The Canadian Spectator.

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The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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Yearly subscriptions are now due, and should be forwarded without delay.

The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number Thirteen:

THE TIMES.
QUEBEC POLITICS.
SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS, by Dr. Dawson.
EDUCATION OF CANADIAN GIRLS, by E. A. C.
SENSITIVENESS, by M. B. Stevenson.
A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'
THE PRODIGAL SON, by Rev. A. J. Bray.
NINO BIXIO, by Evelyn Carrington.
THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, by the author of "Patty."
OUR QUESTIONERS.
CORRESPONDENCE—"THE FUTURE LIFE," by Quartus.
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Subject for Evening Discourse:

III.—STUDIES IN LIFE AND CHARACTER—JOSEPH.

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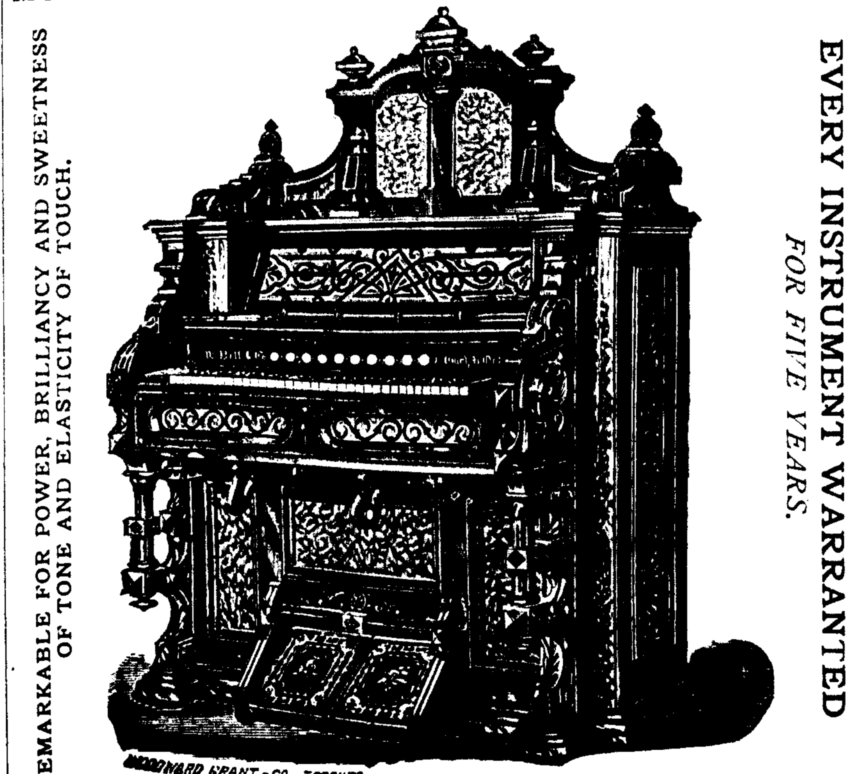

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INSOLVENT LIST.

The reason we are obliged to omit giving the weekly list of insolvents in our advertisment is simply because the list is getting so long each week that we cannot afford the space. But some plan will be adopted to give the list in some way, together with a list of firms who annually fee the agency. This list, when it appears, will be a list of what an American would term the *smart men* of the Dominion.

The Rev. J. Cook criticises the American Government for compromising with its creditors at 90c on the dollar; but what can you expect from a country like the United States or Canada, where clergymen fraternize with men who make their living by helping all the commercial swindles that take place in either countries where men are allowed to teach in Sunday-schools after blackmailing all the week. Mr. Cook may not be aware of the fact that the reason why Canada and the United States have the most unreliable business men to be found in the world is because of the facilities offered to defraud creditors by the misreporting mercantile agency system of the United States—a system worked on the same principle as third class servants' registry offices, where people of any character can obtain a situation by paying the fee demanded, and where those who pay the highest get the best places, but never keep them long. To apply to a registry office for the character of a person who has paid said office to get him a place is about as silly as anything that can be imagined; still people do it. To apply to a mercantile agency for the standing of a man is softer still, because there is more at stake.

A leading wholesaler said the other day that few importers could afford to get at loggerheads with the misreporting agencies. What does this mean but blackmail. For a misrepresenting agency man to take any part in church affairs is acting the hypocrite to perfection. They do it, and clergymen allow it. And for an editor of a paper to ask the public to believe that misreporting agency men are honest in their intentions in face of the facts known about their disgraceful doings must we think have some personal object to serve.

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Rich Scarfs, with Plated Pins, 98c, $1.10.
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Gents' Knot Scarfs, 10c, 21c, 30c, 35c, 50c.

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Regatta Shirts, 38c. Oxford Shirts, 45c.
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CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the defendant, Freeman, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

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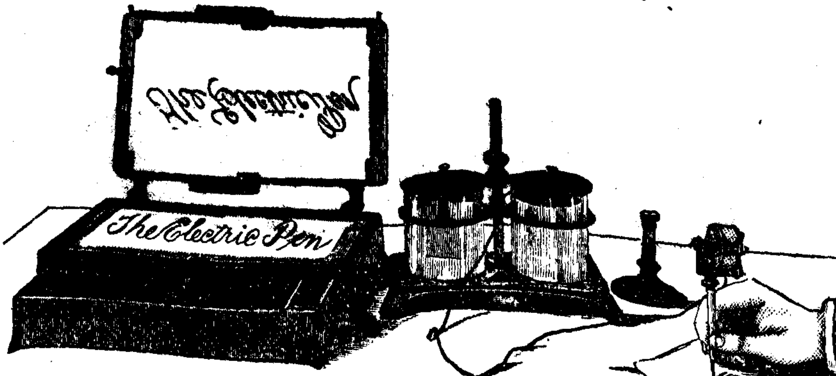

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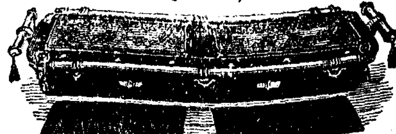

UNDERTAKERS.

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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., NO. 14. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878. $2.00 PER ANNUM

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Correspondence.
Current Literature.

THE TIMES.

Our parliamentarians at Ottawa are passing through a great variety of experiences. A survey of any one week's proceedings is a pleasant and profitable thing. A pretty tableau in Committee Room No. 13—two legislators engaged in earnest remonstrance, enforced by the fist. From henceforth we must look for our representatives from among the men who can fight well. Bunster should have been able to thrash Cheval and keep his own whiskers. The fight in Committee Room No. 13 was quite as creditable as the conduct of many members in the House. They sleep, read papers, write letters, talk to each other, stamp with their feet on the floor, bump the inkstand on the desk, and think themselves legislators and worthy of being paid. Paid they are, worthy or not worthy, and that spoils them. Better abolish the pay; make parliamentary representation an honour, and we should have less rowdyism in the House, because more of gentlemanly sentiment.

Mr. McDougall, of Renfrew, has been casting about for something new, and has found it. He has introduced a bill to secure the attendance of voters at elections of members for the Commons. He would save the candidates for parliamentary pay and honour the expenses they sometimes incur in bringing voters to the poll. That is a happy thought, surely. Fancy being compelled to vote! It is just as reasonable as it would be to pass an Act that each man shall drink, to keep up the revenue; or shall eat a fair share of bread and beef to keep up farming; or shall make up his mind as to which is the better party in politics, or any other absurd thing. We have heard of men being compelled to be moral by Act of Parliament, but never before of their being forced into politics. One step more, Mr. McDougall of Renfrew, bring in a bill to compel the people to join some Church or other.

The Hon. H. G. Joly has put his address before the eyes of the public of the Province of Quebec, and a more clumsy and ill-worded thing we have rarely seen. In the opening sentence it says the Lieut.-Governor "exercised his authority in dismissing the Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville from office," and then, "*we* assume all its responsibility." What? The act of dismissal? or, of the defunct Government? Then we have, "on the contrary, far from that"; very poor for a Premier's address. Then, "their taxation scheme of this last session which *we* put a stop to just in time." This makes it that the Lieut.-Governor was acting under the advice of Mr. Joly and his party all the time. Then we have—this "opened the door to taxes of all kinds, which up to this day have fortunately remained unknown to the population of our Province." That is, that taxes of all kinds have remained unknown to the *population* of this Province. That *is* news. We still think it would be well for the electors to give Mr. Joly a majority, but the Lieutenant-Governor may yet have to pray, "Save me from my friends."

Between the public schools of Ontario and the denominational schools there can be no possibility of permanent compromise, or union, except on the basis of unreserved acceptance of the non-sectarian system. This obvious fact is indeed the only ground on which the separate schools maintain their existence. The only common interest of the two organizations rests in their joint subordination to the chief officer of the Educational Department. Nevertheless, it is clear that an effort is on foot to effect some species of arrangement which shall secure to the separatist schools the advantages of both methods. For this purpose the supporters of a Roman Catholic school may be found willing to consent that their school shall pass under the control of the Public School Trustees, on the understanding that a fixed proportion of the trustees shall be Romanists, that the teachers shall be restricted to that communion, and that the Romanist clergy shall have the right to impart religious instruction at all hours. Windsor, Ontario, affords an example of such an attempt to divert the public schools from their distinct and legitimate object of providing the best possible non-sectarian education. But wherever attempted, it can only result in failure.

It is not often that we have to record a victory for liberal thought in theology of such far-reaching consequences as one that has recently been achieved in Scotland. Our readers, who are interested in contemporary theology, must be familiar with the name of Professor Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, who has been contributing various articles in Bible criticism to the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In these articles Professor Smith has made the readers of the Encyclopædia acquainted with the results of modern criticism in the spirit of that fearless reverence for truth, by which all thorough science is distinguished. But, as might have been anticipated, this spirit roused the wrath of those who have no reverence for any truth that conflicts with traditional dogmas; and the public excitement throughout Scotland became dangerous to the interests of calm inquiry, and even of justice towards the offending critic. It is to be regretted that, for the moment, popular clamour drowned the voice of reason in the General Assembly of the Free Church, to which Professor Smith belongs; and at the meeting in last May he was suspended from his office by a summary act without any form of trial. It seems, however, as if there had been a reaction against this unconstitutional procedure after the passion, by which it was dictated, had cooled down. Professor Smith had been merely suspended; and before he could be deposed, it was necessary that he should be proved guilty of heresy by the process of "libel," as it is called, in accordance with the forms of Scottish Church Law. Our readers, we fear, would find little interest, and perhaps little intelligibility, in the elaborate document, called the libel against Professor Smith: still less interest, and less intelligibility, would be found in following the intricate ecclesiastical procedure, by which the libel is prosecuted. Suffice it to say that on all points of any importance to the prosecution the libel was found not proven. Of course, an appeal to the higher court has been taken by the disappointed prosecutors; but when the case is removed from all the local influences of the Presbytery to the broader judicatures of the Synod and of the General Assembly, it is scarcely to be expected that the liberal action of the Presbytery will be reversed.

