

The Clergy and their Critics. Any one who has had the advantage of a religious training would naturally shrink from saying rude or unkind things to the Bishop and Clergy. Respect for the reverend gentlemen who minister to our spiritual wants is almost universal. At the same time there would seem to be no reason why a critic who is ready to run the risk of a clerical castigation should hesitate to say what he thinks of his pastor.

However, the deputation, made up largely of ladies and clergymen, which waited upon the Provincial Government for the purpose of recommending improvements at the Montreal Protestant Female Prison must have been shocked to find one of their number not only entertained a very poor opinion of their wisdom, but even ventured to entertain a sceptical doubt of their unselfish devotion to prison work. We cannot help regretting that it is as it is. If the good men and women in this world who are striving to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and to assist the fallen are to be told that they only appear at public gatherings for the purpose of obtaining credit for devotion to duties which they never undertake to perform, we fear the sensitive few who do work among the sick and the destitute will shrink from their self-imposed works of mercy lest they also may be misunderstood and cruelly criticized.

A Governor and the Unco' Guid.

"It is good to be zealously affected all ways in a good thing."

It is beyond controversy that no object can be better than the promotion of temperance and the furtherance of religion. But it need not carry us beyond the bounds of moderation. Nearly every deviation from the rules of charity and brotherly love, of gentleness and forbearance, is, as a rule, traceable to too much zeal on the part of the unco' guid.

Lieut.-Governor Jones is one of the most estimable of men, and, as those who know him will testify, would infinitely prefer that guests at Government House, Halifax, N.S., should dine wisely rather than too well, and, therefore, the little breeze, of which a few racy particulars have reached the Canadian metropolis, would seem to indicate that the Nova Scotian members of the Canadian Temperance League were wrong in sitting down so heavily upon Lieut.-Governor Jones for suggesting that our returning soldiers should be permitted to drink "the usual loyal and patriotic toasts" in beer. We do not know if the unco' guid souls who censured their Governor for expressing his belief that a pint of Keith's ale would be better than milk and soda, or frothy goblets of ginger pop, for a South African hero, have yet insinuated that the gentleman who now occupies Government House in the capital of the Land of Evangeline is interested in a brewery. Of course, if he has even a small financial interest in supplying the soldiers with beer, he must expect to be classed with Mr. Chamberlain. In any event, Governor Jones'

proposition to serve the soldiers with "beer, glorious beer," has aroused a storm which, while it may not disturb the gubernatorial serenity, has already led to a "very pretty argument" between zealous temperance people and the Governor's defender, "The Chronicle," of Halifax.

The exchange of pleasantries includes charges of insolence, self-righteousness and ill-manners against the Temperance League, while the champions of the latter accuse the beer-drinkers of maligning the clergy.

We are inclined to think that our soldiers, seasoned to the hospitalities of Windsor Castle, could face the proffered pint of beer without asking the pretty girls of Halifax to fly with them across the seas, and without transgressing against modern usage by hiccupping their thanks for the kindness shown them by the good people of Nova Scotia. But we may be wrong.

There is no quality of the mind by which men, even good men, are more apt to be misled than zeal.

The Hillmon Case. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day in term time, with all its records, rules and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son, the Accountant-General, to its father, the devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundredweight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least."

Charles Dickens.

The great English novelist makes one of the characters in *Bleak House* recommend with energetic gravity the above strong measure of Chancery reform, and of shaking the Bench and the Bar into knowledge of the law's delay as illustrated by suits in Chancery. Yet, the case of *Jarndyce and Jarndyce* as a monument of Chancery practice is likely to be eclipsed by the celebrated *Hillmon* case, which is again before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the action brought against the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company. For twenty years, the heirs of *Hillmon*, the trapper, who, in 1878, after insuring his life for \$25,000, started from his home in a covered wagon bound for Wichita, have been trying to satisfy six courts through which the litigation had dragged its way, that *Hillmon* was accidentally shot and killed. In fact, this famous insurance case commenced so long ago, that one would not be surprised to hear that the most interested parties have, every now and then, to be reminded by a bill of costs what it is they are fighting for. Lest our readers should forget the case, we briefly outline the particulars:

It seems that in March, 1878, life insurance policies aggregating \$25,000 were taken out in Kansas in three companies by John W. *Hillmon*, a trapper, who never possessed much means. Some time afterward the man married, and the policies were drawn in favour of his wife. A few months later, *Hillmon*, in company with a man named John Brown, started from Wichita in a covered wagon. Two weeks later, word reached *Hillmon's* relatives that he had been acci-