

## NOTICE.

The present issue of the NEWS has been delayed in consequence of arrangements in progress for the transfer of the copyright and proprietorship to other parties, full particulars of which will be given in a future issue. The change, it may be said, is likely to result in considerable alterations and improvements in the paper itself.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 30, 1882.

### THE WEEK.

THE short criticism upon the title of the capital of the Russian empire, which appeared in this column last week, has attracted more notice than was originally claimed for it. The *Gazette* reviewer is indignant at the imputation cast—though certainly without intention—upon his geographical knowledge, and comes to the front with no less an authority than Mr. Eugene Schuyler, to deny simply the statement made in this paper, and to endeavor to write me down an ass. Nevertheless, be it said, even as the great Homer sometimes sleeps, so is the great Schuyler at times a trifle off the mark, and had I space, I should be glad to entertain the readers of this paper with some extracts from other works of his, principally translations from the Russian, which are both amusing and instructive in view of his alleged omniscience.

But to Mr. George Murray, who writes in the *Star* of last Saturday on the subject, I owe a debt of gratitude for the extract from *Notes and Queries*, which seems to settle the question as far as the original name of the city is concerned, a point upon which I am glad to be corrected.

Nevertheless, any one who spoke of our own city as *Ville Marie*, would hardly be able to persuade the inhabitants of Montreal that this title, though the original, was the correct name of the city in question, and the fact remains that "Petersburg," so called, is the appellation by which the Russian metropolis is known amongst its own inhabitants, as, indeed, Mr. Murray himself admits. That this is a fact, I can vouch for upon my own authority, and lest the *Gazette* should prefer Mr. Schuyler, I will add the following passage from a recently-published sketch of life in Russia, "The Tsar's Window," which I opened at random a few days since. It will be found on p. 24 of the No Name Series edition—if perchance another there be:

"Last week there was a grand review of all the troops about Petersburg (Russians drop the 'Saint')."

It may be worth while adding as a remarkable coincidence, that I had never seen the passage in *Notes and Queries* until I read it in the *Star*, while the question therein propounded criticizes the supposed sanctity of Peter the Great in almost the same words as I unwittingly employed.

[Since writing the above, I have been reading "Tit for Tat," a story of Russian life, in the last number of *Harper*, by Charles Reade, a writer who, whatever his faults, is generally most accurate in the local color of his sketches. Throughout this story, the city, which is often referred to, is invariably called *Petersburg*.—Ed.]

THE appointment of an Archbishop of Canterbury in place of the late Dr. Tait, whose portrait appears on another page of this paper, is in any case an important event for the Church of England, especially in the position in which its relations with the State are now placed, and naturally the eyes of all parties in the Church have been eagerly turned upon Mr. Gladstone, to whom they have each looked for the consideration of their peculiar claims. That in the appointment of Dr. Benson no political purpose has been followed is evident, for the new Archbishop is not only a staunch Conservative, but was the nominee of the late Lord Beaconsfield for the See of Truro. This significant fact makes the victory of the High Church party all the more marked, and when to the Archbishop's well-known principles is added the fact that he is a comparatively young, and a remarkably energetic man, it must be evident that his in-

fluence upon the future of the Church must be very great.

THE present writer may be allowed, perhaps, a sort of personal interest in the appointment, inasmuch as for eight years he was at Wellington College under Dr. (then Mr.) Benson, and for more than half that time under his personal teaching in the sixth form. As a head master, he was one of the most successful of his time. He came to Wellington, then a new school, founded in memory of the great Duke, at the suggestion, and under the supervision of the Prince Consort, numbering some sixty or seventy boys, with all its future before it, and that future almost entirely dependent on the character and conduct of its head. He left it fifteen years later, with a role of nearly four hundred, and applications for admission so numerous that it now takes several years to gain admission for a pupil; and with a claim to rank amongst the great public schools, which no one can question, and a good reputation not only at the Universities and Woolwich, but in the playing fields and at Princes. A better record than this no head master can have.

