

Dr. Goldwin Smith.

On Friday the 13th instant, at "the Grange," Toronto, his beautiful Canadian home, this distinguished scholar attained the ripe age of 86 years. It is now some 40 years since Dr. Smith—then in the prime of life—came to Canada to visit a relative and had the singularly good fortune to make choice of a Canadian lady as his wife. To this lady Canada owes the advantage she has derived from the long residence within her borders of one of the most notable Englishmen of his time. A man of wide sympathies and broad scholarship, Goldwin Smith by his charity, courtesy, courage and hospitality has endeared himself to many of our fellow countrymen. Though some differ from him in opinion, none can doubt the sincerity of his convictions, the nobility of his character, or the gentleness and purity of his private life. In the early days of the Saturday Review, Cooke, its then editor, referring to the remarkable group of scholars and thinkers who comprised its staff, amongst them the late Lord Salisbury and others who afterwards attained first rank in public life and letters, said that in his opinion Goldwin Smith was the most brilliant of them all. Having regard to the matter and manner of the intellectual output of this eminent man and the important and varied interests dealt with, we are not prepared to deny that Cooke was right. Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude to the accomplished and versatile scholar of "the Grange," as well as to the gracious and kindly lady who has given such an added charm to its unvarying bounty and hospitality.

Canadian Characteristics.

A correspondent writes a letter from which we give this extract: "I have often wondered whether there are any marks to distinguish Canadians, and if so in what do they consist. When I was young, more than forty years ago, I was much amused with a story which a senior told us. While travelling on the Continent in the good old-fashioned leisurely way, which was so delightful, there was a porter who gloried in distinguishing the nationalities of the visitors of a show place. When it came to my friend's turn (he was a Montreal boy, by the way, who had spent his holidays in the French-Canadian country), the porter was puzzled—"no not French, not Yankee, not English—I don't know." Some two years ago ladies asking for information brought out the remark, "I did not know, I thought you were English, but you are speaking of dollars," "But we are Canadians," "That explains it." Before the incident a winning Scotch clergyman, with the gift of humour, and that greater one of inducing others to talk, crossed to Montreal. He described the characters from the Motherland, those from the States and then how, later on, he discovered a nationality he had never heard of, a courteous, modest people, who conversed intelligently on British and American subjects, and in addition, of those of their own country, questions of people of which the others were as ignorant as he was himself. And so Dr. MacGregor acquired a respect for the Canadian of that day. Since that voyage, the Boer War and subsequent events have brought Canada and its people into the limelight, and I fear not for the better. From being snubbed unduly to be petted unduly is apt to develop flippancy and self-assertion instead of the modest frankness which one finds in older records from Sir John Beverley Robinson's first travels to, say, fifteen years ago. When I was young the Canadian youth was at a premium in the United States; his national character was a godly bringing up, modesty, honesty, truthfulness and intelligence. Are these the marks of the present generation?"

A Nefarious Scheme.

In the daily press we have seen it reported that a number of rogues had banded themselves to-

gether for the purpose of swindling the railway companies through false medical certificates, the paying of witnesses, and the aid of unscrupulous lawyers. It is to be hoped that no pains will be spared to bring these malefactors to justice. It reminds one of turning over a stone or log, that has long lain in one position and seeing the creeping things that were living in darkness scuttle away from the light. How sad it is to think that there are members of two honourable professions—law and medicine—who are so degraded as directly to co-operate with criminals for gain!

Take a Little Wine.

Sam Jones tells of an Irishman who was urged to drink, and reminded about St. Paul telling Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. But, said Pat, "my name is not Timothy; and, if it was, there's nothing the matter with my stomach." Who will say that the Irishman was wrong? St. Paul no doubt knew something about Timothy's stomach, but we don't, and our ignorance of this element of the case ought to make us chary of quoting this text for any other stomach.

Where Lies the Fault?

