

Our Contributors.

STAY-AT-HOME COMPENSATIONS.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The portion of the human family that live in Canada may be divided into two classes—those who are away on their holidays and those who are at home. Those who are at home think that those who are away are having a good time. Perhaps they are and perhaps they are not. The minister who sits in his study and reads about other ministers crossing the Atlantic or recuperating at the sea-side or sailing on our own broad lakes, is strongly tempted to complain. The lawyer who sits in his office and waits for clients while other lawyers are sporting over all the continent needs more resignation than governments usually have. Business men who can stand behind the counter on hot days and patiently wait on customers while many of their business associates are away on a first class tour must be lineal descendants of Job. The average woman can stand a good deal when she has to, but it does try even a good woman to stay at home and keep house when nearly all her neighbour women are going away on a trip. About the only man in society who can stay at home with perfect resignation while every other person goes away is the editor. The editor is the most docile of animals. He never complains. In fact he seldom has anything to complain about. His friends are all sweetly reasonable. They never worry him in any way. They spare his feelings. They would no more think of worrying him than of paying their subscriptions in advance. The editor needs no holiday. The privilege of reading original poetry, of deciphering illegible copy, of dodging when somebody comes in to know "who wrote that article," of writing puffs and correcting proofs—these precious privileges are enough of earthly bliss for anybody. Why should the lucky man who enjoys them hanker after a holiday? Other men may need recreation but the editor gets his reward at home—partly in the pumpkins and other "garden sass" with which some of his patrons square their little bills. He should never complain about not getting holidays and he rarely does—because he knows it is no use.

COMPENSATIONS.

The stay-at-homes who do complain should remember one or two fundamental facts. Fundamental is a big word. It sounds well and is often used by clergymen, especially those who dislike short words—a rather numerous tribe. Well, the fundamental facts that stay-at-homes should remember are these—Holidays are not all pleasure, and staying at home is not an unmixed misfortune, if misfortune at all. If you stay at home you save your money and that is something. A decent man seldom feels more foolish than when he looks at his thin pocket book at the end of a long tour and knows in his very bones that he got no value for his money.

A stay-at-home may save more than his money. He may save a large amount of positive discomfort. Cars are often crowded, and dusty and badly ventilated. Steamboats too are often loaded down. If you have to stand behind your chair at the table for twenty minutes before each meal you are not likely to begin the meal in a proper frame of mind. If you have to wait until two or three o'clock for dinner, mind and body are both likely to be out of sorts. People go on summer tours to get away from business, but sometimes they are not long in bed in their hotel or boarding-house until they find themselves attacked by hundreds of lively little room-mates, who attend to business strictly. Their business is to make a living out of the guests, and they sometimes succeed a good deal better than the guests succeed in getting sleep.

To Mr. Stay at home we would say, Be thankful you have a home to stay in. The head of a family without a roof to keep his wife and children under is in a bad way. Heaven help him. He must feel that the world has used him very badly.

With Mrs. Stay-at-home, who has to manage her house while many of her neighbour women are away on a summer trip, we would reason thus: Dearly-beloved sister, don't feel too bad. It is a great thing to have a house to manage. Thousands of good women are houseless. A woman without a home of her own is not to be envied. As a general thing she has a pretty hard time. Taking care of a house is sometimes troublesome, but it is a good deal more troublesome not to have any house to take care of. Cooking is rather trying in hot weather, but it is far more trying not to have anything to cook. Sewing may be irksome, but it is more irksome not to have anything to sew. People often complain about home cares. If they stopped a moment and reflected on how they would feel if they had no home, perhaps they would not complain so much.

If young Mr. Stay-at-home and Miss Stay-at-home were in a mood to reason we might ask them if the comforts and advantages they enjoy in their father's house all the year round are not worth a great deal more than the two weeks' holidays that young people get who have to scrape for their living. Supposing the head of the household has decided that he cannot afford to give you a trip this summer, don't imagine, dear young friends, that you are suffering martyrdom.

Archdeacon Farrar in a recent discourse affirmed that the printing press has added more power to man's intellect than the telescope to his vision or the lever to his arm.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS HENNING.

