

same time, there are two undoubted facts, namely, that the Candle-sticks have always been part of the Altar ornaments in many English cathedrals and churches, and that instances of their being lighted are by no means infrequent. As regards the singing of the *Agnus Dei* in the Communion Service, the Archbishop rightly held that it stood exactly on the same ground as a hymn sung at any other part of the service where it is not ordered. The making of the sign of the cross was distinctly forbidden.

It is now apparent to everyone that the Church Association has attempted too much, and has thus failed to do what it might have done. There can hardly be a doubt that it had a case against the Ritualists. They had innovated in the rashest manner; and it would have been easy to procure conviction on certain points. But the assailants determined to make a clean sweep; and they did it with a vengeance. They procured the condemnation even of black stoles, and as a consequence this part of the judgment has been ignored even by Low Churchmen. At first they gained a condemnation of the Eastward Position, and to this the Anglicans paid no sort of attention. How could it be wondered if the Ritualists held that they were no more bound to obey than the others?

We have not yet heard whether the defeated party will appeal, and there are manifest difficulties connected with such a course, but we must leave the subject for the present.

PARIS LETTER.

THE French press has spoiled a very courteous, though a business act on the part of the governmental Bank of France, in its selling 75,000,000 frs. of gold to the non-governmental Bank of England for three months, at 3 per cent. per annum, thereby making a profit of 555,000 frs., while being safely guaranteed by a security like *Cæsar's wife*, "above suspicion." Over this commercial transaction, the French press seems to have lost its head, and proclaims *urbi et orbi*, that France has actually saved England from financial ruin, by heaping coals of fire on the head of *perfidie Albion*.

The Bank of France loaned the money ungrudgingly, not for nothing, but at 3 when it might have charged 5 per cent., and not without security. It is a pity the matter was not allowed to rest there—"do the good by stealth, and blush to find its fame." The financial transaction brings some *à propos* facts to the front. The Bank of England is the only bank in Europe where you can obtain five sovereigns for its five-pound note. This is not so at the Bank of France; it has the right to cash its notes partly in gold and partly in paper; hence it is able to keep its cellars well filled with gold. However, if there was a demand on its coin, it would have to bar the run by raising its rate of discount, as America, England, and other countries do under similar circumstances, plus a more liberal issue of paper, of no value—save at a discount—outside of France.

Portugal, Peru, Honduras, Panama, the Union Bank, the Comptoir d'Escompte, etc., have taught the French prudence in matters of speculation. Foreign companies or bubbles ever solicit subscriptions in France to their *El Dorados*; they are God-sends for journalistic advertisements, puffs, and posters, but not a franc is obtained. The fact is, that for three years past the French have been quietly getting rid of all foreign scrip, and investing proceeds in their own funds and home state-guaranteed securities. This explains why the collapse of a speculation in Argentine, or other stocks, finds France smiling. The Bank of England in the autumn of 1889 purchased nearly three millions of francs in gold from Uncle Sam, who regarded the business as he would the sale of pork or cereals, not the philanthropic salvation of British finances.

In 1839, England, to meet a deficient harvest, wanted a temporary accommodation to the extent of 48,000,000 frs. Paper for that amount was drawn on French banking houses, and that the Bank of France discounted without the usual three backers on bills, the Bank of England guaranteeing the advance besides, by lodging sufficient 3 per cent. stock. And France herself, in the famine year of 1846, was "cornered"; the Bank of France raised the rate of discount to 5 per cent.; she could not obtain gold; a smash was inevitable, till Russia came to the rescue by lending France stock for 50,000,000 frs., and sending the necessary cereals, so that they were the consumers of the wheat that repaid the Russian advance. In October, 1870, it was England that negotiated the loan of 250,000,000 frs., when French rentes were down to 52½ frs., and that enabled France to prolong her resistance against the invaders. Again, of the 200,000,000 frs. indemnity levied on Paris, in February, 1871, the half of that amount was paid by bills taken up by London bankers. All these loans were simply—business—and if the aid helped to pull France through, that was not due to philanthropy or sympathy—such do not exist in business, but to the belief that she would be able to repay.