As a class teacher Benson was remarkably successful. His range of general knowledge was very extensive, and, what is more unusual, remarkably accurate. It was scarcely possible, either in the class room (or at the dinner table in later days) to propound any subject to which he was unable to contribute some facts, often garnished with copious quotations, and invariably correct so far as they went. His lessons were filled with miscellaneous illustrations, and but for an occasional loss of temper, when some unfortunate was likely to suffer, were fascinating in the extreme. Those who read with him in those days will never forget the way in which he piled up chairs and tables, dictionaries and canes, in illustration of the siege of Plataea, nor how he scrambled along the rocks with Ulysses, or pranced in imitation of the young horse in the Georgics. But he was more than an amusing teacher. His scholarship was very ripe and wonderfully accurate, and in his hatred of a false quantity, he forgot occasionally the Christian precept of loving the sinner in spite of his sin. *Eheu! fugaces*—We can see his good qualities now more clearly than perhaps we saw them then. But the moral of all this tale perhaps more than any other, is his *thoroughness* as master, as chancellor, as bishop, and now, we doubt not, as Primate of England. He had, more than any man I can remember, that essential attribute of success—backbone. And the Church of England will yet, I believe, see how stiff it is.

### INDEPENDENCE.

There are two important feelings at present dimly striving in the Canadian mind. The description of these two feelings must be brief.

On the one hand we look backward to our issue from the victorious mother of nations,—the just, the noble, the enlightened leader of the world. We look homeward to those islands the blood of whose races—and along that history the blood of whose heroes—flows in ourselves. We cast glances over the globe upon empires and territories the extent of which no other conquest could ever boast—upon Australia, India, South Africa, this Dominion, and the host of isles and dependencies, cities, strongholds, stations and protectorates scattered thickly through every region. We behold an invincible navy prepared to assert our rights and power at every spot and juncture where they can be called in question or defied. From bullying and war we rest secured by the silent power of our mother, whose interference for our safety we cannot for a moment doubt. We appropriate the victories, the history, the scientific and literary prestige of those brilliant islands and while we set foot upon "the empire on which the sun never sets," are proud to repeat of them all "Civis Romanus sum." A strong current of affection intermingles with this spirit of triumph. Our hearts are bound to the ancient, stable forms and institutions of Britain

..... "Slowly broadening down  
From precedent to precedent,"  
to the cheerful customs of our fathers and their forefathers, and to the kindness, truth and

courage of the social atmosphere which pervades their literature. We acknowledge the vigor and generosity of England's aid to us in early stages of government and existence when we were weak and often querulous, however staunchly loyal. It was, and continues to be, the relation of mother and sons; we went out for her, and she has done her duty by us. It is with true sympathetic brotherhood that we regard the thoughtful emulation of the statesmen in their strivings towards the mean of Progress and Stability. We are one family and long may we remain so. This is the interpretation of the feeling which utters prayer for Queen and Empire, and whose ideal is Imperial Federation.

The other desire is that for distinct national existence. It is a simple and reasonable result of natural causes acting upon natural human minds and hearts, and unless acknowledged as such with liberality, is not truly understood. It is neither self-conceit nor mere impatience of salutary restraint, but precisely what personal independence is to the individual man—the most admirable and respected component in character—and rises from the position and prospects of our country as naturally as its landscapes reveal themselves when looked at. First of all, we become attached to the objects with which the pleasures of life have been long associated, such as our homes, sports and customs, the hillsides down which we have tobogganed, the lake where in summer we fish and hunt, the forest, the inspiring dash of rapids and flow of St. Lawrence.

This is in fact our native land and it is impossible to regard any other with the same emotions. Then there is the bond of social interest. Canada has attained a population of four millions and a half, a large commerce and commercial marine, great and fine cities, general comfort, a high average of education, reputation for enterprise, facilities for nearly every taste or pursuit. The land is so extensive, fertile, and mighty in features and resources that its progress in the past is an unending earnest of a wonderful future. We see our young nation lifting its hopeful eyes and preparing to run the common race towards perfect social good, and we cry "God bless her." We feel that this race must be run alone to a great extent—that she must not be hampered by the special gait and handicaps of the Matron. And she must feel no restraint, but distinctly that she is free. In other words Canadian manhood demands that it shall be its own absolute master to work out its own problems; and this is the unqualified position of the "Independence" party.

Now the great mistake made by nearly every one is that these two feelings are not compatible. Whereas they are compatible. And the difficulties only reside in the plans which a man elaborates after he has seen only one side of the truth and espoused that side. I see no reason why we should not simply analyze what we want, and do not want, from both points of view and then construct a plan preserving the advantages of both. Independence need not mean separation. Honor and relationship and governmental bonds arranged in a convenient and expressive system, growing out of the old relations and institutions, are more than possible in such a case as the British Colonial Question presents.

