

thanks to his Puritanism, has not yet caught. Let me state some points in which I fancy Catholic doctrine would elucidate his theory and clear up many of his difficulties.

(1.) The Catholic doctrine views the Christian religion as something affecting the whole man, in all his complexity of body and spirit, of mind and matter. Hence, it lays much stress (not by any means the sole stress, as some represent) on sacraments, ritual and external worship. The Puritan doctrine is too Pythagorean (to use Mr. Drummond's own term) and views the "soul" alone, segregated from the body, as concerned with religion.

(2.) The Catholic doctrine takes into account the solidarity of the human race, and the fact that the individual is conditioned by his environments. Hence the Catholic theory of the Church as a "state of salvation" is the application of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Biological Sociology to the Spiritual World, just as that Sociology again is the application of the Natural Law to the Social World (p. xiii).

(3.) The Catholic doctrine of Regeneration, Election, etc., is at least more in accordance with Natural Law, inasmuch as it conceives of Almighty God working in the kingdom of grace as He works in Nature, viz., by means and by regular laws.

(4.) The Catholic doctrine takes into account the fact that God has provided for the salvation (or conversion, regeneration, spiritual evolution, religious development—what you will) of man by the instrumentality of his fellowman. Mr. Drummond's system takes no account of this important factor.

(5.) The Catholic Doctrine of the Church as the creation of its Divine Founder, an organism of which Christ is the "Life," is quite compatible with all instances of "Degeneration," "Parasitism," etc. "The extension of the Incarnation" is a phrase very shocking to Puritan ears; but after all it is only the analogue in the Spiritual World of the Natural Law of the evolution of Protoplasm.

I readily grant that the Catholic idea may be—nay, has been—pushed to extravagant and absurd lengths; but that does not justify the equally absurd and extravagant rebound of Puritan individualism. In conclusion, pray allow a "High Anglican" this little bit of vapouring. It is to be hoped that some High Churchman will take Mr. Drummond and "teach him the way of God more perfectly." Then, I feel sure, we shall have from him a book which will be a masterpiece of Christian apologetics.

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THE ROYAL GAME.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The view taken by "Pawn" in a recent number of THE WEEK as to the status of Chess in Canada is not only unnecessarily despondent, but illogical. What would be thought of a man who should compare, with result unfavourable to Canada, the volume of her trade, her military, mercantile or naval power, with those of England or Germany, without making allowance for the differences of age, population, etc. It is surely equally as absurd to compare the position of chess in Canada with that which it holds in England or Germany. Canada is a new country even in a new world. She has really no leisure class. Young men, after the labour of the day, seek in the field a more healthy, if not more intellectual, pursuit than is to be found poring over a chess problem. We are but the budding of a nation; and is not the *mens sana in corpore sano* much to be preferred to a more highly-developed nervous system at a sacrifice of blood and muscle? "Pawn's" sneer at the intelligence of the Volunteers engaged in suppressing the North-West Rebellion, because of the paucity of chess-boards among them was uncalled for. We are free to affirm that there are many chess-players among our Volunteers; but, to say nothing of the small compass into which their baggage had of necessity to be compressed, is it feasible that, in the pitch of excitement to which they had been wrought consequent upon their departure, they would think of taking chess-boards with them? As well might "Pawn" reason that the small quantity of tobacco taken by the "Boys" demonstrated that there were few smokers among them.

S. HERBERT M.

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AD ASTRA.

AD ASTRA! lo men call him fool
Who ever upwards turns his eyes;
For by their harsh and narrow rule
The worldly man alone is wise.

The worldly man who treads along,
Nor heareth heavenly harmonies;
For him the woodlands breathe no song,
No hidden murmur in the breeze.

Ad astra! to the kindly stars
That beam with pity and with love—
That look on life, racked with fierce wars—
From heaven's deep blue far, far above.

Ad astra! may we make our way,
Our souls bent upward to the light.
So shall we seldom go astray,
Nor leave the straitened path of right.

B.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

V.

MEANWHILE Ilia had helped the woman to carry the still unconscious maiden within the house of old Sebastian, the porter of the monastery. It was the first time for years that he had crossed its threshold. A feud of long standing, as is frequently the case in these remote villages, one whose origin no longer admits of explanation, or appears so paltry that we involuntarily endeavour to find other and more deeply hidden causes for it, had divided both families. Father Sebastianus, as he was called in the monastery and the neighbourhood, had held a mortgage over the lands of the Michalovitchs; during the Turkish War the elder Michalovitch, Ilia's father, had suddenly disappeared, and with him the bond which made old

