

Servetus—A Discoverer.

Dr. William Osler's energy is by no means circumscribed by his professional duties at Oxford. From time to time the literary world welcomes some fresh product of his scholarly mind and vigorous pen. In his recent monograph on Servetus he points out that the famous Theologian was "one of the first to make a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the circulation of the blood. * * * In possession of a fact in physiology of the very first moment, Servetus described it with extraordinary clearness and accuracy. * * * The discovery was nothing less than that of the passage of the blood from the right side of the heart to the left through the lungs, what is known as pulmonary or lesser circulation. * * * That Servetus first advanced a step beyond Galen, that Colombo and Caesalpinus reached the same conclusion independently—all three recognizing the lesser circulation, is quite as certain as that it remained for Harvey to open an entirely new chapter in physiology, and to introduce modern experimental methods by which the complete circulation of the blood was first clearly demonstrated."

Life of To-Day.

A number of Bishops and leading Churchmen have compiled a notable book dealing with a number of features of the life of to-day as opposed, in practice, to the plain teaching of the Church. Some of the phases of life dealt with are as follows:—The Week-end Party, Decay of Home Life, Modern Manners, The Young Man of To-day, Vanity of Weddings, Ostentation of Funerals, Charity, "Functions," Church Parade, Novels and Novelists, Pernicious Pictures, Picture Postcards, Cinematograph Shows, Demoralizing Periodicals, Sales, Catalogues, Intemperate Women, Non-observance of Sunday. From the Bishop of Norwich comes censure of the week-end party. "I say without hesitation," he writes, "that the growing practice among wealthy men of coming down into Norfolk from London, bringing with them their guests, and turning the week-end into a time of festivity is having an injurious effect on the community. I have heard stories of Sunday dinners, of hampers of champagne; yes, and of men actually practising their skill as marksmen by shooting at glass bottles on the terrace of a Sunday." "There is no time for courtesy, little for bare civility," says the Bishop of Barking in referring to the decay of manners. "The ticket examiner slams the wicket in your face as you rush down the stairs to catch the train, or if you just get through, the porter shouts, 'Hurry up, there, if you're going.'" Dean Pigou, of Bristol, scores vanity in religion, referring to church parade and the fashionable wedding. He says;—"Listen to the buzz of conversation in God's house before and after the service; notice the utter forgetfulness of the sanctities of God's house; the comments on the dresses duly chronicled in the society paper the opportunity availed of for a fashion of the latest up-to-date fashions." And apropos of charity he observes, "It would seem as if nothing nowadays can be done or attempted without a charity dinner, charity ball, carnival, fancy fair, bazaars, dance, theatricals, bridge and whist drives, crystal gazing, fortune-telling, and kindred popular, largely countenanced efforts to raise money for the poor, for orphanages, for the sick and dying." Regarding intemperance among women of the leisure class the Bishop of Croydon relates that he was in conversation recently with a medical man in one of the large residential towns in the south of England, who told him that at that moment he had no fewer than twelve ladies on his list who thought nothing of consuming a bottle of champagne at a sitting, and were slowly killing themselves by drink."

A TRUE FATHER IN GOD.

