

ents come irregularly, do not study at home and become a bother to the teacher.

A LAW OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION

is advocated by some on the ground that without a school education superintended by the State the homogeneous character and mental uniformity of a nation is impossible; the State ought to be one in itself, and a unity of thought ought to exist among its citizens; if each family would take charge of the education of its children, or if several families would combine to run a school their own way, the result would be an absence of this unity or uniformity. A law of compulsory education, if complied with, could not possibly effect a unity in regard to philosophy, nor religion, nor politics, nor anything at all. People who think do not choose for their thinking a groove directed by the State; everyone thinks for himself in his own way.

But how can we make sure of the competency of teachers, unless the State superintends education? What is the State? Are the legislators and officials, elected by the people to manage the business affairs of the commonwealth, the sole proprietors of brains? Do not the people possess judgment enough to make sure of the capacity of teachers without any direction from those men whom they have chosen as servants of the public?

There have been, and there are, well conducted schools over which the State does not exercise any paternal surveillance. Where, then, is the usefulness of State superintendence of education?

ANTI-HEGEL.

THE NEW PULPIT.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—The above is the heading of a remarkable paper published in the Star of February 9, copied from the North American Review. This production, the work of Rev. H. B. Haweis, rector of St. James, London, advocates a complete revolution in the subject-matter of preaching, and relegates all dogmatic teaching to the topmost shelf as worthless rubbish. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the article the idea predominates that the contemplated remodelling of the Protestant pulpit can be justified on scriptural grounds. For example: "The old order changeth, making place for the new; he taketh away the old that he may establish the new." Elsewhere he remarks: "The Christianity of the Apostles is no longer quite Christ. The fathers are not quite apostolic. The schoolmen are far away from the fathers, etc. That there may be a change from better to worse and vice versa is undeniable." "Luther," the rev. gentleman tells us, "breaks with the Pope;" and now it may be assumed that a change takes place for the better. Luther set up a "New Pulpit" on the very lines chalked out by our author; he discarded certain dogmas as "superannuated nonsense," but stuck to justification by faith, in a sense peculiar to himself, with bull-dog tenacity. His New Pulpit "was in touch with the life of that period;" to borrow the rev. gentleman's expression, "it was up to date." It could sanction the breaking of solemn vows, and give permission—as it did to the Landgrave of Hesse—to commit adultery. To ensure a full house he could amuse his audience by calling the Pope, "the ass over the way," with other indelicate imbecilities with which his Table-Talk is replete. "Now," says the Rev. Mr. Haweis, "we are on the point of breaking with Luther, if we have not already done so; with Calvin we have quite broken." From this it appears, that though in touch with their own respective times, Luther and Calvin were not up to the mark of the present day. A clean sweep must be made of the superannuated rubbish which those two worthies left behind. Before proceeding to discuss the new provender about to be thrown in armfuls from the New Pulpit hay-loft, it will not be out of place to quote the commission intrusted by Christ to his apostles: "To teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things: whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you all days." What were the great truths that the Apostles were so emphatically enjoined to teach by no less a personage than the Man God? The Rev. Rector of St. James, London, will answer that important question, in the following extract:—

"A great deal of superannuated nonsense is talked about preaching the Gos-

pel. I never yet knew an able minister, who could fill his church, who was not denounced by the Ass over the way, whose church was empty, for not preaching the Gospel. There is only one way of preaching the Gospel as Christ preached it, and that is to make teaching cling close to, deal with, and control current life. It was indeed a New Pulpit with not much of Moses or the prophets left in it. The following were the topics of the Divine Teacher:—The relations of a clever swindler and his employer; a woman plying her broom diligently; a clamorous widow worrying a police magistrate; the children in the street playing their vulgar little games and singing their vulgar little songs; the process of digestion; the weather; the secrets of fishing; the occupations of Hodge; the art of making bread and bottling wine."

