

will, doubtless, not be lost upon Montreal, and the authorities will see that to allow mob gatherings and then to parley with them is bad policy.

Still worse is to try and bribe them by generous deeds and fair promises as Mr. Joly did. He had no right to promise the strikers more wages—or to pay fines legally imposed—or to open prison doors. This kind of vicarious sacrifice must always end badly, and Mr. Joly and his friends must learn that a disorderly mob will not keep faith or abide by compacts. A Prime Minister should have respect for the majesty of law and not be afraid of threatening demonstrations.

By the Quebec riots the question is again raised as to the advisability of asking for the return of some British troops. There is certainly something to be said against it—for the presence of British regiments is never helpful to the cause of social morality. The officers—at least some of them—delight in snobbery, and gallantries of other than a military kind—and the influence these things exercise upon the young of both sexes is anything but healthy. But the raw material we have at hand, out of which to make a nation, is a strange medley of races and a vast variety of interests. The working classes predominate as to numbers and influence, and our peace-loving politicians curry favour with them in a most alarming way. It is a difficult and dangerous thing to call out volunteers to put down a riot. They are intensely loyal—and well inclined to obedience—but they are citizens, and it might occur to the best of men that "blood is thicker than water." British troops would care neither for the blood nor the water, but look to their officers for the word of command. And then—Quebec should be well guarded. It is the key to the country; and in this age of surprises and unscrupulous warfare such a point should not be neglected.

LOPSIDED PEOPLE.

Said a young lady to me a few evenings ago—"I rarely go to church on Sunday—I can get far more instruction by remaining at home to read." Being in some measure acquainted with pulpit productions, it was in my mind to speak some word of sympathy with the sentiment expressed—for pulpit platitudes are of all things of that sort the most enervating and unprofitable. But it occurred to me to enquire what kind of books were found to be so full of interest and instruction, and was not at all surprised at the answer: "Oh, I confine myself to three for the most part." "And they are," "Stuart Mill, Goethe, and Carlyle." "With an occasional dash of Herbert Spencer, and a Lay Sermon now and then from Professor Huxley?" "Yes, of course, and James Martineau also." "Good," said I, "and who are the writers on the side of the general question to whom you give a hearing—say the Orthodox?" "Oh," came the answer, "I waste no time upon them; when I have read Stuart Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, I begin and go over it all again. Sartor Resartus, what a beautiful book it is?" My lady friend is one of a large class who take the surest way of making themselves lopsided without ever meaning it or knowing it. When I have read so and so, and such and such, I begin and go over it all again.

We have got to call a certain class of people "Orthodox," and we mean it—we of the advanced school—as a sneer. They have only one idea—they are slaves to tradition—they move slowly—they are sincere—but—they do not think freely, nor dare to throw open the windows of the mind to let in the glory of the growing day. Now, it is perfectly true that there are many people in the world who deserve to be sneered at as Orthodox—or Evangelical, or anything else that is descriptive of narrowness and intolerance—for they are narrow and intolerant. They suppose—indeed are sure—that Man, as they represent that generic term, has reached finality. They pray that new things may be brought out of the Treasury, but are swift enough to visit with their sore displeasure any man who shall attempt to bring an answer to their prayers. I need not stay to describe them further, they are so well known. But supposing I begin to talk to an Orthodox friend. I find that he is sincere, he is greatly in earnest, but he is what I should call lopsided; that is to say, he was brought up in a particular way, never having been allowed to wander far afield, either as to conversation or literature. I look at his library—theology, and again theology—shelf after shelf—case after case; and all of them—the books, I mean—in defence or affirmation of the Evangelical School. A treatise that crushes Darwin into small dust—but not Darwin—answers to Huxley—but not Huxley—answers to all the German Rationalists—but not Fichte, nor Goethe, nor Strauss, nor the Baur. German Commentators, of course—there's Lange, and there's Hengstenberg—and that is quite enough. Yes, quite enough, my friend, if you only want to know one side of the whole. But I find that your reading has made you lopsided. You have read a few evangelical books, and then—gone over the same ground again. How would it be if you made acquaintance with both sides? How would it be if you studied the whole question? How would it be if you read a few of the propositions and arguments before you read the answers to them? Evangelical bigotry comes

from a little knowledge of one side only; and it is very vain; it vaunteth itself, speaking great swelling words. I know men who would not dare to read what they call sceptical writings; they will scarcely be civil to members of a broader school of thought. And yet some of those men are the recognised teachers of the people; they set themselves to teach mankind how to grow after their word and example, that is to say, lopsided.

