

As we elsewhere show, the published extracts of views held by Mr. Crapsey are certainly quite contrary to the generally accepted doctrines of the Church, and their advocacy within the Church could not fail to have an erroneous and injurious tendency. There are people who try to spread a romantic glamour over the unorthodox opinions and expressions of some intellectual and scholarly men. As regards the Bible, the superior way in which some people assert that they look upon it as they do any other book reminds one of the comment of that profound scholar and thinker, the late Bishop Westcott upon a similar remark by a Cambridge professor. Said the Bishop: "I have always tried to read it just like any other book, and because I have done so I have come to the conclusion that it is utterly unlike any other book in the world." In a late discussion of the subject of Biblical Criticism the opinion of the Bishop of Ossory, as stated in the "Church of Ireland Gazette," is directly in point with the case of Dr. Crapsey and all who hold views similar to those with which he was charged: "If criticism means a reverent and devout examination of the Bible with the light of philology and archaeology, then criticism is right; but if it means that a clergyman has lost his faith in the accuracy or inspiration of the Bible, then it is dishonest for him to continue to minister in the ranks of the Anglican priesthood."

Canning Fruit.

Forgotten incidents are brought to mind by catastrophes such as the outbreaking of Vesuvius and the destruction of San Francisco. The eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed the then neighbouring towns, has a present-day interest in our modern world's already immense, but still growing fruit canning industry. Many years ago, during some excavations at Pompeii, some jars of preserved figs were found in perfect condition. A Cincinnatian man, seeing them, obtained leave to examine one of them, and found that the fruit most probably had been put into the jars when filled with hot honey syrup, and concluded that the opening had been sealed with wax after the steam had escaped. Acting on this idea, the patent for which had long expired, he started a factory and established an industry which has since been so successful. Most of the canning is done in factories on this continent, but the Old World is steadily re-developing the old industry, bringing to bear all the modern discoveries, so that the next generation will be able every day in the year to enjoy luxuries which their grandparents could seldom get, and still more seldom afford to buy.

"Heresies of Sea Power."

A curious title this for a book by an English controversial writer on naval topics. The author, Mr. F. T. Jane, undertakes to prove from the whole field of naval history that sea battles have been really won by the skill and courage of officers of minor rank and the men under them instead of, as has been generally accepted, by the ability and intrepidity of the admirals and captains under whom they served and the men by them commanded. Mr. Jane has undertaken with proverbial British pluck a very heavy contract. He proposes not only to shatter Captain Mahan's deservedly great reputation and to undermine Carlyle's principle of hero worship, but to pull down the busts of the great sea captains in the Hall of Fame, and to set up in their places the myriad images of the humble men, whose memory he reverences, and to call upon the world to applaud the deed. It is the old story of a partial view pressed to an unjust and unwarranted conclusion. Mr. Jane might as well attempt to banish the moon from the heavens and persuade us that the lesser planets render her majestic presence unnecessary.

A Patriotic Spirit.

Not only can there be no objection, but there is ground for strong commendation of every wise effort to encourage the growth in Canada of a love of one's own country and a firm attachment to the British Empire. It is all very well to talk of the brotherhood of man, and to admire the virtues of one's neighbours. No one should seek for a moment to encourage a feeling of unkindness or disparagement towards the dwellers in other lands. There is a land, however, which should be first in the affection of every true man. It is the land which is his by birth or adoption, which, in common with his fellow-countrymen, he holds by the right of possession, to which he and they are bound by the sacred ties of duty and of honour, and towards which his heart ever turns with tenderest affection when the sound of the simple word, "Homeland," dwells in his ears. It is no narrow or bigoted spirit which seeks to nourish in the breasts of young Canadians a fervent love for Canada and the British Empire; but, on the contrary, it is the natural expression of a pure and exalted patriotism, the animating spirit of the great national achievements of the past, the source from which they issue in the present, and the germ by which they are nourished for the future.

The Late Bishop Bickersteth.