Imagine, if you can, the Apostles salting forth to overthrow idolatry, and bring all nations under subjection to Christ, armed with the above-mentioned soap bubble artillery. Yet such appear to be the New Pulpit tactics for drawing the masses to church for the worship of God. I think it is Horace that says:—*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* (It is difficult to talk interestingly on trite or familiar topics.) Men of the calibre of the late Rev. H. W. Beecher are occasionally to be met with, who possess the art, or tact, to surround a very simple subject with interest, and who have no occasion to complain of empty pews, though you never see them occupied by the poor workingman, the artisan or the seamstress. But celebrated New Pulpit orators of this stamp, who know their own worth, and their capability for filling empty pews, stipulate, as a rule, for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Probably there are among them who would consider themselves underpaid with ten or twenty thousand dollars a year. Such abnormal salaries, however, need excite no surprise, when we take into account the high figure at which some New Pulpit pews are rented. The worship of God is admitted on all hands to be the prime object in view in going to church. To go with no other intent than to be gratified with the eloquence or wit of the preacher,—to go when the right man is in the right place, and remain at home when a clergyman of inferior talent happens to occupy the pulpit,—this, in my opinion, is to worship man rather than the Almighty.

There is another "church over the way," that is never heard to complain of empty pews. The preacher may be, and very often is, an eloquent expounder of the word of God; for it must be remembered that eloquence is a rare gift and beyond the reach of the majority. "*Orator ut poeta nascitur non fit.*" But whether he be eloquent or plain-spoken,—whether the music be high-toned or solemn Gregorian,—whether with or without either music or discourse, the pews are never empty when required to be occupied. A recollection of personal experience on this very subject now occurs to me, which I will endeavor to relate as briefly as possible, hoping it will not exceed the limits assigned to prosy correspondents.

In the winter of '85-'86, my first in Canada, a fellow-boarder was laid up with some disease of which I forget the name,—but that is immaterial. Observing him one day to be suffering more than usual, and fancying there might be something on his mind calculated to aggravate the malady, I suggested to him that a visit from his minister might prove beneficial. If he said the word, I was ready to go and fetch him. But he thankfully declined the offer. Would he, I continued, object to have Father Richard recommend him to God in the Mass? To this he consented. I called in consequence on the reverend gentleman, who was at that period one of the only two English-speaking priests in Montreal, and who at one time had been a Methodist minister. He cheerfully acceded to my request. Being desirous to assist at the service, I inquired at what hour the Mass would take place. He answered: "I always say the first Mass at 4 in the morning." Being a profound sleeper, I had certain misgivings as to the probability of awaking in due time. Fortunately these misgivings were unfounded. At 3.30 I was en route to the church of Notre Dame. The night was bitterly cold and dark, the more so as Montreal, at that time, was wholly innocent of street lamps. I wended my way along Well-

ington and McGill, which, with the exception of a few stragglers bearing lanterns—probably returning home from some midnight revel—were completely deserted. Nearing Notre Dame street, the lights became more frequent, and appeared to be advancing in still greater numbers from the opposite direction. They all, however, converged at the parish church. On entering the vast edifice, which I had innocently expected to share all alone with the priest and his assistant, I was surprised to find every pew in the centre aisle duly occupied; and, what I considered still more wonderful, not a few blind men accompanied by boys of tender age, were seated near the vestibule. The Mass commenced; at its conclusion the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was recited, and the crowd dispersed in silence to make way for another throng later on. What could have induced so large a gathering of both sexes—young and old, rich and poor, to quit their warm beds and sally forth on such a cold morning, and at so early an hour? Was it to hear some rich strain of heavenly melody, the loud pealing of the organ, or the impassioned eloquence of some noted preacher? Nothing of the sort. They had come to offer to the Eternal Father, in union with the Christian priest, the thrice holy Victim of the Christian altar.

A. G. G.

ROMAN NEWS ITEMS.

The next consistory will be held at the close of this month or the beginning of March.

According to the Courier de Bruxelles, the Holy Father is about to address an important document to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines and the Belgian Bishops.

Baron Nicotera, a distinguished Mason, at one time minister under Victor Emanuel, and later under King Humbert, and a revolutionist all his life, died recently, reconciled to God and the Church.

Through the death of Cardinal Desprez, His Eminence Cardinal Mertel has become the *doyen* of the Sacred College. Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, is the youngest member of that body.

The Pope recently received the well-known Dominican, Father Didon, who in the course of a conversation told His Holiness that M. Felix Faure, as president of the republic, was an excellent choice for the Catholics.

The head house of the Capuchins has proposed to the Italian Government to purchase its ancient convent on the Piazza Barberini and establish there a college for the missions of Africa and the east, but the government's demands have been too high, and so far terms have not been arranged.