THE SECOND ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

met in 381 at Constantinople in the reign of Theodosius the Great. This Council condemned a great number of heresies, such as that of Macedonius, Bishop of Constantinople, and others who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Godhead, and that of Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, who denied the perfect humanity of Christ. It raised the see of Constantinople to the second rank in Christendom, next to Rome, and suggested the principle that the dignity of the patriarch was to be determined by the importance of the city over which he ruled. If the account given of this Council by Gregory of Nazianzus is to be trusted, the moral tone of those present was not high. "All the gluttons, villains and false swearers of the empire," he says, "had been convoked in the Council. The bishops were time-servers and flatterers of the great, long-headed hypocrites and pretended devotees who have neither intellect nor faith." Of Councils in general this rather bitter writer had no high opinion. "I will not sit in one of those Councils of geese and cranes," he exclaims. "I fly from every meeting of bishops; for I never saw a good end to any, but rather an increase of evils." Notwithstanding this severe language there were many eminent and excellent men here, such as Gregory of Nyssa, brother of Basil the Great; Melitius, the gentle Bishop of Antioch, and Cyril, the aged Bishop of Jerusalem. The "one hundred and fifty fathers," as they have been called, left for Constantinople for their homes in July, 381, having enlarged the Nicene Creed by a formula affirming the equality of the Holy Spirit with the Father and the Son. From this time the Arians were only allowed to hold their worship outside the city. Somewhat later all their churches in the empire were taken from them.

In 428 Nestorius, a monk of Antioch, and a most eloquent man, was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople. He was honest and pious and famed for his eloquence. He publicly preached that it was improper and even impious to address the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God. "The heathen notion of a God born of a mortal mother," said he, "is directly confuted by St. Paul, who declares the Lord without father and without mother. Could a creature bear the Uncreated? The human nature alone was born of the Virgin; that which is of the flesh is flesh." This raised a general war throughout the Eastern Churches—some taking the part of Nestorius, others opposing. His great adversary was Cyril, of Alexandria, who was distinguished for his ambition, arrogance, rapacity and violence. The dispute was referred for arbitration to Rome, and Pope Celestine declared against Nestorius. Excommunication followed, but Nestorius excommunicated in turn—anathema encountered anathema. Nestorius enjoyed the favour of the Imperial Court. Cyril was arraigned for disturbing the peace of the world, and that of the Imperial family. A universal demand sprung up for a General Council as the only means of allaying the strife. Theodosius issued his imperial summons, and, in obedience to that mandate, assembled the first

GENERAL COUNCIL OF EPHESUS

in 431. Nestorius came, accompanied by not more than sixteen bishops of his party. Cyril arrived attended by fifty Egyptian bishops; Memnon, Bishop of Ephesus, a declared enemy of Nestorius, had summoned thirty prelates from Asia Minor. Nor were these antagonists satisfied with mustering their spiritual strength; each was accompanied by a rabble of followers of more unseemly character—Cyril by the bathmen and a multitude of women from Egypt; Nestorius by a horde of peasants, and some of the lower populace of Constantinople. The Emperor sent a body of soldiers to protect his bishop. John of Antioch and the Eastern bishops were detained by bad roads and other causes. Cyril and his partisans were clamorous for the immediate opening of the Council. Nestorius insisted on delay until the arrival of the Eastern bishops. Cyril and his friends would not wait, but opened the Council on June 22 in the Church of the Virgin Mary. Nestorius and his friends refused to attend. The proceedings commenced. The tenets of Nestorius were pronounced to be blasphemous, and all joined in one tumultuous cry, "Anathema to him who does not anathematize Nestorius." The prelates were escorted with torches to their homes, women going before them burning incense. A general illumination took place. "Thus did the Saviour," writes Cyril, "shew His almighty power against those who blasphemed His name." Meantime John of Antioch and the eastern prelates arrived, and proceeded to instal themselves as a Council under the sanction of the Emperor. They, in their turn, condemned the doctrines of Cyril, and of Memnon, of Ephesus, and recorded their anathema against the prelates of the adverse Council. Cyril and Memnon launched a counter anathema. From words they came to blows. The churches were stormed and the streets of Ephesus filled with riot and bloodshed. The imperial prefect ordered the arrest of all the contending prelates. Finally Nestorius was permitted to retire to a monastery at Antioch, from which he was exiled to the Egyptian Oasis, where he sunk into the grave. Cyril returned to Alexandria, where he was received in triumph as the great champion of the faith. Theodosius, weary of the strife, dissolved the meeting and issued an imperial edict proscribing Nestorianism. Nestorianism, however, was too deeply rooted in the Eastern mind to be extinguished either by imperial or by ecclesiastical persecution. It took refuge beyond the Roman

frontiers, among the Christians of Persia, and still exists on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

