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The Canadian Spectator.

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The Canadian Spectator.

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- SPECIAL NOTICES BY THE EDITOR.

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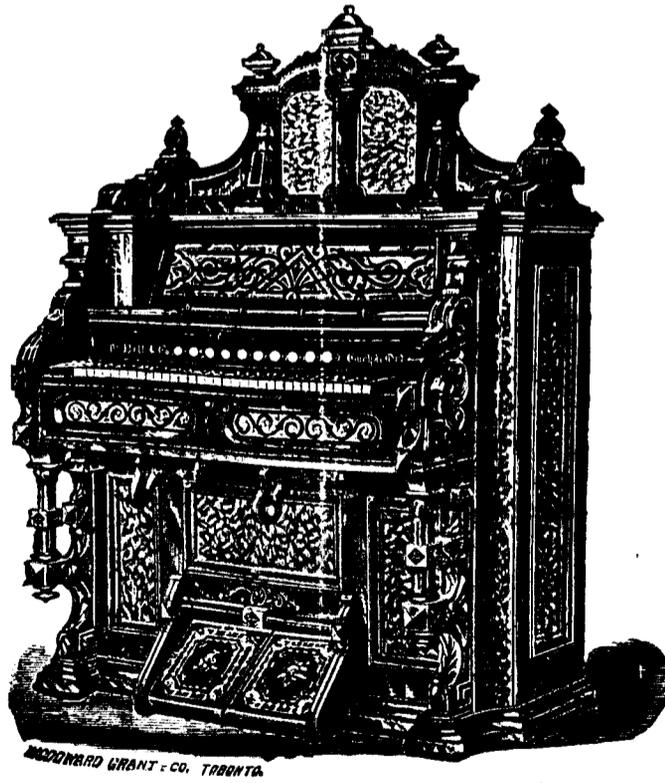
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"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a despatch from Her Majesty's

Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any ser-

vice was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

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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Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at church while the minister, a very addeheaded preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped and cried: "Waukin, my Lord Aphinstone." "I'm no sleeping, minister." "But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said 'Waukin, my Lord Aphinstone.'" "Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yersel."

Does the Babe start in his sleep and grind his little teeth? Nine chances out of ten it is troubled with worms, and the best remedy for these, is BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COM-FITS or Worm Lozenges. They are tasty and the children will love them. Drive out the worms and the child will sleep sweetly. Sold for only 25 cents.

Worth says not one woman in ten knows how to sit down on a dress. He means her own, of course. Any woman can sit down on another's in a stage or horse car, and do it scientifically the first time.

Many Children look pale and even haggard, simply because they are troubled with worms. Nothing they eat does them much good. They are weary and listless. To remove all this, and restore the bloom to the cheek, use BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COM-FITS or Worm Lozenges. They are sure.



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TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.	

THE TIMES.

Ottawa is dull. Mr. Mitchell's motion for particulars of vice regal expenses "is not dead, but sleepeth." The debate on supply has exhausted itself. The talking brigade have addressed their constituents at the public expense—through the medium of Hansard, which is never read. Divers small brochures containing the "great speeches" of the would-be representatives will inundate the "free and independent electors" during the ante electoral months, outvying in numbers the hordes of the potato bug! Will all these disinterested (?) appeals be read? We fear not. Life is too short for the effort. We sigh for the years of Methuselah—if we are to keep pace with the reported verbiage of the great law-making machine at Ottawa. When will men learn to say what they have to say in a few plain words? When will innocent figures in indignant protest, refuse to lie at the bidding of each incipient statesman? The electors control the answers. Let us have honest, intelligent, truthful men, wedded to the public weal, before party wiles. Look down from the Speaker's gallery on that holy hatted crowd called the Canadian Commons! No Nestor holds the floor. Be content that A's say "yea," and B's would say "nay," for unless there is a "row on," the scene is as tame as an ordinary sermon. Whatever is said is gainsaid, and truth is crushed between. Do not attempt to listen. The brain might not stand the effort. Nothing for hours enlivens the scene but the ingenuous cough and the vicarious slamming of desks. Then comes the division, and just before it the members are called in from the corridors and the restaurant. The scene bristles up a little when a chieftain takes up the talk, for there is little speech-making in the true sense. Shall our representatives rise out of this slough? Let us have a little sharp incisive argument and reason, at times. It is said an opportunity for such will arise when an amendment will be made to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, involving the constitutionality of the sack of the DeBoucherville Ministry and the responsibility of the Dominion executive therefor. Meanwhile the days come and the days go, and the opposing camps keep vigils at the public expense. But is it all monotony? No, there is an occasional brush between the leaders who mildly insinuate "you're another," after which the faithful henchmen take up the strain and exhume the countless jobs that stain the pages of legislative history.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell had a case, when all is counted, as to the matters of Rideau Hall and Earl Dufferin's journeys through the remote provinces of the Dominion. It was difficult for him, as it would be difficult for any one to speak of it fully. For His Excellency is deservedly popular. It has rarely fallen to the lot of a Governor-General to do such service for the country as the Earl has done for Canada. He has spoken well on all occasions; has been genial in demeanour, adapting himself to our social customs and modes of living, in a way that has charmed all Canadians; has been liberal in purse as in sentiment; a splendid representative of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen. The attack of the Hon. Peter Mitchell was not on the Governor-General at all, but on the present administration. Be it remembered; the Conservative party proposed that the salary of the Governor-General should be \$50,000. In amendment, Mr. Mackenzie proposed, Mr. Holton seconded, that it should be \$35,000—which amendment was carried in the House. This the British Government looked upon as a breach of faith under the British North American Act; the House yielded, and the salary was fixed at \$50,000. Mr. Mackenzie and his party made it a special stipulation that that amount should cover all expenses in connection with Rideau Hall, and as a matter of fact and history, objected, some two years afterward, to a charge of \$15 for seeds and flower-pots for Rideau Hall, exacting a promise from the Ministry

in the Senate that it should not occur again. The Reform party got into power, pledged to carry out all possible retrenchment, but the Governor-General has cost the country, over and above his salary, \$250,000. Some of the items in the expenditure are strangely and unaccountably extravagant—unaccountably, that is, until we remember that the owners of horses and vehicles in Manitoba, and other remote places, found His Excellency's visit a fine opportunity to make money. Without saying a word that could detract from the worth of the Governor-General, it seems as if Mr. Mitchell had some reason for his enquiries.

As was to be expected, the late difficulty between His Honor and his advisers at Quebec has created a great deal of interest, and much discussion throughout the whole Dominion. Before the explanations that were made on behalf of the new administration by Mr. Laframboise, the public, apart from all partizanship or factions in the House, were quite prepared to suspend their judgment upon the high-handed act of the Lieutenant-Governor. In fact, the people seemed stunned. The thing was new. Nothing like it had ever happened before. How did it come about? It was not done in a moment of irritation, but must have been carefully premeditated and planned. The Lieutenant-Governor must have sought the best possible advice. It can scarcely be imagined that he did not consult the Governor-General of the Dominion before proceeding to such unprecedented measures. That constitutional right was on his side there can be no doubt; and if constitutional usage was against him, that is no proof that he was wrong. Without doubt, the De Boucherville Government had no positive warranty for introducing measures, affecting so great rights as were touched by their Railway and Tax Bills, without the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. That he had the right to dismiss his Government there can be no question. But his action since has complicated matters. He withheld his sanction to the Railway Bill from the old administration, and has not yet vetoed the Bill under the new Government. That should have been done at once. Since it was not, it looks like timidity on the part of the prime mover in the coup d'etat. The movement may be found to lack brains; if so, it will be a calamity. Meantime M. Joly should make his appeal to the country at once, for now his opponents can play the role of martyrs, and utter a cry ad misericordiam. We do not see the end of this yet. If the De Boucherville party is to remain unchanged, then no man caring for the province can vote for it; if it is going to change the tout ensemble, and to depart from the old methods of working, let them tell us what their plans and purposes are. At present the interests of the province are depending upon M. Joly and his party. We know what the De Boucherville Government have done, and are glad they are turned out of office. The Joly Government promise retrenchment in matters of expenditure. What do the others promise? This is no mere question of politics, and can in no way affect the relation of voters to the Dominion Parliament. We are concerned to save the province. De Boucherville has almost ruined it. Can M. Joly save it from Ultramontanism, that is to say, bankruptcy—fanaticism—chaos?

The epidemic of rowdyism has spread to the west. Toronto had a touch of the disease last Monday evening; and the next morning half a mile of Queen street west looked as if an invading army had passed that way in the night. But Toronto is somewhat intolerant of the rowdy; and by this time some score samples of the lawless fraternity are effectually disqualified for any breach of the peace for at least a few weeks to come. The charge of a column of muscular men in blue, ninety strong, staff in hand, was a demonstration sufficiently forcible to vindicate the claims of law order in the space of a very few minutes, when it was once seen that the mob meant mischief. Lawlessness has been effectually checkmated in the capital of Ontario, for the time being. The foolish people who invited O'Donovan Rossa to lecture have not gained much by their motion. The Fenian agitation has contributed several tolerably ridiculous episodes to modern history; but none, heretofore, one-half so ludicrous as the spectacle of the "Secretary of the Skirmishing Fund" alighting head first in a mud hole when attempting to evade imaginary foes by throwing himself from the train some hundred yards short of the Toronto station.

The Silver Bill in the United States has gone into operation, and it is very probable that both parties begin to be dissatisfied with its result. Secretary Sherman has perhaps put the matter fairly when he says "it did some good and some harm." It was doing harm in the return of U. S. bonds from abroad, but it increased foreign confidence in the bonds because their own people were taking them up in large quantities. The Secretary is strongly opposed to the repeal of the Resumption Act, and he regarded the Silver Bill as an aid to resumption. It is still doubtful, after all, whether the policy of repudiation pays. For the moment it does. That is past all dispute. No one would cheat his creditors unless he obtained some temporary relief from trouble. But as with individuals, so with governments, *le jour viendra*, the day of reckoning will come. Even looking at the matter from a merely commercial point of view, it is quite conceivable that the engineer may be "hoisted with his own petard."

The new Tariff Bill is passing slowly through the Committee in Congress, and is being so altered or amended that its introducers will scarcely be able to identify it.

