

credentials as ambassadors or even as servants of Christ."

As compared with Dean Stanley, Dr. Bradley probably attaches much greater importance to a purely religious training for the ecclesiastical profession. The late Dean was never tired of taking a secular view of the religious office. Dr. Bradley was only ordained upon his becoming Head Master of Marlborough and probably felt more than he otherwise would the need of a special theological training. Altogether he seems to be the fittest man, that could have been selected for the vacant deanery. A liberal churchman but opposed to all dangerous speculation, an able administrator and a temperate Reformer, popular among the large class who look upon him as one who made their school, their *alma mater*, greater than it was before, Dr. Bradley will probably prove a worthy successor of Dean Stanley. He may lack the brilliancy and polish, the literary distinction of his predecessor, but he will offend fewer people within his own church without losing the respect and sympathy of those outside of it.

LORD SALISBURY'S LEADERSHIP.

A storm in a teacup, or a great constitutional collapse? That is the question which the newspapers and their readers have been asking themselves during the last ten days with much show of solicitude. At the moment at which these lines are written it is impossible to give a definite answer. The game of battledore and shuttlecock, in which Lords and Commons have been engaged throughout the week, may be played a little longer. The air is still agitated with rumours of resignation, an October Session, dissolution, revolution, and what not. Yet there can hardly be much doubt as to the manner in which the struggle between the Houses will end. All this parade of indignation and alarm, this ostentatious exhibition of irreconcilable antagonism between Lords and Commons, the brave words of Mr. Gladstone and the defiant menaces of Lord Salisbury, are, one may shrewdly suspect, empty forms. What will ultimately happen is likely to be that which, from the first, all sensible men thought must happen. The House of Lords is above all things at the present time a court of legislative revision. When it had made certain verbal corrections in the measure sent up to it by the commons, it had done its duty. To reject the Land Bill, or to cause it to fall through, would be to provoke civil war in Ireland. There would be a universal strike against rent, and the executive would have to make its choice between two alternatives—either to help the landlords to get in their dues with the protection of a flying column, or to allow the law to be openly defied. The burden of the arguments, political and logical, may be dead against the Bill. It may have been laid bare in all its wickedness by the rhetorical analysis of Lord Salisbury. It may have been left without a leg to stand upon by Lord Cairns. Nevertheless, granting that this is so, the case for the Bill has remained throughout as strong as ever. It may not prove a palliative for Irish disturbance; it may carry with it no message of permanent peace. But something had to be done, unless Ireland was to be plunged in the crucible of anarchy and revolution, and the Land Bill represented the maximum of what Ministers were prepared to give. There is another reason why it may well have seemed impossible that the Lords should take upon themselves the responsibility of procuring the defeat of the measure. The country knows little, and cares less, about the Bill; but in the event of serious disturbances in Ireland it would have held the Lords answerable for their occurrence. Thus the agitation against the Upper House might have become really formidable.

The Irish Land Bill having been from the first inevitable, how comes it that there should have been all this mischievous antagonism between the two Houses? Lord Salisbury has intended to impress the country with a profound sense of his own strength and of the independence of the Chamber which he practically leads. If the Land Bill becomes law he will have stultified both himself and the Chamber to which he belongs. Nothing could have really justified the speech made by him on the second reading of the measure except an immediate motion for its rejection. The sole reason that he gave for not bringing forward such a motion was the condition of Ireland. The measure was all that was bad in itself and mischievous in the way of example. It was infamous and unjust alike as a policy and a precedent. It would be regarded in Ireland as a premium upon agitation, and its contagious and confiscating influences would speedily be felt in England. Yet what was Lord Salisbury's conclusion? Not that the abominable thing should be bundled out of the House of Lords as speedily as possible, but that its principle should be accepted, and that it should become law. Now, the Government, who were responsible for the measure, were clearly entitled to decide what parts of it were essential to that principle and what were not. To this doctrine Lord Salisbury angrily demurred. In doing so, he assumed a manifestly untenable position. It was not as if he had proposed some compromise upon certain points. He said, in the first instance, not a word about concession of any kind. He did, in fact, his best to provoke a conflict with the popular Chamber, from which he ought to have known that he must emerge defeated. There was only one course for Lord Salisbury to have adopted, and is that which Lord Beaconsfield, had he been alive, would assuredly have taken. His speech on the introduction of the Bill should

