

Herbert Spencers, Dean Stanleys, Canon Farrars, Robertson Smiths, and David Macraes, as well as no feeble imitations of them in this our land, where thought is still more free, and practical effects are, because of that freedom, sooner and more directly traced to causes. Such men do not act consciously in collusion. Each is conscious of originality and an earnest struggle to reach just and true, because loving and honest, conclusions. Each and all are New Church men, though Swedenborg is a name of reproach to them, and neither read nor thought of. They are learning to adapt their faculties to the reception of new light from whatever source by the study of the phenomena around them,—the mental processes of the human mind and heart, the expression of the Divine in the works of Creation, and that still greater work, the Bible. For *all* that is true, and *all* that is good, does "come down from the Father of Lights"—the Infinite Source of Wisdom—whether natural, spiritual or celestial. There is scarcely a single occupant of our pulpits in this age who is a sincere and honest student of the Divine Word who does not, on many points, teach New Church doctrine, and finds it acceptable to his congregation, because they, too, are receiving from every-day experience lessons on usefulness as the great aim of life, and are therefore, by the providence of God, more or less prepared for its reception.

As a *sect* the New Church is not a success; for a new church, if it be really such, cannot be narrowed into any sect, even if large and influential. New truth can only live in usefulness, and must find its way into every form of work in the world, or—perish. Therefore our Lord God himself, in His divine humanity, finished the work and lived the life of God in the very ultimates of Creation, in human physical form, that at no point man could thereafter be inaccessible to the heavenly influences of love and wisdom, which *are* God. The *death* has served its purpose, and the *life* remains to be accepted by us and *lived*. He who is the resurrection and the life can yet raise men from the death of self-hood or selfishness to the life of usefulness in service towards others. *He* is doing so now by devious paths, by unexpected methods. This is the New Church which is coming into the world by the influx of divine life. This is something too grand, too real, too divine to be limited to any sect. *All* sects feel the influence and are waking to new life. Whether this be due in any measure to the writings of Swedenborg let those who have read them answer. Valuable they are, but only as a key which unlocks the inner meaning of Divine Word, reconciling the apparent contradictions of the literal sense, which has been hitherto wisely permitted to cloud the divine light concealed within. Be this as it may, and each may judge for himself, the glorious fact remains that new life from above, new light from the Sun of Righteousness *is* abroad in the world, and men *are* learning slowly but surely how to use it for good and not for evil, for the freedom and advancement of the race and not for selfish gain.

The Divine Word, because it is infinite wisdom, cannot be at variance with natural truth as revealed in the works of creation; and men take the right path to test this when they try to work out the truth they do know into material usefulness, sure that there they have a safe guide and a sure means of proof. And so, and not otherwise, they join the New Church by whatever sect distinction they may still choose to designate themselves; for over the entrance to the Lord's New Church is inscribed in flaming characters of glowing divine love the heavenly utterance, "He that doeth *My* will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Begin to live that life, and so learn truth.

*Eusebius.*

### THE FLOWER SHOW.

The Exhibition of the Horticultural Society (Province of Quebec) was, in many respects, superior to that of last year. The plants, however, were not so numerous, although showing improved skill in cultivation in many instances, and taste in the manner they were exhibited. The 20 greenhouse plants from Duff Bros., were highly creditable to that firm, as were the wreaths, bouquets, &c. The fruit, vegetable and cut flower departments were unquestionably the finest part of the show. The table design in fruit and flowers exhibited by Mr. Geo. Moore, of the Boston Floral Mart, was a thing of beauty, as far as *true* artistic arrangement, but for some inexplicable reason, it was only awarded a second prize. The same *peculiarity* of judgment was also observable in other instances. The collection of Lycopodiums should have held just reverse places of honour, and the same may be said of cut Asters. The judges, perhaps, had too much to do, or too little time to do it in. What do the directors mean by *Bulbous* Begonias? We have heard of Tuberose rooted ones, but *bulbous* we do not remember to have seen, neither had the judges apparently, for they got them pretty badly mixed.

