

The Russians are established in Bulgaria, and in parts of Roumelia and Macedonia they are instigating the inhabitants to open rebellion. We may say, very rightly, they ought not to do so—true—but then they *will*, it is their habit, and a habit well known to the Ministers beforehand, and yet the Treaty placed them in a situation in Turkey which gave them every advantage under which to practise their favorite art. Austria has gained a doubtful acquisition in Bosnia with the consequent loss to Turkey. Albania flings the authority of the Porte to the winds. The Greeks, who were alone stopped from throwing themselves into the fight on the Russian side by our assurances that we would look after their interests, have been bamboozled out of their promised rectification of frontier, and regard us as their betrayers. At Constantinople a ceaseless fight takes place between the British and Russian representatives as to whom shall be accorded the most power and influence over the weakest despot that ever disgraced a throne; a creature who calls himself the representative of the Prophet, and all his people his *slaves*, and yet whose influence outside the walls of his palace is an almost unknown quantity. The Turkish treasury is empty. The military and civil service is unpaid, and the faithful warriors, who imperilled life and limb for their country, can hardly obtain the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. Look, too, at Asia Minor, and a no better picture presents itself; England engaged to protect it, promised that reforms should be inaugurated and carried out, neither of which has been done; and in all probability never will be done. In fact, the Sultan most likely allowed England these luxuries of the imagination in the hope of getting money out of her for the necessities of the State and for the satisfaction of his own base purposes. The only thing that did look at first a little like a *bon-bon* has turned out a bitter pill, for in the acquisition of Cyprus we obtain a pest-house for our soldiers, whilst its inhospitable shores do not afford a single safe harbour for a man-of-war.

Let us now for a moment turn our attention to Asia Minor and try and pick if we can a few grains of comfort in that direction. Here again, alas! the look-out is not hopeful. When the troops from India were sent to the Mediterranean as a childish menace to Russia, it was only to be expected that the Czar would give his attention to intrigue, and—masters as the Slavs are of this game—turn the tables on England. So did he; and, lo! a mine was sprung upon Great Britain. The advisers of the Czar entered into relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan and quickly showed how vulnerable was England in that direction. For us to call out is absurd. Had we not done very much the same thing with regard to Cyprus? We indignantly remonstrated about the secret treaty of San Stefano, and yet all the time were carrying one on ourselves. There is something, too, particularly satirical in Russia tampering with the Ameer. England boasted that she could let loose her Indian soldier-subjects on Europe, and yet that foreign, half-savage potentate Shere Ali spreads consternation throughout England and India when he even hints at confronting Great Britain's cherished idea! A less spirited but more sane policy would, it seems to us, have been to have hoped and calculated upon the Afghan Ameer quarrelling with his new-found friends and coming back, suppliant to his old and truer ones. To a non-imperialist the proper course seemed to be not to force the Ameer to open defiance until our "little affair" in Turkey was settled satisfactorily. Lord Lytton sends a letter to Ali asking him to receive an Envoy, and then, without waiting for a reply, sends not only an Envoy but an army demanding free passage to Cabul! As a matter of course this was indignantly refused, and then we find that we cannot punish the result of our mischosen application for six months. Verily the ways of some politicians are strange. What then has England got by all her subterfuge? Nothing, merely nothing, except dishonour and the scorn of all upright nations. Fear and distrust she has certainly created; her assertions have become mere by-words. A large debt has been incurred at a time when trade is dull and stagnant, and when honest folk find it difficult to make both ends meet without having to pay an extra 2d in the £1 Income Tax. And more, indirectly all this hubbub costs England and her Colonies enormous sums. How in these times of uncertainty can it be expected that Trade will revive? Impossible. England is rich—her Colonies poor; and until all this disquietude is settled, and the world at peace again, it is futile to hope for a revival of Trade, and to obtain this happy state England must have an honest, upright Government—one that will do right because it is right, and not because it may suit Imperial policy or "Peace-with-honour Tactics." Patriotism is a grand thing, but it must be the patriotism resulting from a firm conviction that the action engaged upon will bear strict investigation, and not be the mere out-croppings of a party cry.

Russia is and always will be (and small blame to her) an ambitious power. So is England, or we would not be able to say "the sun never sets on her dominions." There is no earthly reason why Russia and England should not live in peace. The world is big enough for both. For the one to attack the other is childish, for neither can really hurt the other. All wars between Russia and England must end after the fashion of the Crimean War. Placed in the position that Russia was placed in, we should do much the same. That the Czar seeks to gain some advantage by the misgovernment of the Porte is natural enough; and if England will persist in holding that every Armenian or Bulgarian village is a British possession, she will find herself in a hornet's nest.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE PULPITS.