have been a protest against it, and not a merciless attack. In that way he would have induced his party to accept the Bill with safety and with dignity. They would have been able to have thrown the responsibility for it upon the Government; and if it failed, as very likely it will fail, to accomplish its object, they would have been perfectly free to say that the measure was extorted from them by necessity, and not by approval. Instead of this, Lord Salisbury determined to try conclusions openly with the House of Commons, with the Government, and with the country. If the Lords are compelled to capitulate, they will not save their honour by inserting in the Bill a few amendments. All which the English people will see is, that the House of Lords wished to throw out the Bill, and dared not do it. There is no spectacle so calculated to generate contempt as that of impotent animosity. It is this display which Lord Salisbury has insisted on making.

What has happened cannot fail to have two distinct results. One of these will affect the House of Lords generally; the other will be purely personal to Lord Salisbury. There is no reason to suppose that we are about to witness any organized agitation against the hereditary Chamber. But, as we said some weeks ago, that is a far more likely contingency than an agitation against the established Church; for the chief object of the attack of modern Radicalism is not property, but privilege. Everything, therefore, that is calculated to weaken the House of Lords, or to diminish the respect in which it is held, may prove to be a very serious matter. But the consequences cannot fail to be equally grave to Lord Salisbury himself. The Peers may have made a magnificent demonstration of their eloquence and intellect, but they have not improved their position in the country; and for any loss of dignity and power they may incur they will hold Lord Salisbury mainly responsible. Does not the present titular Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House see that he has been playing, not his own game, but that of Lord Cairns? He has proved himself what all the world knew he was before, a brilliant and incisive debater, without fore-sight, and without that invincible strength which can alone compensate for a constitutional tenacity. The struggle for the leadership of the House of Lords is now not between Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Richmond, but between Lord Salisbury and Lord Cairns. At the different Conservative meetings which have been held in Arlington-street, Lord Cairns has preserved a systematic and sagacious silence. He has known that all the great Irish Conservative Peers, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, have wished the Bill to pass. He has known also that, unless it does pass, the landlords will be ruined. He has recognized the over-mastering necessity of the situation, and he has bowed to it. He has shown, in a word, the qualities which a political leader ought to possess, and which Lord Salisbury does not. There may still be objections felt to Lord Cairns, on the grounds that he cannot boast patrician lineage, and that he is a lawyer. But these scruples will be overcome. Lord Cairns is rapidly rendering himself indispensable; and what has passed in connection with the Irish Land Bill shows that before very long there will be a material change in the discipline and arrangements of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. —*The World.*

BLUE ROSES.

BY NED P. MAH.

Blue roses are the flowers that flourish in the gardens of those edifices of aerial architecture *Chateaux d'Espagne*. Yet who has not owned at some time of his existence, one of these unsubstantial structures and sought in its phantom gardens for these unreal blossoms? Could the man be found he should have a statue of perennial brass.

Some, indeed, awake early from their dream and throwing up their shears in the bubble Spanish Castle Company—by no means limited—invest in practical and common sense affairs—get on—honor—honest, hard cash and harder hearts and die unmourned, and, we will hope, bequeathing their accumulated hoards to those who, not having experienced the same difficulty in obtaining, may find less difficulty in expending it better purpose.

But some there are, and these we think have discovered the clue to the nearest approach to happiness possible on earth, who recognising the fact that their own especial blue rose is unattainable, banish all thought of it from their souls, and by thus doing actually gain what is a blue rose to nine-tenths of their fellow creatures—contentment.

