

THE "HERALD" AND THE BISHOP.

In our last week's editorial we referred to the fact that quite a little stir has been going on for some time past in Roman Catholic circles at Ottawa. The Roman Catholic Bishop of that city some time ago brought from Rome the relics of a certain juvenile saint in the shape of some bones more or less decayed. They were exhibited for the admiration, if not the adoration, of the faithful. This was all very well, but just at this point the editor of the Ottawa "Herald," who is a Roman Catholic, put in his oar and that in quite an unexpected fashion. He ridiculed the whole proceeding of the Bishop and called it little better than humbug. This was promptly followed up by the Bishop repudiating all connection with the offending newspaper and putting it under the ban. But the "Herald" was not to be so put down. It spoke out in the very plainest Saxon, not only about the relic business, but also about the school question in the States. All this has made quite a stir. Leading Roman Catholics have written letters in condemnation of the course taken by the "Herald," and in support of the proposition that the laity has no business to meddle with Church affairs. But the editor of the naughty sheet will not take his punishment quietly. He says: "We thank heaven that we live in an age of freedom where no man, in civilized countries at all events, is at the mercy of prejudice, superstition and brutal ignorance, and if the men who are now spitting their wrath at the 'Herald' were honest, generous and manly, they would greet us with an ovation of praise for our independence on this occasion as well as on a previous one, when they were remarkable for their absence from every place where their presence might be expected, or where danger might be encountered. Then we ventured our life into the jaws of popular excitement and denominational rancour, that we might perform what we considered to be our duty, but the gentlemen who are now foremost in making a cowardly attempt to injure our business, enjoyed the delicious quiet and safety that a parlour grants, during the raging of the storm outside. . . . As for the 'Herald,' it will stand true to its principles and its colours no matter what decrees may thunder at it from behind the pulpit or from any other source. We have sought to do good, and we have met with rebuke; we continue our efforts in behalf of the people and we are told we must die. We may die, but if we do, we shall fall 'fighting in the last ditch' for that glorious liberty which is every man's heirloom." We are afraid the editor of the "Herald" will not get along as a good son of the Church. We commend his independence and admire his courage, but when it sneers at relics, and handles bishops and priests with scant courtesy and decidedly without gloves, what has it to expect? If it succeed we shall be glad, but if it go down we shall not be surprised. The last phase of the struggle comes in the shape of a set to between the "Herald" and the Rev. Father Hunt. It seems that this Rev. Father has been lecturing in Ottawa against England and all her belongings,—showing that not only the Irish nation at home, but also her descendants abroad are and have always been implacable enemies of Britain. For doing this the editor called him to account, if not in good Celtic, at least in very plain Saxon. The Rev. Father nothing loath rushed into the fray and in a letter to the "Citizen" gives Mr. Nagle, the offending newspaper man, a large bit of his mind. He accused him of blaspheming against the religion of the Church, and then turning round and working to play the penitent to the Bishop. The concluding sentence which may be regarded in the hackman's phrase "the trot for the avenue," we give entire as a curious specimen of what a priest thinks decent language, and what a presumably educated man is willing to endorse as respectable English: "I shall not even pretend to find in you the embodiment of the virtues of these gentlemen, namesakes of yours, Messrs. Nagles, of whom was a religious and the other a political cattle brack apostle. I shall not pretend to look on you who abused the Holy Church for an intelligent love for Ireland, neither Fenian nor destructive of your duty to Canada. I shall not call you a rogue, for that would

imply mind, but I will call you an 'Omadun,' and to reward your great spirit of charity for this your latest weakness."

PLAGIARISM.

As a good deal continues to be said about the sin of plagiarism, its meanness, its peculiar immorality, and the pressing necessity there is for its being in every case exposed and stamped out, we make no excuse for again returning to the subject. Its prevalence as a ministerial vice has been and is specially dwelt upon; so much so that one might imagine it was chiefly, if not exclusively, confined to those who seek to instruct people in the things of God. Particular instances of such offences have received special prominence, and all preachers have been counselled with peculiar earnestness to be original at all hazards, and in every case to make it quite certain that whatever they speak or print is exclusively and absolutely their own. In the midst of all this outcry there have been few attempts to show wherein plagiarism consists and how far an individual may go in the way of using the thoughts, suggestions or words, of another without being justly chargeable with this crime. Is there not conscious or unconscious appropriation, if not plagiarism in the intelligent perusal of every book one meets with, and in friendly personal intercourse with every mind of any culture or potency? Yet instead of this being denounced as a sin, it is generally recommended as a duty, so that he who avails himself most of the privilege is most commended for his quickness of apprehension, and for the zeal and diligence with which he turns his opportunities to account. How does reading make a "full man?" Not simply by stimulating thought, but by also supplying material for thinking. If one were diligently to trace every sentiment, illustration, or argument to its source, a good deal of what passes for originality would be found to have already done duty, and brought credit to a good many generations of individual thinkers. And yet surely it would be hard, if not absolutely unfair, to denounce every one of those who have taken such ideas, at second hand even, wrought them into their own mental and spiritual beings; clothed them in their own words and made them do duty in their own peculiar way—as immoral plagiarists and generally dishonest and unrepresentable persons. We rather think there is scarcely a public speaker or writer who is not doing something like this unconsciously or the reverse, every day of his life—though he may get credit, and very justly, for a large amount of originality, and though he may protest with all his might that he renounces plagiarism and all its works. How many sermons are preached on any particular Sabbath which could justly be characterized as absolutely "original?" And how many of such could be said to be of very much worth? The spider is represented as an original spinner and weaver, getting all his material out of his own bowels, but the finished product is after all not very substantial, though it may serve well enough the only object for which it was designed and prepared.

