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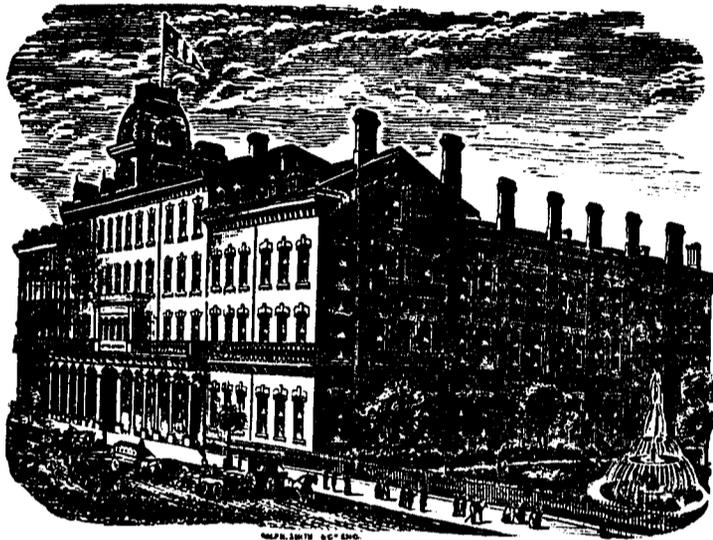
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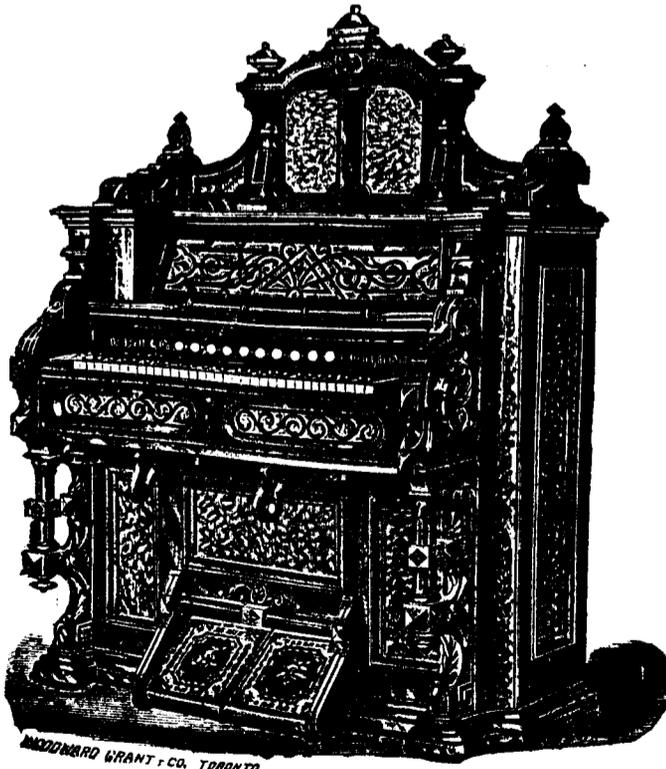


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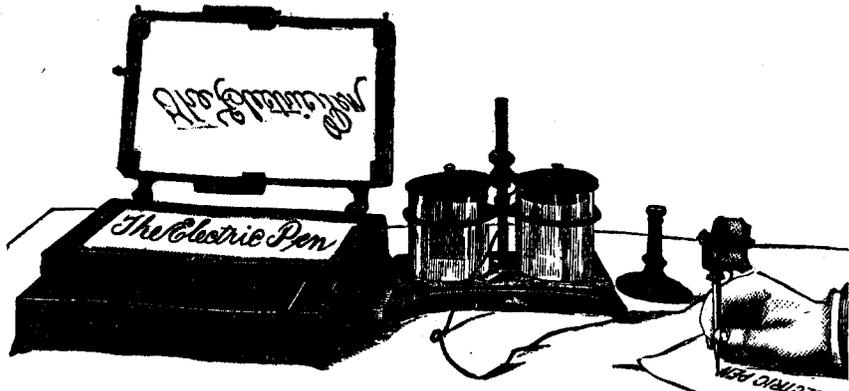
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THE TIMES.

The Ottawa Parliament, after its grand effort to prove how corrupt it could be, has sunk into a state of tameness, almost of quiescence. The Premier made his explanations as to Ministerial changes in a quiet way, which explanations instead of calling up another terrific storm as had been expected were met with an almost tearful sympathy. The leader of the Opposition acted with wisdom and consideration when he spoke his words of kindly sentiment toward Mr. Blake, whose resignation is certainly a loss to the country. Whether there were not other matters besides his personal health which led to that may well be doubted, the Premier's speech about it notwithstanding. The health of Mr. Blake gave way, but to what? We think to the shifting, tentative policy of the Liberal Government.

The Dominion Public accounts have been laid before the House, and a few crumbs of comfort may be gathered up. The receipts for 1876-7 were \$22,059,000 and the expenditure \$23,519,000 leaving a balance on the wrong side of \$1,460,000. A big deficit, especially for a Reform Government which has exercised all possible economy. That economy is a crumb of comfort, but the deficit brings great slices of discontent. How has it come about and how is it to be met? and what is to be done to make the income balance with the expenditure? Another crumb of comfort is found in the fact that several items are down which will not be found in the accounts next year,—e. g., an item of \$3,435 incurred by the Northern Railway Commission to establish the fact that said Railway Company did subscribe \$2,500 as a testimonial to Sir John A. Macdonald. Then there are sums paid to the Neebing Hotel and Town Plot valuers which to the uninitiated appear extravagant. Then the North West seems to have had some very valuable plots and buildings which the government needed. Judging from the prices given that North West must be a good place in which to acquire property; particularly if it should be in the vicinity of the projected railway, and the property holders should have friends in the Cabinet.

The Quebec Parliament has had an exciting time of it. Mr. Joly outraged the respectable majority in the House by protesting against a policy of "brute force," which he said was being pursued. "Brute force" got angry, doing more, after its own fashion. Mr. Joly was gravely censured; the censure was entered among the votes and proceedings of the House, but the occasion of it was altogether omitted. That is worse than "brute force"—it is unjust and indecent. But then, Justice is in the minority in the Province of Quebec. It would pack up and leave altogether, but doesn't know where on all the continent it can go.

The Ontario Legislature are discussing a most important question, viz., whether the Western College of London, Ontario, shall become a distinct University. It simply means an application for another degree-giving institution. We hope it will not be done, for too many of those fountains of honour exist already. Almost every second clergyman in the United States is a "Doctor." It can be bought; it can be begged; it can be had without money or merit. Not so very long ago a gentleman went home to England from Canada with an honorary M. A. and D. D., and one or two sets more in his pocket for his friends. There are English ministers flaunting D. D. got from this side of the water, and they are ashamed to name the particular school from which they had been obtained. It is stated that the London College will receive aid from England and other places if it can only get the charter which will transform it into a University with power to confer degrees. That looks suspicious—as if the friends in England and elsewhere want something for something. Not a *quid pro quo*,—

universities never descend to such trading; but a present of say \$500 would be acceptable—the College funds are low.

The Montreal festivities came to an end on Saturday, when His Excellency, the Countess and suite departed for Toronto. The joy of the inhabitants had been somewhat damped by the enforced absence of his Worship the Mayor from dinner and ball and all other rejoicings. Those who know the Mayor, know how courteous and graceful in speech and in manner he can be, and they must have deeply lamented his absence. But even that shadow was swept from the canvas on the Friday evening at the Art Association gathering, when an address was presented to his Excellency, which contained a history of the Association, also its hopes, in connection with which history and hope a few remarks were made about the money given and the money still needed; reference was made to \$500 cheques given, and asked for that night. His Excellency knew that no appeal was being made to himself, but he caught the spirit of the thing, and gave his cheque like a lord. That was the climax. The curtain fell amidst tremendous applause.

The war has ceased, not to be recommenced as it now seems. Turkey is at the mercy of Russia: England has made a demonstration—satisfying the Earl of Beaconsfield and the bleating flock which has in this matter followed his lead. Diplomacy is now to settle, as best it can, the Eastern question. The Conference is to be at Baden-Baden, a quiet little German town. Being there, Germany will protect it, and Bismarck's genius will do much to guide it. For the fact that England has not been plunged into war no thanks are due to Lord Beaconsfield. He desired it, and sought after it, not from love of the nation, but from the merest vanity. He has risen from the position of a second-rate novelist to that of an English Earl without having rendered any real service to the country. He has demoralized English politics, and led a host into political extravagance and folly. He proposed to arrest Russian aggression in the East by creating the Queen Empress of India, and established a new Indian order of honour, which was thought a masterpiece of policy. He wanted a great war, that his light might go out amid a blaze of glory—but—the sober sense of England prevailed, and the trickster has been outvoted. May peace principles prevail, and the Earl of Beaconsfield—he should have taken his title as the Earl of Bulgaria—be relegated to his own proper place.

The Pope is dead! Live the Pope! Pius IX. has had an hour of mourning—been rung out with muffled bells. Leo XIII. has his hour of rejoicing; is being rung in with a merry peal. Cardinal Giochino Pecci is the new Pope. The world has never heard much of him. He is spoken of thus:—"Tall, with a fine head, sonorous voice, great dignity, even austerity of manners in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty." He seems willing to accept the logic of events, not seeking to push Providence too hard. He has learning, energy, amiability and piety, all of which are good and very needful. The Montreal *Witness*, which knows all about the Popes, furnishes the further information that his voice is "nasal in its tones," and that "his Eminence is tall and thin." It is to be hoped that Christendom will be able to understand the Americanized form of Papal speech, and will not be led to consider that his words are in keeping with his Eminence.

The Democratic State Convention has met at Indianapolis, with Ex-Governor Hendricks as permanent chairman. Resolutions were adopted favouring the substitution of treasury notes for National Bank notes, asserting that the issue of paper money is the exclusive prerogative of the Government, and claiming that such money should be issued as business interests required; favouring taxation of U. S. notes in common with other money; opposing the further funding of the national debt abroad, and requiring it to be funded at home; favouring a rate of interest not exceeding 6 per cent; demanding the recoinage of the old silver dollar in unlimited quantities, and repealing the Resumption Act; insisting on economy and retrenchment in the Public expenditures; favouring the repeal of the Bankruptcy Act; &c. &c. If these may be regarded as foreshadowing the planks of the Democratic platform for 1880, we fancy that some of them are as likely to let the party fall through, as to carry them safely over.