The death is announced of the Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., the late Bishop of Exeter, which took place on May 16th, at his residence at Hampstead, London, N.W., where he has resided since he resigned the See of Exeter, six years ago. During his episcopate he was commonly spoken of as "the Poet Bishop." He was best known in the world at large as the editor of "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer." He was the author of the well-known hymn, "Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin," etc. He was also the author of many publications, the best known, perhaps, being the book, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." He was born on January 25, 1825. He was a son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, rector of Watton, Hants, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took the Chancellor's medal for English poetry 1844, 1845, 1846, and graduated senior optime and third-class classical Tripos 1847. He won the Seatonian prize in 1854, and took his D.D. 1855. He was ordained a deacon in 1848, and a priest in 1849. He was a curate of Banningham from 1848 to 1851, rector of Hitton Martell 1852 to 1855, vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, 1855 to 1885, Dean of Gloucester 1885, and was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in the same year.

THE CRAPSEY CASE.

It has been said that there is always a bit of the boy in every man, and always a bit of the woman in every girl. There would certainly seem to be an ineradicable vein of schoolboyishness in the average man, which impels him in about eighty-five or ninety per cent. of cases to take the side of anyone pitted against lawfully constituted authority. Of this almost universal propensity a very striking instance has recently been furnished in the Crapsey case. Here we have a clergyman charged with the open and undisguised disavowal of his solemnly accepted pledges, and in consequence at issue with the authorities of the Church, enthusiastically upheld by the bulk of the daily press on both sides of the line as the champion of everything that is progressive, enlightened, and liberal, and his opponents held up, on the other hand, to public contempt as bigots and "persecutors." All that is needed with the "man in the street," who, it would appear, is in some respects only a grown-up schoolboy, to constitute a hero is

to be "agin the Government." Now, we do not wish to be misunderstood. A man may have his doubts. In fact, is there anything under the sun about which there is not some degree of doubt? But that is not the point. The point is this, that when a man has definitely made up his mind that he occupies a false position he should quit that position. And what more hopelessly false position can a man occupy than he who deliberately contradicts himself in public at least once every week of the year, who officially declares his belief in certain facts, which in the next breath he specifically denies. With the merits or demerits of the opinions held by the individual in question we have nothing to do. They do not touch the general principle, which is this, that no man can honestly continue to hold office in an institution whose fundamental tenets he has avowedly ceased to believe in. So few people are capable of drawing a simple distinction that this controversy has to a great extent entirely lost its bearings, and has drifted altogether out of its true course and lost its true meaning. The orthodoxy or heterodoxy of Dr. Crapsey is not at stake. What is at stake is whether or not the Church is going to tolerate in her ranks an official who denies her right to impose certain conditions upon him; in other words, whether or not he is to be a law unto himself and continue to occupy the position of a commissioned officer. We would respectfully ask some of the able editors, who are so enthusiastically belauding Dr. Crapsey for his "broad-mindedness" and "liberality" etc., to put this case to themselves. Suppose you had a writer on your staff, who developed strong conscientious opinions contrary to the political party of which your paper is the organ, and insisted upon using your columns for proclaiming his changed opinions. Would you subject him to the "persecution" of an immediate dismissal, or would you recognize and reward his "broad-mindedness" and "liberality" by retaining and possibly promoting him? Why call such contemptible things by such fine names? Let us clear our minds of cant. Why should unfaithfulness be lauded to the skies, and fidelity, as it often is, despised, and sometimes denounced? Assuredly there is a great deal of the schoolboy in the majority of men.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Spectator's Comments on Questions of Public Interest.

Few men have wholly escaped the uncomfortable position of being expected to bear testimony to the virtues of someone whose good qualities were not easily discernible, or were for the most part of a negative quality. To honour the truth, and yet avoid wounding the feelings of sensitive friends has been a thorny path to travel. On such occasions the things which are not said are usually far more remarkable than those to which expression has been given. Many men will deliberately spoil the rhetorical effect of their utterances on such occasions purely out of a desire to respect their own consciences. But all do not appear to take the same view of such a situation. Men of great probity of character cannot resist the friendly and generous impulse to say the gracious thing, to picture things as they might be, and represent them as actually existent. They avail themselves of the full mede of poetic license while apparently expressing themselves in direct and heartfelt prose. It is most remarkable how a "nuisance" and "time-server" in private may be glorified into the very king pin of the whole fabric of virtue in public. It is a splendid thing to be generous-minded and optimistic when we really feel that way. It may be perfectly justifiable to select only the kindly things to say of our neighbours in public, but if we have ex-

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