The Chicago papers are boasting that the city has slaughtered over three millions hogs during the past year, packed the pork, rendered the lard, and manufactured into sausages what was left over, and then they complain of the bad smell it all makes, and are threatening to level to the earth the buildings of the butchers, the lard makers and the soap boilers. It cannot be done. Cincinnati got over that foolishness years ago, and rather likes to scent her prosperity on the midnight air.

THE POPES.

(Continued.)

The following sketches were inadvertently omitted from the 10th number of the SPECTATOR:—

[The use of the words "pope" and "priest" is scarcely avoidable in referring to events that occurred after the fourth century; but every student of history is aware that it was not until much later that those words, or their equivalents, came to bear the significance, in ecclesiastical rank, which they now convey.]

It will of course be understood that where dates are referred to, the years, months or days given are those which, in the modern method of reckoning time, correspond with the historical dates recorded in terms of the Roman chronology.]

(42.) INNOCENT I., A.D. 402-417.—Shortly after his election, this pope received a letter from Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, conveying certain charges against Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople. Innocent however refused to take any action, leaving the matter to be decided by a council. Shortly after this however, he wrote to the Bishop of Rouen, in Gaul, requiring all important cases of dispute to be referred to the See of Rome. In another letter, addressed to the Bishop of Toulouse, who had written to consult him, on some points of discipline, Innocent gave a list of the Canonical Books of the sacred writings, amongst which he includes those now generally known as the Apocrypha.

In the year 408 Rome was besieged by the Goths, under Alaric. After withdrawing for a time they again appeared before Rome and took possession of the city on the 24th August, 410, the Pope taking refuge at Ravenna. During this invasion, the Christians were dispersed throughout the islands, some being driven to seek shelter in Africa and Gaul. At this time two monks from the British isles, Pelagius and Celestius by name, began to proclaim new doctrines. These were condemned by a council held at Carthage. Innocent returned to Rome, after a short period in exile, and exerted himself to stifle the rising heresy. In the year 413 the difficulty with the eastern church was brought to an end, the churches of Constantinople and Antioch being received into communion with the Roman Church. Pelagius now wrote a treatise on the natural power of man, advocating the doctrine of Free Will. This brought forth a controversy in which Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in Africa, took part.

The Pope was afterwards consulted by the bishops of Macedonia, and in his reply, among other things, expressed his opinion that heretics could not confer orders or exercise any jurisdiction in the church. A great dispute now arose with regard to the collection and veneration of relics. The Pelagians also, being favoured by the bishops in Palestine, committed many outrages against those who refused to accept their doctrine, even killing some of these and burning their churches, also destroying the monasteries established by Jerome. Letters written by Innocent are preserved, in which he urges the bishops of Carthage and Spain to exercise great care in the selection of persons for ordination; also denouncing the teaching of Pelagius, and ordering that none be received into the church who believed that they could do anything good without the grace of Jesus Christ.

(43.) ZOSIMIUS, 417-418, a Greek, of advanced age, was elected and consecrated on the 18th March, 417. Celestius and Pelagius shortly afterwards came to Rome, and the Pope, after inquiring into their alleged heresies, judged them to be orthodox and received them into communion, although Pelagius maintained his doctrine of Free Will in a formal declaration of faith. Zosimus then wrote a letter to the Bishop of Arles in Gaul, granting him authority over the bishops of that province. Also, being displeased with Proculus, Bishop of Marseilles, he wrote deposing him from his see. Proculus however took no notice of this, and continued to be recognized by his people and the other churches.

The Bishops of Africa expostulated with the Pope for admitting Pelagius into communion, reminding him that the teaching of that priest had been condemned by the preceding Pope. Whereupon Zosimus condemned and excommunicated the Pelagians and reduced Pelagius and Celestius to the position of penitents. The Emperor then confiscated the property of all who held with Pelagius. A council of two hundred African bishops assembled at Carthage on the 1st May, 418, being called by Augustine. They adopted canons censuring the doctrine of Pelagius. The Pope afterwards acted with great vigor toward the Pelagians, and deposed all bishops who would not sign a condemnation of that doctrine. He next became involved in a dispute with the African bishops, in which he is accused of claiming authority under the decrees of the Council of Nicea which is in no way supported by those decrees. His death occurred on the 26th December, 418.

(44.) BONIFACE I., 418-423, was elected by a portion of the clergy; while some met in another building and elected archdeacon of Rome, Eulalius by name. The Emperor, Honorius, called a council at Ravenna to decide which election was valid. In the meantime, however, Eulalius went to Rome in defiance of the Emperor's orders, and was thereupon sent into exile, Boniface being proclaimed Pope. The see of Corinth shortly afterwards became vacant, and Boniface attempted to influence the election of a bishop in that city. The people, however, petitioned the Emperor, who forbade the Pope to interfere. Boniface annulled the privilege conferred by his predecessor on the Bishop of Arles.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

I promised Ophelia that I would give you an account of my week spent in Montreal, and may as well dash at once into the subject. After the cars had seemed to bear us toward the grand old Mount Royal, all at once they changed their steaming minds and set us down in a low, narrow, reeking street, where slush and smoke-coloured snow covered our shoes with conglomerate we dare not analyse; and the best behaved carters on the continent made gentle, half mute appeals for a fare. But we toiled on Mountain-ward, for our aim was to join those who love beauty in its fairest forms, and were to feast their eyes on the winter treasures in Andrew Allan's conservatories. Thanks to the kindness of the proprietor and the Horticultural Society, it was not a disappointment, for the camelias were there in waxen beauty, the starchy clematis, June white deutzia, and stately calla—a galaxy of loveliness, while the roses filled my soul with a great covetousness that was hard to resist. The pale yellow primrose reminded us of the fields of dear old England, than which no fairer can be found in this world, and with the sweet blue violets brought back loving childhood memories to English hearts. The next day was the Sabbath, and such a day! Rain and freeze were the chief ingredients, reminding me as I walked to church, of Mrs. Peerybingle's kettle's song:—

"There's hoar frost on the finger-post,
And thaw upon the track;
And the ice it isn't water,
And the water isn't free,
And you couldn't say that anything
Is what it ought to be."

Under a friendly umbrella I reached the Cathedral, and listened to the assuring story of the "bow of promise," that suited the deluge outside, besides hearing again that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and among his own kin," containing, no doubt, ambiguous comfort to many an incipient prophet. When the beautiful service and encouraging sermon were over, the funny side of life was displayed as we tried to make our way into the streets. David *must* have had some such experience when he talks so much of how his "foot slipped," and I suggested that if Montrealers had much of such weather they ought to be born on skates; but an old gentleman, as he arose from a prostrate condition, explained to me that it only affected the Methodists, as it caused a great deal of back-sliding. A genteel carter, after a very slight nod, drove up to the steps and took me to my destination. But the afternoon found me making another sliding attempt at locomotion, this time to Dr. Dawson's Bible Class, where the international lesson was so explained that the simple child or learned pedant might understand. There was great comfort for *mothers* who strive to teach their children aright, in the example of the mother of Hezekiah. The lesson learned, and a few pleasant words afterwards, from the professor of whom Montreal may justly be proud, amply repaid me for the fatigue experienced, and later in the evening we slid gently down the hill to where the Rev. A. J. Bray preached on the "Dangers of Apostasy." Were we apostates? Did our lives of spiritual stagnation class us among those we had hitherto considered the most dangerous class of society? But in truth to us came many of his home thrusts, and our guilty conscience repeated "Thou art the man." It is impossible to trace my erratic wanderings, as the day passed so swiftly, but Monday evening found us once more in Zion Church, listening to the Organ Recital, where we sat entranced through the rich treat of "Andante in G," and was enthralled as of old by the "Gloria in Excelsis." The quartette "In Walde" was especially beautiful, and the selections from the Messiah always favourites. As the last strain of the organ died away I glanced over the audience—the half-filled gallery and empty aisles below, and wondered why such fine music was not better patronized, better appreciated. To my music-loving ears it was a rich treat, none the less valuable because it was obtained for ten cents. The pastor mingled with the crowd when leaving, and my introduction to him is now a pleasant memory. And when on Tuesday night I found myself at the skating carnival, where the crowd of people plainly showed that fifty cents was not too much to pay when they had the inclination, I wondered if the make-believe of the gay grotesque figures that thronged the ice had more charm for the people than the fine and really first-class music of the previous night. But hush! I must not criticise those whose salt I have eaten. Soon I shall bid adieu to good, fickle, hospitable, fashionable Mount Royal the grand,

and return to you in the country, where from afar we can hear "the stir of the great Babel," where the trees renew their garments but do not change their style, where the rose is always a rose, and the stupendous difficulties of emerging a *princesse* from a last year's *polonoise* does not trouble the cool grace of the delicate lily, which envieth not the flaunting glory of the poppy.

ANNIE L. JACK.

"THE 90-CENT DOLLAR."

What has gone wrong with the 90-cent dollar of these "silver lunatics"?

The United States bonds are all legally payable in gold dollars or "90-cent" silver dollars. The "lunatics" will have wisdom enough left, surely, to redeem them with silver coin, the 90-cent dollar. But the bonds wont come down to the 90-cent level. There's the trouble. United States bonds are selling to-day, 4's at 101 $\frac{5}{8}$, and so on up to 5-20's at 108. They are hale and hearty as ever, though said to be shorn of a tenth of their substance. They are not paying the slightest respect to the arguments and protestations of the eastern single standard men. They are not marshaling into order on the 90-cent line. It is rank financial heresy. The eastern editorial whip has been cracked over them in vain. Here are valuable bonds, a thousand millions worth and more, payable in "90-cent dollars," and yet single standard men, real gold men, none of your silver lunatics, are insane enough to buy them at 18 per cent. above the 90-cent line. Surely the bonds themselves are struck with the "silver craze," and stick fast by the double standard men. They seem to have become wholly suspicious of the men who discredit silver.

What has gone wrong with the silver bullion?

Far away, over the sea, it shows sympathy with the silver lunatics. It has such consideration for a lunatic majority in Congress as to have risen to 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ pence per ounce—actually dared, in face of all the protestations of the single standard men, to step at once 3 to 4 per cent. over the 90-cent line. Ungenerous silver! One thinks you might have waited at any rate till some of the 90-centers were coined.

