart period par.

Or this pathetic passage from Ruth:—

Par. 16. And Ruth said com. parallel ref. r Entreat me not to leave thee com. (rap!) or to return from following hard after thee colon for whither thou goest com. I will go semi. and where thou lodgest com. I will lodge semi. ref. s thy people shall be (rap! rap!) my people com. and thy God my God colon.

Par 17 Where thou diest com. will I die com. and there will I be buried colon ref t the Lord small caps do so to me com. and more also come if aught (rap! rap!) but death part thee and me period par.

—GEORGE B. PERRY in the *Writer Magazine*.

ONE COUNTRY IN WHICH THE ROMAN CHURCH IS STILL TRIUMPHANT.

IN Ecuador the Pope still names the president, the priests still make the laws, and as a natural result, in that whole country there is not a railroad nor a telegraph, not a stage coach, nor a highway upon which a carriage or a cart can be driven except the great roads built by the Incas before the Spanish invasion, which have never been kept in repair, and are now almost useless. When I say that there is not a railroad in Ecuador, I should except a track ten miles long on the sea coast, which was laid some years ago, but was never operated, and is now covered with tropical underbrush like a jungle.

The city of Guayaquil, the only seaport of Ecuador, is a place of some commercial importance, and the residence of many foreigners. They have introduced modern ideas and public schools. The seed thus sown is bearing fruit, and is a perpetual menace to the power of the church, so much so, that the principal portion of the army of Ecuador is kept there to quell revolutions when the papal authority is resisted. Some of the enterprising citizens have organized a telegraph company, and are constructing a line to Quito, the capital, but the wires are constantly cut, and well informed

people predict that the priests will not allow it to be operated, for fear it will prove a wedge that shall open the country to other modern ideas.

There is a law in Ecuador prohibiting the importation of books, unless they shall first receive the sanction of the church, and Jesuit priests act as inspectors at the Custom House, to prevent the dissemination of intelligence among the people. No records of the finances of the government are kept. The president of Ecuador and his finance minister were unable to give the United States Commission the amount of imports and exports, or the amount of revenues collected. Their ignorance as to the disbursement of those revenues was quite as dense, but the prevailing belief is that much of the money goes to sustain the thousands of priests, monks and nuns that keep the people in darkness. When the public revenues are not sufficient to meet their demands, the necessary means are raised by forced loans from the merchants of Guayaquil. An officer with a file of soldiers calls upon the business firms and collects the assessments. This practice has given rise to a peculiar custom, for to protect themselves from such impositions, the foreign residents put signs on their doors to announce their nationality. Hence the traveler's curiosity is awakened by seeing the flags of foreign countries nailed upon the entrances to residences or business houses with a legend printed upon them, reading "He who lives within is an American," or a Frenchman, or an Englishman, or a German, as the case may be. Sometimes these warnings are disregarded, and appeal to the minister resident is necessary for protection.

Drunkenness, indolence and licentiousness are the lessons taught by the priests. To attend mass every morning, and confessional once a week, are the only requirements of good citizenship, and vice of every description is not only licensed but encouraged. Four-fifths of the population can neither read nor write, and the only knowledge they have is what the priests have told them. Ecuador is a Republic in name, but its constitution declares that the nation "exists wholly and alone devoted to the service of the Holy Church." The army is divided into four commands, called respectfully, "The Division of the Blessed Virgin," "The Division of the Holy Ghost," "The Division of the Son of God," "The Division of the Blood and Body of Christ." "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" is the national emblem, and the body-guard of the president is called "The Holy Lancers of St. Mary." There are no Protestants in Quito, and none are allowed to reside in the city. Everything is tolerated but opposition to the Church, and he who will not partake of the sacrament is stoned.

A Layman writes: "Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew subscription for your much valued and highly esteemed Journal. The very manly, loyal and true patriotic stand which the DOMINION CHURCHMAN has taken is deserving of the highest credit from all true Canadians. The dressing down that you gave some of the sectarian office seekers in some of your recent issues is deserving of all praise and has made for you many warm friends. May your shadow never grow less."