THE GREAT DEBATE.

In all British Parliaments it has been the general custom to pass the speech from the throne with but little discussion on it. A gentleman moves it, usually a new member, it is seconded, remarked on or mildly criticised by the leader of the opposition, who is answered by the leader of the House, and there it ends. Unless it is intended to make a trial of party strength, then, an amendment is moved, or a vote of no confidence. But Canadian politicians have laws and customs, and traditions and expediences peculiar to themselves. This was made manifest last week in the debate on the speech from the throne. That speech was as insipid as a dish of cold Irish stew. It was a marvel of dullness; a thing which no set of mortals could have produced if they had not been stupefied by a fear of losing office. The only bit of life in the whole thing was got from a reference to Sitting Bull, a wild, and particularly troublesome Indian. A stranger hearing, or reading that speech would have supposed the Canadians to be in a state of sweet and happy contentment, having a complete and well-working political machine which needed only a little attention once a year to keep it going. But a day or two would have told him that in matters political we are all out of gear, that grit has got into the machinery causing jar and disorder.

Around that dull and dry speech from the throne raged a debate which has astonished even the debaters themselves. The material for it was found, not in the speech, but in the past misdoing and present character of the cabinet and the leading members of the opposition. Each party tried, not the strength of the party opposed, but its own power of invective and abuse. There was not much eloquence, but a great deal of raging, not much reasoning but a great deal of ranting. Billingsgate was put to beggary and shame, and all the gods of fury were called in to help. It was a Bedlam let loose, a chaos, a swirl of dire confusion. Language was used which would make a fight if used at any street corner. Twenty long years were traversed back in search of material for personal abuse. A debate it was not, but a party fight in the lowest and most violent fashion. They stood up on the floor of the House and pelted each other.

The humiliating part of it is, that almost every charge preferred was amply proven. It was not a mere flinging of dirt, but a calling up to view of black and damning facts. No sooner did a man begin to pelt another than it was discovered that he too lived in a glass house. Mr. A charged Mr. B with being a rogue and proved it. Mr. B charged Mr. A with being a liar and proved his case. The Kilkenny cats fought and devoured each other; our parliamentarians did that same thing. And the question put before the country now, is not as to which party it will put confidence in, but as to whether it can have confidence in either of them, "organized hypocrisy," forsooth! Why the phrase has no sort of application. There is plenty of organization, but not a shadow of hypocrisy. The thing stands out in the light unveiled; revealed in all its ugliness. Organized corruption; a system of jobbery, without doubt in the opinion of all reasonable beings, but not genius enough for the part of the hypocrite.

The object of all this? Had a grave crisis in our history come? Was some great interest threatened? Was the development of our industry or commerce under consideration? No, not any of these. It was a fight for office, nothing more. Those who are in want to stay in, and those who are out want to get in, that is all. The country may be calm, there is nothing of general importance at stake. But the country has the right, and ought to exercise that right, of calling upon our representatives in Parliament to do some better work than this on our behalf. This dragging us to the national wash-tub is not pleasant, and not profitable. Violent personalities, vulgar diatribes will not exalt Parliament, but will lower it in the eyes of all lovers of decency—will keep out of politics men of keen and sensitive nature—will bring into politics mere seekers after advancement, and put a premium on brazen-facedness. The country is young. In every new country the man's thought is to make money. The commercial standard, even in old countries, is not very high, here it is scarcely fixed. Success, a shifting thing—a rising and falling thing—has given the law. And it is not much to be wondered at if men's past, when put under the powerful microscope and critical eye of an office-seeker, shows some ragged places, and black spots. Even Canadian ecclesiasticism could get up a fierce debate if inquisition were made for the character of church members. You have told us pretty plainly and accurately as to the state of your linen, Hon. Sirs, and other gentlemen at Ottawa, now get a great washing-day, fast and repent through the next Sabbath, and then start afresh. Don't tell us about the past, but do some manful work in the present for to-day and to-morrow. "Lies" at elections, "bribery" at the same, "Pacific scandals," "rusting steel rails," have done with them all, for we are sick of them all.

An incident in the debate is worth dwelling on here, for not only was it painful and disgraceful in itself, but a confirmation of what many have suspected with regard to the Press. We refer to Dr. Tupper's complaint in the House of a garbled report of a speech given in the *Toronto Globe*. The charge that Mr. Dymond was guilty of so foul a thing should never have been preferred perhaps. But it lies somewhere, and is a disgrace,

for it has not been rebutted or denied that the *Globe* did present a report which had to be complained of. Unfortunately it is not confined to any one paper. A custom prevails for Conservative papers to give a full and polished account of Conservative speeches, and a meagre and often incorrect report of Liberal speeches. The Liberal papers pursue the same policy. To read a party paper is to read a party report, to read the different and differing papers is to get reports that not only vary, but actually contradict each other. We do not ask that our daily papers shall give us the long-winded speeches of long-winded gentlemen in either House, but we do ask that the condensed form shall be a fairly accurate representation of the whole. We do not want partisans in the reporter's gallery, giving us opinions and judgments as to the force of this speech and the weakness of that, we want reporters there, taking record of what is said. Reporting is an honourable profession; a great and useful art, and should not be prostituted to mere party purposes. The fault lies not with the reporters themselves; it lies with their employers. Dr. Tupper knows more than a little as to the workings of the Press of the country, so he went beyond the reporter to find the object for censure. It would be better for the Press and all the country, if for the future no such grounds should be given for such complaints. Better, indeed, for all parties concerned that no such debate shall ever take place again as that which has just disgraced the Parliament at Ottawa.

THE TORONTO "GLOBE" AND PROTECTION.

The *Toronto Globe* is, undoubtedly, the most powerful paper in this Dominion. It is commonly understood to be a little more infallible than the Bible, and not quite so infallible as the Pope. *Vox populi, vox Dei*. Its judgment is Judgment; let no man cavil. Its voice is calm, authoritative, and sweetly reasonable. The Law trembles before it and runs to do its bidding; the Gospel rejoices in its favour. When it makes a "big push," the mighty fall. The profane do indeed call it "The Thunderer," but all right-minded people look to it for light. It was established for the sake of the people—for the sake of liberalism and general progress. Some changes have taken place as to the merely guiding spirits, but the same purpose and plan are kept. George "Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching along." That is, speaking editorially.

The *Globe*, being liberal, is all for Free Trade—regards Protection as a blunder, a calamity, a crime, embracing the whole catalogue of national woes. It is quite true that some ignorant, and otherwise objectionable, people have suggested that the real liberalism of the *Globe* could not be discovered by the help of a powerful microscope; but they are the boldest among them all has ever dared to call in question the *Globe's* sentiment and policy with reference to Free Trade. So, in the literal sense of the word, we were "thunder"-struck on reading an article in the issue of "Saturday, February 16—No. 28—Double Sheet." It (the article) was headed "The Coadjutor Bishop," having reference to what had taken place in the Anglican Synod of Toronto. As all must know, the effort to elect a coadjutor Bishop resulted in a failure, arising from the fact that a protest was entered against the election of the High Church Provost Whitaker. The *Globe* approves of the protest, and all other things connected with it; approves, in fact, of the Synod and all its doings, and of the Anglican Church in general. That is fortunate for the Anglican Church. But there is a startling change of front as to general policy. That change is thus indicated:—"We must acknowledge that we see little force in the plea that delay would enable eligible candidates in other countries to be fixed on. It is a pity when the home growth of members of any of the learned professions is so meagre and unsatisfactory as to force those more specially concerned to look abroad for marked and unmistakeable before it is generally yielded to, at the stage of advancement we have now reached. We have no sympathy with anything like equal, the native clergyman and the native bishop ought to be preferred. A Church will never strike its roots deep into the soil, where the ministry is not largely and increasingly of native growth. In some respects the man of feebler abilities and more meagre acquirements is to be preferred if sprung from and brought up among the people, to one brought from another country, with his habits formed and his sympathies and feelings necessarily those of the stranger. We are not prepared to sit in judgment on the abilities and acquirements of clergymen of Canadian birth and training who serve in the Anglican Church in this Dominion. It is not for us to say that they are fit or unfit for the position of bishops. But we do affirm that their being regularly passed over in the election of chief pastors will be a very effective power in perpetuating the mediocrity complained of, just as the opposite course would be one of the healthiest stimulants to the acquirement of that very excellence so much desired and so indispensable. It is not merely the Anglican Church that has to take a lesson

in this respect. We could easily mention others in which it appears to be a matter of course that when any important ecclesiastical position is to be filled, it is thought indispensable to have imported talent. Sometimes this plan answers. Oftener not. And while the best gifts are always to be coveted, it will generally be found that those who take what the land produces fare as well upon the whole themselves, while they help more efficiently by the encouragement thus given to the up-raising of that native ministry without whose presence any Church is rather encamped in a country than to be spoken of and treated as 'racy of the soil.'

Now, the *Globe* will perhaps pity us, and help us to an explanation, when we say that this looks like anything in the world but Free Trade. The Anglican Synod of Toronto is in want of a Bishop. Says the *Globe*, encourage the home trade in Bishops. If they are not quite as good, Canada has some claims upon you, and if possible avoid the evil of importation; encourage "the upraising of a native ministry,"—let the ministry be "racy of the soil." Other churches are warned in the same manner, and besought to sacrifice a little in the interests of the country. The Free Trade of it—where is that? The Anglicans of the Toronto Diocese are in want of a Bishop—other churches may be in want of a Preacher. Free Trade we have understood to say, get the best man for the work: the *Globe* says, get a Canadian if you can, even at some sacrifice. Free Trade says, buy the article you want in the cheapest market. The *Globe* says, pay a little more for it in the home market, or take an inferior article, just to support and encourage the home manufacture. And the *Globe* is a Free Trade advocate. We should suppose that the Anglican Church of Ontario wants a Bishop, first of all to administer Anglican ecclesiastical affairs—which are much the same all the world over—and that they will seek the man most qualified to discharge that office. Then he should be more or less a preacher—the more the better. We have always understood that the preacher should take his inspiration from the Bible, and not be "racy of the soil." It may be all very well for politicians to be "racy of the soil,"—without question they are—a little imported manners and talent into their midst would do them no harm—but preachers of the Gospel should draw force from some other where. The *Globe* is teaching a most heterodox and dangerous doctrine, and we desire to see it come back and walk in the good old ways.