What has gone wrong with the single standard men themselves?

The New York *Times* of 8th March, an indefatigable single standard paper, reports that one of the brokers or dealers has had the temerity, even already, to deposit with the sub-treasurer at New York \$25,000 in gold, to be exchanged for silver dollars at par. Horror of horrors! Here is the unkindest cut of all. Are these acute money making men also getting struck with the silver craze? Have they no faith now in the 90-cent dollars? Here is one of them deliberately throwing away 10 cents on every dollar in 25 thousand—\$2,500 lost, irretrievably lost, on a single transaction by yielding to the silver craze. Make room, make room, enlarge your asylums. There will be more lunatics by and by. But has the *Times* no sense of shame left, to report such a transaction to the public?

What has gone wrong with the United States Mint?

The Mint report for last year has just been sent me. I find that for some years past the very Mint has become moonstruck. It also is a silver "pick-pocket," and has got the silver craze. It has actually been guilty of the enormous crime of purchasing silver bullion between January, 1875, and October, 1877, to the amount of 34 millions of dollars, for which it paid an average of only 54 pence sterling per ounce, and has coined that bullion into over 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of dollars. And the mint has not coined it into "90-cent dollars"—it has done far worse—it has coined it into debased, subsidiary, clipped silver pieces, and netted over 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions by the transaction,—coined it into 84-cent dollars, and yet these utterly debased dollars somehow or other pass at par in the purchase of everything one wants to buy. And, most astonishing of all, this villainy of buying bullion in the cheapest market has not once been denounced by the eastern men. And the Director of the Mint has the temerity to write as follows in his report, addressed to no less a personage than Mr. Secretary Sherman: "In procuring this silver, the rule as to price has always been to purchase as much below the equivalent of the London rate as possible, and not above it if it could be avoided." There is a grim joke for the eastern men. Eye, Dr. Linderman. How dare you flood the country with 90-cent or 84-cent dollars, and brag at the same time about it?

What has gone wrong with United States "credit"?

Whatever sort of thing this is, the bottom was to fall out of it the moment the silver trumpet sounded the jubilee, and the bonds were to fall, and the laboring men were to perish, and commerce was to be stricken with paralysis, and warehouses were to be deserted, and the nation was to sink beneath the waves, and generally everything in creation to go to the dogs. But the trumpet has sounded, and the bonds have not gone by the run—they still hold water—indeed they are so oblivious to all the drumming they have received from the eastern press that if anything they incline to step forward in the ranks. Ungrateful credit!

What has gone wrong with the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury?

He has actually the hardihood, in issuing the new bonds and telling investors in what they will be paid, again to use that dangerous, double-meaning word "coin,"—not a word more—no explanation as to what he means by such a debatable term—simply lawful "coin." O wicked John Sherman! Well may a lean minority in Congress repeat a certain lawyer's complaint, "Master, thus saying, thou reproachest us also."

And what has gone wrong with the people?

They are investing dollars by the million, 100-cent dollars, in 4 per cent. "90-cent dollar bonds." One worthy banker is doing it for his clients at the rate of a million a day, and not a word of warning from him. Madness, utter madness.

In short, everything has gone wrong for the unhappy single standard men. The stars in their courses fight against them. The foundations of the world are out of course. Political Economy itself is turned topsy turvy. The wise men from the east, it is plain, have commenced to fall before silver, and had better, like Haman, cover their heads and hasten to their houses mourning.

But history will have something to say of the battle recently fought and of the victory so nobly won. In face of the facts just stated, there is one thing it

is certain will never be chronicled—that nine-tenths, aye nineteen-twentieths of the people of the United States were "lunatics" in the winter of 1877-78, and that wisdom died with a few men who did their best to destroy the peoples' money, to break a nation's plighted faith, and who, with an arrogance only less contemptible than the ignorance which inspired it, consigned to Bedlam all who opposed their wild and dangerous schemes.

And the Pulpit. What will history, pale with astonishment, record of the pulpit? That in face of a conspiracy to destroy the means of payment of forty millions of people, it remained silent as the grave. Not one note of warning, not one voice lifted in the peoples' defence! An entire nation imperilled, its liberties in danger, controversy raging around, commerce pleading from its ashes and industry from its ruins, but no sound seeming to strike upon the dull cold ear. And this from men claiming descent from the Puritan fathers! The opportunity came, it lingered, it passed away never to return. Well may serious and thoughtful men lay such things to heart.

WM. BROWN.

A PEER ON RELIGIOUS DEMOCRACY.

2 SERGEANTS INN,

Temple E. C. London, Jan. 29, 1878.

SIR,—Ere this reaches you some of your readers especially the Presbyterians, will have been charmed with the article on which it is a comment; but there are one or two topics contained in it which I think open to criticism, either on this side of the Atlantic or the other.

The point of the Duke of Argyle's article in His Grace's article on "Disestablishment," in the last number of *The Contemporary*, lies in the claim put forward that the Church of Scotland, as a spiritual institution and as a democratic religious organization, is more truly what it professes to be than the Church of England. While the first is in a sense self-governing, the latter is wholly dependent upon the Imperial Legislature. The essay is lucid, logical and scholarly and, though within the realm of polemics, is permeated by the singular breadth and liberality which should and does characterize the author of "The Reign of Law": but the Duke has taken up a position which he would scarcely we think like to follow to an ultimate and logical sequence; for, in that case, while his argument might score something—not much—for the Scottish Establishment it would be fatal to that of England and Wales; an uncertain sound, if indeed the *Daily Review* and *Scotsman* be guides, for Presbyterian State Churchism; but a blast distinct enough against English or any other form of Erastianism.

The noble author's treatise may be divided into two parts. The first is an historical sketch of "Patronage": the other an analysis of the Westminster Confession.

The substance of the moral pointed by the retrospect of patronage in Scotland may be tersely stated in the three propositions that in the Scottish Reform Church, patronage is alien to its constitution; its restoration by Queen Anne, a Jacobite reactionary policy, was hostile to the Revolution settlement; and that the form in which it survived after 1843, that of Lord Aberdeen's Act, was unworkable. The theory briefly stated is this—and herein is its significance in your *Canadian Civil Alliance* point of view: that the Scottish Church Establishment is wholly, solely and essentially a democratic institution; while, on the other hand, the only qualities which prevent the English Establishment from being a literal hierarchy, a veritable government by priests, a sacerdotalism unalloyed, are the supremacy of the Crown and the Lay ownership of Advowsons.

In as far as the plea put forward for the kirk is correct it is well; for if any institution on earth should rest on a democratic basis it certainly is that of a spiritual fraternity; and while in this one particular something commendable is advanced for the Scottish system, a substantial indictment is at the same time preferred against any institution, which is under the control and patronage of a government or an order and not of the people at large. He joins Bishops Temple and Fraser in abhorrence of "the coarse and literal sense in which appointments to the pastoral office are considered and dealt with as 'property'—the sale of benefices, and the sale of them too often under circumstances which separate the transaction from simony by nothing but the shadow of a shade—these are not," he says, "circumstances which can be contemplated with any satisfaction." And yet this is the one lay element which saves the Church of England, in conjunction with the royal supremacy, from utter sacerdotalism! Surely His Grace looks afield and in predicating that disestablishment will, ere long, be as much an "open question" with the Tories as it is with the Liberals now, demonstrates clearly enough that the question of establishments cannot be determined by any abstract principle, and evidently regards with complacency the downfall of the English establishment. He, an aristocrat, sees salvation in democracy for the Church north of the Tweed.

Lord Hartington gave the party a surprise at Edinburgh, but there is something as hopeful, as surprising in a peer nigh to the throne discerning a panacea for spiritual diversity in an inherent democratic quality.

Unfortunately, however, this democratic quality has been advanced to a bold but dangerous extremity in the Highlands lately: and some are doubtful whether the Calvinists dubbed Free Churchmen in the extreme north are not Ultramontanes as well as Jansenists. They may repudiate the designation; but their pretensions savour of the principle. These claim not only the supremacy of the Church in things spiritual, but, as the *Times* says, also claim to define what is spiritual. Thus the Church could widen the bounds of its jurisdiction at will; and practically it would be not only independent of the State, but above the State. They require the pay and honour of the State, for the contention of these Highlanders is merely transfer, and then to set the nation at defiance. Cardinal Manning may well claim the Highlanders for *confreres*!

The repeal of the Act of Queen Anne it is stated threw the Church back on its ancient foundations, a sweep of operation on the relations between Church and State which has as yet been imperfectly understood. The author claims that on these foundations may be raised an edifice admitting of the widest diversity of opinion; though, he says, in another place, even the ethics of Christianity would not survive a defined theology. The Westminster Confession, he quotes, bears the marks of conflict,

but in a greater degree is it impressed with the broad lines which run through all the Christian ages. Sophistry is evidently considered as legitimate in the subscription to confessions of Faith. The Erastianism of the Westminster Confession, the Duke says, is but the verbal formulating of the Bible injunction in relation to Magistrates, and may be taken with the mental reservation with which men accept Scripture teaching: and the Confession of faith, apropos of the Confession of 1693, is not a confession of the subscriber's "cosmogony or of his geology." "Real liberty," he pleads, for people and ministry: but *real* liberty is never attained within the pale of a Church, English or Roman, the formularies and government of which are justified by the jugglery of sophistry!"

The Duke of Argyle argues that since the abolition of Patronage it only remains for the Free Churchmen to enter in and take possession "with their drums beating and their banners flying." How radically at fault is this suggestion with the attitude of the nobler men of the Free Church party in Scotland. "Enter in?" They are in! A writer in the *Daily Review* put their case admirably. The Free Churchmen, he says, do not admit that they left the Church. They withdrew from the place in which they were gathered, that is, the Representative Assembly, as the Established Church because, in that capacity, by the unlawful and unconstitutional encroachments of the Civil Courts they were prohibited from fulfilling their obligations to their Head in Heaven, and to His members on earth, that in a separate place, as in possession of all privileges bestowed on them from above, they might freely do both.