But there was philanthropy when London sent relief to suffering Paris, and when M. Jules Favre wrote to the

Lord Mayor in February, 1870, thus: "It was reserved to your intelligent country to give to the world this example of solicitude for misfortune. I have taken charge of the first part of your magnificent and fraternal gift. The city of Paris expresses to the city of London its profound gratitude. In the extremity of its misfortunes, the voice of the English people has been the first that has been heard by it from outside with an expression of sympathy. The citizens of Paris will never forget the circumstance, and, if the souls of two peoples are united, we shall have faith in the future." The inundations in the south of France a few years later again brought the Lord Mayor's philanthropy into play.

Whether London, Paris, New York, etc., bankers, purchase from or sell to each other gold, the more they are *solidaire* when any are in a pinch the less they will themselves suffer. The Bank of England showed its sound judgment by seeking hard money where it was accumulated, and the Bank of France displayed equally shrewd comprehension of the cosmopolitanism of the issues, by lending a few of her stored up millions at a low rate and on first-class security. Small-souled patriots here blame the accommodation to wealthy England, while not doing the same to the necessitous humble. When Louis XV. established pawn-offices, only the Upper Ten were privileged to "My Uncle's" relief; hence the proverb, "One lends only to the rich." The Bank of France will not hesitate to cash any home papers sent in, provided it be endorsed by three faultless names. If the Bank of England had to raise its rate of discount much higher, general commerce would have suffered; merchants, etc., in order to pay their way, would have to realize their savings as represented by Stocks and Scrips. And since English foreign investments represent about the one-third of the total of the Stocks and Scrips of Europe alone, to realize these terrible "drops" would ensue on all the exchanges. Not runs, but stampedes would follow; the Bank of France would then have to raise its discount, and so trouble her own commerce and drain her bullion chests, till she fell back on a forced currency of her notes, as she did in August, 1870. Both the Threadneedle-street Old Ladies of Paris and London are to be complimented.

Scientists here are on the tip-toe of expectation awaiting the disclosure of Dr. Koch's anti-cancer, antiphthisical elixir. The majority of professional men, remembering, that Professor Koch's experiments have never been found inaccurate, hence the confidence placed in his next to his present "immortal discovery." Among the guesses at the composition of the solution is that made by the eminent Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz; he believes it to be a lymph prepared from the toxic secretions of the microbes, and a cyanuret of gold. Imagine facial cancer and lupus being cured in a few weeks by injecting under the skin between the shoulders, that elixir of life. As one-fourth of the deaths in Paris are due to consumption, the Koch rescuers of society may count upon being kept busy till the combat will cease from want of combatants.

M. Edmond Planchut observes in his study on Tunisia, that his countrymen there have 100,000 acres under cultivation, and capital to the amount of 50,000,000 frs. invested. Bizerte ought to be made, he adds, into a harbour for the French Navy, and a bank should be established to lend money at 5 per cent., and so cut out the usurers, who charge 20 per cent. The elimination, measured but persistent of foreigners from Tunisian State employment, for the profit of the French, is also as he lays down a necessary change.

M. Albert Rivière asserts that Tonkin is the natural penal settlement for France, where so many roads, harbours, etc., await construction. He would relieve the "congested districts" of New Caledonia of its plethora of idle criminals, where from their numbers they cannot be effectually guarded, and hence the insecurity which there reigns.

SONNET TO DREAMERS.

DREAMER of blissful Houri-haunted bowers
And azure isles in amethystine seas,—
Nepenthe shed from fair immortal trees
Awaits to drowse thy soul and dull thy powers,
Lethæan waters woo the fleeting hours
To fill thy days with fleeting phantasies:
Yet cease to dream, and all Life's mysteries,
Unveiled, will fade as sun-parched thirsty flowers;
Cast off the chains of Fancy's sorcery,
Heed not the siren voice of high desire,
Allay thy soul's deep thirst for liberty,
Nor let thy thoughts to other worlds aspire,—
And thou art but a drift-song of the sea,
And not an anthem sung by Heaven's choir.

RUYSER S. SHERMAN.

Brantford, Ont.

A VERY remarkable appearance of the first satellite of Jupiter has been noticed with the twelve-inch telescope at Mount Hamilton. A line of light was occasionally distinctly seen separating the satellite into two nearly equal parts. A white belt on the satellite parallel to the belts of Jupiter would, perhaps, satisfactorily explain it. Otherwise "there is no alternative but to consider the satellite actually double."

