

services of which he would perhaps very soon be in need again. Those were ages of suffering, anxiety, and oppression; but yet a man possessed that one very great source of happiness—confidence in the faithful attachment of his friends and a knowledge that in an hour of reverse a trusty arm would be uplifted to save him, something really risked out of true friendship for him. In our time he has not the dangers and anxieties of an age of feudal vassalage to bear up against, and he has a contentment in the steady uninterrupted course of prosperity which civilization allows him, but he has lost and can never know that most perfect happiness that rises out of faith in the attachment of those who would call themselves his friends.

Even the ties of relationship bind men no longer. Brothers go forth into the vast Babel of life; are separated far apart and enter upon the pursuit of different schemes of ambition. If one fails and sinks with a cry for help upon his lips beneath a burden too heavy for him to bear, the rest content themselves with a few cold words of feigned pity, and leaving him to his fate, pass on with the ceaseless stream of human activity and remember him no more. Thus it has been in every age in which a high standard of civilization has been attained—friendship and gratitude have been for the most part unknown. When the great Italian Republics, the wonder of the Middle Ages, first cast off the irksome rule of the German Emperors, and every member of a community was obliged to bring his property and his life, and lay them at the feet of his country, when war and discord desolated the whole country from end to end, then people stood manfully by each other, for no man could order his course of life for himself from one week to another, and ingratitude was a crime which brought with it hatred and contempt. But when the wholesome hostility of the emperors was withdrawn, and these gifted republicans at peace with one another, turned their energies to the acquisition of wealth and power, and of refinement in arts and literature, then this blessed tenderness of heart was lost, and every man's heart was hardened against his brother in the selfish strife for success. A state of civilization was indeed attained which made Italy a magnificent enchanted land of wonder and beauty to the semi-barbarians who visited her from the rude North lands. And yet, I know not but that I would have preferred the hazardous life of those who dwelt under the despotic rulers beyond the Alps. For in Italy, with all its civilization, the restless, selfish, yet refined march to prosperity and power, in which every man was engaged, produced a state of society in which no man could trust his brother, or knew his friend from his foe. Thus it will always be. And in our age he who rushes into the great world, restless with its countless multitudes of cold selfishly-struggling, or changing beings, filled with the hope that he may find some faithful soul from whose unfailing attachment he may receive confidence and counsel in prosperity; and comfort, assistance and purest happiness in the hour of distress, let him not look for such an one amid the din of enterprise and life, as it is called, the home of pleasure and ambition, for he can find naught but neglect and contempt, and will have to make his own way coldly and sternly to the front till he grows as selfish and immovable as the rest; but let him choose the man, if he can find such an one, who cares little for the world, and knows less, one who has never ventured to elbow his way among the merciless crowd, whose heart is unclouded by its sophistries, whose feelings are free to turn the way that nature would lead them. And when he has found such an one, let him cling to him as a drowning man clings to his rescuer, for if he lose that greatest of all blessings a mortal can have, he may never find another.

ARTS AND DIVINITY.

BY ALBAN GREAVES.

It is the fashion among men who are supposed to know, to decry what they consider undue brevity in the period assigned by any institution as the minimum required for graduation, and to characterize all courses of study conducted without regard to a becoming length of time that they must occupy, as superficial. This applies to the medical and legal professions; and, as far as it goes, is perhaps well founded.

But when one compares the extent of mental acquirement and general literary condition of some minds that come up to a University for matriculation, with the degree of culture and developement, which should attach to a graduate leaving it to enter the church, one has cause to be thankful that the courses prescribed for effecting the transformation are no shorter than they are.

The course in Trinity College assigned for men who wish to obtain their degree, and in addition to attend the Divinity Lectures preparatory to taking Holy orders, is one of five years. In ordinary cases it should be no less. Modifications may arise with circumstances, as in the case of those who come up already well prepared from a curriculum in some other University or College but these are the exception.

A supposed simplicity in the study of theology has evidently been presumed, a thing that might be acquired, kept up, and improved at any time hereafter, when parish work has begun. But this idea is as vain as it is specious and alluring. How much would many of those now in the field give (if they had it!) to have been able to take a thorough divinity course at College?

To some persons it is almost a saddening thought that the Church has its secular as well as its moral aspect:—that I, for instance, a priest or deacon of the Church am liable to be saluted, and perhaps most unmistakably brought down to the common level of thought and existence in a moment by a chilling *why?* or an unspiritual *wherefore?* when my heart and intentions could not be improved upon.

Here is not the place, nor is it to the point, to speak of the prime importance in a clergyman of personal piety, nor even of zeal and devotion. The question is one of capability. The eyes of men will hereafter wait—and that with no superficial attention—in matters involving culture and information, as well as intelligence and ability, upon him whose very profession lays him open to all such inquiries. He is expected to be fully up with the times (if not a little ahead of them); and his information and attainments are always, and by all, assailable. He must not only be able to lead but also to impart; not only to declare but also to explain: nor must his advice or opinion be lightly given, or they will be thrown back at his head together with the contempt thereby earned. And, if in every day matters the people's respect be weakened or destroyed by deficiency on his part, who can say whether his authority and influence for good in spiritual matters, may not *pari passu* also be reduced?

This has been too often exemplified in the past, and not only has the Institution whence the man drew his secular inspiration borne the blame, but the Church at large has been made to suffer.

But these things may not be. For it is evident that much of what we have just supposed lacking may be acquired, though the degree of perfection may be a mere personal matter. Judgment, tact, and power of