The war cloud hangs over Europe dark and thunderous. At any hour it may burst, for the complications seem to increase. Russia is defiant, Turkey playing a double part, Austria uncertain, England determined. If war—what kind of a war will it be? Who can tell? The Turk may join with the Russian; the Turk is quite equal to that; Austria may join England, or, England may have to fight without a single ally. We are not foolish enough to imagine that England has come to the end of her war power. Britain can assert herself, and make her words respected. Sir Garnet Wolseley, one of the most accomplished professional soldiers in the British army, and one of the best living writers on military matters, has just shown in an article contributed by him to the *Nineteenth Century* that England is better prepared for war than ever she was before. The volunteer service has kept the army well before the notice of the nation, so that the old indifference was impossible. The militia has been developed as a system; the officers have been more carefully educated in the practical science of war, and the social status of the ordinary soldier has been raised somewhat Then England has nothing to fear by way of invasion, so that nearly all her fighting men could be sent to a foreign field. Two army corps (60,000) are now ready for immediate service, and under cover of the fleet could intrench themselves and hold it anywhere. Nearly 400,000 men could soon be massed at any given point. It is not likely that they would carry the campaign far inland, so they could well and effectively enter a protest against a Russian occupation of the Dardanelles. All that is the glory side of it. England is rich; England is brave; England can win glory by means of her army. Fine sounding phrases, all of them. But what is the other side, trade paralysed, wealth wasted, and thousands of homes crushed into the blackness of despair. We are patriotic; we are jealous for the national honour, but this imminence of war is the result of past political folly.

THREE MONTHS OF LIFE.

The SPECTATOR has lived through three months, a period of trade depression and all other kinds of depression consequent thereupon. For in trade we live and move and have our being. Literature must suffer with the general suffering—no wonder—for a man can scarcely be expected to care much for the mind and its culture when he has the great riddle of bread-winning to solve; he can hardly be supposed to turn with an equal mind to the first-class literary article when he has just been plagued by the quotation of stocks, more failures, &c. But we have held on our way, living fairly well and doing our best.

Faults have been found, of course. For some the paper has too much theology in it; for others, not enough. Some cry out for the sermons. Some cry out against them. We are asked to be not quite so heterodox. Others say, "bah, it is as orthodox as a volume of Methodist sermons." As to politics, the Toronto *Globe* says the SPECTATOR is in the interests of the Conservatives, and is vulgar, while gentlemen in connection with the Opposition say the SPECTATOR "has become a party hack." Proof good enough, that the original programme has been faithfully carried out, "*politics, but not party.*" In that good way we hope to continue, being for no party, but for the people.

The support given to the paper is almost enough to give occasion for pride in the minds of its conductors—for in truth, the subscribers to it are of the best possible class as to educational attainments. We will publish a list soon, and it will be seen that in spite of what the cynics say—there are hosts of people in the Dominion willing to support a high-class literary paper—open for the free discussion of all matters of interest—as the SPECTATOR is. We contemplate a great, because useful future. Many of the best writers of the country have come to our help—and we shall go on, trying always to do a little better. But we feel justified in making an appeal to our subscribers—first to be patient if they find that the machinery is not perfect. Second—to be generous if they find some things in the paper they cannot like, remembering that all should have a hearing. Third—to double the length of our subscription list by each one sending in a new name. We are working hard for nothing at all, as to money, and so feel free to make this appeal. Then, we are anxious to be in a position to pay the contributors, for only in that way can we be fair to them, and give to the public the best thoughts of the best writers. Those contributors are most generously helping now—but it will not be after the Editor's mind to tax their generosity overmuch. If our present subscribers will help just a little they will do great private and public service. And also, we are most anxious to increase the size of the paper by four pages. If each subscriber will send in a name, that will be done at once.

PREROGATIVES OF THE CROWN.

The recent *coup d'état* at Quebec and the animated discussions which it has excited will have at least one beneficial effect, that of disseminating much useful information concerning the constitution of the Government of this country; for, although much which has been said and written will be forgotten, there will be a residue of solid information left after the present agitation has subsided. The pamphlet published by Mr. Todd upon "Constitutional Governors" is alone almost worth a political "crisis."

Putting aside for the present any allusion to the question as to whether the dismissal of the DeBoucherville Cabinet was, or was not justifiable, a very interesting point remains, as to what *prerogatives of the Crown* are possessed by the Lieutenant-Governor, and in what respect His Honor is the representative of the Queen. Mr. Kerr raised this point in his speech at Perry's Hall, and Sir Francis Hincks has written at length in the *Journal of Commerce* stigmatising Mr. Kerr's proposition as a new discovery. A *new* discovery it certainly is not; but it is important to know whether it be a *true* discovery, for the phrase "*prerogatives of the Crown*" is one of those pregnant, though indefinite, expressions which conveys a meaning differing in extent according to the mode of thought of the person who hears it. If there are seven Governors, besides the Governor-General, who have the right to wield the "prerogative of the Crown," and who are at the same time irresponsible to the Crown, it is an interesting though anomalous fact. In the commission and instructions to the Royal Governors mention is indeed made of various officers, amongst others of Judges, Executive Councillors and Justices of the Peace. These, in a certain sense, are representatives of the Crown, but we do not hear of them claiming any *Prerogatives*. Every officer of the army or navy bearing the Queen's commission is *pro tanto* her representative, although no sharer in her prerogatives. In the Province of Quebec especially, a movement has been for some time in progress to magnify the office of local Governor beyond the limits of the statutes which created it. The assumption without any justification of the title "Excellency" instead of the legal title of "Honour" is enough to show the confusion of thought existing with regard to the office. In political matters names are very important; and the covert claim under the title "Excellency" is that, in local matters, the Lieutenant-Governor is a co-ordinate representative of the Crown with the Governor-General, if indeed he be not its exclusive representative as to certain matters specified in the Confederation Act. These notions tend to obscure the precise nature of the union of the Provinces under Confederation.

The Queen of England is the heir of a long line of monarchs who in times past wielded almost absolute powers by right of their royal office. Most of those powers have been wrested from, or conceded by, successive kings; but there still remains in the Crown a certain residue—definite enough in some respects, but very indefinite in many others. Blackstone says, "by *prerogative* we understand that special pre-eminence which the Crown has, above all other persons, and out of the ordinary course of the law, in right of the regal dignity. And hence it can only be applied to those rights and capacities which the sovereign enjoys alone, in contradistinction to others, and not to those which he enjoys in common with any of his subjects."

With so clear a definition of the word *prerogative*, it becomes easy to distinguish two sources of power or honour. 1st. That flowing from the residue of the ungranted rights of the Crown. 2nd. That flowing from the Parliament, of which the crown is a necessary portion. It is beside the question to say that the prerogative must be exercised on the advice of responsible ministers. Such is the usage undoubtedly of the British Constitution at the present time and, to such an extent has this gone that Mr. Walter Bagehot (English Constitution) gravely propounds the absurd maxim that "the Queen must sign her own death-warrant if the two Houses unanimously send it up to her"; but in point of fact the power of the Crown is greater to-day than under the two first Georges. It is a variable power, depending much more upon the abilities of the Sovereign than upon anything else; but, as Mr. Todd well shows, it is a real and effective power, although subject to certain checks. If in any ordinary matter a person is found claiming to represent another he is asked to produce his power of attorney. If any one should doubt whether Lord Dufferin represents the Queen, he can produce the Queen's commission. If the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec represents the Queen and claims any of her prerogatives, let him produce his commission from Her Majesty. He is not appointed by the Crown, but by the Dominion Ministry of the day. He is not responsible to the Crown but to the Ottawa Government. The Crown has absolutely no control over him, but the Government of the day at Ottawa has; and this is the precise difficulty under party government. If he were an Imperial officer or in any way responsible to the Crown, he would be appointed from abroad, and not taken out of the whirl of local jealousies to practise a five years' seeming neutrality and then return to the service of his party. When the Crown appointed Sir Francis Hincks, it was to govern the Barbadians, not the Canadian people, one half of whom he had been contending with during his whole career. Hence the danger, as well as the inaccuracy, of applying the expression "prerogatives of the Crown" to matters of local politics. It is because these prerogatives are real effective powers—because they flow from the Sovereign in person—that it is wrong to drag them through the mud of local contests. It is difficult enough for the Governor-General to hold aloof from party contests. Canadians can still remember the Pacific Scandal days when, to quote from a Liberal newspaper, "the people were going to rise in their might and hurl Dufferin from his seat at Ottawa." To have seven local governors getting behind the Royal Prerogative, or even talking about it in connection with their vagaries, would be intolerable. The next local governor who gets up a "crisis" may be a Conservative, and any one who has gone through the literature of the Sir Edmund Head and Lord Dufferin "crises" shrinks from the thought of dragging the Crown into local politics also; for when "the people rise in their might," as they are always supposed to do when Liberal politicians do not have all their own way, the din is terrific.

The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable that Sir Francis Hincks has been hasty in crediting Mr. Kerr with a "discovery." In Mr. Todd's excellent pamphlet, at page 27, will be found an extract from a despatch written to Lord Dufferin by the Colonial Secretary, the Earl Carnarvon, dated January 7th, 1875. He writes, in reference to the Provincial Governors, these officers "*however important, locally, their functions may be, are a part of the Colonial Administrative Staff, and are more immediately responsible to the Governor-General in Council. They do not hold commissions from the Crown, and neither in power nor privilege resemble those Governors, or even Lieutenant-Governors, to whom, after special consideration of their personal fitness, the Queen, under the Great Seal and her own hand and signet, delegates portions of her prerogatives and issues her own instructions.*" Mr. Kerr has, at any rate, been anticipated in his discovery by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The question might perhaps be asked, cannot the Governor-General delegate a portion of the prerogative of the Crown by commission to the Lieutenant-Governors? A moment's reflection will show that he cannot, except to the extent in which he may be empowered thereto specially by Her Majesty's commission and instructions to him. A similar question was put in 1814 to the law officers of the crown, when Sir Geo. Prevost was Governor, and they reported that he could not, while remaining in the country, delegate powers under his commission. Fortunately Mr. Todd's pamphlet enlightens us upon this point. The Queen's commission to Lord Dufferin empowers the Lieutenant-Governors "to exercise from time to time as they may judge necessary all powers belonging to the Sovereign *in respect of assembling or proroguing and of dissolving the Legislative Council or the Legislative or General Assemblies of those Provinces respectively.*" This then is the extent of the prerogative belonging to the Lieutenant-Governors. The power of convoking and dissolving parliaments is an undoubted prerogative of the Crown, excepting that by statute the Legislative Council is appointed for life. This portion then, this precise limited portion and no more, is all the Governor-General can concede and all other prerogatives of the Crown are tacitly excluded. The dismissal of the ministers and the quarrel between them and the Lieutenant-Governor did not turn upon the convoking or dissolving of the Legislature. It turned upon the Railway Act an Act which could not be disallowed by the Imperial Government even if it desired to interfere, but could be disallowed only by the Dominion Government.

