

gramme of projected reforms with which, according to Mr. Gladstone, the British Parliament, after half a century of reform, has now to deal. Clearly there is no discharge in this war. While ministers and members may come and go, the struggles for new legislation, more and more radical in character, seems destined to go on for ever. We do not know that this is an unmixed evil, even from the Parliamentary point of view. Were all great principles settled and Parliament left with nothing to do save attending to matters of legislative detail, it would soon lose the incentives which have stimulated its grandest achievements, and sink into imbecility or corruption. Referring, however, to Mr. Gladstone's speech, from a sentence of which we set out, we were about to quote his hearty endorsement of Lord Salisbury's African policy, and hold it up to our political orators as an example of the fairer and more magnanimous character of English public life, when suddenly there came to mind recent passages at arms between Messrs. Balfour and Morley, and gave us pause. It must be confessed that the differences in presentation of facts, as well as the scantness of mutual courtesy in speech, which characterize the diatribes of these distinguished leaders, would scarcely discredit the most rabid of our own party advocates. For obvious reasons it would be unfair to go to the court in Tipperary for the more glaring illustrations there abounding. The edge of our intended homily on "the way they do these things in England" being thus turned, we are forced to fall back on the thought with which we set out. In view of it, we may well congratulate the Parliament and people of Canada after all, in that they have just now, as shown in another paragraph, but one great test question of home politics, instead of the formidable seven which confront the unhappy politicians of the Mother Land.

THE celebrated case arising out of the appeal of Professor Egbert E. Smyth from the decree of the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary, removing him from his professorship, was argued two weeks since before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and is now under advisement. At the hearing, counsel appeared for the Visitors, for the Trustees, who claimed that their functions had been usurped by the Visitors in the matter, and for the appellant, Professor Smyth. As the appeal was based upon legal and technical grounds, and the decision will, no doubt, be rendered solely upon those grounds, and not upon the merits of the case, the interest in the results of the trial is, so far, mainly personal. It is true that the counsel for the Visitors and for Professor Smyth did enter somewhat into the main question, thus enlarging the issue into that of the meaning of the creed, and the compatibility or otherwise with it of the so-called "Andover Theology." Into the purely theological aspects of the case it is not for us to enter, intensely interesting as those aspects no doubt are to many of our readers. Upon a still wider question which emerges, and which, as one of Christian ethics, is of almost universal interest, we may venture a word. That question may be broadly stated somewhat as follows: In what sense and to what extent are the creeds to which many old churches, colleges and other religious trusts demand subscription, binding upon the consciences of preachers and teachers connected with those bodies? Does the code of manly and Christian honour permit any liberty of personal interpretation, different from the literal meaning of the terms used, or rather from what has been generally held to be their literal and actual meaning? Of course, no honest man, whose views have deviated materially from those which he knows to be considered "orthodox," could continue to teach or verbally assent to doctrines which he could no longer believe. Whether is he bound in such a case to withdraw from the church or institution with which he is connected, or may he rightly retain his position and teach what he regards as the whole truth, so far as he may be able to see it? Many journals, both religious and secular, hold very pronounced views on this point. It is not unusual to find in such the most sweeping condemnation of what they regard as the dishonourable conduct of the man who can use the pulpit or the professor's chair to promulgate views differing in any appreciable degree from those traditional ones which have been stamped as "orthodox" by the common consent or affirmation of the body with which he is connected. For instance, the New York Sun has nothing but words of scathing condemnation for the Andover Professor in the case in question. But is it so perfectly clear that such a view of what is demanded by loyalty to truth is the highest or the correct one? Clearly it is not the view which is the most likely to promote either personal

loyalty to truth, or fearless conscientiousness in its pursuit. Pushed to its logical limits, it would destroy all cohesion and dissolve every church or other corporate body into its constituent units, since, as Professor Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, pointed out in closing the argument for the appellant, "No two men can accept a creed in the same sense," and, as we may add, no thoughtful man ever holds a creed in exactly the same sense for two successive years. But waiving such fine distinctions, would not the view in question strictly enforced render such a thing as doctrinal reform or progress within a church forever impossible? A secular journal may not dogmatize; perhaps it should not even express opinions on semi-theological topics, but it may be pardoned for suggesting, tentatively, that there may be two sides to even such a question as this.