It is quite possible that there is at present a good deal of plagiarism in the pulpit of the true reprehensible kind. Almost every one at least has his story to tell of some flagrant case, which came under his own observation and which he "could not have believed possible had he not actually verified it himself." It may be so. We cannot say, for we have never assisted at any such verification. But we rather think that there will be found at the present day as formidable a danger, and a far more common offence, in retailing the most helpless commonplaces without labour, without method, and alas, in many cases without shame. The "fatal facility" of talk is running many a one who might otherwise have done something worth while; and when we hear of students even, and very youthful ministers who are always ready at the shortest notice to say a "few things" and who even boast that they often select their texts after they have entered the pulpit, and can readily extemporize "with great comfort to themselves and great edification to their hearers," we cannot wonder that occasionally those more cynically inclined should have their doubts about even the most pronounced and

least defensible plagiarism being the deadliest of all possible clerical offences.

In a paper on "Plagiarism *versus* the Right Use of the Works of other Men," to be found in one of the late numbers of the "Christian at Work" and characteristically kindly, considerate and suggestive, Dr. Wm. Taylor, of New York, puts the rights and the wrongs of "appropriation" in the following terms:—

"Absolute originality is, in these days, in the matter of intellectual products at least, all but impossible. And if one would be able to say conscientiously that all his thoughts are entirely original, he must take no *papers*, read no books, and receive no newspapers, and then his thoughts, when they come, would be worth nothing. Everybody must see that would never do. What then? Are we to use the writings of others just as we find them? By no means. When we purchase a bushel of wheat in the market, we may take one of three courses with it. We may sell it as it is, or we may prepare it and make it into food and set it on our table, or we may prepare the ground to receive it, and sow it, and then reap the crop that springs from it. Now a good book is a bushel of wheat of another sort. If I sell its contents just as they are, and call them sermons, I am, at least if I do it knowingly, dishonest. But if I grind them in my own mill and prepare them in quite a different fashion from their original form for the table from which I feed my people, then I am not dishonest, but am merely looking out, as every faithful minister ought to look out, for the mental sustenance of my people. The grain may be another's, but the grinding and the cooking are mine. Or, again, the thoughts in the book may germinate in my mind, and I may give my people the harvest that springs therefrom, and in this case, while the seed-corn has been received from another, the tilling of the soil and the reaping of the crop have been my own. Books are the raw material, like the cotton or the wool; sermons ought to be the manufactured article, like the web of cloth or the suit of clothes. Books are the yarn, from which we may get the warp and the wool; but the weaving must be our own, and the pattern, too."

THE GOSPEL'S GOOD WORKS.—II.

As another of the good works of the Gospel I name *the elevation of the family*. It is capable of the clearest proof that Christianity is the only thing that has given purity and loveliness to the household. Indeed, in its true ideal, the family may be said to have been virtually created by Christianity, for in Rome, which was the heir of the refinement of the ages, and in which men attained the highest degree of civilization that was reached before the advent, there was little home life worthy of the name. The words of a living English theologian on this point are not more dreadful than true: "*Familia*, to the ear of a Roman, meant a multitude of idle, corrupt, and corrupting slaves, kept in order by the cross and the ergastulum, ready for every treachery, and reeking with every vice. It meant a despot who would kill his slave, when they were aged, and expose his children when they were born; it meant matrons among whom virtue was rare, divorces frequent, remarriages easy, and who, from no stronger motive than that of vanity, would sacrifice the lives of infants yet unborn; it meant children, spectators from their infancy of insolence, cruelty, servility and sin" (Farrar's "Witness of Christianity to Christ," p. 182). This being the case even in Rome, we need not wonder at the state of things that existed, and does yet largely exist in heathen lands. Wherever the Gospel has not gone, woman has been degraded into a slave, and ground down beneath the tyranny of her husband. The barbarian of the East, and the savage of the West, have been alike in that they have driven the weakest to the wall, and she who was designed to be the helpmeet of her companion, doubling his joys, sharing his cares, and throwing a halo for him round his home, has been trampled under the heel of cruelty, and branded with the scars of violence. Then, as to the little children, who shall tell us how many holocausts of nations infanticide has burned upon its altars? While as regards the aged, it would be impossible to reckon the number of them who have been left to starve in the desert, or to perish by the river side. I may be told, indeed, that such things are not altogether unknown among ourselves. I may be reminded of the brutality of drunken husbands, and the cold-heartedness of children to their parents, of which we see the records in the public prints, and it may be said that such evils exist even where the Gospel prevails. But the cases are not parallel. That which is the rule in