As before explained, the question now being considered is not whether the Lieutenant-Governor was right or wrong. It is simply whether and to what extent the prerogatives of the Crown are involved. It may be that his Honour has the powers claimed by statute. If he has they are not prerogative powers, but statutory powers. Sir Francis quotes the 65th clause of the Confederation Act to establish his point. It reads thus:—

Clause 65.—"All powers, authorities and functions which *under any Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or of the Legislature of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, or Canada,* were or are, before or at the Union, vested in or exerciseable by the respective

Governor or Lieutenant-Governor of those Provinces, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of the respective Executive Councils thereof, or in con junction with those councils or with any member or members thereof, or by those Governors or Lieutenant-Governors individually, shall, as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the Union in relation to the Government of Ontario and Quebec, respectively, be vested in, and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Quebec, respectively, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with the respective Executive Councils, or any members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor, individually, as the case requires, subject, nevertheless, (except with respect to such as exist under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom) to be abolished or altered by the respective Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec."

But Sir Francis has overlooked the important qualification which we have marked in italics. The powers conveyed by this clause are statutory powers not prerogative powers. Indeed the clause we have italicised shows plainly that the powers of the new Lieutenant-Governors are to be all the powers of the old ones *minus the prerogative powers flowing by commission from the Crown*. And this must be so for, if Sir Francis be correct, the powers of pardon with all other civil and military prerogatives formerly exercised by the old Governors would have been passed over by statute to the new Lieutenant-Governors; but we know, from Earl Carnarvon's letter, quoted above, that they did not so pass, therefore the clause in question has no bearing upon the prerogative powers exercised alone by commission from Her Majesty.

In considering this question it must be borne in mind that the men who planned the scheme of Confederation desired to depart as little as possible from a Legislative Union and not to create a federation of separate states. The jealousies of Ontario and Quebec had rendered legislative union intolerable any longer, still, in separating these provinces, they designed them to be more of the nature of large municipal corporations than of independent states. It is not in reason to suppose that the Dominion Government of the day could sit in judgment upon an officer who possesses the prerogatives of the Crown and represents Her Majesty—that they should judge him even in the exercise of these prerogatives and censure or dismiss him. It is no business of English Conservatives, at any rate, to exalt these local governments. It is not their duty to create new prerogatives or exaggerate the powers of local governors. Let the *Liberals* call out "privilege" when a Royal Governor follows the advice of his Ministry and "prerogative" when a Dominion officer refuses to do it. Let *them* throw the mysterious halo of royal prerogative around those whom Lord Carnarvon styles "important local functionaries." If M. DeBoucherville and his friends have infringed the British North America Act, let them suffer, but it is confusing and misleading to import the Crown into the discussion excepting by the most distant analogy.

QUIS.

EDUCATION OF CANADIAN GIRLS.

(Continued.)

We closed our last article under this caption with a promise, which we now proceed to fulfil, a promise to describe what we conceive to be the ideal education for a Canadian girl of the nineteenth century.

First, she must receive a thorough grounding in grammar, geography, arithmetic or what are usually termed the *common branches*. This is indispensable—a structure however exquisite reared upon a rickety foundation is so much labor lost. One word here on grammar especially, and this interests boys as well as girls. Young Canada true, we suppose, to its love of keeping power in reserve—true to the instinct that prompts it to conceal its full strength—often is content to commit to memory the rules of syntax, without making practical application of them. It is hardly consistent, we think, for a grammarian to say no matter how confidentially, "Between you and I prepositions govern the objective case." A young lady who speaks ungrammatically, it matters not how well educated she may be in some respects, is put down by the majority of cultivated people as knowing nothing. All then who would come up to the standard of our ideal education must be well versed in the common branches. "This," you say, "is quite right. We desire for our daughter an education not superficial but thorough, this, however, is not all, we want her to be accomplished." "She must learn French, of course; music, too, is indispensable." "Drawing and painting?" "Well yes, these things all cost a deal of money, but expense is no consideration. We wish Mary to be second to none." "German and Italian have become very fashionable studies of late." "Very well, let her be taught both." "In this day a lady ought to learn Latin and Greek—they are fine mental discipline." "Well, well, let her have them by all means." Isn't there something else of which you'd like Mary to *get a smattering?* You cannot expect her to excel in all these things; nor indeed in any one of them, if her time is divided among so many. How often we meet ladies, who have had the reputation of being accomplished; but, who now have nothing left of said accomplishments, save a pile of sheet music in a portfolio, a shelf full of French and German books, never looked into these many years, and a few pictures—wondrous triumphs of art—done during boarding-school days. If these ladies, instead of having served a brief apprenticeship in the whole round of accomplishments, had aimed at excellence in one or two branches, they would have retained through life such a knowledge of them as would have been a source of pleasure to themselves and others. You don't give your boys a hasty skirmish through all the professions; you consider a jack-of-all-trades rather a poor sort of a fellow. In educating your boys too, after the general foundation has been laid, you consult their tastes and natural ability, before choosing a profession for them. Have girls not natural taste or ability worth consulting? We have seen a small fortune and an incredible amount of time squandered in the endeavour to make a musician of a girl, who had no ear, could hardly distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from "Old Hundred." The same girl had perhaps a talent for languages; but this natural gift was either entirely overlooked or very little time or opportunity given her for improving it. Our ideal Canadian girl is accomplished—decidedly so—but instead of knowing a little about all accomplishments, she excels in one or two branches, choosing, of course, those for which she has the greatest natural taste or ability.

We are quite aware of the fact that circumstances alter cases, that the education we prescribe is not practicable in every individual case. It is, however, within the reach of thousands of the daughters of our land, were they but made to feel the importance of attaining it. While we are justly proud of our public school system, while the course of study it affords cannot be too highly prized, still there is necessarily much comprehended in the term "finished education" which it cannot furnish. In our opinion it is quite possible for a girl to be well versed in the mechanical drill of school life; able to work every problem in McLellan and Kirkland's Arithmetic; able to spell every word in Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary; yes, and even able to carry off her first or second class Normal School certificate, and still not be *educated*. This seems a sweeping assertion, but is it not true nevertheless? We are reminded of a case in point. Miss ——, we'll call her Miss Jones, who attended the L—— High School several years ago, and who now has a first class A from the Normal School of Toronto. Her memory was prodigious. Let anything in the form of a fact, a definition, or a date once come within her range, and it need never again think of escape; there it was securely fixed awaiting examination day, when it was brought out for inspection and then carefully put back on its peg again. But her memory was not the most wonderful thing about Miss Jones. Her mathematical faculties were even more surprising. The way in which she managed those compound conglomerate interminably involved problems, in which every quantity seemed to be an unknown quantity; the way in which she dissected them and piled their distorted limbs in regular classification, and finally, after a hasty summing up of component parts and primary constituents, she announced the answer required, we say the way in which she did all this was the sublimest of mysteries. And still, while Miss Jones shone in the school room as a star of the first magnitude, elsewhere the star seemed to be in a perpetual state of total eclipse. Her taste was entirely uncultivated; she seemed to have no idea that the knowledge gained in school could be put to any use save that of answering questions and of gaining certificates. Now do not misunderstand us; we do not say that all who receive their education at the public and normal schools are like Miss Jones. We do not say that because there *are* a good many like her, that this proves that the school system is to blame. It only proves our assertion that there is much comprehended in the term "finished education," which it cannot furnish. You say your circumstances are such that it is not possible for you to attend a university, academy or boarding school. We do not consider this necessary, though in instances where it is practicable it may be both beneficial and desirable. Books, the writings of standard authors, works on history, science, art, etc., etc., are within the reach of all in these days of cheap publications and public libraries. From these may be gained that acquaintance with literature, that fund of general information, that taste and refinement, which make well-read persons so distinguishable from others. There are especial reasons we think why a *lady* should cultivate a taste for reading, her time and attention being to a large extent devoted to trifles, there is a danger of her mind becoming warped and narrow if it is not given a flight now and then into a higher atmosphere. She is in danger of having her sympathies entirely restricted to the things immediately about her, as her opportunities for becoming acquainted with the different ranks and conditions of people by personal contact, are necessarily comparatively limited. Every lady is ambitious to excel in that most prized of all accomplishments, "the art of conversing," while it is true that to a great extent it is a natural gift, still the gift itself will prove a curse rather than a blessing, unless the mind is cultivated and furnished. An ignorant person endowed with a love for talking, is of all people the most to be pitied, (except those who have to listen), while one, who is naturally silent will on occasions even wax eloquent, if the mind is stored with things worth saying. Now we imagine Sir Knight that you shrug your shoulders at this point, a sarcastic smile curves your lips, as you lay down the SPECTATOR and shake the ashes from your cigar. You are not fond of these people that talk like books. You've seen girls, like animated editions of Magnal's Questions with all the answers affixed, ready to correct a fellow if he makes a slip. You sigh drearily at the remembrance of certain encounters with these maidens, and say in the pathetic slang of the day, "Give us a rest." Sir Knight we sympathize with you. We too have met such people, and they are *not* the most delightful company, especially if one's own imagination on some points is a little vague. It is not, however, that they have too much information, but that they have not enough to tell them how to use the little they do possess. "What is it," asked a young gentleman the other day, "that makes Mrs. M—— such a charming companion? She always has something interesting to say on every topic. No matter how commonplace the conversation may be at its beginning, it always becomes delightful when she joins it. She must have received a splendid education to be so well informed on every subject." In reality Mrs. M——'s educational advantages had been below the average. She had never attended any other than the district school, and that but for a short time. Private reading, not embracing one class of books merely but many, had made her the charming and cultivated woman she is to-day. If your school training has from any cause been defective, reading will do much to supply the deficiency; if on the other hand you have gone through a pretty thorough course of study, deem not that on this account general reading can be dispensed with. Without it your education will make little or no impression—no *favourable* impression—on the great majority of people. As well expect them to see beauty in a triumphal arch without its decorations, or to appreciate the grandeur of one of Mozart's sonatas by showing them the written music. Too much cannot be said in urging the necessity of general reading. It is something which is too often neglected, and still we have only to mark the results in cases where it is not overlooked, to see its peerless value as an educator.

And now our ideal girl stands forth in fair proportions, one touch more and the picture is complete. She must be versed in all the mysteries of domestic affairs; able to do everything in a house, from cooking pork and beans in the kitchen to arranging a drawing-room tastefully. You say you have servants! It matters not; you will be all the better able to direct them if you know experimentally how things should be done. *Home* is the centre of woman's influence; the influence need not end here, of course, but unless it is stronger here than elsewhere there is something radically wrong. As the comfort and

happiness of the entire household depends to a great extent on the way in which the home is regulated and appointed, is it not important that every lady should gain that knowledge which will enable her to manage a house well—manage it in such a way that the greatest amount of happiness possible be insured to its inmates? A woman with an education such as we describe, with a mind capable of understanding life in its grander and nobler aspects; a woman whose taste is refined and cultivated—who can understand and appreciate things above the commonplace of every-day life—who is a companion pleasing and intelligent, and who still with all this neglects no household duty; such a woman we say exerts an influence which cannot be easily estimated. If the education we describe will make such women, may it not with truth be called the *ideal education for the Canadian girl of this nineteenth century?*

In this article we have not portrayed an impossible character, a creature whose charms and graces none but a seraph or a superior intelligence could hope to attain. Our standard is high, else it would not be worthy of the name; that it is not too high is proved from the fact that there are in Canada at the present moment many girls such as we describe. May the number of such increase! EMILY A. CRAWFORD.

SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

II.—REPHIDIM AND SINAI.

We left the Hebrew host toiling upward from the maritime plain of the Gulf of Suez, along the Wady Feiran, and approaching the defile where Amelek had mustered all his wild desert rangers to oppose their farther progress; and may now more particularly mark the circumstances which preceded the contest of Rephidim. The lower part of the Wady Feiran is dry and desert, but its upper part above the entrance of the lateral valley of Wady Aleyat is comparatively well watered and verdant, and was no doubt very valuable to the native tribes. At the commencement of this fertile portion there is a strong position, flanked by hills and affording good means of retreat in case of defeat. The defenders of such a position would also have the advantage of water and pasturage, while their assailants must march for three days through an arid waste. On the one hand the Amalekites were here defending the frontier of the habitable country under favorable circumstances. On the other the Israelites, after the dreary march through the wilderness of Sin and the lower stretches of Feiran, would hope when they reached the upper part of the valley, to enjoy comparative ease and plenty. How bitter then would be their disappointment, when arriving faint and thristy, they found the pass occupied by their enemies, ready to bar their entrance, and so situated that defeat or retreat would be equally fatal to their assailants. There was no way of flanking the position of the enemy. They must conquer, or return to perish in the thirsty desert through which they had been marching. Accordingly the biblical narrative informs us that on reaching this place, where they had no doubt expected to find rest and water, the Israelites "chode with Moses," and gave way to the utmost alarm and irritation. It was here that the rock was smitten to give water to the people, and surely there never was greater need of a miraculous intervention. Refreshed and strengthened, a chosen band under Joshua attacked the position of the Amalekites, and after a protracted fight extending throughout the day, and apparently after several repulses, succeeding in storming the position and putting them to flight. Moses watched the fight from a neighboring hill, and prayed to God for the success of Israel; and when the battle was decided he raised an altar to Jehovah, calling it Jehovah Nissi (The Lord my banner), and he is said to have written a memorial of it in "the book"—that book of records which we now have in Exodus and Numbers. The explorers identify a hill, Jebel et Tahûneh as the "Gibeah" on which Moses must have stood to witness the fight, and not far below the field of battle is one of those rocks which the Arab traditions indicate as the smitten rock from which the water flowed.

It is worthy of note that before reaching Rephidim the Israelites would have passed over the outcrop of the cretaceous limestone and of the underlying sandstone, now known to be of carboniferous age, and would have entered on the much older gneiss and slate underlying the sandy and gravelly bed of the wady, and flanked on either hand by the high granitic or syenitic masses of Serbâl and Banât, the whole constituting a wild and alpine scenery altogether strange to the greater part of the people, and fitted to impress them with awe and terror. On the other hand, the walking is now good, and generally over a clean granitic gravel, the deeper colors of the old rocks are less glaring in the sunlight, and there are many high cliffs giving the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The scenery of this first of the battles of the Lord's host is so vividly sketched by Captain Palmer that it would be wrong not to quote a part of his description.

"The road now lies wholly among the older rocks, whose sombre lines and varied outlines afford a pleasant change and relief to the eye after the glare and sameness of chalk, and the somewhat overrich coloring of the sandstone cliffs. The ranges, especially on the left, here take fanciful forms and rise in long serrated ridges now and then surmounted by graceful cones." (He then describes the banded appearance of the higher hills, caused by dark red, purple and olive green dykes of dolerite and diorite traversing the dull brownish gneissic rocks of the hills.) "From a point almost a mile further on, the character of the route gradually changes and the scenery increases in grandeur at every mile. We are now entering the intricate labyrinths of the Sinai mountains, approaching the huge clusters of which Mount Serbâl forms the crowning feature; the hills draw closely in on either hand, the wady becomes more and more winding the higher you advance, and its bed ere long contracts to but half or even less of its former width. High banks of alluvial deposits cut through by the passage of torrents guard the mouths of tributary valleys; chalk debris disappears and gives place to boulders of gneiss and granite; shade is now abundant, the air cool and bracing, and the spirits of the scorched traveller, half depressed it may be by the fatigue and exposure of his march, now rise to buoyancy and even to enthusiasm." (Here occurs Hery el Khattatin, according to Bedouin tradition the scene of the miracle of water in Rephidim, where is a large block of fallen granite covered with pebbles placed there by the Bedouins in commemoration of the event. In this neighbourhood are also many of the Sinaitic inscriptions, which however the explorers do not believe to be of great antiquity). Above this place the scenery of the pass becomes so wild and grand as almost to overwhelm the mind; here and there stupendous cliffs rise perpendiculary above the path, elsewhere the slopes are covered with immense slides of disintegrated rocks, and the devastating effects of winter torrents are plainly seen in the main valley and its tributary glens. The rocks from the hill tops to the valley's level are to all appearance absolutely bare. At the mouth of Wady Umfûs the traveller halts to enjoy a glance of Jebel el Banât, a towering ridge of red granite of matchless depth of colour, and the yet more magnificent view of Jebel Serbâl now near at hand. A mile further on we come to the little oasis of El Hesweh—palms, water and Bedouin dwellings—a bright spot of living green in the midst of stern desolation and just where a wide rugged valley, "Wady Aleyat descending from the Eastern slopes of Serbâl comes in from the South-east, we get our first view of the great palm-grove of Wady Feiran, a rich mass of dark green foliage winding through the hills."

It was in front of this Eden of the Sinai desert, that the Amalekites are supposed to have posted themselves, and we may imagine the discouragement of the people when they found the sword of the desert ranger excluding them from this paradise and threatening to drive them back into the wilderness, and the earnestness of Moses in his prayer that success might be granted to the arms of Joshua.

The battle of Rephidim opened to the Israelites a comparatively fertile and watered country leading to the great plain before Sinai. Farther, it enabled them to open communication with the Midianites dwelling on the East side of the peninsula, on the gulf of Akabah, and who were friendly to Moses and his people. Accordingly we find that immediately after the battle, Jethro, the priest-chief, was able to meet Moses and to bring to him his wife and sons, who for safety had remained in Midian. This brings up some interesting questions respecting the Midianites of the Sinaitic peninsula and their relations to the Hebrews, for whjch, however, reference must be made to the work itself.

The whole route traversed, with the localities of water, may be reviewed as follows:—

Suez to Ain Mousa,	8	miles,	good water.
" Ain Hawarah,	56	"	saline water.
" Wady Gharandal,	63	"	water.
" Wady Useit,	69	"	water.
" Wady Shebakah,	84	"	some water by the way.
Shebakah to Sufsafeh, the "Mount of the Law,"	82	"	abundant water near Sufsafeh.

Total from Suez to Safsafeh or Sinai, 168 miles.

The actual position of Mount Sinai has been a subject of keen controversy, which may be reduced to two questions: 1st. Was Mount Sinai in the peninsula of that name or elsewhere? 2nd, Which of the mountains of the peninsula was the Mount of the Law?

As to the first of these questions, the claims of the peninsula are supported by an overwhelming mass of tradition and of authority, ancient and modern; and though Dr. Beke has adduced very plausible reasons in favour of a position east of the Gulf of Akabah, our explorers show conclusive geographical evidence against this view. They think, however, that his suggestion that some portion of the forty years' wandering took place in the great Arabian desert, merits consideration, and that this extensive desert region deserves careful exploration in this connection.

(*To be continued.*)

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

To that more solid certainty I am obliged to confess, sorrowfully and with bitter disappointment, that I can contribute nothing—nothing, I mean, that resembles evidence, that can properly be called argument, or that I can hope will be received as even the barest confirmation. Alas! *can* the wisest and most sanguine of us all bring anything beyond our own personal sentiments to swell the common hope? We have aspirations to multiply, but who has any *knowledge* to enrich our store? I have of course read most of the pleadings in favour of the ordinary doctrine of the Future State; naturally also, in common with all graver natures, I have meditated yet more; but these pleadings, for the most part, sound to anxious ears little else than the passionate outcries of souls that cannot endure to part with hopes on which they have been nurtured and which are intertwined with their tenderest affections. Logical reasons to *compel* conviction, I have met with none—even for the interlocutors in this actual Symposium. Yet few can have sought for such more yearningly. I may say I share in the anticipations of believers; but I share them as aspirations, sometimes approaching almost to a faith, occasionally and for a few moments perhaps rising into something like a trust, but never able to settle into the consistency of a definite and enduring creed. I do not know how far even this incomplete state of mind may not be merely the residuum of early upbringing and habitual associations. But I must be true to my darkness as courageously as to my light. I cannot rest in comfort on arguments that to my spirit have no cogency, nor can I pretend to respect or be content with reasons which carry no penetrating conviction along with them. I will not make buttresses do the work or assume the posture of foundations. I will not cry 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' I have said elsewhere and at various epochs of life why the ordinary 'proofs' confidently put forward and gorgeously arrayed 'have no help in them;' while, nevertheless, the pictures which imagination depicts are so inexpressibly alluring. The more I think and question the more do doubts and difficulties crowd around my horizon and cloud over my sky. Thus it is that I am unable to bring aid or sustainment to minds as troubled as my own, and perhaps less willing to admit that the great enigma is, and must remain, insoluble. Of two things, however, I feel satisfied—that the negative doctrine is no more susceptible of proof than the affirmative, and that our opinion, be it only honest, can have no influence whatever on the issue, nor upon its bearing on ourselves.

Two considerations that have been borne in upon my mind while following this controversy may be worth mentioning, though neither can be called exactly helpful. One is that we find the most confident, unquestioning, dogmatic belief in heaven (and its correlative) in those whose heaven is the most unlikely and impossible, the most entirely made up of mundane and material elements, of gorgeous glories and of fading splendours*—just such things as uncultured and undisciplined natures most envied or pined after on earth, such as the lower order of minds could best picture and would naturally be most dazzled by. The higher intelligences of our race, who need a spiritual heaven, find their imaginations fettered by the scientific training which, imperfect though it be, clips their wings in all directions, forbids their glowing fancy, and annuls that gorgeous creation, and bars the way to each successive local habitation that is instinctively wanted to give reality to the ideal they aspire to; till, in the effort to frame a future existence without a future world, to build up a state of being that shall be worthy of its denizens, and from which everything material shall be excluded, they at last discover that in renouncing the 'physical' and inadmissible they have been forced to renounce the 'conceivable' as well; and a dimness and fluctuating uncertainty gathers round a scene, from which all that is concrete and definable, and would therefore be incongruous, has been shut out. The next world cannot, it is felt, be a material one; and a truly 'spiritual' one even the saint cannot conceive so as to bring it home to natures still shrouded in the garments of the flesh.