But to return to the main question. The *Globe* advocates protection for the clergy—not by law as yet, but by a kind of understanding, which by the usual process would pass into a custom—an unwritten law—then some circumstance would arise which would demand that it be a written law. But if the clergy are to be protected, why not the tradesman and the manufacturer? The clergy are already exempt from taxation, are they to be also secured by a general understanding among the people—which is as effective as a statute of the realm—against foreign competition. Why should the *Globe* insinuate the Canadian clergy have need to be nursed in this way? We have not discovered it. We think they can hold their own without fear—sure that if the people can find the Bishop or Preacher close at hand they will not go over the sea in search of him—sure also that if they cannot find him in Canada they will seek elsewhere. The clergy of this country are less in need of protection than any other class of men, and it is a thing to be regretted that our leading Free Trade organ has given evidence of a change in that respect. We shall expect to see it advocating Protection for lawyers next—then for trade and manufacture. This looks like the beginning of a great apostacy. It is very sad.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN FRANCE.—It is clear to most lookers on, that nearly the whole of the clergy of France, and a small but impetuous portion of the laity, are animated by a strong Ultramontane spirit; that is to say—in order to define the sense in which the word Ultramontane is habitually used in France—with an intense desire to claim and to obtain for the Church and for its ministers a recognized right of action and interference in political, social, and worldly matters. The efforts which have been made of late years to bring the entire priesthood of France into one mould of thought have now borne such full fruit that almost all the younger and more energetic members of the clergy have joined the Ultramontane movement; while such of the bishops and older priests who formerly held out against it are giving way in appearance, if not in conviction, and no longer offer any opposition to it. So far all observers will probably agree in substance; but at the next step in the description, difficulties may arise, for a thorough knowledge of the undercurrents of French life is needed in order to enable foreign spectators to perceive that while the mass of the clergy, under the pressure of seminary teaching and of episcopal direction, has been growing toward Ultramontanism, the mass of the educated laity, under the pressure of public opinion, has been growing away from it. It needs close watching to enable us to recognize that believing Frenchmen are becoming more and more moderate in everything which lies outside strict faith; that while they resist the tendency to indifference or to active unbelief which fills the air around them, they are deeply pained and irritated by the aggressive attitude of the Ultramontane minority at their side. Influenced, as they cannot fail to be, by the generally progressive tone of the society in which they live, the greater part of the French Catholics regard religion, not as a state which provokes them to struggle for any political or special objects, but as a purely personal condition which they adopt and work out for their own satisfaction exclusively. Of course, there are many obvious exceptions; there are, manifestly, in France as elsewhere, enthusiasts who graft some outside purpose on to their faith. But, taking the Catholic gentlemen of France as a whole, it will certainly be recognized, by those who really know them, that their use of their religion does not generally stretch beyond the discharge of regular duties and the pursuit of their own moral amelioration. They hope that Ultramontanism is a passing accident, not a permanent principle of Catholicism; and that there may be some day, at last, a final separation between faith and politics.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—*Sir Thomas Overbury*.

THE PROVINCIAL RAILWAY QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Canadian Spectator:

SIR,—Without expressing agreement with the distinctive religious or political views of the SPECTATOR, I should be glad to have the opportunity allowed me of making a few remarks on a subject of passing interest.

As the mists raised by excitement and prejudice clear away, it may be expected there will be less difficulty in settling the merits of the provincial railway question than now appears. As to the construction of what we may call the Shore Line between Terrebonne and Montreal, although this has raised some irritable feelings in Quebec, it is in itself no injury whatever to that city, because it is a matter of clear advantage to both cities to have their intercommunication as direct as possible. Putting the question of gradients on one side, as one for the engineers to decide, there will appear in such directness of the transit from Quebec to Montreal and from Montreal to Quebec, an advantage which will tell upon every ton of merchandise, and will add to the comfort of every passenger between these places. Montreal is gratified in getting this important concession, and Quebec has ceased to demur at it, if, as she expects, one compensation be granted to her—namely, the looping of the V line by a short connexion with St. Therese. Such connexion is but a small affair in point of distance and gradients, some ten miles or so, as we are told. But the point to be established is, that the construction of this section also will be an absolute advantage to Montreal as well as to Quebec. Montreal wishes all traffic to run as direct as possible to her warehouses and wharves; she has got that connexion and is so far satisfied. But some of her people have entertained the idea that injury will be done to her by Quebec obtaining the same advantage. Now, putting aside the modern dictum of engineers, than which nothing could be better established, that all through-lines should be run as direct as possible, we can shew that if the Montreal advocates of a diversion of traffic should gain their way, their own city would be as great a sufferer as Quebec, while by the construction of the junction line, she, Montreal, would lose nothing. What is it that draws traffic to any port? The demand of that port, and its facilities in wharfage and navigation. It is possible, by blocking its railways, you might injure and diminish its business somewhat; but if this were done it would be of the very essence of injustice, and would not in itself tend greatly to any even selfish advantage; while Montreal would reap a vast crop of disadvantages from such a narrow proceeding. By creating this unnecessary diversion of the traffic, the few lines of rails at Montreal's command would be constantly blocked with lumber and other trucks, that she would not want if she could have them; and the means of carrying the traffic at all would become almost a speculation. The lives of the Montreal merchants would be made miserable in the midst of that perpetual worry and detention, for railway men know well what a block of cars portends (a friend has just put into my hands a memorandum instancing the unavoidable delays and inconvenience at Chaudiere Junction) and mercantile men can testify to the effect it must have upon the business of any port. As to the nature and flow of the traffic over the new lines, a small part only of the traffic from the West (which, by the way, cannot even be created until Ministers at Ottawa waken up to the necessity for it) a small part only, we say, will be automatic, *i. e.* sent on without order, for disposal in the port, either Montreal or Quebec, and for this class of traffic Montreal has most decidedly the call, for, with good port facilities, she is nearly 200 miles nearer the sources of supply, and has the advantage in the number of her commission merchants, of a much greater attractive power. On that part of the western traffic designed for shipment by sea, and sent on commission, there may be more equality in one sense, though not in another, between the cities, because, if Montreal is nearer to the West, Quebec is nearer Europe, and has a deep water harbour, advantages which we suppose there will be no thought of depriving her of, but on the other hand Montreal possesses the great excess of men and capital engaged in the foreign trade. The great bulk of the western traffic will come to the order on the producers of the cities desiring to distribute it, either at home or beyond sea, or across the lines into the United States, and the extent of such orders will simply be measured by the capital, energy and trade facilities of the ordering port. It seems very doubtful if Montreal will see reason to be at all afraid of Quebec in this issue. In fact, she will have all the goods she orders, and much more than a half share of those sent on commission, *the laying out of the railway, except in avoiding blockades, not even affecting the question.* The construction of the connecting link demanded by Quebec, will not be a very expensive affair, and that city seems to offer to take part in it. One day or other such link will certainly have to be built, unless the Dominion is to take up an absurd position before the commercial world; but it may not perhaps be quite so pressing at this moment, as the Montreal and Quebec connexion, seeing that it is only the local supplies from the shores of the Ottawa and not the north-western traffic that will be coming down, until, as we have said, the Dominion shall wake up to some clearer estimate of what she is losing by delays in railway construction. A railway cannot afford the waste of time and money involved in fifteen miles gratuitous travel for many of its trains. To sum up, I have only to assert that Montreal and Quebec interests will be found nearly identical in regard to both branches of the proposed loop lines.

I have advanced nothing upon the assumption that Montreal millers will be glad to avail themselves of the water powers in the neighbourhood of Quebec city, and ultimately establish mills in connexion with them, but I have rather strong expectations upon this point, notwithstanding.

COMMERCE.

"The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were."—HELPS.

"I slept, and dreamt that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty."
—S. SMILES.

"If God had designed woman as man's master, He would have taken her from his head; if as his slave, He would have taken her from his feet; but as He designed her for his companion and equal, He took her from his side."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

A WORD FOR THE WORKMAN.

"The day was when England stood in the proud position of the one country which turned out the very best work in the whole world:" so Canon Farrar has taken the opportunity to remind the workmen, and on the occasion of doing so, added this morsel of advice: "If they wished to see their future, they had it in their own hands, and if they wanted to see the star of their own destiny, they must see it in their own hearts. It was not by ruining capital, but by improving labour, that they could better their position. People often talked about raising the working classes. Nobody could raise the working classes but themselves. Classes rose as individuals rose, and as nations rose—by attending to those great eternal moral laws of God, upon which true success and happiness could alone be founded." A very good bit of ethics for a Canon, and bearing upon a point which has now become one of paramount importance. But it may have occurred to those who listened to the worthy divine, as it will to those who read his utterances, that it is a little hard that he should have bestowed "all his tediousness" upon workmen. The homily was a sound one, and touched one of the vital truths underlying depression in trade, and consequent widespread distress. But it was one only. The question is not to be disposed of in this out-of-hand fashion. A Canon may righteously insist on true work and fair dealing, but must not rely too much on his simple remedy for a complex disorder.

To begin with, ought not his homily to have been addressed to a wider congregation? Acknowledging the fact, that English work has lost its pre-eminent quality, that of thoroughness, so that at last it may fail to command the markets of the world, who is to blame for this? Is it master or man? Is it the workman or the employer who rewards the labour of his hands? Agreeing with the Canon that "shoddy" and "scamping" have brought the penalties which sham work and sham morals always entail, it is impossible for us to shut our eyes to the fact that the employer is responsible for these things, not the men whom he employs. They work to order. They produce the thing required of them. It is no particular gain to them to turn out indifferent work. On the contrary, a workman worth his salt would find it more satisfactory in every way to do thoroughly sound and honest work. Unfortunately he is not in a position to do so. Sound work means good materials, and a fair measure of time devoted to making them up. But where these are given they must be paid for, and where the demand is for cheap and showy goods, and capital is constantly cutting down its prices, it is preposterous to preach a doctrine of thoroughness to labour, when it would simply mean starvation. What is the use of telling men engaged by a "cutting" firm that "what a master has to do is to give the man the most honourable maximum of just wage, and what the man has to do is to give the most honourable maximum of just work." The maxim is suited to the middle ages. Certainly it has no force in a day of tenders, contracts, and fierce competition generally, when an employer calculates his profits on fractional grounds, and only wants to get an "honourable maximum of just work" so far as he is individually concerned, and to throw into the market the article that will sell quickly and return him ready profits.