Others there are whose eyes are never opened; to whom the blue rose is never an impossibility. Yet can we class them as the most pitiable, or as the most useless of men? Could we even do without them? What would the world be like without its illusions—its *couleur de rose—blue*? There are men who are born dreamers, whose profession in life is to dream beautiful dreams and to tell them to their fellow mortals. Well for us that there are such, leaving our sordid clay with a touch of that better nature that makes us feel the whole world our kin. Well for them if they have no rude awakening and do not learn to scoff at themselves as dreamers; and all that is fair and beautiful and of good report as an empty vision. For to them, dying as they have lived with their faith in the blue rose unshaken, may it not prove merely a prevision, and may they not find in the land of which it has been said

Das unzulängliche
Hier wird's ereignisz,
Das unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan,

the blue rose of the impossible blooming side by side with the white rose of purity, but where the red rose of passion and the yellow petals of hate and envy no longer exist?

EMPLOYEE'S PICNIC.

There have been few more successful picnics this summer than that of the employees of the British American Bank Note and the Burland Litho. Companies, which took place on Saturday, the 27th ult. The steamer *Filgule* was chartered for the occasion, and shortly after 8 a. m., a jovial crowd assembled on the Jacques Cartier Wharf determined to enjoy themselves, a determination which was thoroughly well carried out during the day. On the gangway of the steamer stood the Reception Committee, with the Chairman, Mr. G. B. Burland, at their head, and a hearty welcome was given to each as he stepped on board. By half-past eight all were afloat, and the boat steamed down the river with about 500 passengers, and made her way to Cushing's Grove, where the fore-thought of the committee had already laid out the track for the games which were to form a feature of the day, and made all other preparations to ensure no time being lost. And in truth "the enemy" had a bad time of it, for every moment of the day was utilized with a persistency born of the good management and enthusiasm of the committee of management. The trip to the Grove was enlivened by dancing, which, though the day was yet young, was well sustained to the excellent music of the Harmony Band. Arrived at our destination we found that a landing could only be effected by means of the ferry boat into which we accordingly descended, and reached the temporary wharf in safety.

We found that the work of preparation had been well done. A smooth and grassy track of a ½ mile was marked out with bright flags, and surrounded the smaller straight courses for the short races and the jumping competitions, etc., while for the votaries of Terpsichore, a commodious and firm dancing platform had been erected on which the band were kept busy without much rest for the remainder of the day. The feature of the day, however, as we have said, was to be the games. For weeks previous the heart of many a bold lithographer or energetic typo had burned within him with the determination to conquer or to die. Many were the secret visits to the lacrosse grounds, many the frantic endeavours to reduce that extra pound of flesh. One member indeed, who shall be nameless, finding his opportunities of practice few and far between, bethought him of his daily walk homewards, and when he left the office that evening would fain have made the best time on record along the streets which lay on his route. Unhappily, however, a policeman chanced to be awake and unoccupied in conversation, a contingency which our friend naturally had never contemplated, and seeing a wild figure, with hair streaming and coat-tails flying, incontinently gave chase, and the enthusiastic pedestrian, being too much out of breath to explain matters, ran a near chance of spending his evening in the police station. However his training, such as it was, apparently stood him in good part, since he figured on Saturday as a prize winner, while his experiences made much amusement for the crowd.

We cannot here give a detailed account of the various games. Suffice it to say that there were competitions of all kinds and for all sorts—men and women, boys and girls—all took part in the programme which if long, was sufficiently varied not to be wearisome. Much fun was got out of the girl's egg race which forms one of our artist's sketches, and a committee man who won the consolation prize, a large umbrella, was effectually consoled, as it served to shelter him from a slight shower which came down as though for the express purpose of enabling him to make use of it. The tug of war showed the effects of training on the part of the Bank Note Company, whose practice together enabled them to pull the Burland Litho. Company's team over, though composed of far heavier men. The men over forty-five showed up in good style, amongst others our worthy chairman took off his coat and buckled to like a man, making the winner do all he knew to beat him and finishing a good second amid the cheers of the delighted crowd.