What is the position assumed by these protesters of May 18, 1843? Is it not precisely that advocated by the Canadian Civil Alliance, and that theoretically held by Voluntaryists generally? The Church of Christ is purely a spiritual thing even on earth; and the government, necessarily human under the one only supremacy of the Master, as a Church government, has no functions which are not purely for spiritual objects. Essentially, the Society is a Democracy, veritably it is sympathetic; and the idea of the elective body including "not only Presbyterians, not only Protestants, but all men of all Churches or no Church even, the ratepayers of a parish" is so foreign to the idea of a christian society as held by the Voluntaryists and as obtained in the early christian Church prior to the time of Constantine, that one need scarcely more than mention it to refute so strange a supposition. Albeit, one may observe the fact, however, within the state Church in the city of Glasgow. "It may appear somewhat humiliating," writes the *Daily Review*, "to these seatholders in the Glasgow city Churches that the affairs which in a Free Church would be managed by deacons or managers elected from the congregation should be controlled by a mixed assembly of all denominations headed by a Free Churchman in the person of the Lord Provost, and returned to their places in a large degree by the Roman Catholic vote."

Terms of membership in the truly christian Church are not "purely secular," nor secular at all; but fundamentally are those of sympathy in a defined theology, not necessarily formulated, however, into a creed—instance the Congregationalists—and an implied aspiration after a higher intellectual and moral standard of life than can easily be attained by solitary endeavour. All of which is expressed by the Duke of Argyle himself:—"It is enough to believe that our Lord did not merely promulgate doctrines; but that He also formed a society; a society having its own definite aims and ends in view, its own principles of government, its own kind of polity, and its own laws of membership." Against this, set one other utterance of the Duke, full of significance to those who will not close their eyes, who are not blinded by Profit and Privilege. "It so happens that under the existing conditions of the Church of England, hardly anything can be done * * * without the help of an Act of Parliament." And yet this establishment system is one of which His Grace can complacently remark, with the aristocratic self-satisfaction of an old world peer, that the conditions of society are lower in the United States and the colonies than in old countries where establishments have grown up. He might have added that their cities too are on a less picturesque, because a geometrical model; but it is not easy for a stranger to lose himself in them as it is in a city in the old countries where great centres of civilization have grown upon the sites of former narrowness, lack of foresight and appreciation of human possibilities in the attainment of knowledge and in the progress of civilisation. Perhaps their forms of government are equally objectionable in the estimation of a British Duke. America is a democracy; and the colonies of Canada and Australia are such in all except the qualifying monarchical symbol in each case of a *faintant* viceroy: and even in Europe the *theory* of democracy is deemed sound. But another peer, Earl Carnarvon, thinks that even under such circumstances the Church, by her own inherent powers, may become stronger than any Act of Parliament could make her. "A National Church is the growth and product of long time," he says, and so far the Duke of Argyle agrees with him, "and in other countries in which society is so organised that religious equality, so to speak, follows upon political equality, the Church must depend upon the voluntary efforts of her children, where an Established Church, in one sense of the word, becomes absolutely impracticable."

The Duke of Argyle discerns the value of the democratic quality in the case of the Scotch Kirk, but seems to shrink from the universal application of the principle. That principle, however, is making rapid strides among all religious men, of whatever denomination—Episcopalians, Presbyterians and the rest; and the coming domestic question of this country, whether the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Forster and the rest like it or not—is Disestablishment, and its advance is rapid indeed!

My wishes for you are that you may not have imposed upon you in the Province of Quebec that which we in England are fast shaking off—Erastianism, or as some prefer to put it, "the national recognition of religion."

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

Soul-building is the business of this world; and heaven will come, of course. You could not keep a god-like soul out of heaven—not if ten thousand angels should drive it round and round, and a great and pure soul could not be shoved into hell—not if ten thousand devils were behind it. The attraction of spiritual gravitation is omnipotent. The good will go to the good, and the bad will go to the bad, and nothing can stop them.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE PRODIGAL SON, OR THE STORY OF AN INTELLECTUAL WANDERING.

The third of four Sermons preached in Zion Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

III.

ST. LUKE xiv. 11-32.

I resume my subject of "the Prodigal Son, or the Story of an Intellectual Wandering." There may be some in the congregation who have not heard the two previous sermons. For their sake, and as a reminder to those of you who have heard them, let me just intimate the points dwelt upon. I am taking the parable of the Prodigal Son just as it was given by our Lord, following closely the lines marked out in the story. But instead of taking it as the history of an ordinary life wandering—of a breaking away from virtuous conduct and principles, wandering and spending until all the life runs to riot, I have given it an intellectual turn—that is to say, I have taken it as descriptive of a mind's first feeling of discontent with the beliefs of its childhood and early youth: the departure from them, with high motive always, to find a larger form of faith. We have seen him passing through the various schools of theology—more and more bewildered, and eventually vexed with the unreason and contradiction he found. In his pursuit of knowledge he went to the philosophers and scientific expositors of the day. He heard them expound their theories—tried to analyse their great words and very pretentious phrases,—tried to translate their language into his own mother tongue, and succeeding as far as man may in translating the untranslatable, and analysing shadows, and finding the meaning of things that for the most part have no meaning, after marking how each contradicts the other, and all contradict themselves, he turns his back upon it all, and will have none of it. He has passed through that most awful of all experiences—the time when a man discovers that he has been living in a false dream of security—that the props he has leant upon are rotten, and may be trusted no longer: that the blue above him to which he looked as heaven, the home of God and the just dead—the place where the plucked flowers of earth take root again and bloom in fadeless beauty, is but a void inane from which light and God have gone—when, instead of infinite tenderness, he feels that he must expect no gods but matter and "must be"—when it seems as if life itself must shrivel to a span, and with reeling brain he staggers on the verge of madness, he has passed that dread experience—left it behind—a thing to be forgotten. It is an awful time—the most awful of any man's life, I think—but after it has passed, in the nature of things there must be a calm. He has heard a great crash of falling churches, of broken altars, a wild cry as of a universe in pain. And then, a hush: it is over. And he is where? Well—some find themselves rocked in the arms of an infallible church, soothed by men who loftily claim to be the masters of thought and reason—the interpreters of all visions of men and revelations of God. And it must be pleasant in a way. When I am sick it is pleasant to have full confidence in the doctor—more than pleasant if I am certain that he cannot fail in diagnosis or in medicine. To persuade myself of that is the difficulty, but many do achieve this impossible, and so persuade themselves. But, many do not. This young man I am trying to portray is one of them. He goes to the other extreme, and in disgust flings off every creed of the Churches. And I can imagine that he finds some comfort in it. The sick man who abandons all doctors and medicines gets a feeling of pleasure for a time. He says, "They won't torment me any more." The man who shakes himself from all the restraints of social life, and all the rules of morality, does doubtless for a time feel glad. And in like manner—he who has broken with all religious creeds and forms of worship, finds some sense of freedom and delight. He has broken all bands asunder, and cast away all cords from him. He feels that he has emerged from dreamland, and found the place of realities. The man who simply yields to his animal passions, and that way turns to riot, has to banish thought, for his conduct is in defiance of his better self, but the man who intellectually breaks away from all religion thinks he has taken a step upward; has escaped the thralldom of superstitions and fancies—has enlarged his manhood somewhat. So he is abundantly content. He says, "I have gone from stage to stage—from the theologic to the metaphysic, and now have reached the positive. I have outgrown religious notions as to faith and form. I have enquired, studied, and organized the results of science, and have come to my present conclusions." And the man who has reached that is dangerous—not only to himself—but to others. There is a great outcry against all forms of bad living—and it is well there should be. But there is something worse and infinitely more ruinous than mere animalism—it is the debauchery of the mind, and the debauchery of other minds. For the one follows the other. Men do not shut themselves up to feast and riot alone—they get companions—they drag others along. The drunkard is a loathsome sight—a thing to pale and tremble at—but I know what is worse. It is worse when a man with a cultured mind, a fluent tongue, and some force of character, employs them on behalf of atheism: it is worse to light up false beacons along the coasts of life by which unsuspecting mariners are lured to their doom. The sensuality of the brute man is not half so hideous, and not half so dangerous to society as the refined malignity of a Mephistopheles. Mind works on mind with almost infinite power of good or evil. And when the intellect is given to abandon—when it acknowledges no omnipotent intellect as Lord—when the thought, crushed into a little space, thinks there is no infinite thought to come in contact with it; then it goes out on its devil's errand of damnation, poisoning the fountains and streams of life—whispering soft, seductive things that lead astray. Wherever that man goes, he bears a spirit of mischief, and will darken some life. But let us to our story. The wanderer has found a time of feasting and riotous living. His companions are free thinkers and easy as to life. He struggled long and hard, but he lost his hold by little at a time—his scruples one by one went from him—till he gave up the form of faith, and then the faith itself—gave up his hope—gave up his Christ—gave up his God—gave up all but that mad feeling of delight. The feast of reason is on—it turns to riot.

How long will the feast last, the wine hold out, the lights burn, the laugh and the song go round? How long? Look at him, the young wanderer, rioting in what he calls his liberty. But mark him well. You will see a shadow for a moment sit upon the brow and then pass. You may see a brief contortion of the face, a pained and weary look in the eyes. You know what that means. *He*

is beginning to be in want. The famine is not upon him, but it is coming, and throwing its cold chill and shadow onward. Not all at once does it leap upon him, but by slow degrees. He has been spending wildly, recklessly, but at rare moments there rises the ghost of a suspicion, and seems to whisper, it is wrong. The voice of God at times goes throbbing through the empty chambers of his soul, and the heart grows heavy and cold, and hope lies dead at his feet, and the hungry spirit cries out for the bread of immortal life, and "he begins to be in want." Do you know what that is brethren? The gloomy doubt—the gloomiest thing that ever troubled in the mind, the ever-growing fear of a blunder made, the way missed, and dangers darkling in the path; the sudden sickness and faintness and trembling; and then the falling back on manly courage, and the feeble attempt to laugh it away, or argue it down. Some of you do know it. Thank God if you are rescued. Some of you do not, and God grant you never may.