#### CHORIAMBICS—PLAINT OF THE NURSE IN THE "MEDEA."

VAIN, ah! vain was your art, vainer your toil, maladroït  
bards of yore,  
Who wove lyrics to please, pæans to thrill, hearts that  
were glad before;  
Who found strains that could charm men in their mirth—  
musical fantasies  
That could heighten our joys, gladden our feasts, brighten  
our revelries.

But no tones of the harp, notes of the pipe, never a  
tuneful lay,  
Not a song of your songs, maladroït bards, ever availed to  
stay  
The sad footsteps of Care, urged by the Gods, turning our  
light to gloom,  
Bringing chill to the soul, withering hope, pregnant with  
Dread and Doom.

Yet if Music would lull Sorrow to sleep, this were a boon  
to all  
Kinder far than to weave measures to grace revel or  
banquet hall.  
Fast beat hearts in the full flush of the feast, fragrant with  
wine and flow'rs,  
Wanting never a sweet chord on the lute swifter to speed  
the hours.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

#### PARIS LETTER.

McKINLEYISM is the common enemy for the moment. France cannot count upon the benefit of any favoured nation clause with the United States, but the latter can claim justification in the application of the rod to France and Germany; both have treated American pork, and, in a lesser degree, American corn in a summary manner for ten years past, so the McKinley lockout is a kind of nemesis for these States. England was not in that position, yet she has to bear her share of the all-round commercial stripes. Happily she has this consolation that she will be the earliest to find "fresh woods and pastures new," for her manufactures. France expected that the Britisher would collapse when she declined to renew the Cobden Treaty; she forced England to become her formidable rival in other markets. France gives the measure of her dependence on England for raw and fabricated materials by her powerlessness to keep out those British imports, which are the life blood of French industries. Yet no treaty exists precluding France from applying, to-morrow, McKinley tactics to England.

It will be so in case of America. England, after her unmerited exclusion and its necessary hardships, will soon discover and work up new outlets for her barred-out products. She will have to fight American manufactures more keenly than hitherto in the common markets of the world. It will likely, also, develop closer commercial dealings between England and her colonies. "Caw me and I'll caw you." It is waste of time; mere toothless-old-woman scolding, lecturing America on the evils of her new departure on exploded economic lines of political economy. If wrong, she will be punished where she has sinned; if right, she can laugh at Old Europe. All the probabilities are that the laugh will be against her.

The McKinley shoe will pinch France very severely. First, it will upset all the castle-building in the air, by the French protectionists, who have been playing at the same game—exclusion of foreigners' goods—and if she does not act handsomely towards American pork and cereals, President Harrison will shake his *memento mori* decree against the Gauls. France has not yet found out the secret of manufacturing cheaply, so is elbowing out of the foreign market. The buyers of artistic and high-priced goods are few to-day. Now it is on the multitude that the fabricant has to count, not on the elite, to make his money. Just as with the theatre, there are the well-filled galleries and the pit that uphold the solvency of the stage. Whatever tariff-favours France accords a State, Germany, by virtue of the Frankfort Treaty, will claim the same. Refusal means war.

The strike among the tulle-workers of Calais is exceptionally curious. They neither ask for higher wages, nor

shorter hours. They really want work to earn a sufficiency to merely live. This the mill-owners positively cannot give. The tulle trade is being cut out by Nottingham competitors, who, unlike their Calais' rivals, have to pay no tax on raw materials. Tulle may be summarily viewed as lace made by machinery; the latter invented by Lee, an Englishman, was introduced into France in the early part of the seventeenth century, but such was the importance attached to keeping the secrets of improvements in the machinery, that the English law actually punished with death whoever would communicate any information, bearing on these mechanical improvements, to the foreigner.