As the leading editorial in an unusually interesting number, the Scottish Chronicle says: "Reference has frequently been made in these columns to the fact that while many Church people leave our shores for Canada, only a comparatively small proportion of them make themselves known to the clergy in the Dominion. Bishop Montgomery calls attention to another aspect of the situation. The heads of the Church in Canada are, he says, prepared to do their utmost, but their chief perplexity is that immigrants who call themselves Churchmen are, as a rule, completely indifferent to the question of Church ministrations. "Our clergy have found no loyalty, much less any devotion, in the immigrants whom they have sought to aid. After accepting all that the clergy do for them on their first arrival they go to the Methodists or nowhere." "We will win their children at least." "It is surprising to us that the distinct and definite instruction they must have received in your Church schools is not to be discovered in them—not a trace of it." These are the comments of our clerical brethren in Canada. They are depressing, to say the least. It seems, too, that difficulty is caused by the fact that the Government of Canada discourages as far as possible any segregation of nationalities, and there is no doubt great wisdom in this. They desire that Anglo-Saxons should intermingle with every race in settlement, and influence all other races for the sake of the future of the Dominion. But meantime the Church has to suffer." It lies now on our clergy and people to find out and write to us the reason of this loss of men. We do not, we think, lose Scottish Episcopalians, we rather gain what may be styled "High" Presbyterians, the chief loss, and a great one, are the English immigrants.

Age.

It can hardly seem strange to the reflective mind that usually youth has the preference when the parish needs a new rector. It is somewhat after the order of nature we suppose. To the multitude the freshness, energy and promise of spring give it a perennial charm. And yet to not a few, and by no means the least wise, there is in the mellow ripeness and the seasoned maturity of autumn an advantage that cannot be gainsaid. There are men young in years—yet old in manner and character. And there are also men, old in years who have retained much of the alertness and vivacity of youth. Enthusiasm and energy are on the side of youth. Stability and wisdom are the strength of age.

Preaching Christ.

Many a religious teacher to-day talks of "preaching Christ" or "preaching the Atonement" with very little comprehension of what these words mean in their proper sense. Dean Vaughan's striking treatise on the "Acts of the Apostles" (called "the Church of the first days") will help us to a better understanding. Referring to St. Paul "preaching Christ," Dr. Vaughan says: "St. Paul never found it necessary to change his subject. It lasted him for life. But what was it in his hands, on his lips? Was it the dry, monotonous repetition of one doctrine of the truth of the Atonement through the one sacrifice? Was his preaching the perpetual harping upon one string, without variety and without life?"

Central Truth.

What is the central fact of our faith? Is it the Incarnation of our Lord, as many writers would say, and as our own Church implies when in her first Advent collect she sets forth on the first Sunday of every Christian year the two comings of Christ? Or is it the Atonement of Christ, as very many writers like Dr. Saphir say, and as seems the plain inference from our "proper preface" for Easter Day in the Communion service? Or is it the Resurrection of Christ as the "Teacher's Assistant" calls it, and as many eminent theologians have also done? Certain it is that the first Christians seized the doctrine of the Resurrection and preached it everywhere and met on the Resurrection day, and St. Paul, in 1 Cor. xv., has set it forth with such vigorous emphasis that the Church always goes to that chapter for her burial lesson. Certain it also is that the death of Christ appeals to the heart of man as nothing else does and there could be no Christian Church without it, and it was the settled purpose of God from all eternity, Jesus being the "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Certain also it is that the Incarnation is the very foundation of the Christian creed, as St. John tells us, so that there can be no Christian Church without the Incarnation, or without the Atonement, or without the Resurrection. In a sense they are all central, for they are all aspects of Christ's life. Christ is the Saviour, and when we say this, it is perhaps most true to say that the Incarnation is the most central of all, for it reveals the Divine Christ. It underlies both Atonement and Resurrection and gives value to both. The Church is therefore right in her first Advent collect in setting forth the Incarnation and Second Advent of Christ as her two great objective lessons, one past, the other future, as the keynote and hope of all her worship.

The Death of George Tyrrell.

No one in recent years has exercised such an influence among intelligent Roman Catholics and their sympathisers in other religious bodies as the ex-Jesuit. His fearlessness, absolute truthfulness and real knowledge were met by his being turned out of the Order and excluded from the Sacraments. The English papers are full of "explanations" from Roman sources to soften the horror felt at his treatment at death. A Roman Catholic correspondent ends his apology in the Guardian as follows: "Anglicans are the last to forget that Father George Tyrrell has done for his Christian brethren one of the services which stand out in history among the best gifts man can give to man. 'This above all, to thine own self be true'; he never compromised with truth as he knew it, and he himself paid the entire penalty. To him may be applied the 'dicta' of Lacordaire, Döllinger, and Newman. Lovely as is the title of 'Chrétien,' said Lacordaire, I have ever prized first that of 'honnête homme.' It is easier, said Döllinger, to obey than to trifle with truth, when he determined never again to say Mass, but never to betray his conscience. If a man's conscience tell him even