Midway in the course of the games came luncheon, and a better luncheon it has seldom been our luck to partake of. The refreshments were provided by Messrs. Dixon and Greaves, and if the best proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, the good things on the tables might well afford to stand the test. Lager beer too was there in abundance but nothing stronger, a fact which nobody regretted. After the games came the journey home, a longer affair than the morning's trip, but the pic-nickers, intent on enjoying themselves to the last, were all the better pleased by the additional time, which was devoted to dancing and the distribution of prizes by the chairman. All was good humour to the last. Even the babies, of which there was the usual allowance, declined to interfere with the proceedings by any ill-timed howlings, but smiled serenely upon their mothers and the world in general. And when at last we went over the plank after shaking hands with the

Reception Committee once more, the only thing which marred the completeness of our enjoyment was the reflection that we should not have such another day for a year to come.

We may express in conclusion our thanks to the gentlemen who so generously gave prizes to be competed for in the games. A large number were provided by subscription among the employees, but in addition the following houses and gentlemen kindly presented the committee with several of the elegant *objets d'art* which graced the table.

- The Canada Paper Company.
- Morton, Phillips & Bulmer.
- R. Miller, Son & Co.
- Akerman, Fortier & Co.
- H. Sugden, Evans & Co.
- C. H. Cordingley & Co.
- W. & J. Warrington.
- J. L. Cassidy & Co.
- M. H. Brisette.
- Dominion Type Founding Co.
- John McArthur & Son.
- W. D. McLaren.
- Beuthner Bros.
- Geo. Lafricain.
- J. D. Finn.
- J. Rattray & Co.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- YELLOW fever is raging at Senegal.
- THE Ameer refuses to negotiate with Ayooob Khan.
- A "peach inspector" has been appointed at Hamilton.
- It is said Pere Hyacinthe will visit America next spring.
- THE Roscrea demonstrations against the priests still continue.
- BARBADOES and Martinique have been visited by a severe cyclone.
- A LONDON cable announces the resignation of the Dean of Carlisle.
- A DESPATCH from Rome says the Vicar-General of the Jesuits is dying.
- SIX million dollars in gold was shipped from Hamburg for New York on Tuesday.
- IN August the United States public debt was reduced by \$14,181,221.32.
- THE chronic discontent and disturbance of native chiefs in Zululand causes grave anxiety.
- THE sixteenth victim of Marvin, the much married absconder of Richmond, Va., has been heard from.
- THE Imperial Parliament was prorogued by commission on Saturday week after an eight months' session.
- THE condition of President Garfield is more favourable, giving ground for reasonable hope of his recovery.
- THE dory *Little Western*, 75 days from London, has reached Halifax, en route for New York.
- NEWS from Honolulu reports that the town of Hilo is threatened with destruction by the lava stream from the adjacent volcano.
- THE *Times* attributes a change for the better in the Sultan, as shown by the dismissal of a corrupt official in Armenia, to the influence of Lord Dufferin.
- THE subject of calling Arthur to the Presidency temporarily is seriously discussed at Washington, but the general opinion is that the call will not be made for a time at least.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

Was ever spell like this in mortal frame?
Did ever woman's beauty so entrance
Strong souls of Gods or men? Was ever glance
So deep and tender shot with so straight aim
From seeing eyes, as from those sightless cells
Thrills to its mark within the heart of men?
Has ever love so true in human ken
Been told by breathing mouth, as that mouth tells
Albeit breathless? And has human form
Ever seemed so lovely, human grace so fair,
As that still marble figure, and those bare
White arms and shoulders? Or has life so warm
Ever pulsed in mortal veins, as lurks unseen
In that cold pulseless bosom? Or did dress
Ever cling in love to such pure loveliness?
O thou great unknown master-hand, the Queen
Of love herself, 'twould seem, a model stood to thee
To give thee knowledge of that wondrous symmetry!

AN EXPLODED FALLACY.—Among popular and professional fallacies which experience and scientific discovery have exploded is the belief, formerly very prevalent—that consumption is incurable—that it must run its course and terminate fatally. Probably no development in medical science has done more to disabuse men's minds of this preposterous error, than the benign results which have for years past attended the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Tried under the most unfavourable circumstances and in various phases of lung and bronchial disease, this sterling medicine has invariably been found to fully justify the opinion early formed of it by medical men. While it is not claimed that it will rescue from destruction, lungs utterly disintegrated and worn out, yet the assertion is fully warranted by evidence that if used in time it will afford thorough and permanent relief. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.