

for ever; while Liberals never doubted that England was the cynosure and envy of mankind. The root of most pessimism is self-love. Was it a most successful ball? Ask two young ladies who were there, and they shall return diametrically opposite answers. Listen to one—you will conclude that the floor was perfect, that the music was divine, that all the nice people of London were present, that partners were abundant, that the supper was admirable, and that the entire entertainment was a triumph for the hostess and a delight to her guests. Turn to the other witness; and what do you gather? That there was a preponderance of "scrumpugs," that the rooms were hot and crowded, that there were not enough men, and most of those who were asked would not dance, that the supper was ill-arranged, and the ball a failure! How is this discrepancy of testimony to be explained? By the laws, we submit, which account for pessimism. Pursue the inquiry more closely, and you will find that the first witness is a lovely, radiant, and seductive creature, who danced every dance, and had ten suppliants for each waltz; and that the second is either in the decline of her beauty or never possessed it, and fails to make amends for lack of physical charm by grace of manner and winsomeness of address. But it does not follow that the ball was a good one. All we can safely conclude is, that one witness exaggerates its pleasing features, and the other deepens its more sombre aspects. But women are not the only creatures subject to be warped in their judgment of things by their own personal experience. Who does not continually hear, on the one hand, that we live in the greatest and grandest of all ages, an age of progress, science, free trade, mechanical invention, and religious aspirations; and, on the other, that the times are out of joint, that the age is material, sceptical, sordid, voluptuous, vulgar, and rushing to perdition. It all depends who it is that is put into the witness-box. In times when men are doing a roaring trade, when looms are whirling and singing, when coal is being brought up from the bowels of the earth ton after ton, yet supply cannot keep pace with demand, when the sound of the hammer is never silent in the dockyard, when money is fairly abundant, and every enterprise brings huge profits, then merchants, bankers, coal owners, mill-owners, and stockbrokers are firmly convinced that this is the best of all possible worlds. During the same epoch the preacher becomes mournful and denunciatory; the poet, finding that he is a voice crying in the wilderness, bewails the low organization and base ideals of his kind; and the unread philosopher labours to explain that life is neither real nor earnest, but a bad phantasmagoria, in which figure puppets it would be desirable to shiver into atoms. Who is right? Let us not answer the question, but rather shift the scene to a period when coal is not worth getting, when smelting furnaces are extinguished, when capital lies idle, and when retrenchment and parsimony succeed to luxury and extravagance. Then the very same witnesses who pronounced this the best of all possible worlds grow lugubrious in turn. They do not stop at the assertion that "times are bad." All things are bad. The law, the constitution, the relations between labour and capital, the conditions of society—everything is wrong somehow. Thus all men are pessimists, more or less, at some one period of their life; and by noting this fact, and explaining it, we come to understand how it is that some people are always pessimists, and from one end of life to the other. The world never allows their schemes to ripen; their innings never arrives; they move on from one disappointment to another; and, of course, in their eyes, it is a beggarly world. People who have the rheumatics aver that it was a damp spring, a cold summer, and a foggy autumn; whilst active and perfervid youth hunts, shoots, dances, and plays lawn tennis, and finds the seasons delightful. Yet our remarks would be incomplete if we did not acknowledge, in all seriousness, that there are some successful and even some happy people who are in a certain sense pessimists. They do not fail, and the world is very complaisant to them. Yet they bewail the general life, whilst recognising the felicity of their own. In their own heart a linnets sits and sings; yet they constantly hear the sad, sweet music of humanity. But these are the select spirits of this world. Most men and women are not so discriminating, but deplore the sunshine that scorches instead of ripening their particular crop.—*Truth.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[If "Manchester Schooled," and others who have sent letters for publication, will let me have their names—it need not be for publication—they will receive all the attention and courtesy they could desire.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In the issue of the SPECTATOR of the 14th inst., I find the following sentence from the pen of the Rev. J. Clark Murray:—"If Free Trade is a splendid ideal of international communion which must be realized in the perfected development of the human race, then at the peril of our souls let us work for it, at the peril of our national honour let us strive to make it the policy of our country." An ukase this of some pretension—have the nations of Europe been indulging in willing thralldom until the comparatively modern times of Messrs. Cobden and Bright? Is their past history to be reduced to comparative nothingness, and are they to be constrained to listen to the expositions of an ethical philosopher, as he points the way to a bettered condition? Lo! he speaks as if invested with authority to enjoin obedience—pains and penalties are within his reach—"at the peril of our souls let us work for free trade." I am disposed to believe that his object in addressing the readers of the SPECTATOR takes its rise not from zeal for free trade, but from a desire to enlist the sympathies of electors to support the present administration; of course he is at liberty to do this, but in furthering his views, let not the effort be obscured by a transparent veil of ethical philosophy. Were I summoned to sit in judgment on the case, I would say that in carrying out his views, the learned gentleman loses sight of prudence and discretion; most men, even reformers, are more likely to be wooed into obedience, than intimidated by perils endangering the soul. It is possible that from past experience as a Free Church minister in the West of Scotland, he may have found which of the plans comes accompanied with most success; his translation to a chair in Kingston University caused him for the time to tone down his former modes of thinking and action; admitted now within the pale of the Established Church of Scotland, he bids adieu, without difficulty to his Free Kirk principles; in the course of

years a greater sphere of usefulness was held out for his acceptance. I am not aware that his departure from Kingston formed the subject-matter of abiding regret. I do recollect, however, of reading a speech by Professor Murray on the eve of his secession, in which he gave some sage counsel to his bereaved colleagues. His career there had ended, and therefore he could speak boldly. He asserted that in the event of his advice being disregarded that "the *Globe* would be down upon them."