The other suggestion that has occurred to me is this :—It must be conceded that the doctrine of a future life is by no means as universally diffused as it is the habit loosely to assert. It is not always discoverable among primitive and savage races. It existed among pagan nations in a form so vague and hazy as to be describable rather as a dream than a religious faith. It can scarcely be determined whether the Chinese, whose cultivation is perhaps the most ancient existing in the world, can be ranked among distinct believers; while the conception of *Nirvana*, which prevails in the meditative minds of other Orientals, is more a sort of conscious non-existence than a future life. With the Jews, moreover, as is well known, the belief was not indigenous, but imported, and by no means an early importation. But what is not so generally recognised is that, even among ourselves in these days, the conviction of thoughtful natures varies curiously in strength and in features at different periods of life. In youth, when all our sentiments are most vivacious and dogmatic, most of us not only cling to it as an intellectual creed, but are accustomed to say and feel that, without it as a solace and a hope to rest upon, this world would be stripped of its deepest fascinations. It is from minds of this age, whose vigour is unimpaired and whose relish for the joys of earth is most expansive, that the most glowing delineations of heaven usually proceed, and on whom the thirst for felicity and knowledge, which can be slaked at no earthly fountains, has the most exciting power. Then comes the busy turmoil of our mid career, when the present curtains off the future from our thoughts, and when a renewed existence in a different scene is recalled to our fancy chiefly in crises of bereavement. And finally, is it not the case that in our fading years—when something of the languor and placidity of age is creeping over us, just when futurity is coming consciously and rapidly more near, and when one might naturally expect it to occupy us more incessantly and with more anxious and searching glances—we think of it less frequently, believe in it less confidently, desire it less eagerly than in our youth? Such, at least, has been my observation and experience, especially among the more reflective and inquiring order of men. The life of the hour absorbs us most completely, as the hours grow fewer and less full; the pleasures, the exemptions, the modest interest, the afternoon peace, the gentle affections of the present scene, obscure the future from our view, and render it, curiously enough, even less interesting than the past. To-day, which may be our last, engrosses us far more than to-morrow, which may be our FOREVER; and the grave into which we are just stepping down troubles us far less than in youth, when half a century lay between us and it.

What is the explanation of this strange phenomenon? Is it a merciful dispensation arranged by the Ruler of our life to soften and to ease a crisis which would be too grand and awful to be faced with dignity or calm, if it were actually *realised* at all? Is it that thought—or that vague substitute for thought which we call time—has brought us, half unconsciously, to the conclusion that the whole question is insoluble, and that reflection is wasted where reflection can bring us no nearer to an issue? Or finally, as I know is true far oftener than we fancy, is it that threescore years and ten have quenched the passionate desire for life with which at first we stepped upon the scene? We are tired, some of us, with unending and unprofitable toil; we are satiated, others of us, with such ample pleasures as earth can yield us; we have had enough of ambition, alike in its successes and its failures; the joys and blessings of human affection on which, whatever their crises and vicissitudes, no righteous or truthful man will cast a slur, are yet so blended with pains which partake of their intensity; the thirst for knowledge is not slaked, indeed, but the capacity for the labour by which alone it can be gained has consciously died out; the appetite for life, in short, is gone, the frame is worn and the faculties exhausted; and—possibly this is the key to the phenomenon we are examining—*age* CANNOT, from the very law of its nature, *conceive itself endowed with the bounding energies of youth*, and without that vigour both of exertion and desire, renewed existence can offer no inspiring charms. Our being upon earth has been enriched by vivid interests and precious joys, and we are deeply grateful for the gift; but we are wearied with one life, and feel scarcely qualified to enter on the claims, even though balanced by the felicities and glories, of another. It may be the fatigue which comes with age—fatigue of the fancy as well as of the frame; but somehow, what we yearn for most instinctively at last is *rest*, and the peace which we can imagine the easiest because we know it best is that of sleep.

W. R. GREG.

* 'There may be crowns of material splendour, there may be trees of unfading loveliness, there may be pavements of emerald, and canopies of the brightest radiance, and gardens of deep and tranquil security, and palaces of proud and stately decoration, and a city of lofty pinnacles, through which there unceasingly flows a river of gladness, and where jubilee is ever sung by a concord of seraphic voices.'—*Dr. Chalmers's Sermons.*

'Poor fragments all of this low earth—
Such as in dreams could hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth.'—*Christian Year.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A correspondent, "Quartus," in a good and temperate letter which appeared in the last issue of the SPECTATOR suggests that the columns should be open to a discussion of the grave questions now troubling the public mind with regard to the future life. I agree with him that the "*true meaning of the Word of God*" is what we must carefully search for. I am also at one with him when he says "many would like to see the subject thoroughly discussed by competent writers," and that "we should not be afraid of it." Of course we should not; neither for ourselves nor for our young people. We should let our sons and daughters get accustomed to look these serious matters in the face; if not, they will come upon them as a surprise by and by, and disaster must follow. I know that some parents raise strong objections, and think their family should be kept in ignorance of any theories that appear heterodox. That is simply what Roman Catholicism has long been carrying out in practice, and what Protestantism has always condemned. But Roman Catholicism is consistent, and knowing that there are recorded speeches of the devil and of false prophets in the Bible, it withholds the Bible from the ignorant. Those Protestant parents who would banish all periodicals containing the pros and cons of these great questions are doing precisely the same thing, and to be consistent should keep the Bible from their children or forbid them to read some parts of it. I have heard that many people took exception to the publication of Frederic Harrison's splendid articles on "*The Soul and Future Life*," on that ground. I can scarcely conceive of more fatal stupidity. Of course they ignore the fact that a "Symposium" followed, containing the best answers the Church can give; and of course those same parents would never allow their sons and daughters to read "The Pilgrim's Progress" and such like books because some very anti-christian remarks are made therein by some very anti-christian characters. It is time for us to awake out of our sleep and enter the great and real war of life. We have nothing to fear from discussion; we have everything to fear from repression. So I hope it will be allowed us to discuss this matter in the SPECTATOR, as the journal professes to be open to all who have anything to say.

"Quartus" indicates three opinions which are open for discussion, viz., everlasting conscious suffering, conditional immortality, or life in Christ only, and restoration, either universal or partial. If it be allowed me I will place my views before the readers of the SPECTATOR in the best way I can in a series of articles. I do not expect that I shall make it quite clear to any one. It is not quite clear to my own mind. No doctrine of Scripture and of spiritual life is. In everything there is a secret, which by no searching can we find out. Perhaps it is well that it should be so. The mystery keeps us moving. And we must move, or we shall stagnate.

Why not let us have a Canadian "Symposium?" If it be thought that my articles are worthy of being taken as the exposition of one phase of the question, then others might follow in answer, giving reason or refutation. That would give at least a clear view of the whole case. My object is to deal with this question of the future punishment of sins.

But let us first define terms, so as to have a clear understanding of what we mean by the use of them. For the word "sin" is to many obscure, belonging not much to ordinary life, but mostly to theology and the pulpit. By many it is supposed to be some natural "fault" in our being, and caused originally by Adam's transgression. They think a sweet, unconscious child, whose eyes have but a few months opened to the light, a sinful creature. But sin as I understand it, is a conscious act—it is a violation of duty. It is sin when a man resists his sense of right; it is sin to turn away from an obligation; to withhold from God the reverence and gratitude due to Him. It is sin to injure a fellow-man, from motives of revenge or covetousness. It is sin to sacrifice the intellect and the heart to the senses, thus putting the animal over the spiritual. Sin is voluntary wrong-doing. It is a wilful violation of a known law of God and our own being. And that sin is, and must be punished. We are sure of that. Not only does Scripture teach it, but our conscience tells us it is so. Here, or hereafter, the price of wrongdoing must be paid. No man can escape. Penitential tears and prayers; a change of conduct—the exercise of faith in God and Christ, not one of these and not all of these can ward it off. It is an inexorable, and inviolable law that punishment shall follow sin. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Cast in the seed, and the harvest time will come.

But the difficulty arises the moment we try to find some conception of the nature and duration of that punishment. According to the current notion of the churches it is eternal. It is everlasting, an unending torment, if not a literal flame of fire; an inward remorse that shall last for ever and for ever. It is banishment from God—a life without His life—breath and motion apart from Him; a place and a state of woe, where hope never enters, but every thought is torment in the mind, and every feeling a fiery torture in the heart. All the faculties shall live, but only live to suffer. Memory shall be as a worm at the vitals, all the being shall be on fire, but shall not burn. It is an awful doctrine. But what is the origin and history of this doctrine? I think it will be found that it began with the Jews, and arose from the fact that they took a part truth for a whole truth, that is to say, that they formed a misconception of God in His relation to man. All through the patriarchal ages God is represented as a beneficent Being. He enters into fellowship with man, talks with him face to face. He calls Abraham to a great inheritance. He is the Form at the top of the ladder which Jacob saw. He is the Angel of the covenant, and the God of all blessing. But with the Exodus of Israel from Egypt the idea gets changed. God is the avenger of all the oppressed. He is the great King of the nation. His throne is in the heavens—His sceptre is a rod of iron. From the secret place of His Majesty come forth the thunderings of His law. The fire and the smoke which crown the quaking mountain tell of His power and the terribleness of His wrath. He is not only King, but Judge. He pronounces judgment and administers the law. Now, that seems the only way in which those people could have been taught to know right and do it. They were children in Religion. The sojourn in Egypt had corrupted them in mind and heart. They came out of it with the very lowest standard in morals, and a blunted sense of justice. Children must be ruled largely by the rod. They must be kept from

wrong-doing by the fear of consequences. The Israelites were as children. The only conception they could form of punishment was that it was a penalty imposed upon them by the arbitrary will of their great invisible King. That is the notion of law and punishment common to all the untaught. To children, the laws of home are quite arbitrary things, imposed by the parents. They cannot conceive of them as rules of conduct formulated from a larger experience, and a desire for their good. There are masses of people in this country who regard our national laws as being simply a code of rules, formed in the interests of the higher classes; and government is the grim force which vindicates them by smiting the transgressor. But others of us look upon them differently. We know that laws are made, and administered, for the general well-being of us all. We do not exist for law—law exists for us. We are not under law—we are over law. We are the law-makers. Government itself is the creation of our popular needs. The law breaker is punished not to uphold the dignity of the law, and not simply to satisfy a public sense of justice—but in the higher interests of society, and in the higher interests of the law breaker himself. To hide the offence, or the offender against society, is not only to wrong society, but it is a wrong done to that sinner. Better that punishment should follow the offence. And the Jewish conception of the divine relation to them was just the conception many people have of natural law and government. God was the King, pledged to uphold the laws which He himself had made. The Christians have got the same notion. We think of God as a great King, or a stern Judge. He has made certain moral laws and put men under them: and He will punish any and every violation of them. But that is to think, and talk, as children do. We talk of the laws of God—but they are not laws to Him—they are only laws to us. They come from the very nature of our being. When I thrust my hand in the fire it is burnt, and I suffer pain. But I do not say that God punishes me for it. I find it a law, that if I put my hand into the fire, I shall suffer pain. Pain is the unavoidable consequence of an avoidable error or crime. And so, when I do moral wrong, I disturb the harmony of my being—I introduce elements of destruction into my nature—and when because of it I suffer mental torment—when I am driven up and down by the fierce fire that burns in the heart—when I fly from the face of man ashamed—when from my dry, hot lips break curses on myself—I am not to say that the torture is inflicted by an angry God, who is concerned to uphold the law. It is self-imposed suffering, I am my own tormentor.

