

THE POWER UNSEEN.

The *Saturday Review* has we believe, more readers than friends. The *Churchman* has published a well written article, showing a very strong prejudice against the *Saturday Review*, and an almost equally strong belief in optimism. The *Churchman* says the *Saturday Review* is the active organ of the best phase of British *Philistinism*—the educated, cultured, aristocratic phase.

It believes in the stomachs of men. It has small faith in their souls. It sneers at the notion of any aims or motives higher than material ones. Bread and butter, houses and lands, carriages and servants, and a good bank balance, are its ideal of paradise. The only petition it thinks worth praying is, "give us this day our daily bread." That God's kingdom is coming, that there is, at all, any such kingdom, to come, is a matter in its opinion, of entire indifference.

And this cold, hard materialism has about it an air of common sense. Indeed, it especially claims to be sensible and practical. The things one sees and handles are such sure realities that it seems the practical thing—the thing, "with no nonsense about it"—to look at these, and fling aside all the rest with a sneer.

Not that the *Review* is especially intelligible. It rather pats religion on the back, and gently patronizes piety, if piety make no pretensions to earnestness.

It is the hard unbelief in any enthusiasm, in any devotion, in any high unselfishness, as if all these things were weakness and folly, which marks its brilliant pages. It is this unbelief, which claims to be so worldly-wise, so knowing, and so inexperienced, that inexperienced youths take to be wisdom and brightness; and it is just this which makes the *Review* so powerful and so dangerous in certain directions.

We are sorry to see in our own country a publication which is ambitious to occupy here a position such as the *Review* occupies in England; adopting the same tone, sometimes, and putting on the garments of *Philistinism*.

The *Nation* should be warned for its own sake—for there is much about it that we like—and warned for the sake of American periodical literature, against the weakness and folly of a feeble imitation of its great English pattern.

In the land of hope, of enthusiasm, of youthful freshness, of audacious faith in humanity, the supercilious sneering at enthusiasm, at earnestness, at the belief in ideas, at the faith in principles, under the name of "sentimentalism," is not very wise. It reads sometimes like the talk of some worn out old schemer, or some base voluptuary, who has lost faith in God and man—who believes only in his dinner, and believes that other men, no matter what their professions, believe only in the same.

There is nothing more corrupting than this sort of sneering, as there is nothing easier to write, and, at the same time, nothing falsier to life and experience.

It is easy to sneer at sentimentalism; it is a old style of sneer. It is easy to represent enthusiasm, idealism, high aims, unselfish purposes as coming under that name—an old representation. And yet the man who does not know that sentiment has been stronger than interest, ideas mightier than armed hosts, beliefs masterful beyond power of empires,—the man who does not know, and habitually recognize the fact that these things have been the world's greatest destroying and creative forces, is as blind as a mole to human nature and the history of

this planet. There have been crises again and again when wealth, honour, and power,—all that your *Philistine* thinks worth striving for—have been flung into the gulf like trash, for the sake of some pure bit of "sentiment."

It is all very well in the "piping times of peace," when the merchant buys and sells, and gets gain, when the alderman feeds high and grows round and rosy, when the banker locks his vaults, and goes home to his regular four courses, to sneer at sentiment and talk of the folly of ideals. It is natural, at least to these. Surely, goods, wholesale and retail, are real; surely truth is good, and claret; surely bank safes are substantial things, and stock realities,—and that is the only profession of faith needed over walnuts and wine.

But for a man who knows the larger world of which these are ignorant, for the man whose thoughts sweep all the circles of life, and who is set to teach with tongue or pen, to encourage men in any such stupid self-deception as this is high treason to his calling and to humanity.

For he knows that a sentiment—aye, even a sentimentalism—an idea preached and propagated by men who do not know where to find their dinners, has the power to sweep the merchant and his warehouses, the banker and his stocks and securities, the alderman and his dinners, in one whirlwind away. He knows unseen forces underlie life, prop all things visible. He knows that these vast unseen powers hold the world at their mercy; that a word, a name, the symbol of an idea, a sentiment, a formula embodying it, can crash one social order into chaos, and build another on its ruin. He knows that it has so been a hundred times, and that no man can tell when it may not be again.

The man with an idea is the man of power, and not the man with a hundred millions and no idea. A sentiment has driven a king a fugitive from a wrecked throne. A word—the symbol of a thought has consumed strong cities and wasted half a continent. Another such word has built cities in the desert and redeemed half an empty world to human uses. A "sentimental grievance" has caused eight centuries of war and insurrection. A sentiment, an invisible idea, may be gathering force to-day, taught by the tongues and pens of men you count dreamers, which shall change the earth and sweep all things you think enduring into oblivion five centuries hence.

Do not put your trust in your high common-sense, and boasted worldly knowledge; not in the coat, but in the man; not in the husk, but in the kernel; not in the casket, but in the jewel. It is an old truth, and has a wider sweep than theologians always give it,—"The things which are seen are temporal: the things which are not seen are eternal."

Deal prudently with the man of sentiment; be cautious and deprecatory toward the man burdened with an idea. If you cannot appreciate his condition, know this at least, that he is a very dangerous man, unless handled with care; for a real idea, even a real, strong and true sentiment introduced into society may be a blessing or a curse, as the society handles it. Handled unwisely, it were better you built a powder mill side by side in your city with a blast furnace.

It is wise to watch ideas; wise to direct sentiments. To sneer at either as if they were nothing in comparison with a man's dinner and his bank account, is supreme folly in a man who does any thinking,—a folly for which the adequate punishment is that he, and his dinner, and his bank account, together with his folly, be blown into

space some day when the idea or the sentiment explodes, as it is sure to do, and annihilates all the inert mass that overlaid and stupidly thought to bury it.

He should be a wise man who undertakes to play tricks and jest with the grim forces that heave unseen below all the world's towers and thrones.—*Church Herald*.

The commander-in-chief of the German troops in France receives thirteen hundred dollars a month; a general of division, seven hundred dollars; a brigadier-general, four hundred; and a colonel, three hundred.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

Monday, 6th day of November, 1871.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 6, Sec. 4, entitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the date hereof, the following articles when imported into Canada, or taken out of Warehouse for consumption therein—that is to say: Spirits and Strong Waters mixed with any ingredient or ingredients, and although thereby coming under the denomination of Proprietary Medicines, Tinctures, Essences, Extracts or any other denomination, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be chargeable with the duty imposed by the 3rd Section of the Act 33 Vic., Cap. 9, and with no other Customs duty.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk, Privy Council.

(17-311.)



NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, 6th November, 1871.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 30th of October last, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 31st Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following article be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada, free of duty, viz:

"Unmanufactured Ivory."

By Command,

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT

OTTAWA, November 10, 1871.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 10 per cent

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.