Famine, that is next, a mighty famine. The hot winds are beating on him, the fountains have dried up, the last pool is sucked from the river's bed; the last morsel is consumed, and he stands face to face with grim famine. Resources all gone, nothing more to spend. The feast is over, companions gone, lights out, and alone he has to meet his hungry self. What will he do? Look at him, for he is only a type of multitudes. Why, in desperation, he hires himself to an alien. Will not go back; will not confess his blunder and his shame. Pride, that devil's best ally in man, forbids his return in penitence and prayer, but he hires himself, that is to say, he embraces and loudly professes a creed of pure negation. He will covenant with unbelief, and pledge himself to atheism. That is a common thing. Men wander and riot till they are ashamed to go back. They hunger, but will not own it, and from bravado enter into bondage to unbelief. They smile when the heart is sick within them. They call themselves free when they know they are slaves. They talk of liberty, but have none of its joys. I know men who have wandered this way, departed from the faith of their fathers and their early youth, and their Church, but their free thinking is not half so free as the old thinking was; they have gone from a narrow faith to a narrower unbelief; from being bigots with a creed, they are bigots without a creed; they are more intolerant than they ever were, and their positivism, or their materialism, is just a grinding yoke upon the shoulders, crushing thought, and manhood and life itself.

(To be continued.)

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

(Continued.)

Leaving Halifax the following Monday evening, by the Intercolonial Railway, I saw but little of the inland country after the first hour or two. The summer time-table gives travellers by this route small chance to view the scenery of the Maritime Provinces, as this part of the journey is made by night, whether going east or west. But, so far as could be seen, the interior of Nova Scotia consists of an interminable succession of rocky hill-ranges, densely covered with forests of spruce or pine; with a great number of small lakes or mountain tarns. Some of these were nearly always in sight, many of them very picturesque with little knobs and peaks of rock rising up from the water's edge. The few settlements that came in sight presented a forlorn and dreary aspect, consisting generally of not more than two or three dingy frame buildings with the inevitable shingles covering every available space, whether wall or roof. But just at the right time, when we were all getting decidedly hungry, the Conductor looked in with the welcome announcement, "Twenty minutes for supper."

This is the flourishing little town of Truro, situate at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Through the dim twilight there can be seen church spires and other indications of a well-ordered and progressive community. We have left the region of rock and swamp, and are now entering a fertile agricultural district. This part of Nova Scotia was first settled so long ago that its early history is almost lost in the misty legends of the old French régime. Here, close at hand along the south shore of the Bay, is the old Acadia that Longfellow has familiarized to us in "Evangeline." True, the poet was never here, but he has drawn the picture so faithfully that all acknowledge its accuracy. The Grand Pré itself is still in existence, a few miles further down the shore. You can reach it by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway; if it does not seem too sacrilegious to talk about buying a railroad ticket to so romantic a spot.

After leaving Truro, the railway takes us straight across the broad valley, then begins to ascend the hill side beyond, winding along a broad shelving slope from which we can see, or fancy we can see, the distant water line of the Bay of Fundy. The road gradually ascends into a wild mountain district abounding in rocky precipices and deep gorges which open out into a long winding valley. These are the Cobequid Mountains, and the low valley far down beneath us on the right is that of the Wallace River. In this faint starlight there is nothing to be seen but huge shapeless masses standing out grimly solid through the night, but at times we catch the twinkle of a solitary light at some lonely farm-house down by the river, where a narrow strip of cultivable soil is found. Somewhere beyond this we pass a settlement known as Londonderry. Here an effort has been made to establish iron works on a large scale. There is coal and iron ore close at hand in unlimited quantities, and it looks as if the new enterprise can claim good prospect of success, provided foreign competition does not succeed in crushing it out of existence.

About midnight the train passes the boundary line between the two maritime provinces. In less than six hours it has brought us across the whole width of Nova Scotia. Now we are in New Brunswick. Two hours later the cars come to a stand at Moncton, the headquarters of the railway officials, and here branch lines join in from St. John, now an important commercial centre. Here branch lines join in from St. John, capital of the province, on the south, and from Shediac and Point du Chene on the east, connecting at the latter place with a steamboat line for Prince Edward Island. During my stay of twenty-four hours at this place I explored this section of country pretty thoroughly, and formed the impression that Moncton has a great future ahead. The town occupies a most commanding position with regard to three provinces, being the central point through which all inter-provincial traffic must pass. Whenever the proposed Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces shall be effected, Moncton can put in a strong claim for the position of capital city. The town dates its existence only from the opening of

the railway, yet it has already a population of something like six thousand. Like all towns in this early stage of growth, it is yet rather lacking in some adjuncts of civilisation, especially in the matter of hotels. I noticed, however, no fewer than four new churches in course of construction, besides at least one other undergoing the process of enlargement. The location of the town, on an open breezy upland, affords every possible facility for growth and development.

Two o'clock in the morning is not a pleasant hour to make a fresh start upon one's journey; but there is only one through train in each twenty-four hours on the Intercolonial. So it was at that uncomfortable time of night I turned into my berth in the Pullman Sleeper attached to the Quebec Express, northward bound.

Seven o'clock in the morning finds the cars speeding along the south shore of the Bay of Chaleurs, with the Gaspé peninsula in full view,—a wild mountainous country almost uninhabited, but for the fishing settlements on the coast. The Gaspé district has no roads worth speaking of, and until the opening of the railway this section of country was entirely isolated from the rest of the world for six months of the year. The south shore of the bay does not present a much more promising appearance, being for the most part a series of rocky ridges covered with stunted forest trees. A good deal of lumber is shipped from this district, and the fisheries find employment for many hands all along the coast; but scarcely any attempt is made to bring the soil under cultivation. The summer season is too short to encourage agricultural pursuits, and the settlers prefer to import what grain they require. Before the railway was built they were accustomed to lay in a stock of provisions at the approach of winter sufficient to carry them through to the spring. Sometimes it has happened that the whole country side has run out of flour and other necessaries of life before the opening of navigation, enforcing very meagre diet indeed until fresh supplies could be obtained. Formerly this province, as well as Nova Scotia, was mainly dependent upon the New England States for flour and similar articles; but the Intercolonial Railway has changed all that. Ontario now supplies all the requirements of the maritime provinces in the provision line.

Before nine o'clock we arrive at Campbellton, a prosperous and picturesque-situated village near the head of the bay, where a halt of twenty minutes is made for breakfast. Beyond this point the bay narrows in until it forms the mouth of the Restigouche River. After following the south bank for a few miles, the railway turns abruptly off to the right, crossing the river by a magnificent iron bridge. Now we are in the Province of Quebec, and soon enter the charming valley of the Metapedia. Then for some hours the train traverses a wild and almost uninhabited region, presenting at every turn fresh glimpses of romantic woodland scenery. The Metapedia River is often in sight, widening out at times into little lakes with many rocky islets that remind one of the St. Lawrence above Brockville. At the head of the valley there comes into view a long narrow sheet of water, alongside of which the train keeps its course for the next half-hour. This is Lake Metapedia.

Once more the cars stop at a forlorn little settlement bearing the singular name of Amqui—no doubt taken from some Indian term. Indeed the local nomenclature throughout this section bears traces of Indian parentage, for on no other theory can one account for such names as Causapsal, Assametuquagan, and others that the train-men have announced as the train passed certain dreary and remote way stations further down the valley. But we shall soon be out of this uncouthly-named region. After leaving the lake shore, the track leads us up into a rough hill country, wild and picturesque beyond description. Here come the tantalizing snow-sheds, shutting out the view just at the most interesting points. There are numerous deep cuttings through the rocky hill-sides, and these being all roofed in with heavy timber work have almost the effect of tunnels. At other places the roadway occupies a kind of shelf along some steep hill-slope, and here also snow-sheds are provided to carry off the avalanches which sweep down these precipices during the winter months. There must be something like twenty miles of the railway sheltered in this way; besides a much greater length protected from snow drifts by heavy lines of fencing specially designed for this purpose.

Suddenly the train comes together with a sharp jerk at the summit, then starts onward at increasing speed, which soon becomes a headlong dash, around curves and precipices, through more cuttings and sidelong ledges, until the train is rattling along at full forty miles an hour. At one point, passengers who happen to be on the look-out catch just a single glimpse of a distant water line that must surely be the open sea. A few more miles at this rapid pace, and all at once the train sweeps round to the left, and here is the mighty St. Lawrence flowing calmly along close at hand. At this point the great river is something like fifty miles in width. To all appearance it is a boundless ocean; though possibly a clearer atmosphere might reveal far away to the north certain mountain peaks of the desolate country bordering upon the regions of Labrador. Some miles out is a merchant-ship beating up channel under full sail. There must be a strong breeze blowing down from the west, for we can see her now and again pitch her bows deeply into the waves, as if impatient at such slow progress. Soon the good ship will be at anchor in the shelter of some friendly headland, waiting to be taken in tow by a Quebec tug.

(To be continued.)

CRYING IN THE WRONG PLACE.—I remember (says Foster, in speaking of Robert Hall), at the distance of many years, with what vividness of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher, long since deceased, of some account in his day and connexion. He would, in preaching, sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, as not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places where it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed, "I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons there is written here and there, on the margins, 'cry here!' Now, I really believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."—*Curiosities of the Pulpit.*

A STREAM preserves its crystal clearness by continually running: if its course be stopped, it will stagnate and putrify. The purity of the soul is preserved by the constant exercise of habitual grace.—*Christian World Pulpit.*

SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS.

I.

THE RED SEA TO REPHIDIM.

Modern Science has approached the book of Exodus along three lines of investigation. The higher criticism has sought to distribute its authorship among a number of writers, extending from the time of Moses to that of the later Kings of Judah, and to represent the work as a compilation from different sources made in times long subsequent to those of which it treats. The writer has no inclination to enter into these questions. They are foreign to the departments of science which he has specially studied, and their value appears to him rather subjective than objective. They serve rather to show the speculative tendencies of certain minds in modern times than to throw any actual light on the matter to which they relate. Their results are also to all appearance contradictory to those established by other lines of scientific inquiry.

