

We can very heartily sympathize with this young critic of our sex, because her experience is our own, indeed is the experience of every man in society whose ideas range higher than dollars and cents, stocks, balls, or any of the infinitesimal topics which are therein discussed. The look of "solemn imbecility," the signs of being "dreadfully nervous," the look as of one who "would like to run away," are very familiar to those who try to raise conversation to a higher level than the most trumpery gossip about trumpery topics. It is one of the minor reproaches which can justly be levelled against Christians, that they forget their high calling too readily when the fashion of this world's devotees sets the example of frivolity. TERNISSA, if she will pardon the name, represents, however, an increasing number of her sex who, remembering that they are not only immortal souls, but intellectual beings, are nobly striving to lift themselves out of the pitiful condition of slaves to a debasing conventionality of view as to their desires, condition, and vocation. This view, against which they are raising so laudable a protest, places woman not a little lower than the angels, but a very little above the dumb animals, by making her the butterfly she is when she accepts the place assigned to her by these woman-despising theorists.

Let TERNISSA remain firm in maintaining her sincere efforts to develop her higher life and to throw off shams. The world needs examples of all true souls, and to the Church they are as the salt which keeps off corruption and decadence.

THE RECTORY SURPLUS CASE.

HAVING been asked why so little attention has recently been given to this case in our columns, we deem it well to say a word or two in reply. There are three parties to this dispute—those who hold the funds and claim them, those who do not hold the funds and claim them, and those who neither hold nor claim them. Now those in the first position are not to be shaken in their grip of this fund by anything we can say, and to scold them will be therefore neither profitable to them, nor us, nor those who wish to have these monies. Those in the second position do not need our arguments to convince them of the justice of their claim; therefore our words on them would be wasted. Those in the third position, the general public, are to a man on the side of the claimants, and condemn the greed which one congregation displays in resisting the demands of righteousness and equity. So that the whole position at present is beyond change by any discussion in the press. There is, however, this also to be said, the case is about to be adjudicated upon by the courts, and it is not expedient, it is a violation of journalistic law, to discuss the merits of a matter which has been submitted for the decision of the Judges. We do not feel any surprise at the intense feeling of indignation, of disappointment, of anxiety and painful suspense felt by those clergy who regard their claims to share these large funds as just and legal. Their need of such help is grievous; the burden of the long years of wrongly deprivation which they have borne, is intolerable; but patience is now especially wisdom and strength. Their cause is the cause of God; it is right against might, equity against a selfish monopoly, Christian honour and brotherly feeling against the intensest form of worldly greed. They have appealed unto CÆSAR; may God defend the right.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

WE do not suppose that the author of the poem which adorns *Rouge et Noir*, the organ of the students of Trinity College, will eclipse in poetic fame the great satirists of ancient times, but he has strung together some readable lines, which at any rate have more truth in them than the bulk of those distinguished classics, with whose writings, and the mysteries of their construction, he has so intimate a knowledge, and in whose tongue he can speak with a purity, diction, copiousness and freedom rarely excelled.

The poem we refer to is from the pen of PROFESSOR BOYS, who would be the last to claim for it any merit it does not possess as a work of art. It is entitled "A Nineteenth Century Dream." The opening lines introduce the *dramatis persona* and the place:

"The College Council met around the board,
A learned company, I ween, were they,
For all the 'ics' and all the 'ologies,'
Had each its doughty representative."

The question before the board arises from the fact that—

"Professors of Divinity alone
Were wanting for this University."

On a proposition to meet the defect, the President "goes in" for science instead of ethics or theology. Science, says he—

"Shall drive
From cottage homes no less than palaces
Dark ignorances, the mother and the nurse
Of all man's folly, vice and misery,
Of superstitious creeds, exploded faiths."

The speaker kindly admits, "Yet, gentlemen, religion I respect," which is very good of him, and religion ought to feel grateful for this patronage by a College President. He goes on to talk the usual stuff which men do who only respect religion, about the glorious things to follow the substitution of science for religion, one great result being that—

"This University a central light
Shall be,"

from whence the beams of science shall flow to "illumine and regenerate mankind."