To the Jewish mind two thoughts were ever present—the one was the national unity—and the other the national providence. Their enemies were enemies to God, and whoever did them a wrong, insulted the Most High. They prayed for destruction upon their enemies because they were thus God's enemies. So Deborah sang a wild and triumphant song over as foul a deed of treachery and murder as the world has ever seen. The exaltation with which the poet dwells on the treachery of Jael, and the helpless prostration of a great captain's corpse before a mere woman's knees, no doubt indicate a fierce personal, as well as a fierce patriotic triumph. But the whole tenor of the poem is given in the conclusion: "So let all thy enemies perish, O God." It was Paganism in a religious dress. The idea was perpetuated. Necessarily perhaps, when the people had become so sinful. The prophets denounced the popular sins of the people, and threatened them with the divine vengeance. It was only natural that the punishment inflicted by an angry God should shape itself to their mind as eternal. They never thought of a day of mercy for their foes. The doom was destruction—unending destruction. I shall show directly what use Christ made of that belief. But the use Christians got to make of it was just this—they adopted it altogether. They could scarcely help themselves. Having taken the Jewish notion of sacrifice, that it was to appease the anger of God, they were almost compelled, in order to logical consistency, to adopt the Jewish notion of eternal punishment.

With the priests of the Romish Church it was not so much a creed as a scourge in their hands to keep the people down. There was a place of everlasting fire and they could send any rebellious soul thither to suffer eternal torture. Protestantism, strangely enough, wrote it out in still more livid lines. In the Calvinistic creed God is painted in the most awful colours of the Old Testament. Still "the very heavens are not clean in His sight." Still He is the grim, awful King of the world, "a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," "angry with the wicked every day." The vast majority of the human race shall be damned—that is, punished with all of torture which infinite thought can devise and Omnipotence apply. He is a Creditor, and will exact to the uttermost farthing. He is a King, against whom the smallest offence is high treason, to be visited with Almighty fury. And most horrible of all, over the burning and wailings of those damned, the few saved—those who found favour by faith on earth—shall say Amen. The wife shall feel no pity for her lost husband, and the mother shall not so much as utter a regret for the doom of her son. In hell not a gleam of joy, and in heaven not a shade of sorrow. And Calvinism is consistent. In constructing a theory begin with the Sovereignty of God: depict Him as the King of the Universe, making, and sternly upholding, all moral laws, angry with the sinner, but to be appeased by a sacrifice of blood, and you must kindle a hell somewhere; a place of everlasting torment. But to adopt that notion is to adopt Paganism. It is not Christian at all. It is not the Christianity which Jesus Christ taught. He taught men to make of God, not a King, but a Father, infinite in power, wisdom and love. In Himself, in His word and work and life. He made known a God not of law, but of love. God made the world to bless and save it. His decree of love is for every soul of man. He mourns over the prodigal's wandering, and will wait until shame and want shall drive him home again. The Love which is infinite has desired the best thing for each man, the infinite Wisdom has devised means for that end, and the infinite Power will bring about the result. His Fatherly heart must suffer grief while a soul stands off in sin. His glory can never be complete until all that live are forever His. If men are to be damned as they tell us, would the tender God have made the world? Would He have created man with such tremendous possibilities of evil, would He have placed him in such circumstances of peril, would He now perpetuate the race, if it be true, that the place of endless torment is being filled with the souls of men?

CHRISTIAN.

RARE WORDS AND FOREIGN PHRASES.

"Why in the name of common sense don't people write English?" Such is the question that has crossed my mind, or fallen from my lips hundreds of times during the last thirty years, as in the course of my reading I have stumbled against some word or expression in a foreign language. Is this English so poor in words that writers must constantly resort to Latin or Greek; French, Italian or German to find fitting expression for their thoughts? The fact is, for one writer who uses a foreign phrase because he thinks it conveys his meaning better than its English equivalent, there are ninety-nine who find this a cheap way to air their "little Latin and less Greek."

I pick up the last number of the SPECTATOR and in the last sentence but one of the article on "Sensitiveness" read, "It is probable that those who have come from the mother land have brought some of the 'Acht Britische beschräukheit' along with them." Now what does that mean? I have no German Dictionary, and so far as I am concerned, the writer might just as well have left the space occupied by the German *blank*, nay better. Then I might have tried to supply what was wanting by some such expression as "brought the 'nothing like the old country' feeling with them." Again, there is the continued story of "Nino Bixio." Here is a dainty dish to set before a King, "Morituri te Salutant," "coup d'etat," "Qu y a-t-il à faire pour l'Italie," "Fare Italia auche col diavolo," "Cacciæ a to u della Alpi," "Kepi." There is learning for you! It ornaments the page about as prettily as the "Epluribus num multium in parvo probono publico," of the American stump orator who when his audience began to show signs of restlessness was advised to give them a little Latin. The *Globe* came out the other day with an editorial upon "Lethal Weapons." Lethal? Why Lethal? Why not "*deadly?*"—that is what it means. And for one reader who knew the meaning of the word there were a thousand who did not.

In the olden time, a man was looked down upon as an ignorant know-nothing unless he could interlard his sentences with scraps from Horace or Virgil. But this ought not to be the case now-a-days.

This sandwiching of foreign phrases and dovetailing of rare and obsolete words, resorted to by so many writers for the public press, is no proof of either linguistic attainments or literary culture. It is to the Press the general reader looks for the remedy. It is the Press that has fostered it, and it is the Press must begin the reformation. A notice to contributors that all articles containing foreign words and phrases without translation will be refused, will bring about a healthy reaction in the style of writers for the press: necessitate a more careful study of our modern English classics; and cause fewer references—both by writer and reader—to that popular fraud—"The Dictionary of Foreign Phrases in common use."

C. H. ASHDOWN.

Sandwich, March 30, 1878.

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

(*Continued.*)

For Marsala they made. To this day, the strange fact of the landing being effected without the interference of the Neapolitan fleet remains unexplained. It has often been stated that the English squadron lay between the Garibaldians and the Bourbon men-of-war; but such was not in reality its position. It seems to us, however, certain, that the vicinity of the English iron-clads did deter the Bourbon commanders from attacking the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," though how, we do not pretend to understand. Possibly the Bourbons feared that a stray projectile might fall upon one of the houses along the coast hoisting the British flag, and that this might lead to English intervention.

The "Thousand" marched on Calatafimi, where the Royalists were entrenched in seven strong positions, and the most bloody encounter of the whole expedition ensued. Garibaldi had with him only the men he had brought in the steamers (by the way, not 1000 at all, but about 800), and such *squadre of Picciotti*—Sicilian insurgents, as had hitherto been able to join him: brave fellows they proved themselves on many future occasions, but they were at present totally unorganized, and not unsusceptible to panic. The plan was to carry each position at the point of the bayonet. At a certain juncture the struggle appeared hopeless; the best had fallen, the ammunition was gone, the glaring Sicilian sun was wearing out the hardiest. The commander of the first company, who had exposed himself all the day through with reckless gallantry, approached Garibaldi, and whispered in his ear, "General, I fear we must retreat."

The chief started as if he had been stung by a scorpion, but on seeing who it was that addressed him, he answered gently, "Never say that, Bixio . . . Here we *die*."

"Sooner than hear those words, I had wished myself a hundred feet under the clod," Bixio used to say, when he told the story. He made up his mind to hold his peace on the subject of retreating in future.

"My sons," said Garibaldi to the volunteers, "I require of you one last desperate charge. Five minutes' rest, and then—forwards!" The time past, he cried, "To the bayonet!" and the whole little host repeating, "*Alla baieonetta! Viva l'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*" dashed up the mountain side. In a quarter of an hour Calatafimi was won!

The taking of Palermo gave Bixio an opportunity for greatly distinguishing himself, and Garibaldi acknowledged his services by publicly embracing him, and signalizing him for the enthusiasm of the people. "*E una ricompensa che vale bene una croce*" ("It is a recompense well worth a cross"), wrote Bixio to his wife. In the attack on Palermo he received what he called a slight contusion—a bullet in the ribs—which he extracted himself. When he could get about, he was despatched on the disagreeable though important mission of pacifying various districts of the island, where old feuds and rancours had, in the name of Socialism, given rise to deplorable excesses. Having conducted this business to the satisfaction of those who sent him, he and his division sailed for Calabria.

Reggio was taken. It had been intended that Bixio should enter the town by a night surprise, but the alarm was given, and his column was greeted by a discharge of musketry. A horrible *mêlée* followed in the darkness; Bixio's horse received a score of balls, and himself one in the arm. It was impossible to make out which were friends or foes; but finally the *Regi* were driven back, and retired to the castle. Meanwhile, Garibaldi had taken the commanding heights, and the castle surrendered in the course of the day; Bixio being deputed to sign the capitulation, the terms of which were extremely lenient, it being Garibaldi's wish not unnecessarily to humiliate the aged officer in command. In the evening, Bixio espied the enemy making a slow retreat, and hastened eagerly to Garibaldi to suggest a surprise. The latter bade him leave that for the morrow, and go and have his wound dressed. Bixio replied that he was "all right;" to which he got the answer, "I suppose the balls that reach you are made of puff-paste." The truth was, the chief was not a little proud of this, the most daring of his generals.

The fate of the campaign which had thus planted the tricolor flag in the kingdom of Naples, August 22, 1860, was definitely decided, forty days later, by the battle of the Volturno. Till then Garibaldi had indeed led his legions along the way to victory, but this way lay across an abyss bridged over, as it were, by last night's ice. On the eve of the 1st of October the issue of the undertaking hung yet in the balance. The Neapolitans had collected in the fortress of Capua, a well-armed, well-equipped force of about 45,000 men; they had brought Francis II. from Gaeta to witness what they thought to make their grand performance; they had chosen his birthday for its execution. Their troops were prepared to fight to the uttermost, and in fact did so. The "general idea" of their plan was to break through the Garibaldian lines, and march on Naples. These lines Garibaldi had sketched out a month before—they stretched from San Angelo to Maddaloni, a distance of fourteen kilometres. In confiding to Bixio the positions he was to defend, the chief gave him one piece of advice—to look out that he kept them. Bixio answered, "While we live they are safe."

The Volturno has been called Garibaldi's greatest battle; it certainly was Bixio's. The defence of Maddaloni was practically a separate action from the fighting carried on at San Angelo and Santa Maria, and it was conducted by Bixio, alone and unaided. The earliest assault of the *Regi* was made in the direction of Maddaloni, at about four a.m., they having come down from Capua under cover of the dense white mist which hung over the river. Some twelve hours later Bixio saw the last of them flying before his bayonets; and at almost the same moment Garibaldi telegraphed to Naples—"*Victory along all the line.*" The liberation of the Two Sicilies was an accomplished fact.

Subsequently, in the passage of the Volturno, October 25, Bixio was thrown from his horse, and his leg broken. One present when he was brought to the ambulance describes him as coolly assisting the surgeon in setting the fractured limb, but grumbling at its putting him *hors de combat*, and desiring that his wife should not be told of the accident. This mishap brought to an end Bixio's share in the campaign, in which he had fairly won the proud distinction of *Secondo dei mille*—second only to his chief. A fortnight after, Garibaldi was back in Caprera, eating the potatoes he had planted in the spring.