A quaint and curious volume, entitled "Good advice to the Pulpits, delivered in a few cautions for keeping up the reputation of those chairs, and preserving the nation in peace. Published with allowance. London, 1687," was intended as a caution to the preachers of that age, who, considering the political dangers of the times, were sorely tempted to preach nothing but discourses upon State affairs. The writer exhorts them to beware equally of giving currency to the gossip of the coffee-house and other clubs. He quotes, among many others, the following passage, as proof that his caution was needed. Thus, the Rev. William Orme, preaching at Guildhall, March 27, 1681, said—"A Jesuit being once asked, What ways and means the Papists designed to take for the introducing their religion into England? gave this reply.—'We intended at first to do it by persuading and convincing the people with strength

of reason and argument; but because these have proved so often vain, therefore of late years we have pitched upon two new methods and resolutions. The one is to debauch and vitiate the nobility and gentry, and to bring them off by degrees from all sense and care and kindness for religion; which is easily to be done, by representing to them a sinful, pleasurable life, both lawful and safe. The other is to divide the commons into several sects.' Now, how far the Papists have thriven in these designs I shall leave to the judgment and determination of every sober and unprejudiced hearer."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. II.—HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

A cold, raw morning. The Scotch mist settling in dark and heavy wreaths in the hollows of the hills, and packing down amongst the houses in the streets and closes of the sombre lowland town. Wetting to the skin any luckless stray Englishman, and chilling even the poor stolid Perthshire boy who stands chipping and clipping in the stonemason's yard. An ordinary and flat-faced boy it is: altogether unimaginative and prosaic. The hard angles of his countenance might have been roughly chiselled from his native granite. But the eye is clear and intelligent: and the thin square lips have a determined set about them of which something may come, when intelligence and will shall be reinforced by training and opportunity of circumstance. Possibly the boy's thought already breaks the bounds of the stonemason's yard, and even soars beyond the distant hills: but does it carry him away over sea to the far-off Western land which is already growing the tree from which a Prime Minister's chair is to be fashioned for him? No: young Mackenzie's thought does not reach* out so far: such a flight of imagination is beyond him at present. Canada may be already in his mind; but his ideas will not rise above the groove of handicraft in which he seems pre-destined to move: and he thinks rather of building houses than of building either a fortune or a name. But the young prentice-boy by and by drifts over the Atlantic, impelled outwardly by the winds, and inwardly by those mysterious impulses by which the mind that is in Providence is communicated to men; urging them to go forth and fulfil the primal command in the peopling of the wilderness.

Canada was seeing troublous times as we stand looking at the Scotch stone-cutter lad. Her men were—in somewhat rough fashion indeed—beginning to assert their manhood, and to claim the right to rule themselves; instead of being ruled by a clique or family compact, appointed from Downing street. And a little later, when the wave of rebellion had passed, it was found—although a failure apparently—to have succeeded in washing away the political evils complained of, and to have cleared the land for something more than farming work. There was room for Men when young Mackenzie came; and, while he worked steadily at his trade, and gathered a little worldly substance round him, he was warily and intelligently trying and squaring public men and public events. He was building better than he knew.

David was taken from following the ewes to shepherd a kingdom. Cincinnatus was drawn from the plough to save Rome. Sandy Mackenzie came down from the roof of a house to reform and regenerate Canadian politics. It is not known whether he went back to finish the chimney he was building when invited to address a political meeting on one of the burning questions of 1861. Probably he did; as he did not stay to remove his apron, but tucked it round him, in workman fashion, while he spoke. Later on, it may be, he made a solemn holocaust of square and level, of plumb-bob and trowel. However, this may have been, it is clear from his after career that he never forgot how to climb a ladder. It is the glory of free municipal institutions that they form a training school for statesmen. The town-council leads up to the county-council, and that to the Local Legislature, and that to the Federal Parliament. With his foot on the lower rounds, Mackenzie never stopped till he reached the top.

The taste for politics was a hot one in those days, especially in Upper Canada, which has always had a tropical palate. Moderate sentiments, temperately expressed, were not in demand. The article required was an unscrupulous partizanship, and its warmth and flavour were continually exemplified by Mr. George Brown in the *Globe*. The taste of his quality which Mackenzie gave in his earlier political speeches was such as to recommend him to the great purveyor of Canadian currie-powder. Mr. Brown, as leader of the growing party of Reform, was casting about for men of ability who would be content to follow his lead. A constituency was found for Mr. Mackenzie, and he became the dutiful follower of George Brown in the old Parliament of Canada. He soon began to be regarded as a rising politician; and though his position was necessarily subordinate, he yet showed sufficient vigour of character and speech to warrant the leader of the party in assigning him to a separate command. The way for this was not opened till after the great measure of Confederation was introduced and carried. Throughout the whole of the business Mackenzie loyally followed his leader, learning to rule by obedient service. True, he had not much to do, his services being chiefly confined to Upper Canada, which did not need much persuasion to accept that Federal union which was ostensibly designed to redress its wrongs. But when the union was effected, and the local parliaments formed, the old party battle was renewed in all its former intensity; but of necessity in a divided form. The local government at Toronto, like the general government, was in the hands of the Tories: Sandfield Macdonald, the Premier, being—in the words of Mr. Mackenzie—"an ally and tool of Ottawa." George Brown—with Cæsar's sagacity—saw that he must conquer in detail, if at all. The home Province must be won for Reform before a successful issue could be hoped for in the Federal Parliament. But the local legislature sadly lacked a Reform leader: every man of ability had been drafted into the Ottawa house. There was no one who could be trusted to cope with Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. It was accordingly resolved by the great dictator of Reform that Mackenzie should lead the attack—resigning his seat in the Federal Parliament and entering the local House with the avowed object of ousting the Premier and conquering the Government of Ontario for the Reform party.

Elevated to the position of a leader, Mr. Mackenzie became a man to be feared. Sir John A. Macdonald tried coaxing. Mackenzie was the coming