Michalovitch, Ilia's grandfather, the debtor of Father Sebastianus. From that time the prosperity of the Michalovitchs had gone on increasing while that of the Sebastianians had declined in proportion; and whilst, to-day, young Ilia, the heir to the property, cultivated his unencumbered lands with his own horses and farm implements, and was the wealthiest man in Longavitz, old Sebastianus had been glad to find a shelter, together with old Kloantz, his wife, as porter, gardener and factotum to the monastery of Kokosh. This position, thanks to the skill of old Sebastianus in all matters pertaining to husbandry and gardening, together with the economy so rigidly practised by Kloantz, had made the childless household tolerably comfortable; and all the more so as the foreign Abbot knew how to appreciate the knowledge and obliging dexterity of his new gardener and porter and recompense it with a generous liberality; and so, in course of time, Sebastianus became, in a sense unknown before, the steward and manager of the lands of the monastery. Not the less bitter, however, was the enmity of the old man against the family of the Michalovitchs and all connected with them; consequently a very significant murmur passed through the circle of monks when they saw Ilia, aided by Kloantz and her Roumanian servant girl, Floriana, carry the fainting Greek within the porter's dwelling. The bearers had hardly disappeared within the house with their burden, when, already, old Sebastianus, grumbling and muttering unintelligible words behind his shaggy beard, hobbled after them as fast as his stiff rheumatic joints would allow, and entered the room upon the divan of which the women had deposited their interesting charge. Without vouchsafing Ilia so much as a look, the old man remained standing by the door, which he held open in a most significant and unmistakable way, and called into the room:

"That is women's work! There is enough room for men outside in the court-yard!"

For the first time Ilia became aware of the lengths to which his agitation and anxiety for Eurikleia had carried him. For a moment he hesitated between his hatred of old Sebastianus and the feelings which prompted him to remain beside his still unconscious bride; and it even seemed as if his newly awakened resolution would lead him to brave the old man's rancour as he had already opposed the interference of Werner, and that, without heeding the significant words and no less significant action of the old porter, he would watch over the recovery of his betrothed. He cast a gloomy look upon the old man, who still kept his place; a quivering movement passed over his closely compressed lips, as if he were debating with himself whether he should choke down or whether he should give vent to the angry and bitter words which trembled upon his tongue. His hesitation was speedily put to an end by Floriana, who, placing her arms akimbo, stepped between him and the unconscious Greek, and said, with the saucy "cheekiness" peculiar to Roumanian girls:—

"Since when has Ilia Michalovitch made it a habit to be present when maidens were being undressed and put to bed?"

Ilia made no reply. And then there happened what always happens. As a spring which has been subjected to a violent tension recoils upon itself only the more forcibly, so the timid unwarlike Bulgarian nature, after a short effort at manliness, shrank back within itself and remained stronger than all the feelings which strove in vain against its innate cowardliness. Grinding his teeth as though he cursed his weakness in his inmost soul, Ilia left the house without bestowing another look upon the old man, who still held the door open for his departure.

"A pretty lover, forsooth!" the Roumanian Floriana called after him with scornful laughter, "a pretty lover indeed, who lets a couple of women and an old man drive him away from the side of his bride!"

Sebastianus, however, shook his head as he looked after Ilia's retreating form.

"There is something going on in Ilia's mind! . . . He hesitated as to whether he should obey, and didst thou mark, Floriana, how his hand clutched the hilt of his knife? . . . You Roumanians call the Bulgarians a race of cowards? But woe, when they once awake from their sleep! And it seems to me as if there was one of them there, who had come to the end of his slumbers! . . . But what does it matter to me! Let him do what he will!"

So saying the old man slammed to the door violently and shot the bolt into the staple.

Ilia remained standing for a moment in front of the inhospitable abode, thoughtful and irresolute as to whether he should follow the hunters into the dining hall; then, suddenly turning round, took his way with a firm step towards the little wooden door in the back wall of the monastery which opened upon the foot of the mountain, and was soon lost to view among the gloomy walks and leafy arbours of the convent orchard.

VI.

UPON the spacious wooden verandah which extended in front of his apartment the worthy Cyrill was awaiting his guest. Yielding to the thoughts with which he had been occupied since the scene of the morning, he suffered his eyes to wander over the convent garden which lay bathed in the dazzling light of the warm midday sun. A few tall sunflowers and wild dahlias raised their heads in rude, obtrusive fashion above the smaller flowers and shrubs which, already limp and yellow, lay shimmering in the noonday heat, while some sickly-looking asters, half-choked in their neglected beds by the tall, withered grass and weeds which grew in rank luxuriance above and around them, peeped forth timidly, looking for all the world in their dress of faded colours like so many widowed flowers who had put on mourning for their deceased consorts; and it almost seemed as if kindly Nature had wished before they fell victim to the approaching winter, to pour forth her warmest and brightest rays upon these poor sorrowing relics of a glorious past, the golden sunbeams played so jocund upon blade and leaf, the butterflies