Bixio devoted the next six years to politics, and his speeches from his place in the Chamber of Deputies, whither he was sent by Genoa, his native city, contain much wise counsel and sound sense, expressed with a plainness and candour which, if not always very "parliamentary," were, at all events, eminently honourable to the speaker. In no respect a party man, he was alike respected by the *Cavourini* and the advanced Liberals, and was more than once called upon to act as intermediary between the two. In this character he was connected with a project formed in February, 1861, regarding which his able Italian biographer, Signor Guerzoni, brings to light some curious details. The Generals Microslawski and Klapka were at that time in Turin, for the purpose of acquiring the secret approval of the Government of a plan for the simultaneous emancipation of Venetia and Hungary, the chief features of which were:—1. An insurrection, initiated in Transylvania; 2. The formation of a foreign legion commanded by Garibaldi, designed to effect a landing on the Adriatic coast; 3. Declaration of war against Austria by the Italian Government, so soon as the movement should be well set going. Bixio presented the generals to Cavour, who listened favourably to the scheme, but insisted that a trustworthy person should be at once despatched to Hungary to sound the temper of the people. Bixio—who was the representative in the affair both of Garibaldi and Cavour—requested his friend Signor Guerzoni to undertake this mission. Signor Guerzoni agreed, and it was arranged that he should be introduced to Cavour in a day or two, to receive final instructions prior to his immediate departure for Hungary. This was the 24th or 25th of February, 1861. "*L'Homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" The morning following, the great minister was reported to be slightly ailing; in one or two days Europe was startled by the intelligence—"Cavour is dead." Nothing more was heard or done about the plan, the particulars of which Signor Guerzoni for the first time makes public in his "Vita de Nino Bixio."

In the campaign of 1866, Bixio found himself in command of a division of the regular army, which he had trained and disciplined to move like clockwork to his orders; but barring a few minor actions in which it engaged with invariable success, this splendid body of men was given no chance of distinction throughout the war. Had Bixio brought up his division during the battle of Custozza, it may be confidently conjectured that it would have turned the fortune of the day; but his pressing entreaty to be permitted so to do was met by a peremptory command to remain where he was. Thus the second Custozza was lost; thus the gallant army of new Italy fought with futile heroism from eight in the morning to five in the evening without *ensemble*, order, plan, or, to speak more accurately, with a plan the peculiarity of which was that it prevented any one from having any. A monument should be raised on the field of that battle with the inscription, "Pray heaven the destinies of Italy be never again given in trust to a La Marmora!"

(To be continued.)

Government is the creature of the people, and that which they have created they surely have a right to examine. In spite of the attempts of sophistry to conceal the origin of political right, it must inevitably rest at length on the acquiescence of the people.—*Robert Hall.*

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER III.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

The wind was lulled, a sparkling shower fell, struggling with the sunshine which painted exquisite colour on its glittering drops, and then the clear, joyous, morning sun shone over the cascades, and the wood, and the mill, brightening the lovely landscape fresh with the youth of Spring.

One could not see the cascades from the mill, but a little way through the wood there was a grand view of the leaping water, and of its onward course through the stony valley. Louise was too well accustomed to the sight to care to gaze at it.

This morning she had, in a singular fit of industry, offered to drive the cow to the valley across the mass of rocks that cumbered the river-bed beside the mill. The docile little black-and-white beast went carefully over the slippery stepping stones, and finally arrived safely; but Louise caught her long cap-lappets, in a branch of one of the bushes that jut up here and there among the stones, and in seeking to release the cap she entangled her hair and could not free himself. The only plan was to take off the cap and unpin the golden coils, so as not to wrench off the straying hair fastened to the branch.

"Ah, how unlucky I am! I must roll my hair up again—ah!"

The fair hair spread over her shoulders, waving in golden masses in the sunlight. She could not roll it up with one hand. She could not lay her fresh white cap on the wet grass. She looked round her impatiently.

"I will call Barba." She whistled, and then called loudly, "Barba, Barba," while she put the pins from her cap in her apron pocket.

Out of sight, but for the smoke that curled up in a slender blue line from its chimney, was the cottage of a sabotier. It was half in the wood, half out of it, and from it now came a small squat figure that might have stepped out of a picture by Velasquez. It wore a long stiff woollen skirt, a large white collar, and a white linen skull-cap tied under its pretty round face. Barba's great dark eyes roved about in childish wonder, and then, as Louise repeated her whistle, she took her way gravely and steadily, without any childish impetuosity, to where the stones were lower and easier to cross.

"Make haste, little lazy one, see my hair is unfastened; canst thou roll it up?"

"I can plait it," the little maid looked triumphant; "have I not plaited a mat of rushes for mother, and rushes are stiffer than hair is, Louise."

She spread out her square hand with its little fat fingers. Louise laughed.

"Well, if I let thee try, thou must promise not to pull my head off; thou must not pull as Mathurin pulls our horse's tail when he plaits it ready for the fair. How shall we manage?"

She went on till she found a rock even enough at top for the child to stand steadily, and then she lifted Barba up, and placed herself in front of the child, holding her cap by its long lappets between her fingers.

Barba fumbled and pulled, and Louise gave little outcries of pain, but at last the short, fat fingers grew more deft, and when Louise had parcelled out her masses of soft hair into three long yellow tresses, the plaiting went on merrily.

"Thou must go farther away"—Barba pursed up her little mouth importantly—"the plait is so, so long, and the hair must be tighter for me."

Louise moved, and in moving she looked across the river-bed.

A man was standing in front of her house, gazing so earnestly, so steadfastly, that the girl blushed, and her eyes drooped in sudden confusion. She felt ashamed to be caught thus by a stranger, and yet she dared not move abruptly, for little Barba might easily fall from the slippery rock.

"Make haste, make haste, then Barba," she said fretfully; "wilt thou never have done?"

"It is done now," the little maid said in her stolid, calm way; "but I cannot fasten it up, Louise, I do not know the way; let it hang down, it will not come unplaited, and put thy cap on thy head."

"Little fool!" Louise muttered, as she grew rosy with vexation; "to think that I should be in such a plight, and I believe it is the farmer of Braspart."

It was Jean Marie who stood gazing across the stony bed of the river.

The wind of last night had swept over Huelgoat with violence enough to threaten the roofs of the quaint old granite houses, and had rattled the branches of the trees as if it meant to send the young green leaves to join the catkins and sheaths that strewed the paths through the wood.

Jean Marie lay awake, listening to the snoring of old Jeanne, who slept in a box bedstead at the farther side of the room, and of the wind in the wide chimney; he was thinking of the Widow Rusquec and her mill.

"It is possible," he said at last, "that now Mathurin has got so old, the woman may be glad to give up; Mathurin will never tell me so, he knows he will not get so good a place at his age. It is a mistake to do the business always with him; if I did not dislike having anything to do with women I would myself go up to the mill and talk to Widow Rusquec."

After breakfast Christophe formally asked his brother to set him his day's work.

"Thou canst clear the waste field in the valley, but thou wilt find it tough work, brother," said Jean Marie.

He stood and watched Christophe walk away with long, but leisurely strides; he shook his head, but he did not smile.

"It can never go on," he said; "I am a surly master, and Christophe is not a hard worker; we shall keep better friends apart. If he were at the mill he could manage as he chose, and I would give it up to him altogether as soon as he had repaid me the money I spent this winter on the new wheel. I have not seen the wheel since it has been fitted. Yes, I will go and see the Widow Rusquec," he said, with a sudden change of thought.

He took his cudgel from the corner where it always stood, and set off at once for St. Herbot.

It was so long since he had visited the old mill, that the wild beauty of the scene, drinking in the sunshine and bathed in the freshness of the recent shower,

did not fail to touch him. Arrived at the mill, instead of entering the cottage, he stood looking about him.

Soon he saw the lovely picture opposite. Jean Marie had shrank from all women except his mother, and at first he gazed with a sort of adverse wonder at the fair creature standing there in such unconscious grace, holding the white muslin cap daintily between her fingers; but as he gazed it became more impossible to withdraw his eyes from Louise. Suddenly she turned her head, and he saw the soft pink on her cheeks deepen into rosy red, till even the delicate little ear, which he had been looking at, as at some marvellous fairy production, grew almost crimson against the rope of yellow hair which brushed it, as the girl turned her head to speak to Barba.

Then he too flushed, ashamed at having troubled this sweet unconscious picture, and forcing his eyes away, became conscious that the force needed gave him pain, and that a sudden fierce hunger had kindled within him to feast on that sight again.

But while he stood possessed and troubled, Louise had turned to Barba.

"Here, child, hold the cap one instant," and the golden braid was rolled round her head, the pins stuck deftly into it, and the cap placed on the top of all.

"Jump down, Barba."

"Thou hast neither kissed nor thanked me," said stolid Barba, and she looked aggrieved.

Louise kissed the child's forehead.

"Run home—or, stay, I will help thee over the stones."

The sight of Jean Marie had brought back to the girl's mind Mathurin's news about Christophe Mao. She did not feel shy of Jean Marie now that she had her cap on, indeed she was eager to make friends with him for the sake of Christophe, who was so good and handsome, for after supper, she had found Mathurin ready to answer questions about his favourite.

"This one is old enough to be my father," she thought, as she helped Barba across a difficult part of the river-bed. "I wonder if Christophe is really young, or does Mathurin call any man young who is not so old as himself."

Jean Marie had felt that she would come towards him, and now when he saw her on the slippery rock with the child, he moved towards her to help her. But it was only a momentary impulse, and he stood still ashamed of his own emotion.

Barba ran home as soon as she found herself on safe ground, and left Louise standing alone before the farmer.

He had never felt so tongue-tied and disconcerted, but his eyes fastened greedily on her face, and he was surprised at the transformation; the lovely glowing nymph among the rocks had changed into a demure, puritan-looking lass, his enchantment was broken, and his courage came back.

"You are the daughter of Widow Rusquec," he said so very seriously, that Louise felt mischievous at once.

"I am Louise Rusquec, at your service, Monsieur Mao; will you come and see my mother?"

She threw up her blue eyes with provoking sweetness. Jean Marie felt a strange thrill pass through his frame; he who so disliked and despised women that he shrank from any dealings with them—he, the staid Jean Marie Mao, longed to take the pretty smiling girl in his arms, and kiss those ripe cherry-tinted lips, that seemed to mock his longing.

Louise walked on to the cottage, and he followed. She looked over her shoulder and smiled; that last dumb gaze of his had been eloquent. Living in such complete isolation, with only old Mathurin and the crippled sabotier to see her on working-days, the admiration in the eyes of this stern-looking well-to-do farmer was pleasant to Louise.

"Is your mother within?" said the farmer, not knowing what else to say.

"Mother, mother! here is Monsieur Mao; he has come to visit thee."

The Widow Rusquec had heard a strange voice through the half-opened door, and she had come forward from her cookery, for it was too early in the day for spinning. Her tall figure filled up the arched opening.

"You are welcome, Monsieur Mao, but you are a stranger at the Cascades; enter and rest yourself. You will drink some cider."