A second line of investigation, of a more promising nature, is that of Archæological research, which seeks to deduce from Egyptian monuments some contemporary evidence for or against the Hebrew story. This has in modern times yielded valuable and positive results. We know with some certainty that the migration of Jacob into Egypt occurred either towards the close of the rule of those foreign kings known to the Egyptians as the *Hyksos* or Shepherd kings, or possibly at the beginning of the dominancy of the native Egyptian dynasty which succeeded them, known to historians as the eighteenth. They evidently long enjoyed much consideration in Egypt, were regarded as a valuable bulwark of that country against invaders from the east, and probably furnished portions of the armies with which Thothmes III., and other great Egyptian sovereigns of that dynasty carried on their brilliant and successful campaigns in Asia. It further appears that towards the close of the eighteenth dynasty the Hebrews either attained such dominance as to attempt to reform the religion of Egypt; or what is perhaps more likely, that some astute statesman had conceived the idea of assimilating and simplifying the religious beliefs and practices of the different races inhabiting Egypt, by one of those acts of uniformity which have so often been attempted by rulers, but with so little success. Queen Taia, said to have been a fair-complexioned woman, with foreign features, and her son, Amen-hotep IV., have been handed down to us on Egyptian monuments, as the leaders in this revolution, and the worship supposed to have been introduced was that of Aten or Adonai, symbolized by the solar disc, one of those monotheistic religions akin, at least, to the patriarchal beliefs of the Hebrews. This religious innovation was followed by a time of strife and confusion, out of which emerged the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, one of the first kings of which, Seti, seems to have been himself of Shepherd or Hebrew race, and to have been introduced by marriage into the Royal family. But with him ceased the privileges of the Hebrews. His son, Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, was a tyrant, who, through a long and most successful reign, ground with the direst oppression not only the subject and foreign races, but the common people of Egypt itself. He seems to have been "the king who knew not Joseph" of the Bible narrative; and in the troubled reign of his successor, Merenphtah, who reaped the harvest of his father's misdeeds, occurred the Exodus of the Israelites, from which time the power of Egypt and its foreign conquests manifestly declined. From the Archæological investigations which have afforded these results, much may yet be hoped which may throw light on the Biblical History; and what is known tends to raise our ideas of the importance of the Hebrew people during their sojourn in Egypt.*

The third line of investigation above referred to, is that of topographical survey and exploration. Much has been done in this way by successive travellers, who have traced out the probable route of the Hebrews from Egypt to Palestine, and endeavoured to identify the sites of the greater events of the Exodus; but these investigations have for the most part been so hasty and imperfect that the greatest doubts have rested on the subject, and that even the precise site of the Mountain of the Law has been a matter of controversy. Recently, however, owing to the liberality of a number of gentlemen interested in Geographical and Biblical research, a thorough topographical survey of some of the more important parts of the Peninsula of Sinai has been made by officers of the British Ordnance survey; and probably for the first time since the exodus a party of skilled engineers has followed on the track of the Israelites, and subjected the whole question to the test of accurate measurement. The results of this survey have been most interesting and important, and have been sumptuously published in four folio volumes of letter-press, maps and photographs, which picture in a manner never before accomplished that wilderness into which the ancient Hebrews plunged themselves in their search for civil and religious liberty. It is true that this exploration has covered only a portion of the ground, namely that from the Red Sea to Sinai; but this is the most important part, though it still leaves very much to be done, especially with reference to the later period of the wanderings in the desert.†

The party employed consisted of Captains C. W. Wilson and H. S. Palmer, R. E., under whose joint direction the survey was conducted: four non-commissioned officers of the Engineers; Mr. E. H. Palmer, of St John's College, Cambridge, as linguist and philologist; Mr. C. W. Wyatt as naturalist, and Rev. T. W. Holland, who directed special attention to the geology of the country. The objects of the expedition are stated in the introduction to the Report to have been to "bring the material appliances of the Ordnance survey to bear on the questions at issue, by subjecting the rugged heights of the peninsula to the unreasoning though logical tests of the theodolite and land-chain, of altitude and azimuth instruments, of the photographic camera, and the unerring evidence of the Pole Star and the Sun." It was not hoped to obtain any actual monuments of the march of the Israelites, but to determine the sites of special events, and ascertain the correspondence or difference of the localities with the historical narrative, and to fix the limits of the native tribes referred to. With reference to all these subjects, there seems to have been entire agreement of the members of the party on every important point, and such complete coincidence

of the actual features of the country with the requirements of the Mosaic narrative, as to prove it to be a contemporary record of the events to which it relates, unless, indeed, we can imagine some one of the later narrators supposed by the German critics, to have had access to a survey of the Peninsula as accurate as that recently made. Out of the points which might be chosen for illustration many would need the reproduction of the maps, sections and photographs of the survey, and a volume, rather than an article, would be required to do them justice. I may select the following as leading topics:

- 1st. The correspondence of the historical route of the Israelites with the topography and geology of the country.
- 2nd. The site of the battle of Rephidim and the meeting of Moses and Jethro.
- 3rd. The Mountain of the Law and the plain before it.

(To be continued.)

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

(Continued.)

In 1846, Bixio with two companions, embarked in high spirits on an American merchant-ship sailing for Sumatra. But their exuberance was considerably damped by the discovery that the captain of the vessel was a Quaker, whose endeavour it was to institute a rule, something between that of a Trappist monastery and of a Scotch Sabbath. Silence, meditation, and solemn faces, were the order of the day; and the three Genoese sailors, scarcely aroused from a mad-cap boyhood, found themselves sorely out of their element. No sooner were they in sight of Sumatra, than they secretly decided to run away, or rather swim away, from the penitential vessel as best they might. One of the three, Parodi, observed that these waters were swarming with sharks, to which Bixio rejoined: "What matter the sharks?" and leapt in, followed by the others. It was a bright night; the shore seemed near; but distance is deceptive at sea, and the further they swam the further it appeared to recede. Poor Parodi vanished beneath the water: exhaustion or a shark had finished his career; the two others were almost at the end of their strength when they descried a little sea-gull islet within a short space of them, and here, more dead than alive, they landed. They were perceived by the natives on the shores of Sumatra, who came out to fetch them, and who treated them kindly, but looked upon them as prisoners. A refusal to obey the mandates of their captors would very probably have been followed by instant execution; and the customs, social and religious, with which they were requested to conform at the Malayan court threatened to lead them into disagreeable predicaments, when the worthy Quaker Captain arrived as a *deus ex machina*, and carried off his runaways, much to their own relief. Thence they sailed to New York, where Bixio took service in the first vessel bound for Europe; and in 1847 we find him once more making an appearance in Genoa in the manner described at the opening of this notice.

Those were the days of demonstrations. One followed upon the other in quick succession: in every Italian city each passing event or incident which could possibly take the impress of a political significance was invested with it. Thus Mr. Cobden's tour grew into the proportions of a quasi-royal progress; thus at Genoa, when the news came of an insurrection at Palermo, the people proposed a public thanksgiving in the Church of the Annunciation, and Goffredo Mameli—a boy-poet of infinite promise—dashed off this inscription:—

"A Dio
Per la Vittoria del Popolo,"

which Nino Bixio, clambering up over the church door, defiantly fastened on the wall, that he who ran might read. Thus again at Genoa, the King's entry was made the occasion of a great political manifestation. These demonstrations were no idle excuses for crowds and rhetoric; they sounded the key-note of the symphony soon to be played by the full orchestra of bayonet and cannon.

On the 18th of March, 1848, Bixio and his friends heard of the revolution in Milan; the day after, he was on his way to the Lombard frontier. Raffaele Rubattino, whose name will occur again in these pages, paid for the diligence ticket which took the young volunteer to Cavo, for he possessed hardly a sou in the world. At Cavo a small nucleus of volunteers was concentrated, where Bixio was shortly joined by Goffredo Mameli and other of the patriotic youth of Genoa. Mameli parted from Bixio upon a summons from Mazzini to Milan. As a souvenir he gave his friend a little almanac in which to write a diary of the campaign. This almanac is still in existence, having been carefully preserved by Bixio for the sake of his friend; and although the volunteer corps in which he had enlisted did not have the chance of doing great things, his brief records are interesting, as denoting a curious maturity of judgment in military matters, for a seafaring youth without any special training or experience. The armistice of Salasco put an end, for the time, to the ardently-wished-for and bitterly-disappointing Piedmontese "war with Austria." The volunteers were disbanded; Garibaldi alone yet held out in the midst of universal dissolution. To him Bixio went, and so began their long and fruitful connection.

In the April of 1849, the assurance of amity tendered by General Oudinot in the name of his master, the President of the French Republic, procured a peaceful reception for the French troops which landed at Civita Vecchia. When the mask was lifted, the French general was in possession of the fortress, and resistance was impossible. Bixio was there; and burning with indignation he burst into the room where Oudinot and his staff were holding a council of war, and denounced "the infamy of one republic coming to assassinate another." Oudinot replied with some platitude about the intruder being too young to understand the grave events which took them to Rome, and so the incident ended. Again the mask of friendship was resumed, but only to conceal still further bad faith. One month later, Louis Napoleon empowered the French envoy, Lesseps, to sign a convention with the Roman Republic, whereby the war was transformed into an alliance, and at the same time gave secret instructions to Oudinot to trample on the treaty thus signed, and break the truce. Treachery characterized every step in the expedition; but Louis Napoleon

* For authorities see Lenormant & Chevallier, "Manual of Ancient History."

† Ordnance Survey of the Peninsula of Sinai. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, 1869.

knew that he must carry it through at all hazards; he knew that the destruction of the Roman Republic was the death warrant of the French, and he was not the man to be frightened by the prejudice existing against Judas. He thought he could overcome that, and he did overcome it for twenty years; but the Nemesis came at last both for him and for France, which, by the adroitness of one party, and the ineptitude of another, had become his accomplice. That Nemesis was the battle of Sedan, which sent the Italian troops to the Capitol.

(To be continued.)

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER I.

JEAN MARIE.

It was a very stormy afternoon. Although one of the last days of April, it seemed as if the equinoctial gales were in full fury, and that if the storm of careering, whirling wind lasted much longer, the curious old chimneys of the farmhouse of Braspart would be carried either into the wood below, or into the granite-strewn valley in front, where they would certainly dash themselves in pieces on the round grey time-honoured stones of Huelgoat.

A tall, broad-shouldered man was making his way to the farmhouse across the bit of half-waste, half-potato plot in front. Between this and the house itself was a yard covered with loose straw, just now blowing in all directions, where mud and long-legged, lean white pigs did not serve to keep it in place. The house was larger than many Breton dwellings, as there was a story above the great ground-floor room that served for sleeping, eating, and living in; but, like the rest of Huelgoat, it was built of granite, and had small and few windows, and a thatched roof, grey with weather stains. The tall man had to stoop to pass under the arched doorway, and he put his hand up to keep his broad-leaved, low-crowned black hat on his head, as he stepped into the passage which divided the chief sitting-room from a smaller one at the side of the house.