Yes, some of the Orthodox are very narrow, and very bitter in tone when they speak of the heterodox. But, friends of free thought, how much do you know about the Orthodox. You read Stuart Mill and Goethe and Carlyle, and then—the same over again; Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book. And it has come to pass that Scepticism is just as narrow, as bigotted and intolerant as Orthodoxy ever was or ever can be. The broad thinking of the day is bounded and limited; the freedom of the day is a slavish thing. Read Frederic Harrison, and Huxley, and Spencer, and Mill, and come down to the feeble folk who follow in the same wake, and it will be found that the bigotry of unbelief is a very fierce and fiery thing; it has no bowels of charity; it has no forgiveness of sins; it smiles in a lofty, disdainful way as it looks down from its sublime heights of intellectual freedom and culture, and when compelled to come down and discuss the questions that trouble in the mind of ordinary mortals it grows angry. I do verily believe that Scepticism will soon have a hell of its own. How it can dogmatise and lay down and define the hard and fast lines? No doubt—no eager questioning as they see strange figures and shapes through the breaking mist; they are sure, and most of all that the Evangelicals know nothing, for they read nothing but their own authors. And the general run of Sceptics—or Free Thinkers, if they like it better—are just as lopsided as any mortals that walk under the moon. Stuart Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, and then—over again; Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book.

And now my wheel is set agoing. Mill, Goethe and Carlyle—Carlyle, Goethe and Mill—Orthodox books and books that are Evangelical—Evangelical conversation—Evangelical periodicals—Evangelical preaching, and the lid shut down upon all else. But these are only parts of the whole. Look at the people with regard to their standing, or leaning, in the matter of politics. If they are Liberals they read, say the *Globe* or some other of the same kind; if Conservatives, the *Mail* or the *Montreal Gazette*. And the Liberal will be an utter stranger to the Conservative. The paper is devoted to the party, and in that interest the speeches of friends are brightened up and lengthened out, and made to appear good and convincing; while the speeches of the enemy are cut down and caricatured out of all original shape and colour. If we would know what our Liberal politicians say we must read the Liberal papers; and if we would know the truth about Sir John we must take the Conservative reports with a grain of salt. So in politics they make us to walk in a lopsided way, and we vex each other in our mutual ignorance.

The same thing runs through all our ecclesiastical life. We lean this way or that, being weighed down with unreasoning prejudice, which is the natural birth of an uninformed mind. We have our own Mill and Goethe and Carlyle, and there are no gods beside them, and Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book.

The evil is here and patent to the senses of us all, and the remedy is not far to find. A little more acquaintance with those from whom we differ—a little broader reading, the outcome of an earnest desire to know what the advocates of both sides may have to say—the exercise of charity toward all men, and the paying some heed to Cromwell's appeal to the hard men of his day, when he said to them—"I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus Christ to believe that you may be wrong"—would do much to bring about a general straightening. Of those who have grown and stiffened in Orthodoxy, I have not much hope. What of them should be muscle is bone having no joints; and their eyes are only painted windows through which a little soul—standing on a stool—looks out; but of the young, I have great hope. Great hope, that is, if they are not narrowed and embittered by the scepticism of the day. If they are to grow up straight, holding their balance and keeping their head amid all the jar and jangle of party conflict—strife of churches—strife between the old thought and the new—if they are to keep their Faith as their Belief changes in form and modes of expression—they must have larger and juster views of men and things—they must throw out the circle of their life—they must have a fixed centre, but an elastic circumference. Not Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, and Carlyle, Goethe and Mill, but those men and others as well as they—others—who, while thinking differently, thought quite as profoundly—as some of us imagine—a good deal more accurately. Neither in matters of belief, nor in matters of politics, have we a fixed science, or necessary truths as we have in mathematics, but each has laid hold of something to believe in and live by; and before we run off into Scepticism hard and scornful, let us try and understand what those of a different way of thinking and speaking have got to tell us about it. I would say to all extremists: Friends, give heed in a broader way, and inform yourselves of the position and purpose of those who differ from you.