The death of Bishop King, of Lincoln, which we recently announced, is a loss not only to our own Communion but to the Church universal, and it has been lamented in England by men of all shades of theological thought. Seldom has there been an ecclesiastic who seemed to so ideally fulfil all the spiritual requirements of his office. A man of singularly winning, loveable and attractive, and yet of most impressive and august personality, it was impossible to remain five minutes in his company (a privilege which fell to the lot of the writer) without experiencing the rare charm which he invariably diffused, and of which thousands have so enthusiastically spoken. To people of all ages and conditions, including children, he exercised a fascination that often left a life long impression, and which haunted the memory like some lingering perfume. Dr. King was not a "great Bishop," in the sense in which the term is generally used. He was not a great leader or organizer, the founder and promoter of epoch making movements. Nor was he a great theologian and preacher, i.e., in the ordinary meaning, nor even an author of note. His published works, we believe, only include a few volumes of sermons and some episcopal charges. But he was more than this. He was a personality, and so in a rarer and infinitely more effective sense he may truly be called a great Bishop, and a worthy successor of his illustrious predecessor, St. Hugh, whose memory is still an inspiration to the diocese of Lincoln, and our Church as a whole. One of the many, and not the least admirable characteristics of the late Bishop was his devotion to small commonplace duties, which showed itself in personal attentions to the humble and obscure. Innumerable stories are told of his kindness to the poor, to children, to prisoners in gaol, and to all those in need and necessity, ordinarily apt to be neglected or overlooked. He has been known when far over seventy to walk miles in the pouring rain to confirm sick cottagers, and to spend hours with convicts under sentence of death. His hospitality was unbounded. Everyone was welcomed at his modest residence in the cathedral precincts like a blood relation, and made at once to feel at home. Though as before intimated, not a man of exceptional intellectual power or a great preacher or master of pulpit oratory, like some of his predecessors or contemporaries, Bishop King was a most impressive and effective preacher and speaker, and always attracted large congregations. He was especially at his best when addressing young people, and it is probable that some of his Confirmation addresses will be published. To his clergy he was a veritable Father in God, and something more than a personal friend. His life and work is another fine example of the supremacy of character in human affairs, and its superiority to mere cleverness. Bishop King was loved and revered throughout the length and breadth of his diocese, his name is had in reverence throughout the whole Anglican Communion, and his memory will remain for generations to come, and will rank with such kindred spirits as Bishops Andrewes, Kenn, Wilson, Feild, Bompas, Selwyn, and other Anglican bishops, whose claim to distinction and immortality consisted not in the possession of any very exceptional amount of ability, but in a saintly consecrated character. It will be remembered by our older readers, that the late Bishop was the storm centre in one of the last of the ritual disturbances in the Mother Church. As a moderate High Churchman he was "presented" to the late Archbishop Benson for certain observances, which we need not now specify. It seemed strange that he, the gentlest and kindest of mankind, should for a season have become the centre of a fierce conflict on matters of comparatively little moment. The result of the trial is now ancient history, and almost entirely forgotten. It settled nothing,

but such as it was, the Bishop loyally accepted it. We have only mentioned this episode in the Bishop's life to draw attention to the gratifying fact that, so far as we have seen, no partizan bitterness has in any degree mingled with and marred the general testimonies of good will and admiration that have appeared in every quarter, both within and without the Mother Church. It is a testimony to our common Christianity, for which we may be devoutly thankful, that the good Bishop's life and personality appealed impartially to Christians of all schools and denominations, as being altogether admirable and Christlike. May we often look on his like again.

**A NATIONAL MENACE.**

A writer in the "Weekly (London) Times," of recent date, has under the head of "The Misrepresentation of England," given some particularly "juicy" specimens of defamation of British people and things, which he has dug out of sundry widely circulated American periodicals. Thus he says, a totally false impression of England has been created in Canada, where these American publications, weekly and monthly, have a very extensive circulation. He quotes the statement of a prominent Canadian editor, who visited England last year, who according to his own account had come prepared to note the unmistakable indications of decadence on every hand. Instead of this, to his evident astonishment, he found abundant evidence of undiminished vigour and vitality. To quote his words:—"I have been looking for the past three weeks for signs of the decadence of England. For years I have read of the decline of British business, British strength, and British pluck. I have on the contrary found an England greater, more enterprising, and stronger than ever. I am going back home with new ideas of the Old Country." The writer then proceeds to furnish the English public with these pictures of English life, as provided for Canadian consumption by American magazine editors. Here is an extract from the "Saturday Evening Post," which to-day is read in almost every village and hamlet in English-speaking Canada;—"In his own home the Englishman is absolute king, in the very lowest classes this is shown by the wife's partially or wholly supporting her husband. Whether she supports him or not he has the privilege of beating her; but in a country so overrun with women as England is perhaps the superfluous sex should be willing to pay extra for the privilege of marriage. The wealthy and aristocratic woman defers to her husband just as her poorer sister does; he expresses his wishes and she carries them out. She usually has an income of her own, but she is not supposed to have views that differ from her husband's. He may take his children away from her if he does not like her religious beliefs or her associates." The following venomous statement is made in "Everybody's Magazine," regarding our Mother Country and its people. "The rest of the Island (i.e., the provinces outside London) does not count, for most of the people in it do not know whether the United States is a brand of tobacco or a new brew of bitter beer. London at best is a soggy kind of place. . . . What the Americans had to do—and they are still doing it—was to cheer up this gloomy city and endeavour to expand these gloomy minds. It was a long and difficult task. The Englishman of the working class, the clerk, and all those who make up the bulk of the population, is a thin, pale, anemic creature, undersized and puny, hollow-chested, and most unprepossessing. Some time ago a scientist said the heads of London people were getting smaller, and there was an enormous howl. But it is easier to buy a seven-and-a-half hat in Emporia, Kansas, than in London, and any one who doubts that has only to try. Precedent is what the Englishman revels in. . . . What