"One might as well be at sea." He gave a frank, hearty laugh. "Wake up there, Jean Marie. I tell thee the old chimneys are shaking in the wind. Rouse up, brother."

He walked noisily across the uneven earthen floor, his sabots jarring against the stones set every here and there, to a long bench in front of the open fireplace, and put his hand on Jean Marie's shoulder.

The man had been sitting crouched in a heap before the blazing logs, but he rose at his brother's touch, and smiled up at him, "Is it thou, Christophe? I was asleep."

They would scarcely have been taken for brothers. Christophe was tall, and straight, and stalwart; but he had a young irresolute face, frank grey eyes with long black lashes, and brown closely-cut hair. Judging by his smooth round cheeks, one would have guessed him to be very young; he was, however, twenty-three, seven years younger than Jean Marie. Christophe was much handsomer than his brother, and much healthier-looking. Jean Marie was shorter by a head, and though his broad shoulders and deep chest told of much strength, his dark yellow skin and colourless lips made him look sickly. But there was no weakness in Jean Marie's face: his black hair spread over his shoulders, and hung down over his face; and just now, through this, his deep-set black eyes seemed to glow with light under their shaggy brows; his long straight nose and stern square jaw were full of determination; and, as he smiled at his brother, his gleaming white front teeth added to the somewhat savage character of his face. His dress was like Christophe's, a long yellow-brown jacket and dark trousers; but Christophe wore a knitted blue jersey in place of a shirt, while Jean Marie had a brown waistcoat, trimmed with black velvet and decorated with two closely-set rows of silver buttons. Both of them kept on their immense black hats, and both of them wore rusty-looking black gaiters, buttoned with small metal buttons up to the knees; but Christophe's gaiters looked as if they were worn to display a finely-developed calf, and Jean Marie's seemed intended to hide his legs, in size more like those of a grandfather than of a man of thirty.

"Well?" He took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked inquiringly at Christophe.

"Well"—a broad, genial smile lightened up Christophe's pleasant face—"I have decided, brother. I give up the fishery for this year at least, and take work with thee here."

Jean Marie stretched out his hand, and Christophe clapped his broad palm into his brother's smaller, sinewy grasp with a noise that might have been heard across the pig-yard.

Nothing more was said, but Jean Marie got up and went to an old oak table which stood below the window. From a deep drawer in this he took two mugs and a tin can, and filling the mugs with cider, he nodded to Christophe, and drank his mugful off at a draught. Then he went and seated himself again in front of the fire.

"I wish I had not such a soft heart, Christophe."

He spoke over his shoulder, for Christophe still stood at the table staring through the little window, sipping his cider with seemingly little relish. At this, however, he drained his mug, set it down, and placed himself on the seat beside Jean Marie.

"Is it so?" he laughed, "to say the truth, except it be towards me, my good friend,"—the young man's eyes looked as if tears were in them—"I should not have suspected thee of soft-heartedness, Jean Marie."

A curious smile, half-humorous, half-stern, curved the elder brother's straight colourless lips.

"Thou art ungrateful, Christophe. For thy sake I am tempted to ask Widow Rusquec to seek another home; and put thee in possession of the mill of the cascades. I could buy her out."

Christophe looked confused, he hung his head sheepishly; but Jean Marie's gaze had gone back to the fire, and he seemed to address his next words to the blazing logs.

"So long as Mathurin works for the Widow Rusquec, things go on

pretty much as usual; but not as they would if thou hadst the mill, Christophe; and Mathurin would be glad enough to take service under thee—thou wert always his favourite."

"Poor old Mathurin! I remember the grief it was to him when I would go to sea."

"If thou hadst stayed at home, my father would have taken back the mill when Rusquec died—he always said he meant the farm for me and the mill for thee."

Christophe sighed.

"And if he had taken back the mill, he would have ruined it as he ruined the farm. Brother, thou must have worked hard to give the place its old look again."

Jean Marie looked proudly round the great room, full of Breton comforts; over his head were open rafters, and depending from them a wooden platform, laden with skins of lard, sides of bacon, faggots of herbs, and in one corner, a pile of tough-looking crêpes. Facing the windows stood two tall, dark carved oak presses, and on each side the fireplace were box-bedsteads fixed high against the wall; the frames and doors richly carved and ornamented; beneath these, on each side, was a long, carved oak chest; the mattresses on the beds being piled to a great height, it would have been impossible to get into them without the help of the chests. There were two other bedsteads against the opposite wall; and over the fireplace hung a long double-barrelled gun. A collector would have gloated over the carving on the bed-panels and on the chests, and longed to possess them; but Jean Marie set great store by these family relics. His father had ruined himself and his land by drinking. In his drunken fits he had been cheated and plundered to a large amount; and when he died, it was found that the house and furniture were all he had to leave; the land had been so neglected that it would take some years to reclaim. His widow, a second wife, much younger than her husband, demanded her portion imperiously. She even proposed to Jean Marie to sell the old furniture which had been in the Mao family for generations. Jean Marie had no one to consult or study—he stood alone in the world; Christophe had gone away to sea years ago, and the young farmer who, till his father died, had been kept in entire subjection, resolved to wipe off the disgrace which his father had brought on the family. He refused to sell even a chair, but he went to see the owner of the old chateau near the mill, and got him to advance money on the pieces of ancient furniture, with the understanding that if he had not redeemed them in five years, they would become the property of the old virtuoso who burned to decorate his dilapidated rooms with such relics; but before the stipulated time, interest and principal had been duly paid.

When Jean Marie had paid off his step-mother's claims, he found himself almost penniless, but he set to work to reclaim the land his father had neglected; and when a few months ago Christophe grew tired of the hard life of a fisherman on the south coast, and came home to Huelgoat, he found a great change for the better in the old place: the crops were larger, the land thoroughly cultivated, and Jean Marie seemingly far better off than ever their father had been. Literally when the father died there had been no inheritance for the sons. If Jean Marie had not worked early and late for years, he might have starved, for he gave up all the money he could make to satisfy and silence his greedy, exacting stepmother; but when he had worked his way up again, he wrote to Christophe. "Come home now, brother, when you please," the letter said; "there will always be a home for you, while I live, in the old farmhouse of Braspart."

Jean Marie looked round him now, and then his eyes turned to his brother. "I am glad thou hast settled to stay. It has never been the same home since our mother was taken, Christophe; well, she was taken from the evil that was to come. If she had lived, Mathurin would have been here now, instead of taking service at the mill; she was a peacemaker." He stopped to light a fresh pipe with a glowing bit of the logs. He sat silent for some time. It very rarely happened that he talked as much as he had talked this afternoon. Jean Marie seldom drank anything but milk or water; his father's bad example, and the stern self-denial his resolution had imposed on his habits, had kept him much more sober than most men of his age.

Christophe, naturally of a gayer temperament, drank much more freely than Jean Marie did, and despised the thin cider which his brother looked on as a treat, and which had given him unusual eloquence this afternoon.

"The Widow Rusquec must have had some man to help her," Christophe said, when the pause had lasted nearly ten minutes; "if my father quarrelled with Mathurin, it was better that he should go; but I do not wish the widow to be turned out for me."

All at once Jean Marie smiled; the smile broadened till his white teeth gleamed between his dusky lips. "I have it, Christophe; thou canst be the miller if thou wilt, and that without turning Widow Rusquec adrift. There is Louise, her daughter—dost thou remember her? I have not seen her for some time, but she must be a grown woman now. Well, what dost thou say? Wilt thou marry her? She has not much of a dowry, but she has been taught by a good thrifty mother."

He clapped Christophe on the back and laughed.

The young man grew red, and looked shy and vexed. "I marry a wife! no, I thank thee."

At this Jean Marie laughed again. "I am but joking; thou art too young, my boy, to think of marriage. Women are encumbrances where they are not needed, and they are not needed here while we have Jeanne—"

"Ah, Jeanne—where is she?" Christophe started up abruptly. "She promised me some knit stockings. I must go find her."

He went out and looked into the room across the passage. Jean Marie looked at him, and smiled grimly.

"I have frightened the lad by hinting at marriage; no, he is right, we want no wives here; but I may as well see Mother Rusquec, and find out what her views are. It is possible she may be tired of keeping on the mill; Mathurin grows old, and it is a fearsome, lonely spot for two women to live in."

(To be continued.)

"The worth of the state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it."—*J. S. Mill.*

"THE SWEDENBORGIAN HEAVEN."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—On reading in your last issue the anecdote in which a pious old lady is represented as "going into raptures," probably from the fact that she got some definite, tangible idea, in the place of the vague, empty ones commonly prevailing—over her minister's description of Swedenborg's heaven, whereupon she was checked by the presiding elder, &c., it occurred to me to take the liberty of suggesting that when the laugh was so effectually turned upon the preacher in this instance, we may suppose the effect would have been still greater upon the good old lady, had she heard, instead of this *burlesque* of it, a *true* version of Swedenborg's teaching on the subject. She would then have learned that the state and place of the blessed hereafter is indeed a *real world*, containing real, *spiritual*—not *material*—objects; all things, in short, which can minister to the spiritual happiness and delight of those who are there, though I am not aware that *horses* and *cows* are mentioned among them! As to the *beauty* of the angels themselves (so coarsely alluded to), Swedenborg tells us that it is, in the case of *both* sexes, always inseparable from ineffable purity and holiness within; and is absolutely *invisible* to those who, with many so-called *Christians*—and possibly the writer of the anecdote in question among the number—have in their minds the idea of a *sensual* paradise, like that of Mahomet, from which Swedenborg's heaven is as far removed as it is possible for it to be. To correct such erroneous impressions of *our* views is my object in writing the above.