This speech calls up a "visiting brother," as the Masons say, and he gets the ear of the Council by stating—

"When this institution
Was first projected, I suggested it,"

And since "have watched and fostered it, and its objects furthered to my utmost power." He proclaims his zeal in the work of the board thus—

"I am Education's warmest friend;
My own has of the highest order been,
All languages, philosophies I know
And Science."

He applauds the board because they have been

"So cultivated, truly liberal,
As to exclude the Bible from its course."

And although he admits that "he hates the book," being more honest than the President, he yet has its pages off by heart, even deigns to quote it occasionally—

"For I'm the soul of liberality."

He explains his dislike of the Bible to arise from a dread of "its influence on the mind of youth." He never puts it in his children's hands because

"I would separate them hopelessly from me,
A father's feelings you can understand."

From this he proceeds to urge the Council to "Pursue the lines your President laid down in his explicit, admirable speech, so full of wisdom, so worthy a great philosopher," language which, if PROFESSOR BOYS will pardon us, is most decidedly "taffy" for the President of the University. He proceeds to proffer

"Most ardent sympathy;
My moral and maternal support,
Liberal endowments you shall have,
And brilliant Professors on your staff."

With a little highfalutin talk of the customary style characteristic of the science and progress school, about "truth and education," he begs permission to retire. In response to an invitation to lunch given by the President, the eloquent, the liberal champion of Science versus the Bible in University education, he begs to decline, but says so kindly, "Some day I hope to have the pleasure of your company at home for a some considerable time." Being pressed for his name, the effusive profferer of so prolonged hospitality announces it—

"You must have heard it, I'm the DEVIL.
Thereupon he vanished."

The poem ends—

"With a start I woke,
And found, like Bunyan, it was all a dream."

Like Bunyan's vision, too—a true dream; a dream needing no interpreter.

UNITY VERSUS UNIFORMITY.

BY EARL NELSON.

HITHERTO we have in vain looked to the Church for the employment of means to illustrate the Church's teaching at the great festivals and solemn seasons of the Christian year, by supplementing Prayer book services from those rich mines of hymns and prayer and praise which are the heritage of the Catholic Church from the beginning, and through all time by fresh contributions of the faithful, of music or of words, to the service of the Sanctuary. For years we got no further than the performance of oratorios in cathedrals, with all the concert room paraphernalia of tickets, reserved seats, and the like. But we are coming out of these degradations and can now record the performance of some of the noblest compositions on the Passion and other events of our Lord's life at St. Paul's and elsewhere, not as a concert for raising money, but as a religious service for winning souls. For some time the Nonconformists have shown a desire to this end by the institution of 'A Service of Song,' *Joseph, Samson, Pilgrim's Progress*, &c. We rejoiced to know that they were in any way beginning to celebrate Good Friday—though it was a mystery to us outsiders to know how *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, could tend to illustrate the Church's teaching on that holy day. However, it showed a desire to return to those modes of instructing the people, which were used of old by the religious plays, which have been so successfully revived by the good priest at Ammergau.

It is indeed a subject of rejoicing that the Church in the diocese of Exeter has come forward under the direct sanction of the Bishop to supply this want of good subjects for a Service of Song. I refer my readers with the heartiest commendation to *Passion Tide*, a Service of Song in two parts, with connective readings on the Passion taken entirely from the Bible. The compilation, words of hymns, Litany of the Seven Last Words, by S. Childs Clarke, M.A., vicar of Thorverton, Devon. The music edited and partly composed by Arthur H. Browne of Brentwood, Essex, sanctioned for use in the diocese of Exeter (Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row). Advent-tide, Christmas-tide, Ascension-tide, Harvest-tide, and a Service for Children, have been similarly arranged, and a Flower Service is in preparation. The Children's Service, with variations, for the seasons of the Christian Year, seems to be the very