The foremost adherent of Cyril in Constantinople had been Eutyches, a superior of a convent of monks without the walls of the city. At his bidding swarms of monks had thronged the streets, defied the civil power, terrified the Emperor, and contributed more than any other cause to the final overthrow of the Nestorians. This aged monk taught that after his incarnation, Christ had only had one nature, and that, since the body of Christ was that of the deity, it could not have been of the same substance with ours. Dioscurus, Cyril's successor at Alexandria, defended the theory of Eutyches. At a Synod held at Constantinople (448) under the Bishop Flavianus, Eutyches was accused and excommunicated. He appealed from a local Synod to Christendom. He demanded a General Council to examine his opinions. The Emperor, Theodosius II., summoned a council to meet at Ephesus (449) under the presidency of Dioscurus, of Alexandria. At Ephesus met that assembly which has been branded by the name of the "Robber Synod," on August 8, 449. The Council, overawed by the presence of the imperial soldiery and the savage monks, absolved Eutyches from all suspicion of heresy, deposed Flavianus and Theodoret, beating the former so severely that he expired a few days after. A sudden revolution took place. The feeble Theodosius dies (450). The masculine Pulcheria—the friend of Flavianus and the hero of Rome—ascends the throne of Constantinople. Eutyches was quietly removed from the city. A full and authoritative council was called to repeal the acts of the "Robber Synod" of Ephesus. At Chalcedon—the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, met that Assembly,

THE FOURTH GREAT ECUMENICAL COUNCIL,

on October 8, 451. Five hundred bishops put in an appearance. Dioscurus of Alexandria was there, and the first act of the Council was to frame a resolution deposing him and Eutyches for their acts at the Council of Ephesus. This was carried unanimously. The Council affirmed "that Christ was true God and true man; that according to his divinity He was begotten from all eternity, and equal to the Father; that according to his humanity, He was born of Mary the Virgin and Mother of God; and was like us in all things, yet without sin; and that after His incarnation the unity of His person consisted of two natures, which were unmixed and unchanged, but also undivided and not separated." Thirty canons were passed by this Assembly on ecclesiastical subjects, and among them one of singular importance to Christendom. It asserted the supremacy of the Roman See, not in right of its descent from Peter, but solely as the bishopric of the Imperial City. It assigned, therefore, to the Bishop of New Rome, as equal in civil dignity, a co-equal and co-ordinate ecclesiastical authority. Leo from this period denounces the arrogance and presumption of Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, and this canon of the Ecumenical Council has been refused all validity in the West. Barsimas and his monks, awed by the imperial power, shook their garments in contempt of the Council, and then sullenly retired to their solitudes to brood over and to propagate in secret their Monophysite doctrines or faith that yet lingers among the Copts and the Abyssinians. How clearly do the results of these Councils show us their powerlessness in producing a general unity of belief!

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY THE REV. J. WILKIE, INDORE.

Come with me to one of the many villages that you see from our home at Indore. The country for the most part is level and bare, with here and there two or three tall trees only to break the monotony of the scene. Woods, as you understand that term, are unknown, all having been removed hundreds of years ago—for you remember we are travelling over ground that was old when our Saviour came to earth, that this traditional history carries us away back to the youth of mankind. These trees indicate the abode of the protecting divinities of the village and so let us away to it to see it as it is. Roads to it there are none, as we understand that term, only cart ruts or foot paths that wind here and there as seems to be most convenient. Holkar and other native chiefs do not trouble the Public Works Department about such things—in fact, almost the only thing for which that Department exists is to build new palaces. Five large new palaces were under construction within four miles of Indore when we left there, each costing probably not less than a quarter of a million each. When the demands for new palaces, the Zenana, an occasional new temple and the thousands of lazy fakirs and Sadhus or holy men are met, there is but little left for roads or anything else. You require to go to a native State to see how beautifully the doctrine—that the people exist for the king—can develop.

Though there are no roads, there is no lack of custom houses that every mile or two are set down on every cart track in the country. To understand the working of these start out from Indore with a load of salt. It is cheap enough at the railway station even after the British Government had levied its small duty; but before you have gone one hundred miles you find the constant daily duty for travelling over Nature's roads have so raised the cost price of your salt, that the poor people can't touch it, that it has become a luxury for only a very few rich ones amongst them. See how dry and parched everything looks as we cross the fields. It is December, our winter weather, but you feel the value of your sun hat