Let us be fair to the workman. Let us give him credit for doing his best under existing circumstances. He must live, and is quite justified in making the best living he can. How he makes it is, as a rule, determined for him by his employers, who in turn are influenced by the markets in which they have to realize. Often their position is very difficult; his is always so; and that frequently from no fault of his own. For example, wisely or unwisely, the manufacturer has—with some exceptions—abandoned that high standard of excellence, which Canon Farrar tells us was synonymous with the word "English." Time was, within the memory of many of us, when this "English" was a trade-mark in all countries. When one enquired into the quality of a thing the answer was, "It is English," and though that did not always imply the highest artistic qualities, it meant soundness of material and excellence of work. It would be wholly wrong to charge manufacturers with having wilfully abandoned this vantage ground. The demand for what is cheap, and general indifference to what is lasting, prevailing in all countries, has probably compelled sacrifices in the interests of competition. All we can see is that Canon Farrar is correct in his statement as to the proud position once occupied, and we are compelled to accept the fact and its consequences. It must be borne in mind that prices are much more reasonable, because skilled labour is to a great extent dispensed with, and cheap machinery is being substituted for manual dexterity. There are elements, which Canon Farrar should have taken into consideration before he gave his homily. Even if the workman were master of his own work, and could choose what he would do and how he would do it, what chance would he have in competing with another with material better than any to his hand and an absolute genius for machinery.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," says Tennyson, and this must never be lost sight of. We live faster in these days, make more display, and are infinitely more addicted to change than were our fathers. In every department of trade and manufacture—with very few exceptions—the showy, the meretricious and the cheap are the qualities which command attention. That was a by-gone order of things in which when young people married they furnished for life, and surrounded themselves with objects of taste and use which were to last even to their posterity. Now, fashions change with startling rapidity. Furniture is old-fashioned in a year or two; dress, which will not wear out while the *mode* lasts, is a nuisance; and society demands sham plate, sham jewellery, sham lace, sham furs, and sham things generally, so that it may move in an endless round of novelty. Is it not absurd, then, this old-world notion of thoroughness? It may be very annoying to old-fashioned people that nothing is so good as it used to be; but people generally do not want things so good. They want their money's worth, but that only means that for a slight outlay they need an article which has all the transient appearance of one obtained by a large outlay. Thus it becomes the aim of the capitalist to send into the market not so much quality as the semblance of quality: not real worth but clever imitation. Thus there has arisen a new school of workmen, whose claims are not genuine work, but ingenuity in turning out what has the effect of genuineness. In many respects this is not satisfactory; but it is an absolute necessity of the conditions imposed on things as they are, and the stage of development to which society has reached.

Men like Ruskin and Farrar are good in their way and place, and the doctrine of "thoroughness" which they preach is valuable. Its value, however, does not lie exactly where they put it. It is idle in these days of world-competition to propound a doctrine only fitted for the Middle Ages. Masters and workmen must go with the tide and adopt their work to the requirements of the day. All that can be expected of the most conscientious is that he shall cultivate his task as far as possible, and exercise his conscientiousness to what extent he may on the new instead of the old lines. The workman must do the work to his hand; but he will be wise if he perform it to the best of his ability, within the necessary limits. Work conscientiously done, even though it may be unsatisfactory work, is the truest source of heart-content and mental satisfaction, and the best guarantee of success in life.

AB ANTRO.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

In common with many I was much interested in the meetings which were held some time ago in Montreal to inaugurate a National Society. The gentleman or gentlemen who originated the idea, certainly ought to have the credit of having at least tapped a good nail on the head. But it is clear that the processes of origination and execution are essentially, and in some cases, widely distinct. That it is desirable to do all that can be done, legitimately, to foster and perpetuate a true national sentiment in the country, admits, one would fain think, of but one answer, and that the affirmative. The merest tyro in Political Science will recognise that the welfare of a people depends much upon its homogeneity, and this is inseparable from national sentiment. When however we come to talk of the means for promoting the end in view, we have a more difficult task before us. What is best to be done to attain the desired object, may admit of many answers of a very divergent quality.

In the meetings already alluded to, it was pleasing to observe so many good and influential citizens helping on the movement by their presence and advocacy. Business, the press, the bar, but I think not the pulpit, were fairly represented. True, there was some opposition (which is the fate of all good movements), and it appeared to one who had to form his judgment from newspaper reports, to be largely of a factious nature; probably however induced by the seeming, if not real, arbitrariness of some who had the conduct of affairs. There was an evident want of the science of government, which an eminent statesman once called "Compromise."

It is pertinent to this large and important question to ask what are some of the difficulties which obstruct the growth of national sentiment in this country. Historical and traditional recollections form one. Every school boy knows, or ought to know, that the intrepid genius of William Pitt and the unconquerable scheme and had the sagacity to select Wolfe for the execution of the main part of it. Montcalm was certainly a brave and skilful general, but his bravery and skill were of no avail before the genius and daring of his more youthful antagonist. Quebec fell, a military achievement which will bear favorable comparison with any that history records, and soon the jewel which shines resplendent from the Atlantic to the Pacific was transferred from the French to the English crown. It therefore remains a fact, incontestible and clear, unobscured even by the darkness of Romanism, that a part, and a not inconsiderable part, of the inhabitants of this country are the descendants of a conquered race. They know well as knowledge. More felt perhaps than anything on the surface would seem to indicate. The scars of conquest defy the healing process of centuries. Ireland ecclesiastically, socially, politically. It was a change from a government notoriously corrupt and rapacious to one of justice and broad christian humanity. It would be well for Canadians of all classes and creeds to become better acquainted with the history of their country from the time of its wild primeval freshness down to the present. Let a fuller and more philosophic knowledge take the place of vague traditional historic lore. In the clearer light and the repressing will inflame loyalty and patriotism.

It is worthy of observation, as an element in the present discussion, that the political and worldly aspect of the Roman Catholic Church is a serious hindrance to the development of National sentiment. This is said in no unkind spirit, nor with any wish to rouse ill-feeling. It is a truth which history teaches, clearly and unmistakably, that all State-Churches are social grievances, when it began to be patronized by the State.

Dante, who lived and wrote in the thirteenth century, would be regarded by some in the nineteenth as a man of advanced ideas.

Thus he wrote:

"Tell me now,
What treasures from St. Peter at the first
Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys
Into his charge? Surely he asked no more
But 'Follow me': Nor Peter nor the rest
Or gold or silver of Matthias took,
When lots were cast upon the forfeit place
Of the condemned soul.

Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Differing wherein from the idolater
But he that worships one, a hundred ye?
Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gained from thee."

It is not of the Roman Catholic Church as a spiritual power that we now speak. Whether its doctrines and practices are orthodox or heterodox is an inquiry foreign to our present purpose. We are dealing with that church now

as a political power and as such we have no hesitation in saying that it is antagonistic to Canadian Nationality. Rome has always aimed at absolute supremacy, and it is her pride and boast that she is unchangeable. In this she certainly is. It is not a subordinate power, however great, that will satisfy her, but a power above all other powers is her ambition. Rome as a political power was we know for a long time the great hindrance in the accomplishment of Italian nationality. When she was struck down Italy became united and free. Recent utterances from the Vatican show that she would wrest that fair country's crown from her to day if she could. She would even stretch her hand and grasp the whole world, with all its kingdoms and glory, and like a ruthless Nemesis pursue and subject it to perpetual bondage.

Put the Church of Rome in this country upon the same footing as other churches; strike off that fleshly arm she stretches out to grasp and control the State for her own aggrandizement, and you remove one of the greatest obstacles to the growth of National sentiment.

W. CHEETHAM.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE QUESTION!

Political economy as it is now understood and taught by the authorities, bears nearly the same relation to the practical business of life as alchemy did to chemistry. Give them a few barren figures and it is surprising how much our economists will attempt. From the customs records of imports and exports alone, without the facts, they will determine the balance of trade question and its effects on industry, and are never at a loss to account for phenomena that puzzle the practical business man. If exports be in excess, or the record evenly balanced, they may appear a little disconcerted, but take it all in good part, and duly compliment the country on its prosperity. But it is in the case of an adverse foreign balance, when the imports greatly outrival the exports, and the trade of the country is going to the dogs, that their wealth of resource is brought fully into play in accounting for a "steady progress." They then inform you "ours is a parallel case with that of England" and suggest that "the old superstition of an adverse balance being injurious, has not entirely died out" putting the point in this way "If you send \$50,000 worth of flour to Spain and sell it for \$90,000, and then invest the sum in goods which you enter inwards the difficulty is got over" and they are right if such ventures may be repeated at pleasure. But unfortunately competition cuts down the profits of consignors, and balances are often turned the other way. Do not facts and events too, appear to be wasted upon such cheerful philosophers?

With plain business men we imagine there exists but little difference of opinion as to the effect of an adverse balance of foreign trade. If more value in goods is sent abroad than is imported, and the bills paid, the trade is an advantageous one, as the contrary would be unfavourable to domestic industry. In the former case capital is increased by the difference, and in the latter diminished by the gold exported. But differences of opinion on this question have arisen since customs records have been kept, and the dispute generally turns more upon the reliability of the statistics than anything else.

