

Glastonbury Moors.

Most people have heard of the effort to preserve Glastonbury Abbey, but a recent article in the "Spectator" unfolds a tale of even more fascinating interest. For fifteen years the patient workers on Glastonbury Moor have been laying bare the details of life among a tribe of people, who some two hundred years before Christ, settled themselves in the middle of the lake. There they "went on living, fighting, working, playing," until about the time of the Roman occupation," when they disappeared or left their lake dwellings to be closely sealed by moss and marsh until to-day. Quantities of dirty, broken objects have been carefully collected and transferred to the museum, but these are by no means all. Four feet or more below the peat you can touch the ashes of those ancient fires; see the broken bowls with grains of burned corn sticking to them, as the last hands dropped them. Wattle and thatch have disappeared, but the stumps of the posts, the remnants of the log and brushwood platforms with clay hearths in their midst can be seen and touched, though the wood is rotten and would vanish if left uncovered. Stone doorsteps were permanent, but floors sank and clay hearths wore away and were renewed—in one hut five floors and eleven hearths were cut through. They were not altogether uncivilized these mere villagers—their settlement was surrounded by a palisade and a causeway connected it with the land, probably protected by a draw-bridge; they owned horses, spurs and wheeled vehicles. Their bronze and pottery were the work of skilled hands, the patterns of the latter being well-known on the shores of the Mediterranean. They wove and spun dainty garments—the slender brooches would not have held coarse ones—they worked in glass and coloured beads and made mortices for wheels and ladder rungs. Some one had even preserved relics of an older race than their own, curious as ourselves about the past. Their boats were simple, but they had various weapons. Beside needles and instruments for fine work there were toilet appliances, such as mirrors, etc. Some loaded dice were found, though so far only one coin. There were abundant traces of battle and discomfited enemies, but none of furniture, such as tables and stools, nor can it be known whether the huts had windows. One larger hut had evidently been the council chamber of this mysterious people. Well may it be asked whether any strain survives in the sturdy nation whose more immediate forbears were so inferior in civilization to these strange dwellers in the marshes.

A Main Sewer.

For many years we have pressed on the Council of the City of Toronto, where this paper is published, the absolute need of proceeding at once with a main sewer. There are reports and plans in the archives more numerous than the divisions of the 119th Psalm. During two generations, when the question has become pressing, another reference to another engineer has been made; and so the farce goes on, a costly, wasteful and pestiferous farce. There are now 245 miles of sewers discharging into the cesspool, still called the Bay, from eighteen months, and the volume yearly increases. It is a wonder that disease is not rampant. It is contended that a trunk sewer will give Toronto pure water and a pure bay. Let us have the trunk sewer built, it will take three years at least to build, and it will be found that the effluent will not be the dreadful defilement to the lake that some fear. That will, of course, depend on how it is discharged. We believe that an international treaty should be made compelling every lakeshore town and city and factory to purify the sewage before emptying it into the lake or river carrying it into the great waters. We have an object lesson in Glasgow. In the new works at Dalmuir the sewage first is strained of all suspended matter over one inch in diameter, and is

then passed into a catch pit, where the sand and grit settles, to be afterwards dug out. While passing through this it is impregnated with precipitating chemicals, and the sludge is deposited. This is the most expensive part of the works, requiring eight large tanks, with a total of twelve million gallons, which are emptied in rotation. The sludge at Glasgow is carried out to sea, but the sewage drains off such clear and pure water that visitors can drink it. By the time our sewage reaches Scarborough it will have lost much impurity, and then experience at Glasgow will enable the council of the day to instal an efficient, and we trust comparatively inexpensive filtration plant.

Medicine in the Second Century.

It seems almost incredible that as early as the second century, B.C., medicine should have made the astonishing progress attained by Galen, of Pergamus, the physician of Commodus, son of Marcus Aurelius. Professor Osler in a recent work says of Galen: "He was the first great experimental clinician. We owe to him elaborate studies upon the action of the heart, and he narrowly missed discovering the general circulation of the blood. He made careful observations on the physiology of respiration, and recognized the difference between diaphragmatic and intercostal breathing. By experiments on the nervous system he demonstrated the differences between the motor and the sensory nerves, and even distinguished the motor and sensory roots leaving the spinal cord. In these and other studies he far eclipsed his predecessors, and as an experimenter he had no successor of the same calibre until Harvey. In treatment he was a follower of Hippocrates, trusting to Nature, and both diet and gymnastics played an important role in his system. Greek medicine had now reached its climax, and with Galen the first great chapter in the history of scientific medicine closes. It is one of the most remarkable and in a way an inexplicable feature in history that, having made a beginning of such brilliancy, the scientific study of disease should have made little or no progress for the next fourteen or fifteen centuries."