IN THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE last letter I sent to THE WEEK was from the Kingdom of Fife; this I date from Ayr—than which, writes a partial and immortal pen, "nae toon surpasses, for honest men an' bonnie lasses." I don't know so much about the "bonnie lasses," but judging from the general appearance of the town, its fine esplanade stretching over a mile along the tawny beach, its handsome public buildings, its clean well-paved streets, and as clean alley-ways and closes, it is evident that the management of the municipality, at least, is in the hands of honest men. The town of Ayr, more than any other I have seen in Scotland, has a distinct individuality of its own, a rare combination of the past and the present—low-browed, thatched cottages, with little attic windows, relics of the olden time, in rows and at intervals, side by side with the less picturesque but more comfortable and hygienic modern dwellings. Through the middle of the town, dividing it into two portions, the Ayr flows down into the Clyde, and is spanned at short intervals by three bridges—the Auld Brig, the New Brig, and a railway bridge called the Cage Walk.

The Town Hall is a handsome edifice, handsome within and without; a rather ecclesiastical-looking building, with a clock-tower, topped by a high and delicately tapering steeple, seen many a mile away, one of the land-marks of the shire.

In the middle of the High Street stands a stout old tower of the Norman build, with a statue of Wallace in a high-placed niche in front. In front of the County Buildings, which have a façade of Corinthian pillars, is an enclosed square, in which are two fine monuments in granite, statues of the Earl of Eglintoun and General O'Neil.

I attended service one day in the old church of Ayr, in the very church where Burns, the cynosure of grave and disapproving eyes, was wont to sit, while the minister of that day of double verse gave them out four, and the precursor "skirled up the Bangor." After service I wandered about the old graveyard, deciphering as best I could, in spite of moss and decay, the quaint old epitaphs on the crumbling stones. The first I made out struck me as being sour-tempered and cynical.

How much valued it matters not,
By whom beloved, by whom begot,
A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.

What a difference between this and the cheery, nautical ring on the stone opposite:—

Though Boreas blast and surging waves
Has tossed me to and fro,
Yet at the last by Heaven's decree,
I anchor here below.
Where at an anchor I do rest,
With many of our fleet,
Hoping for to set sail again,
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Ship ahoy! brave old mariner. "According to thy faith so be it unto thee." Some one wants the songs of a people to judge them thereby. Very good, but as illustrations of the spirit of the age in which the "inhabitants below" lived read also their epitaphs. For instance, look at this very modest stone: "Erected by the trades of Ayr, A. D. 1814, to the men who suffered martyrdom at Ayr, 27 Dec., 1666, for their adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work."

Here lye seven martyrs for our covenants,
A sacred number of triumphant saints,
Pontius McAdam the unjust sentence past,
What is his own the world will know at last,
And Herod Drummond caused their heads affix.
Heaven keeps a record of the sixty-six,
Books, thumbkins, gibbets, were in fashion then,
Lord, let us never see such days again.

Amen! oh ye "trades of Ayr!" And yet, after a lapse of two centuries, does not this revengeful innuendo, as to the punishment of the wicked Pontius McAdam, sound awfully unlike the spirit of "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!" as unlike, indeed, as the annual venom exchanged between Protestants and Catholics in our own Canada here in A. D. 1890.

A delightful change of spirit, a passing into a sweeter atmosphere is felt standing before this carved tablet set in one of the walls. It is a lesson to all who contemplate matrimony, a charming home picture. It tells of a deputy sheriff and his good wife who had obtained her desire not long to outlive her beloved husband, she having finished her course in August, while he died in June of the same year. "They lived in the most uninterrupted conjugal friendship for upwards of thirty years, and during all that time they never knew what it was to eat their morsel alone, and in them the poor had welcome helpers."

What a beautiful, blessed record! *Nota Bene*: It is not conjugal bliss, or conjugal happiness that is recorded here, but (lay it to heart, all would be Benedicts) conjugal friendship. The moral herein contained might also be a pointer in marriage reform, essentially differing from Mr. Grant Allen's unspeakable scheme of casting out devils by Beelzebub.

So much for sermons in stones. From the dead we turn to the living. In Ayr, as in Ceylon, only man is vile, and as this is no article of fiction the truth must, though with regret, be spoken. In proportion to the size of the town and the population, Ayr is certainly the most addicted to drink of any town I have yet seen. It looks as though the people, despairing of attaining to the poet's nobility or virtues, had taken to imitating his vices to the extent of caricature. Almost every alternate door on the principal business streets is a tavern, and drink is also sold without