It appears from the trade returns of Great Britain that in late years the adverse balance of foreign trade has immensely increased. In 1875 then appeared 150 millions stg. excess in imports: 1876—175 millions; and in 1877, the excess of imports figures up to 197 millions stg.—the imports last year doubling the exports. The prospect is alarming enough for that country if the figures be correct; and so thinks also Mr. Samuel Smith, President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. "The causes were manifold he said, but he would name two—Foreign competition. Our foreign customers were becoming more self dependent; many of the poorer countries which had formerly borrowed from us would not do so now; and the proceeds of such loans were not now spent in this country. Secondly increased cost of production, shorter hours and larger wages." But fortunately for England there are other data which indicate the course of trade, of a character more reliable than customs' returns; and practically of more vital importance to industry. There is the rate of interest which has averaged only four per cent during the last thirty years. In 1876 it averaged one per cent at the Bank of England. Again the British capitalist holding not only their natural debt, but the securities of nearly all civilized nations is proof of many being cheaper in England than elsewhere. Interest being lower on the average is good proof that capital is not exported to any alarming extent, which would certainly be necessary if the above figures were reliable. But then it may be replied that the annual payment of interest has saved the exportation of capital and a rise in the value of money; but if this be the case British industry is entrenching upon its capital. That country has been highly favoured, having long had the start in manufacturing industry, but it may not be impossible that a change in the programme is taking place in consequence, as Mr. Smith fears, of "her late customers manufacturing for themselves." In the mean-time however, the low price of capital, not merely from stagnation, but normally low, we claim as an answer to all cavilling. For it is difficult to beat an industrial community that manifest advantage.

Great Britain has for over a quarter of a century presented the example of the best protected industry in the world, by placing her goods favourably on all foreign markets, and that without the aid of what is called a protection tariff. What then was her protection but cheap capital? It is the rate of interest which finally tells the tale; and while in possession of that key she will continue mistress of the situation. Trade statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. Unquestionably the low rate of interest has been and is the main stay of British Industry, and that, in the face of limited agricultural advantages.

It is altogether different with the balance against this country in the nine years ending 1876, of Two Hundred and thirteen million dollars. The statistics in our case tell "o'er true a tale" because they are corroborated by a rate of interest prevailing which never can admit of manufacturing to advantage; and the fact of a population of four millions, having during the past three years written off the enormous sum of sixty millions dollars of loss—equalling the whole banking capital of the country, should be evidence enough of the situation. But again, if during these nine years the country had performed the modest service of keeping the account square, by paying our purchases by the export of products and manufactures; it would have followed, that all the monies imported

during the period would have remained in circulation or been invested in foreign securities; or better, our government bonds now held by foreign capitalists, would have been imported as a favourable investment. But neither of these alterations has taken place. The money borrowed by government since the advent of confederation, foots up to some 55 millions; and we estimate the loans on real estate at 25 millions at least, making a total of eighty million dollars! The question is where has all that money gone to; there is barely 10 millions left in the Dominion? And the Canadian Capitalists certainly hold neither Dominion nor foreign securities. The inference we think is fair that somewhere about seventy millions of capital has been forced out of the country during that short period by persisting in this wasteful commercial policy.

We take the liberty of presenting the following bill:—

Loans effected by government 55, loan securities 25 less the 10 millions of money left in the country.....	\$70,000,000
The unsettled commercial account as witnessed before the Depression Committee by Messrs. Robertson and McDonald....	70,000,000
The private investments of foreign capital says, Mr. Cartwright, is 150 millions unextended.....	150,000,000
	\$140,000,000

of an adverse balance accounted for!

Foreign debts are evidence of poverty, were it otherwise a lower rate of interest would prevail; but capitalists are a long way off investing in the *three per cents!* The hiding-place of Dominion Securities, taken together with the rate of interest; afford sufficient data to estimate the character of Canadian industry. When the customs statistics are contrary to the facts, the former must give way. In this case they unfortunately corroborate each other. The statesman should remember that whatever will permanently reduce the rate of interest will tell favourably on the general welfare: As to speculators and gamblers they don't care to be instructed on that point—their game being to place industry at the mercy of financial rings and share the spoil.

ALPHA.

NOTES ON THE COLORADO POTATO-BEETLE.

(Read before the Montreal Natural History Society.)

The Colorado potato-beetle was first described by the great American Entomologist, Thomas Say, who in 1824 found it on the Upper Missouri feeding on a species of wild potato, *Solanum rostratum*. Say referred the insect to the genus, *Doryphora*, and gave it the specific name *lineata*, as its wing covers are marked with ten black lines on a yellowish ground.

The insect is a true beetle, belonging to the Order Coleoptera, or sheath winged insects, and is not a bug, although it is often called so.

The native home of the Colorado potato-beetle covers an area embracing the south-western half of Dakota, the north-western corner of Nebraska, the north-eastern corner of Colorado, the eastern half of Wyoming, and the south-eastern corner of Montana. During 39 years succeeding its discovery by Say, few but entomologists knew of its existence, and no one had the remotest suspicion that at no distant day the loss caused by its ravages in the potato fields would be estimated at millions of dollars.

It was first noticed attacking the cultivated potato at a point in Nebraska, about 100 miles west of Omaha, having in all probability been carried from its native haunts by some passing vehicle; it was next heard of in Iowa, in 1861, and from that date it travelled eastward rapidly. It entered Canada at two points in 1870, near Point Edward, at the extreme south of Lake Huron, and opposite Detroit, near Windsor, at the southern corner of Lake St. Clair; it reached Montreal in 1875, Three Rivers in 1876, and last year it was taken at Quebec. While the northern detachment was taking possession of the potato fields in Canada, the main army proceeded along the south shore of Lake Erie, reaching the Atlantic, a little south of New York, in 1874. Prof. Riley, in his report for 1877, says this pernicious beetle has spread over an area of nearly 1,500,000 square miles, or considerably more than one-third the area of the United States.

The rate at which it travelled is estimated by Prof. Riley to be about 88 miles a year, but he says that the annual rate was by no means uniform, earlier in the history of its march the rate was much lower, and until it got east of the Mississippi did not average fifty miles.

As far as known to me the first specimens noticed on the island of Montreal, were found in a field on the lower Lachine Road. The founder of this colony was probably brought on some vessel passing down the Lachine canal and no doubt reinforcements arrived by the Grand Trunk. I examined a number of potato fields around Montreal last summer, and in every one found plenty of them; it will therefore in all probability be exceedingly numerous in this neighbourhood next summer and the potato gardens will suffer to a corresponding extent.

The eggs of the Colorado potato beetle are of a deep orange color and are deposited in patches of thirty or forty on the under surface of the leaves, and hatch in about a week after they are laid. The young larva is at first nearly black, but soon becomes lighter in color, in about two weeks it attains its full growth and is then of a reddish orange color, the head and legs are black and there are two rows of black spots on each side of its body, which is large and bloated looking.

According to Dr. Shimer, the beetle, in about seven days after its maturity begins to pair, and about the fourteenth day on an average begins to lay its eggs, thus in fifty days after the egg is laid the offspring begins to propagate. The same gentleman also states "that from an equal number of males and females, well fed and made as comfortable as possible in confinement I obtained an average of 100 eggs to each female, but in the fresh pure air, sunlight and freedom of nature, I have no doubt of its exceeding a thousand."

"Assuming the average of 700 eggs for each female and that there are three broods per annum and also assuming that one third of the eggs produce fertile females, we might thus obtain in the course of one season, the enormous number of thirty eight million, three hundred and thirty thousand larva as the produce of one single pair of beetles."

The larva having attained its full growth, ceases feeding and enters the earth, where in the course of three or four days it changes to the pupa state, during this period of its existence, it lies motionless in the earth awaiting its final change, in about ten days the perfect beetle emerges and with appetite sharpened by its recent fast, again attacks the potato leaves. The beetle is of a regular oval form, convex above and flat beneath, its wing covers are cream color with ten longitudinal black stripes, five on each wing case, the wings are rose colored. There are three broods of the insect during the summer, the beetles from the last brood passing the winter under ground, coming out about the time the young potato plants are appearing above the ground.

As regards the best means of keeping it in check, hand-picking is unquestionably the best, provided sufficient time can be devoted to it. By fighting it with Paris green it can to a great extent be kept in check, but the weapon is a dangerous one and the conflict appears to be endless, but, if by hand-picking, it can be kept under, nature would have a chance to fight it with her weapons, as some, or all, of the insects that prey on the potato beetle would become sufficiently numerous to keep them down.

So far, only two truly parasitical insects have been found attacking the Colorado potato-beetle. The first of these is a two-winged fly, *Lydella Doryphora*, first discovered by Prof. Riley in 1868. In his report for 1869 he says: "until last year no parasitic insect whatever was known to prey internally upon it, but this fly destroyed fully ten per cent of the second brood and fifty per cent of the third brood of potato-beetles that were in my garden, it bears a very close resemblance both in color and size to the common house-fly, but is readily distinguished from the latter by its extremely brilliant silver-white face. As with the rest of the family to which it belongs, the habit of the female is to attach a single egg externally to the body of the potato-beetle larva, this egg subsequently hatches into a little footless maggot which burrows into the body of its living victim and eventually destroys it, but not until it has gone under ground in the usual manner. The victimized larva instead of becoming a pupa and eventually a beetle, as it would have done if it had not been attacked, begins to shrink as soon as it enters the ground and gradually dies, while inside its shrivelled skin, the parasitic maggot contracts into a hard brown pupa, from which in due time issues forth the fly."

I have not noticed this fly about Montreal, but it may yet be found here, as many species of the family to which it belongs are common throughout Canada, and do an incalculable amount of good by destroying various noxious insects.

(To be continued.)

THE POPES.

(Continued.)

(26.) DENYS, A.D. 259-269, was a Greek, of high repute for learning. His first act was to send a large sum of money to the Christians at Cæsarea, who were in great trouble owing to an irruption of barbarous tribes from the interior of Arabia. Shortly before this time there arose in Egypt the sect of the Millennarians, teaching that Christ would reign a thousand years in the world, and that the saints should enjoy all kinds of pleasures under his rule. The Bishop of Alexandria wrote a book in four volumes denouncing this doctrine. About the same time Paul, Bishop of Antioch, began to deny the divinity of Christ, teaching that Jesus was a mere human prophet. A council of bishops was called, to the number of seventy, who condemned this doctrine; and he was thereupon excommunicated and deposed. A synodical letter was addressed to Denys by the bishops, presbyters and deacons of Antioch, with reference to this council; he however, died on the 26th December, 269, before the letter reached him.

(27.) FELIX I., 270-274, a Roman, was elected on the last day of the year. There was now some disturbance in the Church at Antioch. The Bishop newly elected was not acknowledged by the ex-bishop Paul, who refused to give up the house belonging to the Church. The Christians of that place thereupon had recourse to the Emperor, Aurelian, who promptly dismissed Paul. Felix distinguished himself by his zeal in defence of the faith. He is said to have buried with his own hands 340 martyrs. The manner of his death is unknown.