Mr. W. B. Davidson's vegetables were as usual a success; the Cauliflower was the finest and best seen for years, if ever—certainly *hardly ever*. Mr. Cook's Fig Tree and Ferns were well grown specimens, and Messrs. Mackay's and Stephens' plants showed that their gardeners were proficient in their business. Mr. Campbell's bouquets and wreaths were composed of fine flowers, chiefly imported, and did that gentleman credit in every respect.

These are a few of the leading features of the show, but to describe the whole would occupy too much valuable space.

The prize package man was not very successful; for his sake we are sorry, but for the good of the cause of horticulture—glad. How the directors allow such an innovation on good taste and the refinement that a flower show is supposed to foster, for the few paltry dollars the poor fellow pays for the privilege, we are at a loss to understand.

### A QUESTION.

Ay, we live on, good friend, from day to day,  
But do we grow in wisdom as we live?  
Do we take all this bounteous earth can give,  
And store the treasures in our mind away?  
Or do we, as the thriftless prodigal,  
Let the ripe fruitage to the earth down fall,  
And poor in heart and soul grow old and grey?  
Ah! 'tis a solemn thought to think that life,  
By the wise will of an omniscient Heaven,  
For ends far other than a May-day show,  
To these strange units me and thee is given;  
That 'tis a battlefield of fiercest strife  
And strenuous labour, with stern teachings rife,  
To fit us for the land to which we go.

*David Holt.*

### BEAUTY IN ALL SEASONS.

Each season hath its charms; this visible earth,  
This favoured home of ours, is ever fair,  
And beauteous, whatsoever garb it wear;  
Whether the tender Spring, with a new birth  
Of genial warmth, fulfil the soften'd air;  
Or Summer call the flowers' perfections forth,  
And rain into the depths of the old woods  
Her gorgeous sunshine, or with thick-set leaves  
Make closer coverts of these solitudes;  
Or buxom Autumn, with her rich brown sheaves  
And mellow fruitage, strew the happy lands;  
Or hoary Winter, from his wrinkled hands  
Shake down the snow, and send the wind that grieves  
In a strange language no man understands.

*—Ibid.*

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

#### COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

The phrase "commercial purity" is employed, apparently to express the amount of sophistication that may be used without alarming the purchaser and depreciating the goods. Some time ago the dealers in oleaginous seeds successfully resisted an attempt to purify the trade, and in the struggle insisted on the necessity of their customers being satisfied with packages of seeds commercially pure, although the millers complained bitterly of deficient production, and the farmers that their cattle were being poisoned by the noxious seeds found in the residue, or oil cake. Commercial purity is therefore a different thing from purity, as commercial morality differs from ordinary morality. The defence of the adulterators of textile fabrics is, that the articles would be unsaleable but for the thickening with starch and clay. As with all kinds of immorality, his sin ultimately finds the sinner out, and the Eastern populations, which formerly were almost exclusively supplied from Manchester, now refuse to take English cottons at *any* price. American manufacturers and traders—although not more scrupulous than our own, if anything less so—in order to gain prestige for their calicoes are baiting with the genuine article, and by that means driving out their English rivals. That the Americans are practising commercial and not genuine morality in this instance is manifest from the extent to which adulteration is carried on in the United States in almost every article of consumption. Patents have been taken out for such operations as moulding chicory into the form of coffee beans, and clay is similarly moulded to counterfeit the same article. Pickles are almost invariably coloured with copper, and the vinegar itself is adulterated with sulphuric acid and corrosive sublimate. American mustard is brightened up with chromate of lead, cayenne pepper is made more saleable by a judicious admixture with red lead, and white stone is extensively ground up to imitate soda, sugar, and flour. A good deal of the increase of this particular kind of fraud is owing to, or rather rendered possible by, the advance of chemical science, an extracting of evil from good which verifies the Duke of Wellington's dictum that knowledge without religion, and the morality of which it is the sanction, can only tend to make clever devils. The "butter of commerce" is probably as wholesome as the produce of the dairy, but the worst aspect of the modern