

of Swift. Swift traces out the lamentation which he supposes to be produced by the news of his own death. He tells us how his friends lament for different lengths of time, according to their different dispositions. One mourns a week, another a month, another only one day; whilst the rest will give a shrug of the shoulders and say, "Tis pity, but we all must die." Yes, subjective morality is a rampant sort of morality after all. The place occupied by any on the ledge of fame and genius is very narrow indeed. Forgetfulness soon grows over us, and we are less than shadows after the sun has passed. I am clean forgotten, says Swift, as a dead man, out of mind and out of living hearts. Contrast this with the influence of the unseen Christ. By His death, Paul says, we see the Resurrection and Ascension; not only is our Lord Jesus Christ known to countless millions, but He is loved wherever He is known. The proof of love is sacrifice. The martyrs have been dying for Christ for over 1800 years. The noble army is added to year after year by fresh recruits ready to seal with their own blood their devotion to Christ. Amongst those who have never seen Him Christ has power to perpetuate His love through all ages. The first Napoleon, who trusted rather to the effect of his own fascination, awoke to the continued fascination of the love of Christ, and said, "I am a judge of men; but I tell you that this was more than a man." That was Napoleon's commentary upon St. Peter's words, "Whom not having seen ye love." We have spoken of the present effect of the reign of the unseen Christ by love. Let me apply it.

First, then, the text lies at the heart and root of the whole Christian life. A great writer has told us in his own picturesque way that Antioch was the capital of vice, the shore of all sorts of infamies, the house of moral and spiritual putrefaction. Yet the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. It is a solemn time when a new influence gets its name, for the name is a distinct sign of separate existence. Many will, in all probability, say that that was the name by which believers were known to the Roman police. But this step was now taken; they were now no longer merely disciples, brethren, saints, and believers—but Christians. It may be that, as we have been told, the name was founded upon the misconception that Christ was a proper name. But at all events, ten years after the Resurrection and Ascension, our Lord's disciples called themselves by the name of One whom they loved and that name will never die—that beautiful, that worthy name by which we are called. Yes, brethren, save in the Gospels, there is no authentic likeness of Christ. Who had seen Him? In the long, worn features which are seen in the Lateran mosaics, many Christians are able to perceive the hands and feet, the wounded side, and the awful circle of the crown of thorns. Among all the pictures in galleries, and in all its forms, the crucifix stands out in distinct isolation, as if challenging the worship of those who believe the Gospel story; but none can claim to be the original and authen-

tic likeness of Jesus, the Son of Mary and the Son of God. And yet, said St. Barnabas, that name of Jesus is not the name of a man, but of One who is true, gentle, pure, holy, and sympathising, and who is also the true and Eternal God. This idea in all the Gospel and creeds is fixed again and again by the reign of the Holy Ghost upon the sensitive palate of the human heart, and is a proof of the reality of the object which it represents. "Whom not having seen, ye love."

Secondly, the text no doubt affords a personal text: "Whom not having seen, ye love." People are all too ready to put to others trisyllabic questions to which they must have monosyllabic answers. "Are you saved?" "Yes." Another question put in this form is, "Do you love Jesus?" That is a question to put to ourselves rather than to others. Imitate, brethren, the sensitive delicacy of St. Peter in our text. He tells us we have not seen Christ, but he has seen Him in the guest chamber, on the long summer evenings by the Lake of Galilee, and it is an exceedingly reverential statement to make when he says, "Whom not having seen, ye love." "Do we love Jesus?" The answer, after all, does not depend upon what we say. Who does not remember that sublime passage in dramatic literature where the aged king intends to make a trial of the love of his three daughters. Two of them, when asked if they loved him, heaped word upon word, hyperbole upon hyperbole. The third was the one alone whose heart was richer than her tongue: Who loved the old man best of all? We can read the answer upon the heath where the old man's form stands out in the flashing lightning, and his white hair is drifted by the storm. Our answer to the question is to be measured not by what we say, not by what we think we are enabled to do, but by what we do when the hour of trial comes.—*The Bishop of Derry.*

THE POPE OF ROME AND THE PAPACY.

IT is not wonderful that the erection of a public statue to Giordano Bruno in Rome itself, where he was burnt alive in 1600, should be eminently distasteful to the Pope. He began his career as a Dominican friar, but before long had quarrelled with his order and with monasticism in general, thereby raising up so many enemies that he had to escape from Italy, and went to Geneva, where he turned Calvinist for a time. But a year of it was enough for him, and he fell out with his new friends, and after oscillating as a teacher of philosophy between London and Paris, settled down for a couple of years at Wittenburg, the capital of Lutheranism, whence, after brief sojourns at Helmstadt and Prague, he returned to Italy, and lived quietly at Pavia for about six years. Then the Venetian Inquisition arrested him, and sent him to the Holy Office at Rome, by which he was sentenced to death by burning as an apostate, heretic, and renegade friar. He could have saved his life by a retraction, but this he steadily refused to make,

and underwent his sentence with much firmness. Much of his unpopularity in so many quarters was due less to his undoubtedly difficult temper than to the manner in which he challenged the Aristotelian philosophy, then generally dominant amongst theologians as well as metaphysicians; but he was, apart from this, a pantheist in his religious ideas, wherein he was the precursor and in much the actual teacher of Spinoza, and his pantheism, though including much which not a few Catholics even then would have found no difficulty in accepting, or at least tolerating, was too far-reaching in some of its inferences not to cause alarm, especially because the view it caused him to take of the plurality of star-worlds brought him into touch with the highly dreaded teaching of Copernicus, conflicting with all the popular science of the time. It is obvious that the motive for honouring him with a statue is not agreement with his changeable and eccentric opinions, most of which are as dead as those pseudo-sciences of astrology and magic in which he was a firm believer, but hostility to the ecclesiasticism which doomed him, and which still survives unaltered in temper, however weakened in power. It was because he claimed and exercised the power of thinking for himself, and refused to travel in the groove permitted by the Church in his day, that he is being made a hero now; and the recent demonstration simply means a veiled, but decided, repudiation of the Church as a teacher, and that by the citizens of the very centre and capital of Latin Christianity, the seat of the spiritual rule of the Popes since the first origin of the Papal monarchy, and the temporal metropolis from 1198 to 1870. It is a notable comment on the unsuccess of Curialist methods at their home.

What would the Roman clergy say of the Church of England, if a statue of Tom Paine were set up in London with general public applause?—*Church Times.*

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

QUEBEC

*Personals.*—The Rev. L. H. Williams, M.A., rector of St. Matthew's church, Quebec, and family sailed for England by the Allan S.S. Caspian on the 27th ultimo. After spending a short time with friends in London and vicinity, he proceeds to Leeds to assume charge of Holy Trinity parish in that city, the rector of which, Canon Bullock, sailed on the same date from Liverpool to replace Mr. Williams at St. Matthew's for a couple of months.

The Rev. Canon G. Thornloe and wife, the Rev. W. H. Barnes and family, of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and the Rev. Mr. Redham, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, also sailed from Quebec by the "Caspian."

The Rev. J. E. Hatch, junior curate of St. Matthew's, and the Rev. R. L. Macfarlane, rector of Bromo, Diocese of Montreal, left last week to spend a month or two in Niagara district.

*St. Peter's.*—Several Christian Chinamen have lately established themselves in business in St. Roch, Quebec, and immediately on arrival made themselves known to the Rev. A. J. Balfour, M.A., rector of St. Peter's, and connected themselves with his church.

*St. Matthew's.*—The Sunday School of this parish