

meagre furniture. I well remember visiting quite recently, in the course of a pedestrian excursion with a party of friends, a curious little village perched on the very crest of a steep hill 1,500 feet high. There was an interesting Romanesque church, and service was going on when we entered it. At the close of the service the *curé* began catechising and instructing a class of children; but he very kindly sent a man to us to say that if we would go and rest ourselves in the presbytery he would join us when his work was over. His home was quite a poor man's cottage, without the least pretension to comfort. Another messenger came from the *curé* to say how much he regretted not to be able to offer us a glass of wine after our ascent of the hill, but he had no wine in the house. An English reader will realize with difficulty the degree of destitution which this implies in a wine-producing country like France, where common wine is not looked upon at all in the light of a luxury. "We are expecting," his servant said, "a little cask of white wine from the low country, but it is a long time in reaching us." One of us observed that the *curé* must be very hungry, for we knew that he had eaten nothing yet, as he had said mass, and we thought he should have done better to get his *déjeuner* before teaching the children. "This is the *déjeuner*," the woman said, lifting a plate from a basin that she kept warm upon the hearth. It contained nothing but mallow tea. The good *curé*, who was as thin as he well could be, was, in fact, one of those admirable priests who are so absorbed in the duties and charities of their calling that they forget self altogether. Priests of that saintly character are looked upon by the more worldly clergy as innocent idealists, whose proper sphere is an out-of-the-way village. It is said by those who know the Church better than I do, that they very seldom get much ecclesiastical advancement. Their self-denial is sometimes almost incredible. The following instances, which have been narrated to me by people who knew the *curés* themselves, will convey some idea of it:

My first story shall be about a *curé*, who was formerly incumbent of the parish where my house is situated. He is dead now; but when he was alive he was not remarkable for attention to personal appearance. His wardrobe (except, of course, the vestments in which he officiated) consisted of one old black cotton cassock, and when he was asked to dinner it was his custom to ink over those places which seemed to need a little restoration, after which process he considered himself presentable to good society. This, however, was not the opinion of his brethren, who were men of the world. One day the bishop invited him to dinner; so our good *curé* went in his old cassock even to the bishop's palace itself. The priests of the episcopal court drew the prelate's attention to that cassock, and the wearer of it incurred a severe reprimand for his *mauvaise tenue*. The ladies of his parish, who loved and respected him (with good reason), were much pained when they heard of this, and subscribed to buy him a good new silk cassock, to be worn on state occasions, especially at the bishop's table. For a short time the *curé* remained in possession of this garment; but no invitation came from the bishop. At last somebody told his grandeur that the poor priest had now the means of making a decent appearance, so he invited him again. "Alas, monseigneur!" was the reply; "a month since I could have come, for I had the new cassock; but now I possess it no longer, and so I cannot come." On inquiry it turned out that some poor little boys, who had come to be catechised, had ragged waistcoats, and could not make a decent appearance at church; so it struck the *curé* that the cassock was big enough to make several capital waistcoats for little boys, and he had employed it for that purpose, to the advantage of their appearance, but to the detriment of his own.

My next story, which is also perfectly authentic, concerns a priest who is still alive, and so incorrigibly charitable as to be the despair of his good sister, who tries in vain to keep him decent. He does not live quite close to my house; but I have authentic tidings of him from a very near neighbour of his who comes to see me occasionally. One day at the beginning of winter, some years ago, a lady came to this priest's house to see him on business, but as he was absent she had to wait for his return. The first thing that struck him on entering his room was that the lady looked miserably cold. "How cold you do look, madame," he said; "I wish I had a fire to warm you; but the fact is I have no fuel." When the lady went away she told the story to her friends, and they plotted together to buy the *curé* a comfortable little stove and a cart-load of wood, which comforts were duly sent to the presbytery. Some weeks afterwards in the severe winter weather, the lady thought she would go and see how the *curé's* stove acted, and whether he was as comfortable as she had expected. On this visit the following little conversation took place:

Lady—"The weather is so bitterly cold that I thought I would come to see whether your stove warmed your room properly."

*Curé*—"Thank you, thank you. The stove you were so good as to give me is really excellent. It warms a room capitally."

Lady (who by this time has penetrated into the chamber, which is the *curé's* bed-room and sitting-room in one)—"But, I declare, you have no fire at all. And the stove is not here. Have you set it up somewhere else?"

*Curé* (much embarrassed)—"Yes, it is set up elsewhere. The fact is, there was a very poor woman who was delivered of a child at the time you sent me the stove, and she had no fire, so I gave it to her."

Lady—"And the cart-load of wood."

*Curé*—"Oh, of course she must have fuel for her stove, so I gave her the wood too."