She pointed to the bench beside the fire, and took a gaily-flowered mug from one of the black shelves.

"No, no." Jean Marie had bent his head stiffly in return for her greeting, but he did not seat himself. "I thank you, Madame Rusquec, but I drink only water at this time of day."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN COMIC PAPERS.

SIR,—I find the following in your last number:—

Q. Can a satisfactory reason be assigned for the apparent inability of the American nation to maintain any humorous or comic journal to equal in good taste, refinement and genuine wit, the English *Punch?* Attempts have been made in this direction but they have utterly failed, and the specimens which are now struggling to take root in Canada are for the most part distinguished for their vulgarity and feebleness, and give no evidence of the possession of the smallest germ of wit.

A. The youth of the American nation is the best reason we can give. * * * As to Canada, the same thing applies—plus—our people do not read much. They have old world notions of Conservatism, and do not like to be laughed at. The comic papers are at a great disadvantage, just as high-class literary papers are, for the people do not require them. Change will happen here too let us hope.

I give you credit for including the SPECTATOR among the list of "high-class literary papers" that "the people do not require."

The reason the American people do not support a national comic paper seems, to me, plain enough. Because the weekly *Harper* and *Frank Leslie's* publications in part answer the purpose. The rest is supplied by the system of humourous "paragraphing" so popular among the daily papers.

The reasons why, in my humble opinion, comic papers have hitherto failed in Canada are:—

1. The difficulty of getting good contributors.
2. The difficulty of drawing the line between too high a class of humour on the one hand, and low, vulgar buffoonery on the other.
3. Want of thorough business energy and "push."

The number of those who would contribute to a *bona fide* Canadian *Punch* is small, and granted they would write, it would not pay to offer their efforts to the public at five cents a copy. The low, vulgar style of wit becomes monotonous even among those who like it best, for it must not be forgotten that there must be variety in this as in any other kind of literary venture.

To draw the line between the two is the object of the *Jester*, and so far it has been received with a fair measure of success. This success, it is hoped, may become permanent. To please everybody is a difficult thing, and even to please oneself in the matter of a new comic paper is not easy of accomplishment.

Another obstacle, the dearth of competent writers, is continually presenting itself. The best men the Montreal and Toronto Press have had are at present earning liberal salaries in the United States. One on the New York *Times;* another on the Boston *Traveller;* a third on the Detroit *News;* a fourth on the *Alta Californian;* a fifth on the Chicago *Tribune*, and so on. They would not stay in Canada at ten or twelve dollars a week when they can get twenty to thirty dollars in the States. And so long as newspaper proprietors don't choose to pay "quality" prices they cannot be expected to get good men to elevate the tone of Canadian journalism. And it is to these men the promoters of comic papers have had to look, principally, for literary matter.

Another reason why comic papers have not been successful, has hitherto been a want of that business faculty called "push." The two merits, literary and commercial, are inseparable if success is to be permanent.

Vulgarity has never yet sullied the pages of the *Jester*—and never will, and if it cannot get along without that commodity, the sooner it dies the better.

The public is not to blame so much as you appear to think. But without the essentials I have alluded to, it becomes only a question of how long the funds of the proprietors of any comic paper may last, before their journal and themselves pass away and are forgotten.

Yours obediently,

FRED. J. HAMILTON,
Editor of the *Jester.*

Montreal, March 30th, 1878.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY, or the growth and grades of Intelligence. By John Bascom, author of Philosophy of Religion, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth Avenue, 1878.

A book much needed. It is an examination of the phenomena of animal intelligence from the first dawn of consciousness up to its crowning manifestation in human reason. This has been done already by several authors of the materialist school, and, from the point of view of their philosophy, in a masterly manner. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Prof. Fiske have written admirably, so admirably indeed, that the excellence of their work has, it may be thought, lent factitious aid to their philosophical principles. Mr. Bascom belongs to the school of intuition as opposed to empiricism, and gives us, in this book, a very able construction of the facts of animal consciousness in their growth and varieties as they place themselves in the light of a spiritual philosophy. The book is full of vigour and insight. The earlier chapters on "Mind and Matter," and on the "Physical Forces as related to Vital Forces," are clearly conceived and most interestingly written, and the concluding chapter on "The Supreme Reason" is a powerful vindication of theism as the only intelligible theory of the universe. In the early part of the book the theory of unconscious mental modifications as held by Leibnitz and Hamilton is acutely criticised, as well as Dr. Carpenter's views on the process named by him "unconscious cerebration." We doubt, however, whether Dr. Carpenter has been fully understood. It may be true, as Mr. Bascom maintains, that mental processes are never absolutely unconscious, but it can scarcely be denied that consciousness exists in various degrees, and when it is so obscure as to leave no trace in the memory we do not see much harm in calling the states so conditioned unconscious, the word being used in a relative sense. Qualifying words as "mental," or even such designations as "cerebration," will save us from confounding the processes so described with the absolutely unconscious activities of mere matter, and we certainly want a word by which to distinguish them from the full consciousness of ordinary life. Apart, however, from minor criticism, Mr. Bascom's book is excellent, and will be found full of interest and instruction to those who care for psychological studies. We commend it especially to those who fancy that the development of animal intelligence can only be explained on materialist principles. Mr. Bascom is successful in showing that it is only by a totally different method that anything worth calling explanation can be given. He holds that the materialist solution of the problem is little more than a thimble-rig of words.

HISTORY OF OPINIONS ON THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edward Beecher, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co,

Dr. Beecher really helps us. His book is not a plea for any one of the several conflicting views on this *quæstio vexata*, but a complete though brief history of the doctrine in all its forms. He begins with the Old Testament doctrine of temporal rewards and punishments, then traces the growth of the belief in another life and a future judgment, and finally gives a careful account of the various opinions on future reward and punishment which have been and are now held in the Christian Church. Dr. Beecher finds that the three views of destruction, of restoration, and of endless suffering have each had numerous and illustrious defenders in every age of ecclesiastical history, and shows that they all found advocates, not only among Christians, but among Jews also, prior to and apart from the Christian Church. His induction of cases leads to the conclusion that the word *aionios*, translated in our version *eternal* and *everlasting*, does not refer to duration, but properly means *relating to the future or unseen world*, and he shows that it is so rendered in the Nicene Creed, where it is used to qualify the word life, the clause reading "the life *of the world to come.*" Those who do not wish for dogmatic opinions, nor for one-sided criticism of texts, but who desire to have in their hands the materials for making up an intelligent opinion of their own on what may perhaps be called *the* theological question of the day, cannot do better than read and study this little book.

Mr. Walt Whitman is preparing a new book containing prose and poetry, which, it is rumored, he intends to call "Far and Near at 59." He is now in his fifty-ninth year. It is stated, also that he is going to California, as a lecturer.

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A new edition of Thomas Moore's prose and verse, with suppressed passages from the "Memoirs of Lord Byron," is denounced by the London *Athenæum* as reprinting worthless juvenile effusions which Moore himself suppressed, while the passages about Byron are of no importance whatever.

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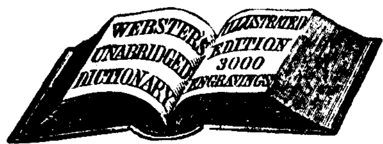

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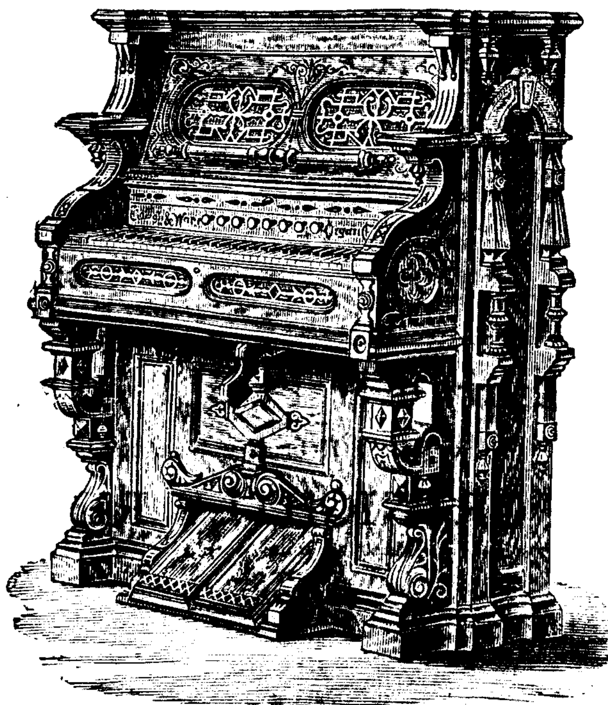

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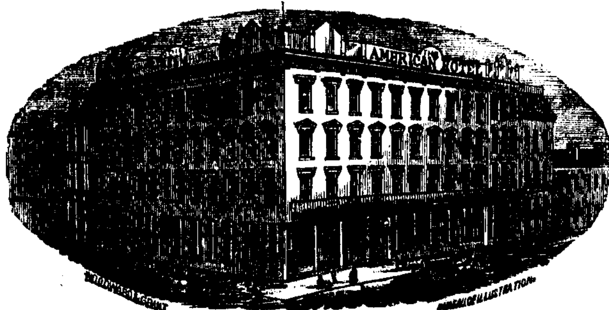

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To the Electors of the Western Division:

GENTLEMEN,—

Having received the unanimous nomination of the Reform Party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages, at the approaching election.

In accepting the nomination I do so with the firm purpose of protecting the interests of the city against any efforts that may be made to cripple and embarrass her trade or commercial prosperity. If elected, I will support the Joly Administration, in its endeavour to carry out a system of economy and retrenchment.

I shall strenuously oppose those measures in connection with the Railway Bill that have not for their object the strict fulfilment of the original contract between the City of Montreal and the Directors of the Northern Colonization Railway Company, and the building of the terminus and workshops within the city.

I shall also oppose strongly all attempts at unnecessary taxation.

All measures calculated to further the education of the poorer classes will receive my hearty support.

Differential Legislation I will oppose, as I cannot see the justice of charging more for licences in the city of Montreal than in any other place in the Province.

I shall also move for a bill having for its object the better protection of the working classes with contractors, making every contractor employed by the Government deposit a sufficient sum as a guarantee against fraud on their part in their engagements with their employees.

As your representative in Parliament I shall act independently, and I shall be found always ready and willing to support measures having for their object the good and welfare of our Province.

Your obedient servant,
J. McSHANE, JR.

Montreal, 3rd April, 1878.

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TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
Centre Division
OF THE
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GENTLEMEN:—

In reply to the very flattering requisition presented to me by the Conservative party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the approaching Local Election.

I may say in accepting, that I am a Conservative, and will support the true principles of that party. I am, therefore, opposed to the present Ministry as being unconstitutionally in existence.

I disapprove of and would have opposed the bills imposing taxation on mercantile contracts introduced by the late Government, and I am also opposed to the measures provided by the Railway Bill for the enforcement of its provisions.

If elected, I shall advocate economy in every way, and shall maintain the interests and rights of the City of Montreal.

I shall endeavor to improve the administration of justice in this Province, and shall try to do my duty as your representative in every respect.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,

WM. H. KERR.

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