

over hot deserts vast caravans, to whose most learned member the name of the papacy would have been unintelligible, would have been journeying to humble the mighty spirit which had laid Rome in the dust. But if this were not sufficient to justify Cavour in pausing before he waged a war against the mighty shadow, there was another and a better justification for not drawing the mask from the face of the dead, and exposing the real features which lay concealed beneath. Cavour knew that Catholicism was only a name, that it was simply a surface, that it was merely a hollow shell, but that behind the name, and beneath the surface, and within the shell there lay a real power which few persons besides the Jesuits had ever understood. That power had often been employed unnaturally, and had accomplished its unnatural purpose with a terrible effect. What was there to prevent it being not less successful if employed to accomplish designs which were just? Italy had been freed. But this was the lesser portion of the difficulty. The burden of governing the new kingdom was yet to come. The Catholic Church, civilized by Cavour, would be of aid in regenerating the unfortunate condition of the subjects of the new Italian king. The Italian sun, golden and luminous, shining clear in a perfect sky, might again smile down on hills and valleys luxuriant with national prosperity, and blessed with the triumph of a bloodless peace. Cavour was content with extracting the teeth and the talons from the tiger, and allowing the beautiful but treacherous beast to charm the hearts of those it could not harm.

One cannot but recognize, in observing the irregular methods which were practised by Cavour, that consistency can scarcely be numbered among the first of his many titles to greatness. To attain his ends he had to employ many means, to play upon many different natures, and to appeal to vast and irreconcilable desires. He had to punish the virtuous because they were upright, and to reward the wicked because they were base. Men who had never sinned he was occasionally compelled to wrong, while those whose lives were dark with sombre stains he was often required to exalt. To the noble he appealed by whispering maxims of universal justice, and to the ignoble he appealed with the glitter of the expected gains. Yet amidst his diversity he was consistent. He was as true to his principles as a planet is true to its orbit, or as an angel is true to its God. His was a consistency in ends, not in means. His plans and schemes and measures were not limited to trifling particulars, but to wide and comprehensive designs. These designs, be they what they may, are always the guiding principles of the active spirits of political revolutions. From the path which leads to the destined end, although it winds in varied ways, they never for a moment deviate. Sometimes they strive for fame, sometimes for wealth, sometimes for power, and sometimes for revenge. Through dark and dismal chambers they feel their lonely passage, beside the gloomy scaffold, or behind the gloomier throne, past courts and halls and council rooms, and even through the dust of attics, among the low and lofty, betraying here, conciliating there, caressing now, destroying again, with smile and frown, with laugh and sneer, with prayer and curse, with careless speech and studied silence, they softly move with artless tread until victorious and crowned they are joyfully borne by admiring fools and enthroned on their desires.

But if it be evil to effect right ends by wrong means, must men, even considering the unparalleled circumstances under which he freed his country, condemn the politic Cavour for doing in the sunshine of his life deeds which he would have prayed to be delivered from doing in the dark hours as he lay with priests surrounding him and holding up the crucifix before his dying eyes? If they must then they too must agree in proclaiming that the liberation of Italy has not been justified. They must join in affirming that Italy should still be enslaved. They must too unite in denying legitimacy to any dynasty which has been ushered through gloom to its throne. But if they agree that a nation freed is a nation indeed, that Italy emancipated is a diadem in the coronet of civilization, that the dethroning of the tyrannous masters of the land of Virgil and Cicero was an act which must meet with the applause of the gods, then whatever necessary means were used to attain the end, must have been equally virtuous. And they will look behind the means, and, beholding the mind which read the secrets of the world and used them to attain a mighty end, they will proclaim that the voice of virtue must not be hushed when

joyful generations of emancipated Italians, thinking of the days when the green hills of their native land groaned under the tyranny of the Austrians, lift their hearts and tongues in praise of the lovely land, whose condition of prosperity is due to the mighty revolution which was so skilfully accomplished by the genius of Cavour.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

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The Golden-Rod.

The Golden-Rod, the Golden-Rod,
Bright mirror, thou, of Heaven's eye,
By shady dell, in verdant wood,
Thy nodding feathery plumelets fly.
When tender blossoms fade and fall
Before the chilling Autumn blasts,
Thy golden glory braves them all,
And sunset radiance round thee casts.

Ah Golden-Rod, dear Golden-Rod,
Ere long will thy short life be done,
Thy withered leaves will strew the sod,
And dim will grow thy mimic sun.
I weep to see thy faded flower,
But still, methinks, I hear thee say,
"Thou, too, must seize each fleeting hour,
For all things earthly pass away."

J. E. MIDDLETON.

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The Foe of Christianity.

JERUSALEM was besieged by the Romans under the Emperor Titus, and taken with great slaughter. The besiegers obtained the greatest aid from the defenders. It is doubtful if the city could have been taken if the Jews had been united. The sects within the city fought more desperately among themselves than against the enemy, and so weakened themselves that they were easily beaten. A similar state of affairs happened at the siege of Constantinople. The Christian sects among the Greeks fought so savagely among themselves they had no time to attend to the enemy at the gate, and the last vestige of the grand old Roman Empire fell before the savage Turk.

Revealed religion stands face to face to-day with a foe more deadly, more savage and inexorable than Roman or Turk—modern science. Formerly, the foe religion had to fear was doubt, pessimism—the haggard man in a boat on a tempestuous sea, without oar, sail, or compass, no land in sight, and gazing steadfastly into the eyes of the shark called fate, following the boat. Every Christian has been made familiar with this from infancy. Religion had placed it in all its hideousness in the forefront of the Old Testament. Ecclesiastes can discount in pessimism all the doubters from Schopenhauer to Colonel Robert Ingersoll. "It is better to die than to live, and better than either is not to have been born." Who can surpass it? Doubt consequently has hardly made an impression on Christianity.

The so-called higher criticism has been equally harmless. Strauss, Colenso and Renan have passed away and have left no successors. The great body of the people take no interest in critical investigation. Whether the Book of Daniel was written 150 or 500 years before Christ, or the Gospel according to St. John was written in the first or second century, or whether it is too philosophical to be genuine, is nothing to them. The people will not even use the Revised Version of the Scriptures where only verbal inaccuracies are corrected. What, then, is the use of placing the higher criticism before them? None at all; and it may be that the Christian contempt for doubt and criticism has made religion indifferent to science and so interested in the questions between the sects.

But while they are fighting fiercely among themselves, like the Jews and Greeks, science is sapping the walls and hurrying us on to naturalism. If the human mind is nothing but a mode of motion, and the body only an imperfect machine, as science asserts, then we are in sight of the condition in which science says she found us—on all fours, although her proof—the Neanderthal man—may be nothing more than another attempt to copy the American fraud of a few years ago. Evolution is also taking away the founda-