

clouds, however small, gathering to the south of us. It is surely the duty of the Government to see that we have the means of defending our homes and maintaining our connection with the Mother Country. Is not the present state of affairs a breach of the compact entered into at confederation? Did we not undertake to organize and maintain a militia capable of defending our frontiers until aid could reach us from England? Has that promise been kept? Ask any militiaman and he who should know will say emphatically, "No." Is it keeping faith with the British capitalists who have invested in our securities if we are left open to invasion, and liable to be obliterated as a people? The conquest and annexation of Canada would wipe their investments out of existence.

"Sir, you can do no greater service to your country than to point out the imminent danger of a war with the United States and the duty incumbent upon us to provide for an impending catastrophe which we all pray may be averted."

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Ishmael.

THE other day Mr. Barney Barnato, being asked how he had made his money, mindful of his theatrical lessons, replied: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its turn, leads on to fortune, and I took it I suppose." Mr. Barnato's career, so far, upsets all calculations. It disarranges all preconceived theories and disposes men to believe once more in the blind goddess. Who was it said that a man could count on nothing except what stood between his hat and his boots? What an utterly demoralizing result the true fairy tale of Mr. Barnato's success must have. The poor plodder who, all his life, goes virtuously to work from morn to dewy eve, sees preferred to himself a man, who, the day before, he would not have glanced at in the street. The wretched quill-driver laboriously earning a miserable pittance, hears of this man, who, not so long ago, was as poor as himself and is now living in princely splendour. The unsettling effect of such a remarkably sudden spring from the depths of insignificance to the summit of earthly wishes cannot be imagined. Even as far away as Canada is from the scene of Mr. Barnato's fairy caves men are tempted to follow him. We hear stories, true or false, of men in this City pawning their property to get the means to take them to South Africa. This *ignis fatuus* dance seizes upon the world at certain times. The fascination of the French Revolution was that the *cannaille* of to-day saw that they would be the *noblesse* of to-morrow. After that what did they care? Let the deluge come if it pleased.

In Mr. Barnato's case the good things of fortune do not seem to have spoiled the man himself—of how few of us can that be said? Put a beggar on horseback and we know where he rides to. Mr. Barnato, if all accounts be true, is the same jovial, good-hearted fellow in prosperity as he was in adversity. There are plenty of men who know well enough how to fight it out when they are in a corner. There are very few who know also enough to remember the advice:

When Fortune smiles with too propitious gale
Take half thy canvass in.

The ancients always said call no man happy till he dies. We do not wish that test applied in Mr. Barnato's case nor do we think the saying quite true. Each man has his own notion of happiness. A short life and a merry one may be the *summum bonum* to a philosophic Bohemian. When the game is played out he has at all events the recollection of the good time he had. If he has philosophy enough and youth left he waits in obscurity until the cards come his way again. When he sees youth gone and other men, once his inferiors, or his equals, far above him in social consideration, his philosophy is then more than tested. Prosperous mediocrity is the most objectionable of all the elements of society.

The character of Ishmael is two-sided. Every man's hand against him, his hand against every man's. In adversity, each man feels how heavy is the influence of the first half of the character. When prosperity comes the Ishmaelite is strongly tempted to visit on other men the same treatment they gave him. No doubt, Mr. Barnato has some bitter recollections of his days of adversity. It is therefore much to his credit that public opinion speaks so well of the way in which he bears success. It is a penalty which sudden wealth brings with it that public attention is directed to its fortunate possessor. He is made use of quite without his permission to point a moral.

It is one of the charms of Caesar's commentaries that without preaching he now and then draws a lesson from the events which he saw happen. On one occasion, when everything was succeeding admirably, he was exposed to sudden dangers. Then, says he, he perceives how much Fortune can compass not only in other matters but also in military operations. Modern scepticism would deny the influence of Fortune. The Ishmaelite knows better. He knows, too, that like a woman she is capricious and is apt to bestow her favours on, to say the least, curiously selected objects. But if he be a broken-down university man, as a good many Ishmaelites are, he solaces himself with a line or two of Horace and waits till the storm goes by. If he be not a university man, but one trained in the school of *Trump*, he may not know Horace, but he reflects on his own ups and downs and to tell him that Luck has nothing to do with his fortunes and misfortunes is met by scornful denial.

From Mr. Barnato's rise the world will draw some curious lessons. The gold mining fever of 1849 and 1852 may be easily repeated. In other fields than actual material gold mining also if any social reformer could only get sufficient personal influence over the toiling masses he could bring on a social revolution, and the example of what has happened to Mr. Barnato would be a shining beacon to lure them on.

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XIX.*

AT GRACE CHURCH, ELM STREET.

THE organization that worships and finds a shelter and a home in Grace Church, Elm Street, does not owe the effectiveness it possesses to the architectural grandeur or æsthetic charm of that building. The edifice is rather a plain one, of white brick. It stands close up to the sidewalk, and seems to occupy pretty nearly the whole of the lot on which it is built, without leaving any margin for decorative purposes, or shrubs growing in turfed spaces. It is emphatically a town church, frugal of ornament and exigent of utility. One can fancy the committee that built it saying that the price of a carved capital would pay for an extra sitting in which a human being might sit and hear the gospel and be comforted. So there are no carved capitals. Nor are there gargoyles, or stone-traceried windows, or a wealth of buttresses, or the play of light and shadow on deep-cut mouldings, such as are dear to the heart of the architect. There is just enough ecclesiasticism about the place to show that it is a church and to prevent its being mistaken for anything else. But for the rest it is externally four walls and a roof, though there are rudimentary transepts which afford relief to the otherwise blank lines of the struc-

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:—I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb. 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James' Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of St. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carlton Street, May 10th. XIII. At the Friends' Meeting House, May 17th. XIV. At the Unitarian Church, Jarvis Street, May 24th. XV. At Holy Trinity Church, May 31st. XVI. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Jarvis Street, Sept. 27th. XVII. At St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor Street East, Oct. 4th. XVIII. At the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Oct. 18th.