

which they first appeared: "The Rev. T. Herbert Darlow, Literary Superintendent of the Bible Society, has edited the long-lost letters on which Borrow founded the best travel-book in the English language, 'The Bible in Spain.' That book is read and appreciated to-day far more keenly than at the time of its original appearance. I saw it but yesterday in a green leather binding in the revolving bookcase of a city banker's drawing-room; and the two-volume edition of 1896 has been reprinted five or six times. My own favourite copy is Mr. Murray's six shilling edition of 1907, which I always keep beside me."

Tact and the Lack of It.

We were recently talking with one of the most laborious and successful lay readers of our acquaintance on the subject of work in various parishes. He said that, though he had his own convictions and preferences, he made it a rule to defer to the expressed wishes of the rector, who, for the time being, he was assisting, and to avoid the introduction of any changes in the service merely to please himself. How different in practice and result is such a course of conduct to that of one who undertakes duty in a parish, and from the start sets himself in opposition to the rector and antagonizes the settled convictions of some of the parishioners by becoming an acknowledged partisan. Such a man, it matters not how good his character may be, does not take long to demonstrate his narrowness and inefficiency; and, in fact, the longer he is continued in a position of responsibility in a parish the greater will be the bickering and heart-burning, of which he is mainly the cause, amongst the parishioners. Without tact a man of genius and learning may prove an utter failure. With tact, a man of ordinary ability and moderate scholarship may win the esteem and respect of even those whose convictions on some points are at variance to his own.

The Crime of Suicide.

The prevalence of suicide in our day shows how far modern society is drifting away from Christ. Of all sins, deliberate suicide is one of the most unchristian, the most wanton, and the most cowardly. It is a lamentable fact that, according to statistics, the number of suicides every year, in most countries, is growing at an alarming rate. A superficial judgment attributes this to the fever and fret, and fierce competition of our industrial life nowadays. But men of sound understanding see in it the direct result of Godless teaching and unreligious upbringing. Christians do not commit suicide; to a true Christian the very thought is absolutely abhorrent. Christianity has always denounced suicide as a crime. It declares in the most positive terms that no man, in any circumstances whatever, has a right to take his own life. It holds up suicide as the basest moral cowardice, and the Church actually refuses Christian burial to the suicide, properly holding one committing a deliberate and responsible act of this kind forfeits the right to God's mercy and goes straight down into hell. In the same way, and on the same principle, the Church fought against the once popular institution of the duel, until men came to recognize its essential folly and wickedness, and the falsity of the principles upon which it was founded. Suicide, in Pagan times, was regarded as an act of heroic virtue by many, as we see from the lines of Cato and of Socrates. But in the last analysis their deaths must be regarded as acts of moral cowardice, and it is so that Aristotle characterizes such deaths. Suicide is not only a violation of the Divine precept, "Thou shalt not kill," but it violates also the obligations every man owes to society. Every man is, as it were, a soldier in the common cause, and he who withdraws, or runs away by taking his own life, is a coward and a traitor. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

The sublimest spectacle this old world

has looked upon is Christ on the Cross, and the greatest pagan hero, ancient or modern, is immeasurably inferior to Job of the Old Testament, whose spirit and soul, whose moral strength, beauty, and nobility are the ideal of the Christian of to-day, as they will be to the end of time. His body was afflicted with disease; his possessions were taken from him; his wife bade him curse God and die, and his dearest friends mocked him. Did he seek escape in suicide? Far from it. He was no modern philosophic coward, but a whole man, and all manly Christian men revere his name and strive to imitate his sublime virtue. "The Lord giveth," he said, "and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."—Abridged from the Catholic Register.

Prince Edward Island.

There is no one who does not sympathize with the lament over the lowered population of the Island, the favourite seaside of the quiet people of the continent, caused largely by migration to the West and emigration to the States. It is useless to point out that other islands suffer from the same trouble: Orkney and Shetland, the Hebrides at home, the islands of the Mediterranean, and so on. Even the mainlands in the neighbourhood of Prince Edward are no exceptions. A clergyman in Northern Maine some time ago made the same lament to us: his young people all went away. For years before Confederation the young people left the Island for Portland and Boston, and to-day the Province girls are the favoured servants in the latter city. In, perhaps, twenty years from now the tide will have ceased to flow westward, the forests in the north of the Island may have grown again, and the winter and spring climate be moderated, and the fertile fields be tenanted by successors to the present race as good, and perhaps better, than the good folks of Anne of Green Gables.