(28.) EUTYCHIEN, 275-283, was a deacon, and received the imposition of hands on the 4th January, 275. During his pontificate arose the heretic Manes, who held that there were two principles co-existent and co-eternal, God and Matter, Light and Darkness; also proclaiming himself to be the Paraclete sent by Christ; and teaching that at death the souls of men passed into beasts and trees. It is not known what steps Eutykien took against this sect.

(29.) CAIUS, 283-296, a native of Dalmatia, succeeded. At this time the persecution of Christians was renewed with great fury. The massacre of the Theban Legion and the martyrdom of St. Maurice are recorded in full detail. The Legion is said to have consisted of 6,000 Christians, who were put to death by orders of their General, Maximilian, one-tenth of their number at a time. Three of their Captains, of whom Maurice was the chief, encouraged them by example and exhortations. A letter of remonstrance addressed by them to Maximilian is preserved. Caius was compelled to take shelter in retreat during the violence of this persecution, which occurred in the reign of Diocletian.

(30.) MARCELLIN, 296-304, a Roman, was elected on the 3rd May. A few years later there broke out the most violent persecution the Church had yet suffered. The provinces of the Roman Empire were, in the words of the ancient record, "soaked with Christian blood." After the death of Marcellin, three years elapsed before his successor was chosen.

(31.) MARCELLUS I., 308-310, was at length elected. He was, however, held in disfavor by many of the Christians, who accused him of too great severity towards those who relapsed into sin. After a few months he was sent into exile by the Emperor, who caused him to be employed as groom in a stable until his death, which occurred shortly afterwards.

(32.) EUSEBIUS, 310, a Greek, and son of a physician, was unanimously chosen, and ordained in April, 310. Being exiled by the Emperor, to Sicily, he died after holding office for four months only.

(33.) MELCHIADES, 310-314, an African, was ordained 2nd July. The Church was still suffering great persecution from the Emperor Maxence. Melchiades accordingly wrote to Constantine, who had established himself in

possession of some of the Roman provinces, and who had declared himself to be a Christian. Constantine thereupon advanced towards Rome and defeated Maxence, who drowned himself in the Tiber. Constantine restored to the Christians all the property taken from them by former Emperors. Before this time the schism of the Donatists, who took their name from Donat, one of their leaders, had commenced in Africa. They brought certain charges against the Bishop of Carthage, and elected one of their number to take his place. The Donatists then appealed to Constantine, who ordered them to appear at Rome with Cecilien, the accused bishop. Accordingly Donat with ten bishops of his party, and Cecilien with ten bishops on his side came to Rome and appeared before a council assembled in the Lateran. This Council declared Cecilien innocent, and excommunicated Donat. They also ordered that in all places where there were two bishops, the one ordained first should be reinstated and the other removed to another church. The moderation displayed by Melchiades in this matter is much extolled by Augustine and other writers of a later date.

(34.) SILVESTRE I., 314-335, was a Roman by birth, and son of a pious lady named Justa. The Donatists still caused trouble, declining to accept the decisions of the Council. The Emperor Constantine, therefore caused a Council, still more numerous, to be held at Arles, in Gaul, which came to the same conclusion as the Council of Rome had done. (At this Council of Arles there were present three British bishops, from London, York, and Lincoln.) Silvestre did not attend the Council, but sent two presbyters and two deacons to Arles to represent him. The bishops present at the Council afterwards addressed to him a synodical letter-expressing regret that he could not be with them. At this time also was held the Council of Ancyre, which drew up 25 canons, one of these ordering that presbyters who gave notice at their ordination that they intended to marry might do so; but that those who did not give notice, yet afterwards married, should be dismissed from the Church. However the Council of Neocæsarea, held shortly afterwards, forbade all presbyters to marry.

As the Council of Arles did not satisfy the Donatists, the Emperor Constantine had the case brought before himself personally, and decided in favor of the Bishop of Carthage. The Donatists still being obstinate, Constantine banished them, and confiscated their churches. He also enacted laws securing freedom of worship to the Christians, and to ensure the liberty of those who had been enslaved. Further, he ordered that the Sunday should be observed as a day of rest, and that bishops should act as judges among their own people; also made a law enabling people to leave property by will to the Christian Church.

In the year 321 the repose of the church was troubled by the heresy of Arius, a native of Lybia, who had been taken under the protection of Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia. Many bishops being led away by this heresy, the Emperor found it necessary to call a council, which has become celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the First General Council of Nicea. Arius taught that there exists a Trinity, but that the Son was created by the Father, and then adopted as Son, being neither equal to the Father, nor co-eternal. This doctrine was condemned by the Council; Arius being banished, and his books destroyed by fire. Silvestre was not able to be present at this Council, on account of his advanced age. He however sent two presbyters to represent him, with orders to agree to whatever conclusions were come to. This Council (which is said to have been presided over by the Bishop of Cordova), also settled the question of the observance of Easter, by ordering that the Roman method should be adopted by all the churches, whether East or West; in addition to which several canons were agreed to, regulating points of ecclesiastical discipline. The Emperor then wrote two letters enforcing obedience to the decrees of the Council. It is stated by many writers that he gave to Silvestre supreme authority over the city of Rome, at the same time ordering him to exercise jurisdiction over all the bishops of the church. Silvestre died on the last day of the year 335.

(35.) MARCUS, 336, a Roman, was elected on the 18th Jan. His pontificate only lasted eight months, and nothing is known of his acts, although a number of epistles written to him by the church of Alexandria are preserved.

(36.) JULIUS I., 337-352, was not elected until some months after the death of Marcus. The Emperor Constantine, being held in great detestation by the heathen Senate and populace of Rome, had withdrawn to Byzantium, where he built a city and called it Constantinople. He there received christian baptism, and shortly afterwards died, leaving the Empire to his three sons and two nephews. His son, Constantine the younger, whose share of the Empire included Spain, Gaul, and Italy, protected the Christians. But Constantius, who reigned over Asia and Egypt, was led away by the followers of Arius. At this time Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, who had been very active in opposing the Arians, was impeached by them on certain charges. He at once called a Council of one hundred bishops at Alexandria, who entirely absolved him from these imputations. Shortly after this, a Council of ninety-seven bishops was held at Antioch, and declared in favor of Arius. Julius then wrote to Eusebius, their leader, pointing out that their action was contrary to the canons of Nicea; and he also held a Council at Rome which confirmed this letter. Again a great Council of a hundred and seventy bishops was held at Sardica; Julius, fearing to leave Rome on account of the Arian agitation in that city, did not go to this Council, but afterwards received from the bishops a synodical letter informing him that they had re-instated Athanasius at Alexandria, and Paul as Bishop of Constantinople, who had been driven thence by the Arians. Subsequently Gregory, the schismatic bishop at Alexandria, died, and the Emperor Constantius recalled Athanasius, who returned to his diocese bearing a letter from Julius April 352.

(37.) LIBERIUS, 352-366, a Roman, was elected contrary to his own wish. Almost his first act was to excommunicate Athanasius, who had refused to appear before him. But on finding that Athanasius had the support of all the bishops of Egypt (seventy-five number), Liberius withdrew his censure. Being afterwards summoned to the presence of the Emperor Constantius, at Milan, Liberius boldly denounced the Arian heresy. Constantius reproached him with causing disturbance in the Church, urging that only one-fourth of the christian world refused to accept the teachings of Arius. Liberius replied that even if he stood alone in the faith of Christ he would defend it none the less. Thereupon the Emperor caused him to be sent into exile in Thrace. The Arians seized this opportunity to instal one of their leaders, Felix by name, in charge of the

Church at Rome. Certain of the citizens, however, besought the Emperor to allow Liberius to return. They also sent messengers to Liberius, and at length succeeded in inducing him to sign a declaration in favour of Arianism, and to depose Athanasius. This was followed up by a letter from Liberius to the bishops of the East, accepting the Arian doctrine, and rejecting Athanasius from the communion of the Roman Church. Hilarius, Bishop of Poitiers in Gaul, hearing that Liberius had taken this step, formally excommunicated him, styling him "betrayed of the faith." Liberius, however, was received at Rome with great joy, the people driving Felix out of the city.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN SOCIETY.

II.

If Canadian people are not pious, they are nothing. Unfortunately many of them consider that society is only another name for impiety. To them the quiet dance, in the pure atmosphere of a pleasant home, is the gate to hell. Sounds of merry music, rippling laughter, gay badinage, can only float along the highway to perdition. Cards are the devil's books. These people generally cling to the genial old fire and brimstone theory, and would ruthlessly condemn the gay young hearts and light heels to endless dances over fiery coals, playing on red hot pianos, and everlasting games of "Old Maid," or "Beggar my Neighbour," with cards which scorch the tender fingers. Such people would almost as soon give up their faith in a heaven for themselves, as relinquish their hopes of a hell for their friends.

But young people brimming over with health and happiness cannot keep still; and if we will not permit the decorous dance, in the pure atmosphere of home, they will soon try their wings, and float away to less rigid climes.

We have all been told that "to be good is to be happy," and some of us have discovered that "to be happy is to be good." Let us make the young people happy at home, and fear not they will be good.

It is the grim, stern, solitary individual who grows hard, selfish, unsympathetic. Young, happy hearts are ever tender, pitiful—ready to do a good deed, or take part in a kindly act. A wise old Presbyterian minister, when asked if he thought there was any harm in dancing, replied: that he "had always found that people did more harm with their tongues than their toes." After all, it is only during a short period of our lives that our hearts and our heels are light enough to care much for the poetry of motion. The cares of the world, the flesh and the devil, bear down upon us, and behold! our dancing days are over; but that is no reason that we should sit in a corner and growl at the young folks whose feet tingle to the strains of a merry measure. Can it be more wicked to float down the room to a well-timed tune, than to walk about without rhythm or reason?

If our scruples are the old Roman Catholic ones that the dance permits too great familiarity between the sexes,—then we do not gain much by the substitution of those vulgar, boisterous, silly, childish games that are considered *en regle* in some of our most pious families. The highest and most refined circles of all lands have danced throughout all ages; and the vulgar idea that prevails among lower class people, that it is among the higher classes we find most vice, ought by this time to be exploded. We all know that if a *faux pas* occurs in high circles, it is made much of. The vulgar curiosity is excited. It is glad to find that the better classes are not so much better than other classes. But how many lapses may occur in lower life without a word being heard of it? Thank goodness! in this Canada of ours we have not much to complain of in any class; but a little more society in the home circle will not hurt us, and a little more variety will not hurt the society.