Yours, &c.,

VERUS.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Our city parliamentary building was opened a day or two ago, and speeches were made by His Worship the Mayor and several aldermen, some of which seemed to be slightly out of order at such a time and place. Two things remarked upon, call for special attention on the part of all good citizens. Those *sixteen thousand* dollars worth of "contingencies," alluded to by the Chairman of the Market Committee, Alderman Holland, and said to have been expended by Mr. James McShane and his Committee during his last year of office in that department. Had he a similar item to the sixteen thousand on the books in former years? It appears from Alderman Holland's statements that there was actually a saving in the market department in one year of \$21,000! What should be thought of a constituency that would send such a person to represent them in the City Council, and what of the silence of the press on the subject? Should not Mr. McShane have been called upon to explain the manner in which the "sixteen thousand" was expended before he was admitted to a seat in the Council?

The Mayor, in his inaugural, alluded to "the terrible progress of crime in our city," as revealed by the report of the Chief of Police. He gives only one cause for this "terrible increase of crime," and that, although bad enough, and chiefly confined to his own nationality, not the chief one. He wishes the Council to obtain the right from Parliament to "regulate" this cause of the progress of crime, as if such a thing could really be done, by act of Parliament. The real and most prolific cause of the progress of crime, is the license to sell intoxicating liquors in some three or four hundred places in our city, some of them well known to be dens of iniquity, and yet they regularly obtain their annual licenses. Then there are nearly as many more unlicensed places, where liquor is sold, which are either connived at, or they go on making drunkards, and causing crime without let or hindrance in consequence of the lack of diligence on the part of the police. This, the chief cause of almost all the crime in the city, might not only be "regulated" by act of Parliament, but might be almost extinguished. Let the Mayor then advise the Council to obtain the right to prevent, or greatly reduce the number of tavern licenses, and then crime would very soon decrease. Surely the Mayor must know this well, and yet on a very important occasion he was silent on the matter.

It is very gratifying to hear of some financial improvement, but we had better get out of the wood before we whistle, as we have heard similar things before, and have been disappointed afterwards.

We find from the financial report that it has cost upwards of \$6,000 for the maintenance of the prisoners in jail for last year, and nearly \$5,000 to guard them, making a total of nearly \$11,000. Now it is well known that about two-thirds, at least, of the prisoners are committed, either directly or indirectly, through intoxicating liquors. So that if the Government granted fewer licenses, or better still, none at all, for the sale of liquors, it is evident that there would soon be scarcely any criminals or crime. The whole matter is entirely in the hands of the Government, and it is high time that something was done.

Montreal, March 19.

OBSERVER.

INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.—All the wonderful instincts of animals, which, in my humble opinion, are proved beyond a doubt, and the belief in which is not decreased with the increase of science and investigation,—all these instincts are given them only for the combination or preservation of their species. If they had not these instincts, they would be swept off the earth in an instant. This bee, that understands architecture so well, is as stupid as a pebble-stone, out of his own particular business of making honey; and, with all his talents, he only exists that boys may eat his labours, and poets sing about them. *Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.* A peasant girl of ten years old, puts the whole republic to death with a little smoke; their palaces are turned into candles, and every clergyman's wife makes mead wine of the honey; and there is an end of the glory and wisdom of the bees! Whereas, man has talents that have no sort of reference to his existence; and without which, his species might remain upon earth in the same safety as if they had them not. The bee works at that particular angle which saves most time and labour; and the boasted edifice he is constructing is only for his egg; but Somerset House, and Blenheim, and the Louvre, have nothing to do with breeding. Epic poems, and Apollo Belvideres, and Venus de Medicis, have nothing to do with living and eating. We might have discovered pig-nuts without the Royal Society, and gathered acorns without reasoning about curves of the ninth order. The immense superfluity of talent given to man, which has no bearing upon animal life, which has nothing to do with the mere preservation of existence, is one very distinguishing circumstance in this comparison. There is no other animal but man to whom mind appears to be given for any other purpose than the preservation of body.—*Sydney Smith.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WARREN HASTINGS, by Lord Macaulay; POOR ZEPH, by F. W. Robinson; MY LADY'S MONEY, an episode in the life of a young girl, by Wilkie Collins. Harper's Half-Hour Series. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Three more of the Half-Hour Series of which we have had occasion to speak favorably more than once.

AN OPEN VERDICT. A novel by Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers, Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Paper, pp. 169; price, 35 cents.

Miss Braddon's sensationalism will soon be quite forgotten if the transition be as steadily continued as in her later books. In "An Open Verdict" there are only three deaths, one being a suicide and the observance of the seventh commandment is never seriously imperilled. The story turns upon the unjust suspicion attaching to a young heiress whose father has killed himself, and upon the manner in which the doubt affects a young curate whose manliness might, we think, have taught him to stand by his love instead of leaving her. The plot is slight and the incidents rather carelessly sketched, but the book can be read, as can most of Miss Braddon's novels, even under protest against book making for selling purposes only.

HARD TO BEAR, by Georgiana M. Craik, and A TRUE MAN, by M. C. Stirling. Two tales of married life. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Paper, price 30 cents.

These two novels join in one volume to show the sorrows and dangers of marriage when husband and wife are ill-mated. Both are pathetic, and both are alike in that the wife is the injured one and the husband wanting in true love; but in "Hard to Bear" the womanly love wins him from all blind fancy in a manner which, as it is told, lends much strength and dignity to the story, while, as the sarcastic title shows, in the other he remains a mere clod, living to marry "comfortably" again after his young wife's life has been crushed out for lack of sympathy. "A True Man" is the more finished story of the two, but both are clever and good to read.

THE DECORATIVE ARTS; their relation to modern life and progress. An address delivered before the Trades' Guild of Learning of London, by William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Pamphlet, pp. 50.

Mr. Morris revives in himself the craftsman of the "elder days of Art," and, poet as he is also, gives to his fellow-workmen some thoughts no less distinguished by their beauty of conception and utterance than by their sound common sense and—must we use the word, the bane of modern culture, because so misunderstood—practical. The scope and nature of the Decorative Arts are his theme, and the rescue of modern life from the miserable blankness with which it is overwhelmed in our cities and homes is his object. Whether the Pelion upon Ossa of depraved taste and lack of the perception of truth and beauty can ever be thrown off, and our daily lives made simple and pure by their surroundings being beautified by true art, is, we fear, a dream, as Mr. Morris says, "of what never has been and never will be," but he adds, "true, it has never been, and therefore since the world is alive and moving yet, my hope is the greater that it one day will be: true, it is a dream; but dreams have before now come about of things so good and necessary to us, that we scarcely think of them more than of the daylight, though once people had to live without them, without even the hope of them." What the author of the "Earthly Paradise" says of the Decorative Arts will freshen a jaded spirit, and lend some hope that his dream may be realized, if not in our day, at least by our help. The gist of his teaching—which is indeed only that of all art—is the avoidance of shams, the study of the beautiful with nature and history as teachers, simplicity of life and love of work.

PROTECTION.—Never mind what quantity of flourishes the supporters of the legerdmain of "protection" may make to cover the performance. Let it be utterly indifferent to you, what names, sacred or profane, they invoke to give gravity to their proceedings. If they are poetical, think of the Rule of Three. If they quote Scripture, take care of your pockets. Your money, which is your life, is at stake; therefore keep a cool head and a clear eye. Trust no man that looks like a conjuror; be upon your guard also against those that do not. Beware of the quack doctors, who make long speeches. Say that "all men are liars," and you will not be very far from being right. Believe nothing, except that two and two make four. If an angel or an archbishop preach anything contrary to this, give them no heed. If judges on the bench contradict it, tell them they sit there to make law and not arithmetic. You have money, and therefore everybody is in a plot against you. There is something in your pockets, and you will be beset right and left, until they are cleaned out.—*Thomas P. Thompson.*

REALISM.—Upon sitting down to read a novel one does not care to know that the personages ever did live, or the incidents occur in real life. The natural and preferable presumption is that they did not, for this very presumption lifts the characters on to the plane of the ideal; and it is upon this ideal plane, parallel with yet above the real, that they must ever continue to move. The mind cannot permit them to descend from the one to the other without experiencing a violent shock. In judging of a portrait the friends of the sitter apply very different tests from those employed by the public. To the latter it is simply a picture, and must be judged by the laws of art. Yet who that has visited our Academy exhibitions has not wandered wearily past hundreds of square feet of canvas, covered with heads whose only merit was their possible resemblance to unknown originals? It is on such occasions that one sighs for some law like that of the Greeks, which, according to Pliny, provided that while every conqueror in the Olympic games received a statue, a portrait statue was erected only to him who had been thrice victor. "For," says Lessing, commenting upon the passage, "too many indifferent statues were not allowed among works of art." If some such limitation was deemed necessary in the days of the Olympiads, when nature was producing her masterpieces, certainly no one will deny that there is more reason for it now. In turning to other branches of art we find the same domination of realism to the exclusion of the ideal. This is especially true of figure and *genre* painting. Lessing's remark that while "painting as imitative skill can express ugliness, painting as a fine art will not express it," is forgotten or disbelieved; and Winkelman's statement that although "beauties as great as any of those which art has produced can be found singly in nature, yet in the entire figure nature must yield the palm to art," is disregarded. But these were principles put forward by two of the world's greatest art critics, and based upon an intimate acquaintance with *genre* art. This art was essentially ideal, and it is with the ideal that the true artist has to deal. It is in this respect that his work differs from that of the photographer and the newspaper reporter. We care not where he procures his materials, whether from the field of life or the yet more fertile one of the imagination; they must be remodeled and adapted to this ideal world. If the artist fail in this, his whole work is a failure. All true art is life-like, but all life is by no means artistic; and it is the true artist who, selecting the parts which are, fuses them into perfect works, just as the Greeks modeled their masterpieces, not from one model only, but from the most perfect parts of many.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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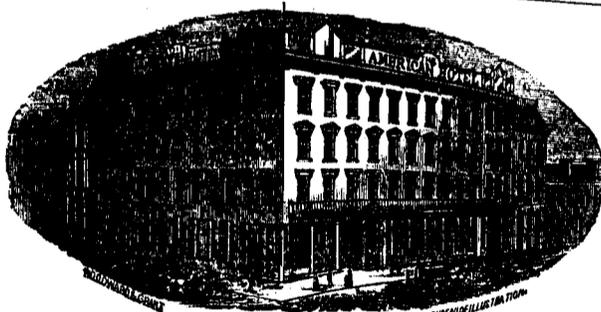
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