Brethren Who Dwell in Unity.

Lord Guthrie, in presiding at the annual dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club in Edinburgh, told some new, as well as old, stories of the great Sir Walter. Lord Guthrie is himself the son of a good son of Edinburgh, the Thomas Guthrie who established the first ragged school and gave the push which sent the pendulum of saving the young swinging all over the world. Lord Guthrie said that Sir Walter Scott was one of six clerks of Session; that is, the High Court of Justice. The families of the principal clerks formed a kind of community. They addressed their fathers' colleagues as uncle, and the colleagues used, in their turn, the familiar epithets of nephew and niece. His mother's cousin, Susan Ferrier, was in that quaint sense one of Sir Walter's nieces. His mother used to tell them that, on her first visit in 1820 as a child of ten from the manse of Brechin to the metropolis, she was taken to the Parliament House to see her grand uncle, Mr. Ferrier, and Sir Walter Scott sitting side by side as fellow-clerks. Her family naturally thought it the greatest sight in all Scotland, if not in all the world.

Before and After.

People sometimes are exercised over the question as to whether the Church of England was the same Church after the Reformation that it was before that historic event. It would be hard to find a neater or more accurate answer to such a question than that of Archbishop Bramhall: "I make not the least doubt in the world," said the learned Bishop, "but that the Church of England before the Reformation and the Church of England after the Reformation were as much the same Church as a garden before it is weeded and after it is weeded is the same garden; or as a vine, before it be pruned and after it is pruned and free from luxuriant branches is one and the same vine."

Murder Will Out.

A quaint old saying that often proves true. And now the spectacular, so-called trial of the McNamaras at Los Angeles has come to an end. The accused pleaded guilty, and the newspapers published statements as to the cheerfulness of the murderer of twenty-one innocent, unsuspecting people, his excellent appetite, and the large number of letters he was receiving from friends and admirers. It is a pity that this cold-blooded murderer could not have been dealt with in the even-handed, fair, and expeditious manner in which British justice is dispensed. A few days would have sufficed to have given him and his accomplice a fair trial. There would, it is true, have been none of the sensational and theatrical accompaniments of the Los Angeles exhibition. Counsel bickering for weeks over the selection of a jury at an initial cost to the labour sympathizers of the defendants of some \$200,000. It is true it has given the newspapers what they want: lots of copy and quick sales. To say the least of it, this so-called trial, with all its adjuncts, does not give outsiders a very favourable impression of the course of justice in the United States. This trial and its accompaniments should help the labour men of Canada to have the pluck and independence to sever their connection with the labour organizations of the United States and to stand on their own footing.

FOOLISH AND FUTILE.

In some respects, as we have before pointed out, there has been a most gratifying improvement in the tone of our political discussions during the last third of a century. We have outgrown the coarse personalities of a simpler and cruder age, and a good many methods worse than shady. One practice, however, still survives in apparently undiminished vigour at Ottawa, viz., the raking up and bandying to and fro of alleged disloyal utterances on the part of certain politicians on occasions more or less (generally more) remote. How foolish and futile this sort of thing is, and it has long ceased to impose on anyone. Who of us, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, hasn't at times been guilty of "disloyal utterances"? What haven't all of us said in some "bilious" moment of the Mother Country? Isn't it a fact that we often say the unkindest things of the people we at heart most dearly love? Yielding in our loyalty to no Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we are perhaps a little shamefacedly conscious of having said our share of occasional hard things about England's way of managing her relations with her premier colony. Like all Britons, we have our attacks of biliousness, and take a real, if chastened, satisfaction in an occasional grumble. With our publicists, who "think in print," the case is exactly similar. They have their moments of passing petulance, and, being only human, they occasionally seek relief in vigorous language, which expresses, not their matured judgment or convictions, but simply the passing mood of the moment, forgotten as soon as uttered by the speaker, but not by those whose business it is to record and "preserve for future reference" the utterances of those who aspire to leadership and governance. So it comes about that there is scarce a politician in the arena to-day of above, say, fifteen years' standing, of either party, against whom some such statement might not be quoted were a diligent examination made of his speeches. We have seen accusations of this kind hurled at the head of even such a staunch Loyalist and Imperialist as the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Like the rest of us, he had his bilious moments, and was liable to "speak unadvisedly with his lips," and to make statements which rose up in judgment against him. It is time, in our opinion, that this silly practice of pelting each other with such missiles were relegated to the limbo of other outworn methods of