

Then we hear of doctors going to church so as to get patients, or choosing a particular church that they may get more. Unfortunate men! Do you think you can do that sort of thing with impunity, and keep a sensitive honour, uprightness, and truthfulness in your heart? Don't believe it: indeed you cannot.

And then again in the total abstinence agitation. Who would not have respect for enthusiasts of almost any sort? Who would give anything for a young man who never had had enthusiasms, whether wholly right or not, whether you agreed with them wholly or not? For once in our lives anyway to have a perfectly generous impulse towards self-sacrifice, towards work for others, towards generosity—the very love for the thought of that better self keeps half of life afterwards, sweet, unless the devil of selfish grasping, suspicion of others, and disbelief in good for itself takes entire possession of a man. Then indeed he is damned, even in this life.

And this particular enthusiasm for total abstinence, how much cause there is to rouse any man's longing and determination to save others from the filthy abominations of drunkenness.

But when one turns to those who are no real enthusiasts, who do not believe in the cause, be their motives wise or foolish; when one sees them pretending, refraining to give young men wine or spirits, and going into another room to take it themselves, sitting on temperance platforms, and voting for laws they mean to break and mean others to break, and keeping in with the good people, as they are not ashamed to call those whom yet they never think of ranking themselves with really—then all that makes one appeal to any that will hear, whether this is not a grave social evil, eating into our people's life, teaching hypocrisy and meanness, and deep unbelief, a very school of lip-service, of denying in action what is preached by the mouth.

..... Some of you will probably be clergymen. And which of us laymen does not in his life envy you? We ask of you not to be satisfied with any ideal of your profession other than the highest. How mournful it is to us when you fail; how inspiring when you succeed. Succeed! What is success in that profession? That is a grave question which some of you have put to yourselves, or will put to yourselves with more sincerity than I can suggest it with.

"To think that now our life is only just for show"—has not that laid a danger in the clergyman's path too? What will tell, what will attract—and so on, and so on. For your own sake I humbly beseech you to note a danger of our time, and for our sake too who look to you to fortify us in our spirit of belief, if not in agreement with everything you say, yet in that spirit of trust and faith in goodness and men which we all long to be able to keep, and which we feel to be one part of truth of which you can make us sure, while you perhaps draw us on to further truth.

But I ask myself and all of you to think again for one moment on the possibilities of unreality, the awful possibilities. Take the weekly sermons published by a famous New York preacher, who (one trusts) is himself a man of severe life. But what talk is that rhetoric! How easy to indulge in, how

easy to listen to, how drest for show it seems, how unworthy of perhaps a better and simpler self in the preacher's own nature. Some of us have read Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. It is not only too strikingly possible that Arthur Dimmesdale might preach as he did? I am afraid that every year in the world ought to teach us more and more how possible it is, and that words are not acts.

Still the world teaches us much more than that: it teaches the nobility of the generous resolve of youth, when we readily respond to the appeal:—

"Give all thou canst: high Heaven disdains the lot
Of nicely calculated less and more."

That is the happiness of your period of life; and every time you show that generosity, you prevent older men losing the same spirit, that spirit which says a thing because it believes it, which does acts on the spur of the good impulse, which gives itself up heart and soul—the believing temper, in short, the opposite of that dreary miserable temper, questioning and prying, hesitating, taking the enjoyments out of everything, and the hope and faith out of the soul by calculating and always asking what others will think and say: giving up peace of mind on trust, and the very life of the best part of ourself for the sake of show, for the sake of what will be said, or of what will be given us, in that winter of the spring of our soul. Will you not prove to us that *that* winter need never come? Religion is the great power by which you can prove it to us. Faith is the mother of energy. With perfect sincerity in religion you have for life's course the truest guide for yourselves and the best means of being a guide to others.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD DUFFERIN.

When the history of our Dominion shall one day be written, in a manner that the vicissitudes of party conflict at present render impossible, it is certain that the rule of Lord Dufferin, and his personal character, will form one of the most conspicuous chapters. Canada possessed Lord Dufferin for seven years, perhaps the best years of a man's life. Born in 1826, he was 46 when he accepted the post of Governor General, having already passed through more varied experiences than fall to the lot of many lives. Everyone has read the 'Letters from High Latitudes,' and the immortal Latin oration which astonished the Icelanders; but few are acquainted with an earlier work, not less remarkable for originality and talent. In the sad years of the Irish Famine (1846-7), the young Lord Dufferin, who had recently left Oxford, visited his own country on a mission of relief and investigation. He published an account of his travels under the title: "Narratives of a journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the year of the Irish Famine," which attracted much attention from its vivid style and graphic descriptions. His next journey was to Vienna, in company with Lord John Russell, to take part in the Peace Congress which proved so utter a failure. In 1859 came the voyage to Iceland, and in the next year, for the first time, the rising diplomatist received an independent mission of great delicacy and importance in relation to the