On his arrival in Montreal, and being installed in his chair in McGill College, he found his way to a vacant pew in St. Andrew's Church, where he found the atmosphere too close for his progressive spirit, and while he remained in St. Andrew's he felt it to be his duty to tamper with the convictions of those whose devotion to the Church of Scotland, unlike his own, was steadfast and immovable; 1875 saw his hopes realized in the consummation of a thing called Union at the time he was connected with a congregation which had not followed the multitude, so another change of base must be gone through. No obstacle intervenes. An elastic conscience discloses an easy pathway. Easy because trodden more than once before. Secession again points to a solution of short-lived embarrassment. In company with a few kindred spirits they seek repose in Russell Hall or elsewhere—their pastor *there* had a short incumbency. Why short after an apparently serious effort to build a fashionable church, I know not. It is certain that the services of their spiritual adviser were dispensed with, and his congregation found their way to the *vacant* pews in St. Paul's. Here the Professor, who is so much concerned about the ethics of nations, finds repose and I hope edification.

I may not enter the arena to combat the opinion of a philosopher. Enough for me that I dabble a little in biography.

There is one phrase more in the last sentence of Mr. Murray's article which invites comment, and that is, "harmless smuggling." Is a philosopher warranted in saying that any kind of smuggling is harmless? If it be harmless and the revenue be not defrauded by either importer or exporter, then I submit it ceases to be smuggling. Could not the Professor have used the term venial, and so disarmed criticism?

HUGH NIVEN.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

DEAR SPECTATOR,—With the bragadocio of the Donnybrook Irishman, yet with an utter absence of the manly courage, I hear in the air, from an individual who has "no desire whatever to provoke a controversy," the echo of "tread on the tail of my coat if you dar"; but, with more caution than bravery, your correspondent hides behind the name "Ritualist." I signed my full name, and claim the verdict of the public on this point.

"The much-persecuted and reviled Ritualists have become accustomed to the cry of Popery and Jesuitry," so writes "Ritualist," and this skulking behind the name of his party, rather than writing over his own, is part of the programme in these matters of our faith that smacks of the dishonesty with which I now charge "Ritualist," and which dishonesty I shall prove ere I bring this letter to a close. With that pomposity that grows upon men who flush their souls with the pleasing delusion that they belong to *the Church*, and that no one else knows anything, or has any right to know or dispute these monarchs of profundity, I am informed that "the *sole* object is to correct certain historical errors concerning the nature and object of the English Reformation which were recently advanced in this paper by the Rev. Dr. Ussher." The mountain has laboured since the 17th of August, on which day my article in answer to my friend "Quien Sabe" was published on the 267th page of the SPECTATOR, and as I read it over, *I fail to find a single historical statement in it*,—*ergo*, "Ritualist's" "sole object" is to provoke controversy, and even a mouse of truth is not forthcoming.

I grant that "the elimination of Papal errors were the *real* and *only* objects of our martyred forefathers," and I would ask "Ritualist," Did not our martyred forefathers give us, under the good King Edward the VIth, a Protestant and more Scriptural Revision of the Prayer Book than any issued previously?—a Prayer Book that differs only from the Reformed Episcopal Book on the one point of Baptismal regeneration, which, had the martyrs lived, would have been made to accord with Scripture. The minds of the Reformers were making steady strides toward Protestantism, when the accession of Mary cut their work short. I ask "Ritualist" which is most like the 2nd Prayer Book of Edward the VIth, the Anglican Book of to-day or the Reformed Episcopal Book? If the latter (which, if he would state the truth, he must acknowledge), then I claim that we of the Reformed Episcopal Church are in line with the Reformers of Edward's time, having, as our *real* and *only* object, the elimination of the reintroduced Romish errors they discarded, and the carrying on to completion the work they were not permitted (owing to Romish persecution) to finish.

Again, I grant "that our martyred forefathers had in view the emancipation of Protestants from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome," from which they used to say in the Litany "good Lord deliver us"; but "Ritualist" must be very ignorant indeed of the doings and sayings of his own party leaders if he does not know that after the sentence of Rev. Mr. Mackonochie was reversed, the Ritualists held a meeting, and the Rev. Mr. Oxenham, a priest in the Church of England, proposed that they appoint a committee to wait on Cardinal Manning and see how they could bridge things over, and fix it so that the married clergy could be received as priests by the Roman Pontiff. Does this look like getting away from Rome? The doctrines of the real presence, and sacerdotalism generally, were rejected by the Reformers. The first Prayer Book of Edward VI. was Romish in its teaching, and it was only when Cranmer and his confreres were enlightened by the Presbyterian Protestant Divines—Peter Martyn and Martin Bucer—that the glare of Scripture truth and the alone priesthood of Christ began to shine upon them; and to their glory be it said, they rapidly grew into Protestantism, and were so steadfast, that they lighted candles in England that shine the world over, and "Ritualist" can never put them out, though his party leaders pronounce "Protestantism a failure and the Reformation a mistake."

It would be a little interesting if "Ritualist" would point out to us poor ignorant people when the Church of Rome ever recognized such a thing as the "Anglo-Catholic Church." When Augustin planted the Church of Rome in