

easy part to play. But wherever there is capacity there is no need for despair, and we are strongly of opinion that the *Mail* will find or make a place for itself. This opinion, be it understood, is wholly unconnected with the flying rumours which are abroad with reference to the paper's attitude towards Sir Richard Cartwright.

TALKING about Sir Richard Cartwright, there are a good many disappointed Reformers who are accustomed to think and speak of him as the Jonah of the Reform party. Those who regard him in this light are not without something to say for themselves. Sir Richard, they claim, is wholly out of place in the Reform ranks. By descent, by early training, and by native predilection he is, if not a Tory of the Tories, at least a man with decided leanings towards Conservatism in politics and social life. All this is true enough; but it is not new. How is it that it now dawns on the mind of Reformers for the first time? Sir Richard is not one whit more Toryish in this year 1887 than he was when he first renounced Sir John. That his proclivities or his personality have anything to do with the Reformers' want of success at the polls during the recent elections we do not for a moment believe to be true. There are other persons in the van of the Reform party who will have to be thrown overboard before that party can hope to obtain, or at any rate to retain, the control of the national pulse.

To predict an immediate commercial millennium would be in the highest degree absurd, but signs are rife all about us that the back-bone of the dull times has been broken. There has been a healthy, wholesome revival of business in certain lines, and this cannot be wholly attributed to the advent of spring. Persons who claim to have much discernment in reading the commercial signs of the times do not hesitate to declare their conviction that a season of measurable prosperity is before us. May their vaticinations be justified by results. We have waited patiently for "the better change," and are now both ready and eager to take the tide at its flood. A season of great prosperity would do more for Sir John Macdonald's majority than any amount of eloquence displayed in Parliamentary debate.

It seems to be generally understood that the Hon. John Beverley Robinson is to take up his abode permanently at Washington as the representative of Canadian interests. There is much to be said for such an appointment as this. A Canadian representative might render his country essential service at Washington, and it is on all hands admitted that Mr. Robinson is well qualified for such a post. There is ten times the need for a Canadian representative at Washington than there is for a Canadian Lord High Commissioner in London. But it is to be hoped that some regard will be had to the question of expense. Our Lord High Commissioner has been a dear bargain.

CONTRARY to what was generally expected, Dr. McGlynn of New York appears to be coming pretty well out of his difference with Archbishop Corrigan. The Sovereign Pontiff and his chief advisers are evidently much more liberal than some of their local representatives in America.

His Holiness has caused his loving apostolic benediction to be cabled to the Doctor, as well as to "the faithful of the parish." Monseigneur Straneiro, late Papal Alegate to the United States, has made a report which certainly seems to point to an exoneration of the recalcitrant priest, and which at the same time utterly fails to censure or condemn the Knights of Labour. Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the latter as a secret society finds little favour with Monseigneur, who remarks that such measures as the Cardinal thought fit to adopt, though "possibly suitable to Canadian Catholics, might prove unwise when applied to Americans." All which proves that Mgr. Straneiro is no mere puppet to be drawn hither and thither, but an ecclesiastical statesman of far-reaching vision, who can read the signs of the times, and who recognizes in the Labour organization a distinct force which prudence forbids to convert into an inimical one. It is clear that Dr. McGlynn and his doughty champion Henry George are entitled to score one.

AT the hour of going to press, one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern times is lying in sore extremity at his home in Brooklyn. It is probable that he will have ceased to breathe before these lines meet the public eye. There is at all events no possibility of his recovery, and he is already to be accounted among the great forces of the past. That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has exerted a wide influence in his day and generation is a fact which no one on this continent will pretend to dispute. That that influence has upon the whole been for good is a matter as to which there can be little doubt; though there are many persons—many religious persons—who will here put in a strong negative. It is safe to say this much: that he has been a mighty leveller in matters theological; that he has dealt some severe blows at hide-bound creeds; and that he has made the plan of salvation acceptable to some who would never have received it without his liberal interpretations. He was not wise at all hours. Who is? There was a tendency towards sensationalism in much that he did, and this caused old-fashioned, cautious, conservative theologians to feel a certain distrust of him. The painful episodes which blighted his life thirteen years ago have not yet passed out of public recollection. In those days there were many who regarded him as one of the greatest criminals of his time. It is certain that his usefulness was seriously marred, and that he never entirely recovered from the blow then dealt him; but there has of late years been a growing tendency among those who knew him best to acquit him of anything worse than sentimental weakness. This much at least should be borne in mind. He was a man of enormous capacity for pleasure or pain: a man to whom life was a thing of tremendous intensity. There are profound depths in such natures which the shallow spectator by the wayside cannot fathom. It is so easy for the man who has no music in his soul to make little of the sonatas of Mendelssohn. If Mr. Beecher sinned greatly, he was greatly tempted. If he was merely weak, he was more sinned against than any prominent man of the nineteenth century. In any case he has had a great career, and will leave many fruits of his teaching behind him. Requiescat.