In 1878, by the latest reliable statistics, Calais, or rather its suburb, St. Pierre, had eighty fabricants of tulle, representing plant valued at 40,000,000 frs., employing 10,000 tullists, and transacting an annual total of business, estimated at 60,000,000 frs. These were the days of plenty; gold may be said to have then rolled through the streets of St. Pierre. But the pinch set in about 1885, when fashion abruptly took to woollen lace manufactured in Auvergne, Velay, and Ferez. Fabricants had prepared stocks of Chantilly lace; it was all left on their hands, and many have been actually keeping afloat by selling these stocks at ruinous prices. To make the new woollen lace required different plant, and long credits to purchase the requisite raw material. For the latter object alone some firms stood in need of credits of 150,000 frs. This was in 1886, when the famous crash set in, and that submerged thousands of persons, and hundreds of banks. Five of the latter in Calais alone failed, and engulfed local deposits. Calais has never recovered from that blow.

Those stormy petrels, the socialists, have flocked to Calais to blow the coals; in addition, dynastic and advanced politics have crawled into the dispute, all tending to keeping employers and employed asunder. Who really have only to be brought together to indulge in a calm, straight talk of an hour, to vote the only solution possible—short time and shortened wages—or the disappearance of the Calais tulle trade. Relief could be immediately afforded, which protection forbids, were Calais' manufacturers, like their rivals in England and Switzerland, allowed to receive their cotton free, as they do their silk. To benefit by the latter, some Nottingham firms have established branch factories at Calais. French fabricants will never be so plucky as to adopt these Roman tactics against the Carthaginians, by carrying the war into the enemy's country.

A few words respecting pure Socialism in France. This, in its German form, may be said not to exist, but since the recent death of Joffrin, the anti-socialistic leader of skilled labour, his antagonist, Guesde, who works in with Bebel, Liebknecht, and other fathers of the German Socialist Church, is rapidly becoming a power. Thiers said that Socialism had emigrated from France to Germany. It looks at present as if it was returning to the place from whence it started. Socialism can never be a victorious party in France, where almost everyone has a little property in some form, thanks to their frugality. But it can be a teasing, a disrupting force, a foreign body in the national system.

In Holland, when the necessitous can no longer eke out a living, they can apply for admission to the Weenhuisen Agricultural Charity Colony, composed of six vast farms or divisions. Vagrants between eighteen and sixty years of age, arrested pursuing their ordinary calling, are sent to the agricultural penitentiary for one or two years. This is to cure them of idleness, for they must work or go to the cell. When good, they become eligible for admission to the charity colony. At the penitentiary establishment the 4,000 *détenus* are classed, following age. Employment of some kind is provided. Silence reigns during work as at meals. The latter is limited to one repast at noon, composed of a soup of potatoes and beans, with a morsel of coarse bread, never meat. At four in the morning and six in the afternoon a cup of coffee. The dormitory has no beds; all hammocks. Each prisoner's work is valued at 3 frs. per day; his keep at one-ninth of that sum. The Government thus makes money.

The Charity Farm Colony was originally founded in 1817 to relieve the victims of Napoleon's wars. An immense tract of sand and heath soil was set apart to be reclaimed—15,000 acres are still waste. Men, women, and children, unable to eke out a living, but guilty of no crimes, were "planted"; they fed in common like the Spartans. The parents are provided with work, the children educated and taught trades. All are free to leave, but will find re-admission difficult, and, if detected begging, the penitentiary awaits them. In time, when labour savings amount to a fixed sum, the father receives for it a house, five acres of land, a cow and a goat. He pays also a moderate rent, which is also the redemption for the value of the holding. The aged are pensioned out among the colonists. The latter must sell all their farm products to the governing body. France intends trying this plan for the extinction of pauperism on "the very light soil" of the Landes; the Moors of Sologne, and the once intended Metropolitan Necropolis, at Méry-sur-Oise. Z.

HERE is a Khojak story—possibly true. When the Governor of Candahar was at Chaman lately one of the railway officials there offered to show him over the tunnel. "Sahib," replied his Excellency, "I think not. When you English put a bullet through a man's chest, do you ever invite his friends to come and see the fine hole it has made?"—*Homeward Mail*.