The Eastern Churches.

With the rise of the Oxford movement came a period of enquiry into the doctrines and practices of the Eastern Churches. The passage of time and the incidence of death have removed the leading enquirers of this continent, and from various causes there is comparatively less interest in these communions than existed a quarter of a century ago. The present Bishop of Gibraltar has shown a practical interest in the subject, and we read that a step has been taken towards promoting more intimate relations between the Anglican Church and the Orthodox Churches of the East. Mr. P. R. B. Brown, M.A., Cambridge, has accepted an invitation to go out and enter at the Greek Theological College at the Halki, with the view of studying their Church polity at first hand and of obtaining a personal acquaintance with Greek theology. He will reside not less than a year. The experiment is the fruit of a friendly suggestion thrown out in a conversation held some two years ago between the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Ecumenical Patriarch at Constantinople. No scheme or dream of Christian reunion is worth a thought which does not take seriously into account the ancient Eastern Churches.

Motor Farming.

We read of another development of the motor which may have a wonderful result in the North-West provinces. An acre of standing wheat at Kirton in Lincolnshire, England, was marked out in the fields and cut, bound, threshed, and ground, and loaves were handed round baked from the grain which had been standing in the field four

hours before. An acre was also ploughed, drilled, harrowed and sown with a new crop within seven and a half hours. It may be possible with cold storage to send the loaves from Calgary to London, but without going so far as that, this exhibition shows that much may be done to facilitate the farming of the prairie lands and having all the products of the soil utilized upon it.

"RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED."

It is with much respect, and no little diffidence, that we venture to take up a matter, which we are fully assured from a pretty wide personal knowledge, strongly exercises the clerical mind in Canada to-day. A clerical friend said to us recently, "What a pity it is our Bishops hardly ever seem to realize how helpful they might be to us in our work by always taking the opportunity, when they officially visit our parishes, of saying publicly or privately a few words to our people commending us personally. Our people always attach so much weight to a Bishop's utterances." We have heard this in almost exactly similar words so often and so widely that we feel sure our Right Reverend Fathers will not resent our drawing attention to it with all due deference. Do any of our Bishops realize the extent and weight of their personal influence with our congregations? The average Anglican layman of light and leading has in at least ninety per cent. of cases an inherited respect for the office and person of a Bishop that has all the intensity and strength of any other transmitted instinct, such as his respect for the Crown, his reverence for the flag, for the majesty of the law, etc., etc. Thackeray's well-known and often quoted expression, "A gentlemanly respect for a Bishop," expresses possibly the ruling factor in the Churchmanship of the typical Churchman of the better class. We do not employ the term "better" in a social, but in a purely spiritual or ecclesiastical sense. To the "good Churchman," i.e., to the Churchman who is the backbone of the Anglican Church in Canada, the Bishop is the embodiment of all that is venerable and authoritative in the Church, whom to deliberately slight or disregard were to do violence to one of his most sacred traditions. And this feeling on the part of our laity we are proud and happy to say, is not founded upon a mere convention or tradition, nor is it a legacy from the days of feudalism, when the Bishop was, in the unspiritual sense, a "prince of the Church." Of all classes of clerics the world has known during the Christian era, probably no body of men have on the whole quite equalled the Bishops of the Anglican Church, since the Reformation, in the well merited respect of the general public. They have as a class of course possessed in a full measure the defects of their virtues, and they have had their shares of "black sheep." But the very general respect and confidence with which they have been and are regarded by the great mass of our Church people, worthy of the name, has not become proverbial without good and sufficient reason. Our Bishop's public virtues are of the common-place useful and serviceable order, and have often been sneered at, but they are of the kind that wear, and gain the solid and lasting esteem of the "plain man." All the more regrettable, therefore, are these unutilized powers. For anything more unpractical and barren of solid results, in functions of this kind, than the average episcopal visit it would be difficult to conceive. The Bishop comes and goes like the leviathan cleaving the waters, and leaving about as much trace of his presence behind him. The waters subside into the old calm and things go on as they have gone before. During the Bishop's sojourn in the parish an air of unreality pervades everything. It is a time of inflation. The Bishop sees crowded and attentive congregations, he is met with deference on every hand, interest and enthusiasm appear to abound, the life of the par-

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