It is the simple truth that the good Christian man was quietly sitting without a spark of fire all through a bitter winter, because, in his opinion, the poor woman needed warmth more than he did. The same *curé* came home sometimes without a shirt, the shirt having been given to some poor parishioner, and at least once he came back without shoes, for the same reason. At one time he had a small private fortune; need I say that it

has long since disappeared. He spent a good deal of it in restoring an old chapel which had been abandoned to ruins, but is now used again for public worship. He himself officiates there; but the neighbouring clergy still retain the marriages, christenings and burials, so that he has nothing to live upon but the little pittance given by the Government.—*Round My House*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE Grit party in Canada is giving no excuse for existence that the public will accept, and therefore the public are allowing it to die, and are following it to the grave with great unconcern.—*Halifax Mail*.

It is said that no two locomotive bells sound alike, though they are cast from the same metal in the same mould. Young Liberals are not locomotive bells, but they seem to work the same way.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

THERE must be a change of Government before we shall have reciprocity. Such a treaty can only be negotiated by self-respecting men, who respect those whom they meet and who will set about a business matter with a full knowledge of the conditions of success—men who will not attempt to bully, and who cannot stoop in the dust to beg—and men who have a desire to secure reciprocity, which the party in power have not.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THE proposal that Ontario and the Maritime Provinces should unite to force their language, their religion and opinions, methods and practices upon the people of Quebec, is monstrous. The prejudices and animosities of race which Toryism has fostered should indeed be got rid of as soon as possible, and we should all become much more thoroughly than we now are one Canadian people, none of us as a class eschewing politics, but all striving as true patriots to promote the welfare of the whole country.—*Globe*.

THE French papers may ask for Riel's pardon, but the Privy Council will not be governed by sentiment in making up its judgment on the case. If Riel can be freed because there is some legal question about the jurisdiction of the Court which tried him, the Privy Council will give him his life. But we doubt very much if attention is paid to the appeals of frantic newspapers published in an alien country, and which understand nothing whatever about the merits of the case, or the antecedents of the man in whose behalf they make their plea.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

WE are told by a prominent speaker at the Liberal Convention that immigration is not a thing to be encouraged, but rather deprecated, and that we ought so to contrive as to keep the great Province of Ontario as a sealed book for the special use and benefit of those only at present living here and their immediate descendants; that the inevitable depletion of the people by the withdrawal of active young men and Young Liberals, who display so much fondness for the States is not to be replaced or repaired by holding out a welcoming hand to new-comers from the Old World, men who look forward to making a home in Ontario. Such a doctrine, we feel sure, will not meet with general acceptance.—*London Free Press*.

THOSE who are exercised over the commercial position of Canada seem to consider that there are but two avenues of relief open to us. The first is commercial union with the British Empire, which, as it renders an English bread tax necessary, is an impossibility. The second is commercial union with the United States, either by a reciprocity treaty or a customs union, the first of which may be a possibility. There is yet a third way, however, and that is a recourse to the only right fiscal policy, free trade and direct taxation. That Canadian shows a damaging lack of faith in his nationality who cannot escape from the shadow of the United States, or consider our fiscal problems without a reference to the policy of our great neighbour.—*Montreal Witness*.

No one of Archdeacon Farrar's characteristics, however, has done more to win for him the esteem of his friends, the respect of his critics, and the admiration of the world at large than his fearlessness. It required no small amount of courage for a man in his position to preach the series of sermons on "Eternal Hope" which created such a sensation in the religious world, and drew down upon him a galling fire of hostile criticism. It is sufficient to say that he has fought a brave battle in defence of his convictions. The place which, as a preacher, he holds in the hearts of the people may best be judged by the immense crowds which flock to hear him when he occupies the pulpit in Westminster Abbey. Not only in the pulpit as the spokesman of the Broad Church school, but in English society he fills with success the unique position maintained by the late Dean Stanley in his closing years.—*Mail*.

THERE is no proof whatever that Vice-President Hendricks' expression of sympathy with the Irish Nationalists has excited any of the "resentment shown by the English newspapers" on which the *Sun* comments. No English newspaper of the smallest consequence has taken any notice of it. There is no reason why any English newspaper should be troubled by Mr. Hendricks' utterances on any question of foreign politics, because he knows nothing about foreign politics, and has no interest in it. He is in favour of Irish Independence just as he would be in favour of Abracadabra if he thought it would bring him a vote or two. One good post-office or collectorship is of more interest and importance to him than all the foreign nations on the globe. When he went abroad a few years ago he innocently revealed his astonishment at finding parliaments on the European Continent. Doubtless he expected to see nothing there but post-offices and custom-houses, carried on by despots and manned by vicious noblemen on life tenures. He is of importance now in American politics, we beg to inform the Queen, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and the British press, simply because he would succeed Mr. Cleveland if the latter were to die—a contingency which makes most intelligent Americans shake in their boots.—*N. Y. Nation*.