But should we side with those stern christians who deem the dance to be demoralizing—what then? Can we old wise heads and sober sides stem the tide of youthful spirits and bounding pulses? Hundreds of young people who are not allowed to dance at home, will dance abroad, and if all else fail them, they have only to strap a pair of skates on their feet, and launch themselves on the Rink,—there to dance to their hearts' content under the sternest eyes and noses; and who shall say them nay?

But it is not only the dread of the dance that weighs against the giving of small, or large, evening parties; there is also the great question of "what shall we eat, and what shall we drink?" The bane of our entertainments is that we have too much eating and drinking—especially eating, since fortunately teetotalism is fashionable, and we are no longer poisoned by vile drugs in the guise of cheap wines. One of the most amusing features of our society is the queer blending of economy with extravagance which prevails. We must ape all things; but whether we do them well or ill it matters not. A supper-table should never be loaded with a number of dishes and a variety of viands, necessitating the frequent changing of plates and removal of courses, unless there be a sufficient number of servants in attendance. In fact, a sumptuous supper which is not served with faultless nicety and precision, must be a vulgar affair. To avoid vulgarity, one must never attempt anything beyond one's station or circumstances. All things must be in keeping with the capabilities of the house, the capacity of the menage, and the length of the purse. Keeping this rule strictly in view one avoids all danger of vulgarity. Everything will run smoothly. The guests will feel that they have not caused an earthquake in the house; and the hostess will be at liberty to move around among her friends, making people acquainted and at home with each other, as none but she can. People of sympathetic tastes and aspirations will be introduced, and the ball of conversation on some favorite topic lightly launched by the lady of the house, who can easily slip off to others once she finds it rolling smoothly. If the guests have been wisely chosen, and the introductions skilfully made, the success of the evening is assured.

There is no doubt a clever hostess, with the aid of a little music, can manage an evening party pleasantly without cards, or dancing, or the still more objectionable entertainment of games involving promiscuous kissing and hugging, pulling and hauling—which so largely prevails among the most strictly pious portion of the community. These games being considered more delicate and decorous than the dance. *Chacun a son gout!* But to their credit be it said, the young people when allowed a choice prefer the more dignified dance.

Revenons a nos moulons. What are we to eat? That depends. If money is no object, if you live in good style, and a grand supper need not cost you a pang or an anxiety, by all means have it. Why not? All the better for trade. But where we find one in Montreal who can afford to entertain sumptuously, we shall find dozens to whom the giving of a large party would be a weariness and vexation of spirit—a straining of muscle and purse-strings, if not a still worse after-wringing of heart-strings when the bill comes in.

If any citizens, who cannot afford it, contemplate giving large parties this winter, take Punch's advice—"Don't."

N. CLITHEROE.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

There is no art so widely cultivated, or so generally introduced into our everyday life, as that of Music. It enlivens the home circle, is one of our principal sources of public entertainment, and holds a prominent place in almost every form of worship; in short it is now generally considered an important branch of education, and millions in various parts of the world are spending both money and time in order to get an insight into its mysteries.

The power of music is marvellous, as also its adaptability to all phases of human experience, and all conditions of life. The sailor sings his song to wile the time away, and no military organization is complete without its band; whilst at almost every gathering, for whatsoever purpose it may be, music is a *sine qua non* if success is to be ensured.

Although the elevating and refining influence of music cannot be denied, it is questionable if the art, as generally cultivated amongst the better classes of society, is calculated to improve mankind either intellectually or morally. We read, for example, in the ordinary school advertisement "Special attention given to music; the best masters engaged," &c., or something to that effect, and generally find that "music" means *the piano*, and that the "special attention" is given to teaching a few showy pieces which may be performed at a semi-annual gathering as an advertisement for the school, which institution claims superiority to other educational establishments because a half-dozen picked pupils can tickle the ears of their fond relatives and friends with a concert galop or "Le jet d'eau" with pedal ad libitum.

Then we have the intellectual entertainment known as a musical party. It appears to be an understood thing that every lady shall be seated in turn at the piano; what she does when she *is* there matters little; the hostess does her duty, and the guests are all supposed to appear delighted with the performance. The days of the "Battle of Prague" are past and gone, but surely even that celebrated work would be preferable to "Moonlight Sonata," as we usually hear it played. As a variety we have Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," or Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," the latter sometimes played in a manner that makes one wish he were there, and not compelled by fashion to listen to such a confused jargon of sounds, and at the same time preserve the semblance of rapture, or at least of satisfaction.

We occasionally have, at ultra-fashionable parties, gentleman amateurs, who perform on different instruments, either alone or in concert. Many of these have a true love for music and always keep within their powers, but far more, alas, endeavour to perform something wonderful, and think that because they have enjoyed hearing it played by an artist, the assembled guests should be entertained in like manner by them.

The flute soloist plays an "air varié" with piano accompaniment, performing wonderful feats of fingering and double-tonguing, till, gasping for breath, he relinquishes the field to the amateur violinist, who, though he perform tolerably well as regards time and style, is so uncertain about stopping in tune, that you involuntarily wince, as though your toes had been trodden upon, or bite your nether lip and look placidly at the ceiling.

Vocal music, too, holds a prominent place, the singers being generally far behind the instrumentalists; for, whilst the latter have at least some technical knowledge, the former often pride themselves on never having taken any lessons whatever, and will, without any previous rehearsal sing songs that a first-class artist would hesitate to perform without several hours practice.

This sort of "entertainment" usually lasts (with an intermission for supper) for four or five hours, and the guests are expected to sit (sometimes stand) out patiently a performance twice as long as an ordinary concert, without a murmur, and to pretend with the rankest hypocrisy that they really enjoy it.

This state of things will go on whilst the general notion prevails that the gift of music is common to every human being, and that all who have been compelled by custom to run their fingers over the keys of an instrument, or to learn mechanically a few songs should continually display their powers in public. Now it is true that in the present day most young ladies can play, but it is equally true that they can all read, and it is no more reasonable to invite persons indiscriminately to hear each other play and sing, than it would be to assemble all your friends to hear each other recite Shakspeare's plays, or some other works of literary art.

We cannot all be elocutionists; although we may understand the characters in which the drama is written, and appreciate a finished rendering the more from having studied the work ourselves, no more can we all be executive musicians. The particular qualifications required in an artist belong to the few, and we must be content to form part of the admiring crowd, who, having no pretensions to extraordinary talent themselves, listen with honest enjoyment to those who have; remembering that the listeners must always exceed the performers, and that it is much better to be an intelligent listener than an unintelligible performer.

Fosco.

INDEPENDENCE.—A life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame. Serenity, health, and happiness, attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.—*Goldsmith: "Citizen of the World."*

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The examination of witnesses elicited nothing beyond the facts which have already been narrated. Great interest and importance attached to the evidence of Samuel Sullivan, the assistant at Dr. Mangan's dispensary at Farney. It proved to be very simple, rather damaging to the business character of Mr. Sullivan, but confirmatory of the theory of the counsel for the Crown. Mr. Sullivan admitted that Daly had had free access to the surgery during his stay at Athboyle in the previous year, that it was possible he might have abstracted drugs even of the kind which ought to have been most scrupulously kept out of the reach of any one but the dispensary doctor and himself; and that any such abstraction, if it had taken place, must have been carried out with a purpose considerably far ahead, for ten months had elapsed since Dominick Daly's removal from Athboyle to Narraghmore. On being questioned concerning his own relations with Daly in the interval between his removal to Narraghmore and the perpetration of the murder, Sullivan admitted that he had helped Daly to persuade his wife that he was endeavouring to find remedies—"cures," as the poor woman had expressed it—for her incurable disease. On two occasions he had sent him "real medicine, but quite harmless," for the purpose of being transmitted to Mrs. Daly; but of the last fatal experiment he knew nothing whatever. This, however, had no importance in the case; bicarbonate of soda was to be had anywhere.

A keen observer would have seen that the dark, wasted face of the prisoner twitched as if with pain, that his nostrils dilated and closed with his more laboured breathing, and that he lost control over the tale-telling mouth-muscles, while the hand upon the rail in front of him took a firmer hold of that barrier, a hold which blanched the knuckles and empurpled the finger-nails. What if they should ask this witness whether any other person, not of the Mangan family, had had access, later and more complete, to the deadly drugs in the unsafe surgery? What if Sullivan should name Katherine Farrell, wake up the rumour inside the court which had never slumbered outside it, suggest the truth to the prisoner's counsel, either as a flash of absolute conviction, or as a cunning and plausible possibility of defence, and all should be revealed? Daly passed through the agony of a hundred deaths in the throes of this terrible vision of the possible. At one moment there arose within his sick and sinking soul a desperate impulse to stop the trial, to say, "My lord, you are wasting your time, and these gentlemen their skill. My plea was a falsehood; I retract it. I am guilty." But this passed with the sense, almost simultaneously borne in upon him, by the voice, the manner of the witness—who never looked at him after the first glance of recognition—that Sam Sullivan fully believed in his guilt. This, in its turn, fortunate as he immediately recognized it to be, was a shock to him. With all the completeness of the conception which had come from his strength of will, it had not occurred to him, that Sullivan would help him by so genuine, but to the accused man's mind, so monstrous a credulity.

The examination proceeded, and the prisoner recognized, with intense perception external in some strange way to himself, calm as if exercised by another for another, in the centre stillness of the storm which was sweeping around him, that as Sullivan brought fact after fact out of his memory, each fact justified his belief in the aggregate meaning of them all. Circumstances had so favoured the prisoner's fixed resolution, that they formed a net of evidence without a dropped stitch in its meshes; and Daly's mental comment when Sullivan's cross-examination was safely (!) concluded, was; "If Sam was not convinced of my guilt, he would have been a fool." His old companion and friend went down without a glance at the dark, wasted face in the dock, and with whatever there was of irresistible pity in his heart traversed by the bitter sense that he had been duped, and used as a tool by Daly.