The Holy Father has abandoned, for the present at least, the idea of addressing a letter to the English clergymen of the Established Church on their return to Rome. His interviews with Cardinal Vaughan, who recently arrived in Rome, are thought to have led to the change in the Pope's plans.

His Holiness continues to be in the enjoyment of unexceptionally good health, considering his advanced age and the harshness of the weather. The Encyclical to the American Bishops has been published, and states that the Episcopal Councils, aided by the spirit of tolerance and justice of the American laws, assure the development of Catholic institutions.

The diplomatic body in Paris has waited on the new President, when the Dean of the worthies, the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Ferrata, read an address of congratulation, winding up as follows:

In the name of Felix Faure, which recalls a whole life of honor and labour, France saw the promise and the guarantee of a long future of security, prosperity, and peace. Those hopes are too closely in accord with the aspirations of all Governments, and with the general interests of civilization, for us not to feel the necessity of associating ourselves with them.

The Nuncio concluded by giving token of his personal good wishes and of the sympathies of the Powers who were represented. This leads us to have higher hopes of the President than were previously entertained. M. Faure, in acknowledging the congratulations, said he would devote himself to the maintenance of internal peace and the good relations of France with other nations. It is to be hoped he was in earnest, but these promises are not always serious.

THAT LAST LOOK OF NAPOLEON I.

("I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said: "Ushant? Cape Ushant?" I replied, "yes, Sire!" and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat*, by a *Midshipman of the Bellerophon*.)

At length the dread hour that his genius foretold,
Has come, like a spell, 'twixt his fame and the tomb;
The curtain that hangs o'er the past is uproll'd,
And he takes a last glimpse thro' the twilight of doom!
O'er the spec that is fading afar in the sea,
Grand visions of glory have wheeled into sight;
The glittering of Power o'er the graves of the free,
The flashing of swords 'round the foot-stool of Might!
The Present has fled—he is now with the Past!
Enjoy thy great visions—this one is the last!

Like a star that is shot from the regions of night,
He beholds the wild flash of his meteor fame;
It blazes an hour in the realms of light,
Then sinks to the gloom whence so lately it came.
An Island its birth-place, an Island its grave,
Its life 'midst sulphureous rollings of war;—
Around it the noble, the wise and the brave,
Like planets, revolve 'round a central star.
That system is broken—and scattered its light;
There is darkness to-day 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,
The sword flashes out that is never to yield;
The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,
As the "legions" rush down to the corpse-strewn field:
The sands of the desert are scattered in air,
The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,
And centuries look down, with the glance of despair,
From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile!
The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night;
There's a trophy to lay at the foot-stool of Might!

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,
O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun;
Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,
And the field, by that hero, in glory, is won.
A year passes on—and, by Olmutz' bright tents,
The armies of Europe unite for an hour;
Over Jena their banners are scattered in rents,
And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.
Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendours of light;
Te Deums ascend from the foot-stool of Might!

The Ozar of the Russias, that despot of iron,
On a raft, receives peace from the terror of earth,
His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ.
In the womb of what future his glory had birth!
They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,
They harken in fear, who are potent in war;
He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,
And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car.
Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in his sight;
Immutable seems now the foot-stool of Might!

The star has now reached its bright zenith of fame;
It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world;
But alas! for the fuel to feed such a flame!
Soon, soon from that height must the victor be hurled,
From thy rocks Torres Vedras the knell has rung out;
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire:
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt,
That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.
There's a gathering of clouds like the on-coming night,
There are fragments detached from the foot-stool of Might!

In the cries of the victims that fell on the field,
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend;
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,
Is forced for a moment in spirit to bend.
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review;
Thy huts, Quatre Bras, have heard that famed word,
That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo.
The last stroke has fallen and vanished the light,
There are ruins and gloom 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The spec in the ocean has sunk from his view,
He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow;
He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew
The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow.
His glory is gone, like a dream of the night,
His name may survive in the annals of fame;
But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,
And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.
Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,
That rest not their strength on the pillars of Right!

J. K. FORAN.

Montreal, February, 1855.
(N.B.—The above poem, which is somewhat timely, in view of the Napoleonic revival wave that has recently made a noise on the sea of literature, will be embodied in Dr. Foran's volume of "Lyrics and Poems," now in the press, and which will be on the market in about two weeks.)