It may be a surprise to consider that of all the things the Separationist objects to, every one can be remedied with comparatively little disturbance—which is a great relief to most of us, I am sure, convinced of the impossibility of former schemes of Federation, and of the reasonability and attractions of true Independence, yet loth to relinquish our loyalty to the Crown and the greatness and security of the Empire.

The principal difficulty is constitutional. Detractors can always quote to us the accepted maxim that whatever power the Home Government confers it has the power to revoke; and say that our privileges have that derivation and in emergency are subject to the maxim; and adduce such evidence as the 18th section of the British North America Act, restricting the "privileges, immunities and powers" of our Parliament to equivalents of "those at the passing of this Act held, enjoyed and exercised" by the Parliament at home. This objection is well taken. The principle of "subjection to subjects" is bad and contrary to the instinct of the situation and will most certainly train large

consequences,—for nations have lives of such length that events are sure to happen during them which might be improbable for short periods. Now English statesmen have always acted fairly to us and would be willing, I am sure, to acquiesce in the enunciation of Independence as a new constitutional principle emanating from our own Act. We ought to commit some such act, and do it by arrangement with the Home Government; but without renunciation or alteration of our allegiance to the Crown as our head. The Downing Street connection should silently disappear. The Empire can be thrown into a flexible form by simple provisions, such as that for separate diplomatic representatives where necessary, as at Paris, and joint, or more English, representatives at places of lesser intercourse with us. Then the time is come too when we should contribute to the defences on which we depend, and have something of a definite compact respecting them; and this again would be matter of convenience and so forth. The essential point is that Imperial relationship can and should be definitely flexible. Not intending to multiply words but rather to offer a serious proposition, I need not make further detail.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### MIRACLES.

It is generally assumed by those who antagonize with Christianity that miracles are irreconcilable with the uniformity of Nature's operation. Their advocates are reminded that the universe is governed by law, that law reigns everywhere, that its course is never interrupted, and that it never could have been set aside. While this claim for supremacy may be conceded without debate, yet it is questionable whether all that is said regarding its inviolability is susceptible of proof, or is even logically involved in the premise. To an atheist, who not only denies the existence of a personal God, but the freedom of man's will, and who reduces the universe to the level of a dead machine, it is evident that what he calls law can never be set aside or held in abeyance, for to him there is no being anywhere to attempt such an undertaking. The atheistic conception of the universe necessarily excludes the possibility of miracles, and it renders them superfluous. But where this conception is rejected, and its opposite is firmly held, it cannot be shown that occasional deviations from the ordinary action of law are prejudicial or derogatory to its uniformity. If there is a God, he must be above the law that he administers and he would cease to be God were he so bound by it that under no circumstances he could subordinate it to his infinite will. As Schlegel has said, it must be "in the Divine power to suspend the laws of nature, to interfere directly with them, and, as it were, to intercalate among them some higher and immediate operation of his power, as an exception to their uniform development. For, as in the social frame of civil life, the author and giver of the laws may occasionally set them aside, or, in their administration, allow certain special cases of exception, even so it is with Nature's Lawgiver." Following this illustration, is it not clear that, as the exemptions alluded to in civil government do not in reality derange its order or unsettle its course, so those which occur in a wider plan and the Divine administration cannot be fairly charged with any such evil consequences? It may likewise be said to those who would make the Almighty a slave to his own enactments, that as there are laws, such as those of electricity, which could not be discovered or brought into play by man until he had attained his present degree of enlightenment, so there may be laws which regulate these events called "miracles," which cannot be known or brought into requisition by any being whose intelligence and power are short of Divine. If this is admissible, then it follows that miracles are not even a deviation from the laws of nature, but only an application of laws which lie exclusively within the scope of the Almighty, and that their operation no more disturbs the harmony of the universe than the electric light is likely to derange the solar system. An English writer finds a crude exemplification of this thought in the famous Strasburg clock. He stood one day and watched it steadily marking the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week, and phases of the moon, when suddenly the figure of an angel turned up his hour-glass, another struck four times, and death struck twelve times with metal marrow-bones to indicate noon; various figures passed in and out of the door ways, the twelve apostles marched one by one before the figure of their Master, and a brass cock three times flapped its wings, threw back his head, and crowed. "All this," says the scientist, "was as much a part of the designer's plan as the ordinary marking of time," and he had provided for it in advance, and the machinery for its execution was so arranged as to come into play at a definite moment. So God may have prepared the universe from the beginning with a view to miracles, may have ordered its laws in such a manner that at the predetermined hour in his providence these wonderful phenomena should appear, and bear convincing testimony to his own power and greatness.