The hours wore on, and the case was near its completion. The crowd inside and outside the Court-house had known no diminution in numbers or flagging of interest all day. Would it be concluded, or would it last over another day? It came to be understood that the Court would sit late, to conclude the case. The eminent criminal lawyer, counsel for the Crown, and the only a little less eminent criminal lawyer, counsel for the prisoner, were both exceedingly busy, and anxious to get away, as they probably would do, together, to-morrow morning; and the jury would naturally prefer not being locked up for the night. There was no talk of a "boot-eater" among them, and the case, for one so terrible and so important, was a very simple one. To an overwhelming mass of circumstantial evidence, direct and collateral, what had the counsel for the prisoner to oppose? Some testimony to character, and a few suggestions, which there was nothing to back, of round-about possibilities by which poison might have come into the victim's possession, rather than the direct and apparent means by which she really had received it. When his counsel began to speak for him, to do his best with such flimsy material, to work with the untrustworthy tools of appeal, persuasion, and reflections on the terrible responsibility of a rash and erroneous judgment, its irrevocable consequences, and the benignant latitude of doubt, Daly listened with agonized earnestness. Stronger than ever within him sprang up the yearning love of life, as he was at last face to face with his "chances." Sometimes he shifted his gaze for an instant from the man who was pleading for him, to the faces of the spectators, that he might learn how the pleading affected them, that he might gather what they thought of his chances; but only for an instant, it reverted to the central point. He could hardly hear at times, for all his listening, because of the ticking in the veins all over his body, and the heavy throbbing of his heart, which rocked his whole frame, he could not but fancy it must be visibly. How long might a man live and bear that? How soon must such destructive ravage amid its mysteries overthrow the mere human fabric, delivered up to the ruthless violence of its immortal tenant, thus turned rebel? Nevertheless, with all that raging strife within him, the man's will got the mastery, and enabled him to estimate his "chances" aright, to see how the truth, as he alone knew it, would be at once the solitary and the impossible solution of the falsehood, which all the efforts of his counsel were powerless to shake. And Dominick Daly saw that his "chances" were—none. When the whole dreadful performance was over, when the counsel for the Crown had replied, with contemptuous brevity, and the judge had delivered his charge to the jury with all becoming gravity; when the twelve jurymen left their box, taking his life in their hands, and he was about to be removed from the dock until he should be required to listen to their award; the spectators, gazing at him, saw a face like that of one dead, with eyes unclosed.

But when, the jury having returned to their places, after an interval of only three-quarters of an hour, the prisoner was brought into court again, he stood up firmly, strongly, a fine man in his prime; and he held his head high, and looked out with his blue eyes, unflinching and unshamed. His two hands held the rail, but they neither trembled nor steadied themselves by any strain, and his dark wasted face was slightly tinged with colour. The long summer day was closing into the sweet, solemn, starlit summer night. The Court-house was lighted when they brought the prisoner back, and he stood up at his very best—not the nearest friend he had, not the woman who had done this, had ever seen him look more manly, brave, and full of life, than the court, the jury, and the crowd saw him then.

There passed but little change upon him as the verdict which found him "Guilty" was declared, and the usual question was put to him whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him? The colour did not fade from his cheek when he answered, speaking quite distinctly, and with marked respect—

"Nothing, my lord, except that my plea is the truth. I am not guilty."

Deep oppressive silence filled the court until the judge spoke. Daly took his hands from the rail, and clasping them loosely, bowed his head low and submissively while the judge sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he should be dead; bowed it a little lower at the words "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," and stood in that attitude for a full minute after it was all over. Then he roused himself, and the turnkey took him, not roughly, by the arm. As he obeyed the signal, he glanced for an instant into the Court again—his last look save one at a crowd of his fellow-creatures—and in that instant he saw the face of Father John O'Conner. The priest, jammed into a corner near the jury-box, was looking at the prisoner with such intense attention that he was altogether heedless of the pushing mass around him. His stern face was exceedingly pale, and his lips were moving unconsciously. Their eyes met, in that brief moment; the next Dominick Daly was on his way to the condemned cell, which should give him up only to the gallows.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GERRIT SMITH.—A biography by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

In an out of the way village of the State of New York, was born in the year 1797, a man, whose father made him a millionaire, and whose nature made him the friend of all men. Utica Astor, had invested in large tracts of land which made his son on attaining possession in 1822, as he had love of philanthropy, so that his estates increased yearly, and supplied the immense sums which for more than half a century he spent upon his theories. We have not space to recount his numerous projects nor to go into their history, but his name and character are known to most readers in Canada, and everything of a public nature aroused his sympathy and excited him to deeds of benevolence. Religion, Humanity, Slavery, Temperance, Social Questions, Politics and the War, alike occupied him, and few men have written so much, or with such earnestness. From 1820 to 1874 he was occupied in his schemes of benevolence, mistaken perhaps, but winning the love of all who knew the man.

Gerrit Smith, said Dr. Channing, was "A man worthy of all honour for his overflowing munificence, for his calm yet invincible moral courage, for his Christian liberality, embracing men of every sect and name, and for his deep, active inexhaustible sympathy with the sinful, suffering and oppressed." A glowing description and a true one, and yet, like many another good man, he was not a successful one. Born to the possession of immense wealth, endowed with the ability to manage and increase it, looking upon it as a trust to be used for the benefit of humanity, and sousing it with a single-mindedness and conscientious determination that have made his name a synonym for philanthropy, he did not to all outward appearance accomplish anything that will remain a permanent factor in the increase of good in this world, except to show by his life that honesty, charity, singleness of mind and fixity of purpose can exist in the life of the nineteenth century, and that there are yet men whose ideas of the practical duties of Christianity are so strong, so deep-rooted, and so cogent that they are willing to follow that hard saying "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." The material effect of Gerrit Smith's life does not, as we have intimated, in our opinion amount to much, for the idealism of the man caused him to lose the very opportunities that he thought to make so much of, his generosity, childlike confidence and patience were imposed upon, his complete self-reliance, the result being that, though, as his biographer says, "Nature made him a philanthropist and wealth enabled him to do what philanthropists love to do," his negro colonies wasted away, fraud, idleness, and lack of public spirit were encouraged, and his bounty might as well have been sown broadcast on the fields. And yet it is well to read this life to understand the innate nobility of spirit, the simplicity, the hospitality, the tolerance, the dignity and the sweetness of the man. He was no shallow thinker, but had acuteness and force of intellect, although he was not deeply read, and gathered food for his brain rather from the actualities of life, as he found told by Mr. Frothingham that in Smith's library there was little or nothing of pure literature, philosophy, natural or metaphysical, none of the world's great thinkers, no science, no drama, no fiction, no travel, strongest in digests, reports, diplomatic correspondence and "that semilived and theorized in the present, and how little likely to be successful the one unaided human mind would be, when trying to cope with great social, political and religious problems which have puzzled the world for centuries. Mr. Frothingham has given us two interpretations of this strange life to choose from, the utilitarian view of it and the spiritual view; he himself does not venture an opinion as to which his readers should take; but if there be anything real in the stimulus to a higher ideal, a better endeavour, obedience to the lessons of the New Testament, and in the furtherance of the sentiments of compassion, benevolence, kindness and same spirit and to avoid his mistakes. Whether utilitarianism be folly or not is not our purpose to enquire; we do not agree with those who would simply judge of the merits of a life from its apparent conformity or nonconformity to a written rule and who leave out of sight the results arising incidentally from it, enough lessons taught, enough help given, enough encouragement of the weak and strengthening of the feeble to warrant us in saying that his life as the life of the founder of the system which inspired Gerrit Smith ended in a paradox.

As to the book itself, it is rather an expression of its subject's sentiments, a treatise upon his doctrines, an examination of his theories than a biography, for we miss much of the detail, and cause us to feel that we know him as well as his thoughts. And in a life like Gerrit Smith's it is all the more important that the every day being, the person who lives his theories, Mr. Frothingham has written an essay on Gerrit Smith containing necessarily much about his history, more about his ideas, and a little about his individuality, but hardly a very successful and his own comments thereon; his book is thoughtful, critical and impartial, much more impartial than might have been thought, and those who take an interest in social problems, and in the men who try to solve them, will find it both of interest and value.

DANIEL THE BELOVED.—By the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Dr. Taylor has set himself to pass in review the chief events in the life of Daniel by a course of Sunday evening lectures. These lectures form a good size and neat volume. It would be difficult to say anything now about Daniel, and Dr. Taylor is scarcely the man to do it; still, the lectures are good and very useful. The analysis of the character of Daniel is in the great and moving drama of the prophet's life are well portrayed, the scene at Belshazzar's feast especially. A little more imagination, which would have added intensity to the of that as it is.

The exegesis is carefully considered and clearly rendered. Dr. Taylor has, wisely, abmany obscure passages in the Book of Daniel, preferring to offer what is useful and accurate. We do not mean that he has simply skimmed the surface, or shirked difficulties, for in some places there is evidence of very considerable reading, besides original thinking, but he has avoided the rocks on which many less careful than he, and less modest, have split.

But the usefulness of the volume lies in its thoroughly practical nature. The lessons from days that have been are brought to bear upon the days that are. Religion is shown, not simply as a thing to be admired, to be formulated into creeds, and built up into systems, but to be lived by men whose feet are in the common dust of life, and who have to pace the daily round

We commend Dr. Taylor's lectures to clergymen, for they will see a part of the secret of a successful ministry; also, to students, that they may gain some notion of the work before them, and the way to do it; but most of all to young men, that they may find inspiration to do good and act uprightly, and the full assurance that a good life is a great life, based on strength and crowned with beauty.

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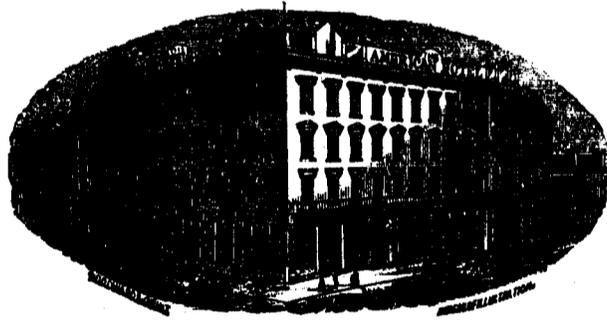
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