

meanest specimens. But the satire is true, though truth destroys its wit, when pleasure, at the sight of misfortune, arises from a sense of safety from a witnessed peril, as the classic poet makes one safe ashore watch with a thankful, rejoicing heart the storm-tossed ship. It is true also, in this sense, that one who has been taunted with a certain failing, derives pleasure from seeing his tormentor overtaken with the fault with which he has reproached others. Such a satisfaction we Canadians are now enjoying. The *Times*, and other English papers, have taken the utmost pains during the discussions on emigration, which the laborers' strike started, to disparage the climate of Canada. Our newspapers have been searched for years back, and instances of fatalities from extreme frost culled therefrom, and paraded as though our people were in daily imminent danger of freezing. Our thermometrical registers have been quoted, and a rule-of-three problem based thereon, equalling in sense the jocular one, "If a load of hay weighs a ton, what is the name of the driver?" which runs thus: "If people are thus killed off in Canada by frost, how long will you live if you go there?" But our climate is avenged. The *Times* has had to warn people that "*breathing through the mouth* in England when the glass falls below forty is full of risk," and a recent number affirms that "in no country in the world is cold so fatal and involves so much general suffering among all classes as in England!" From one copy of this paper we quote that "several deaths from exposure to cold are reported," and "to aged persons and the young the cold is proving very fatal;" in fact, the deaths attributed directly to a recent snap of frost in London alone are over three hundred. After such a record we shall hear less, we hope, of the severe effects of a Canadian as compared with an English winter. We can tell those who are alarmed at "*breathing through the mouth* when the glass is below forty," that in Canada we inflate our lungs with real pleasure and life when the glass marks forty degrees below this, and even on colder days; still, nobody ever dreams of such a precaution as the *Times* recommends in England.

During the recent controversy on the Vatican decrees, Lord Acton, a Catholic nobleman, well known for his high attainments as a student of history, stepped into the arena, and created a profound sensation by declaring that, although born and bred a Catholic, and trained by tutors notorious for their devotion to the Pontiff and the Church, that to him the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope was new. On the 24th November he published a letter, which is one of the ablest indictments against the Papacy, as a political power, ever penned, demonstrating that the dogma of "personal infallibility" is an outrage on history and the Catholic faith. Although that letter displays an almost microscopic acquaintance with historic authorities and documents, it seems as though one source of information, which students of history cannot afford to neglect, *i. e.*, comic literature, was not mastered by Lord Acton. That heretics believed the dogma in question to be the orthodox Catholic faith a century ago, is evident from one of Peter Pindar's satires, in which he tells of a soldier who, when charged with robbing a shrine of the Virgin, swore that she had given him what he had taken,—

"Which answer turned both judge and jury pale;  
The punishment was for a time deferred,  
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,  
And his *Infallibility* be heard—"

a verse which settles the point against Lords Acton, Camoys, and others, who declare the idea of the personal infallibility of the Pope to be an invention of recent date. We trust our Jesuit friends will appreciate our impartiality in rooting up this evidence for them!

The announcement by Mr. Gladstone that henceforth the place of party leader shall know him no longer, has called out a myriad of articles, which evidence infinite ingenuity in political speculation, in discussing the possible, probable, and—as they assert—positive reasons for his retirement. With all deference to our literary *confrères*, we doubt the whole of their theories. In morals, as in geometry, the most direct line between two points is a right line. Surely, the surest, least uncertain road to the truth in this matter is the very simple one of directness, of taking Mr.