

superstitious notions about the Resurrection, in which they imagined that the body would rise with its face to the Judge, whose appearance was to be in the east. That the custom is now deeply rooted no one doubts. Sentiment also appeals in favour of repose in a quiet English churchyard at the side of the gray church and under the immemorial yew, though less strongly, as we conceive, in favour of repose amidst a vast museum of hideous monuments in a cemetery turned into a pleasure-ground. But as to the actual mode of dissolution the sentiment seems to us to be all on the other side. Bishop Cox allows his fancy to dwell on the unpleasant details of cremation. But what are these compared with the loathsome process of decay protracted by coffin burial? Agreeable to the imagination no method of disposing of a corpse can be; but the least disagreeable surely is that which gives back our elements as speedily as possible to the general life of the universe. Science does not seem greatly to apprehend the danger of undetected poisoning; at least it regards that danger as fully balanced by that of the most appalling and ghastly of all possible horrors, premature burial. As to the sanitary superiority of cremation, there can hardly be a dispute, and this argument is pressed upon us by the recent plague of small-pox at Montreal. With the practice of burial it might be hoped that much of the absurd, disgusting, and essentially un-Christian pomp both of funerals and of cemeteries would disappear; that long trains of carriages would no longer be seen escorting through the streets what, if we are sincere in our Christian faith, we must believe to be the mere cast-off vesture of mortality; that a simple service in the house would be held sufficient; that catalogues of floral offerings would no longer offend good taste in the papers; and that there would be an end of that most wretched competition of posthumous vanities which fills our nominally Christian cemeteries with columns, obelisks, pyramids, sarcophagi, miniature temples, and all sorts of monstrous and pagan devices, vainly contending against each other, on behalf of long-forgotten dust, for a glance of notice from the unheeding passenger. Cremation has not only prejudices, but some feelings which are not mere prejudices, to surmount; yet in the end it will probably prevail.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

POLITICAL SCIENCE IN OUR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—It is the unanimous verdict of the thinking men of to-day that too little attention has hitherto been given to the important branch of study usually entitled Political Economy. Second only to his duties to God are his duties to his fellow-man, which duties he acknowledges in the rights he ascribes to and claims for himself. Man as an individual in the great network of human society exercises his duty to the State in one or other capacity, either by his private influence and franchise, or in the more public and responsible trust of State official.

To perform either duty satisfactorily demands a knowledge of the laws which govern and regulate society, not merely the superficial knowledge gained by the ordinary citizen in the narrow sphere in which he walks, but a careful study of their fundamental principles, and the natural laws on which they rest. That there are natural laws which govern the actions of peoples and nations everyone must or will perceive, even the laggard perceptions of the scholastic dignitaries which govern our State University. That according to these natural laws, decreed by the divine Lawgiver, all human laws must be framed, seems also evident; though how we, as a nation, are going to frame the human laws, while we are in Egyptian darkness as to the natural laws, is a mystery.

There are great questions to be solved by the people of to-day: What must we do with the unemployed? how shall we answer the appeals of the workingman and settle his dispute with the capitalist? and how shall we stem the rising tides of plutocracy and proletariat? These questions are not to be solved by the endeavours of the few, much as their researches may assist, but they are to be answered by the united effort of every man who wields the franchise. And according to his knowledge of the laws which are, and the laws which should be, must he make yearly account at the polls to his country and his conscience.

At times, when certain important measures are clamouring for fulfilment and certain grievances for well-merited redress, we hear the cry, "Public opinion is not ripe for such issues." Public opinion then must be educated, till it shall always be ready for truth: it will certainly never ripen in the shades of ignorance.

But further, this is an era of scientific method; a time when natural law, however poorly interpreted, holds sway in the mind of man. Why should not scientific methods rule in politics? for never was subject more in need of it. Why should not all our legislators be studied in the principles according to which they purport to frame their laws. We know, of course,

they learn by practice; but would the Indian medicine-man, with his many years of practice, be preferred to the learned physician versed in all the laws which govern the human anatomy? Let our politicians, instead of seeking for captious errors in one another's policies, with which to catch the public ear, look deeper for the less palpable, but more dangerous, errors of a shallow or false foundation, and their services to the State will be more lasting and better rewarded.

What do we want? Not merely a chair in Political Economy for University College; though why that is not is hard to conjecture. We want the subject of Political Economy taught in our High Schools and Colleges. We want living men turned out by our educational centres not burdened with a load of hackneyed fossils, which they cast off with a sigh of disgust, but full of aspirations and new hopes for their country, ready to put in practice the true theories of civil and national life. We do not want men, however well versed in the technicalities of Greece and Rome, however expert in the handling of *x* and *y*, who, through ignorance of even the first clause in the constitution under which they live, drift about in the world of practice like the backwoods rustic in the crowded metropolis. We want men who can think as well as speak; men who count it their highest desire to share in the burden and the glory of elevating themselves and their fellow-men. We teach our scholars History: History is past Political Economy. Political Economy is present history; let us teach it as such. If the "proper study of mankind is man," let us teach man his duty to man, and point out to him clearly the laws according to which this duty must be exercised.

Hoping this subject may claim the valued attention of your readers, I am, sir, yours obediently,
N. H. RUSSELL.
University College.

CASALE ROTONDO.

[A ruin in the Campagna, about six miles outside Rome, on the Appian Way, is called Casale Rotondo.]

If life indeed were ours,
Well might the heavenly powers
Smile as they watched Man's fruitless struggle here;
We build, and build in vain,
Poor ants; the autumnal rain
Drowns all the work, but yet we persevere.

Man's proud achievements fall;
Reft arch or mouldering wall,
Where solemn temple stood or palace high,
Tell the old tale anew
Which royal David knew,
The works of Man, as Man himself, must die.

When Scipio beheld
Despairing Carthage, held
By his stern leaguer, girdled round by fire,
Rise into flame at last,
And o'er the dark sea cast
Her dying light like Dido's funeral pyre;

Deeply he sighed, and said,
"Great Babylon is dead,
And Tyre is gone, and Carthage now, and then
Rome, Rome must fall, and we,
The conquerors, conquered be
And taste the doom which tracks the pride of men."

Bare the Campagna round
Circles this lonely mound,
Half tomb, half tower,—a dust-heap,—type of all
The once triumphant Rome,
Now beneath Peter's dome
Crouched yonder, shrunk within her mighty wall.

Mistress of many lands,
Imperial England stands,
Through East and West by force and law prevailing;
Say! shall we see the fate
Of Rome dissolve her state,
And Albion's star of fame and victory paling?

And we, her sons, who give
Our life that she may live
Beneath Canadian frosts and Indian skies,
"Is this," we cry, "the end
Whither our labours tend,
Is this the balance of our sacrifice?"

If life indeed were ours—
But oh, ye heavenly powers!
Pitying ye look, and know it is not so;
Life is the mystic scroll
God wrote—he reads the whole;
How should the letters His wide meaning know?

—*The Spectator.*

P. H. H.