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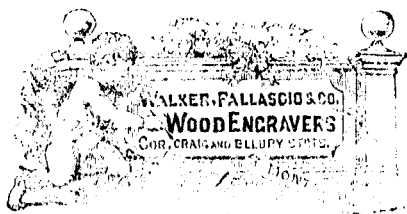
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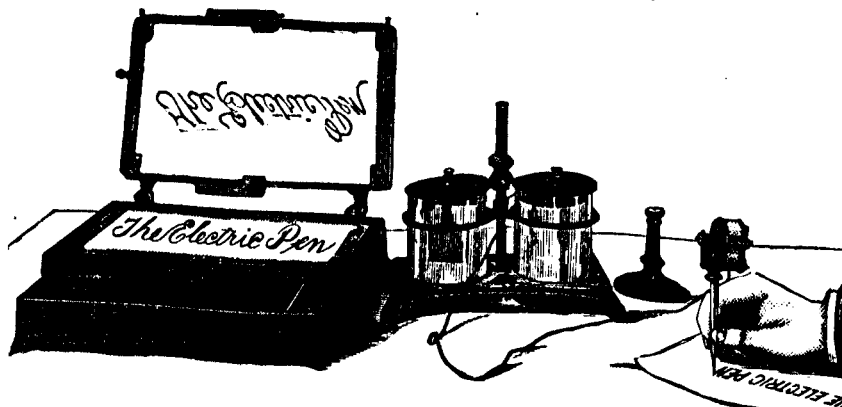
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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
HELL AND THE UNITED STATES.
OUR NORTH-WEST.
ARE LICENSED COMMISSIONERS A NECESSARY EVIL?

BUSINESS AND BANKING.
TEMPTATION AND LIFE.
THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.
"NO SIGN," by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE TIMES.

AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

The Liberal party in Canada must be getting more or less despondent for events are against it. Mr. Vail was promoted to honour by the Cabinet, and with confidence made an appeal to his constituents at Digby; and they failed him at the poll, sending Mr. Wade to Ottawa in support of Sir John. So Mr. Mackenzie has really promoted Mr. Vail out of political existence. The *Toronto Mail* is jubilant, hangs out a flag, shouts "victory" with two notes of exclamation. The *Montreal Gazette* follows suit. They affect to believe that Mr. Jones will be treated in like manner, who has grasped the portfolio so incontinently dropped by Mr. Vail, and goes to make his appeal to the electors of Halifax. The *Mail* loudly calls upon the Prime Minister to accept the logic of events and dissolve Parliament. The *Globe* puts on airs, says it matters nothing, and indicates nothing, beyond what is merely local; says that the "most unblushing bribery" (a pretty phrase rather) was practised, and that "the notorious Thibault, of Montreal," was sent to Digby at the expense of the Local Government of Quebec, which is very vulgar, and very stupid. What becomes of the "interprovincial peace" so loftily spoken of by the *Globe*, when it, the main organ of the Dominion Government, brings such a monstrous charge against the Government of the Province of Quebec?

While politics are falling into a state of chaos, and many are beginning to believe that Sir John Macdonald and his followers can evolve order and prosperity out of it, the time seems opportune for inviting those who seek to take the future of the country into their hands to define the policy they have adopted and propose to carry out. The talk is everywhere about office, power; and the country would fain hear a little about principles and measures. The Liberals are fighting hard to keep office, the Conservatives are fighting hard to get office, and the people are asking "what else, gentlemen—office and what? Will you cease your petty party and personal strifes for a little and address yourselves to the questions of the day and the work of statesmen. Such work waits for brains and hands to do it. What is your conception of that work, and how do you propose to set about it?"

The Dominion Board of Trade has adopted a neutral position on the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, which has made the Grit organs glad, and the other party organs sad and apologetic. But the Board of Trade seems to have meant nothing much by it—neither a change as to conviction, nor as to policy—for it adopted this wise and harmless resolution:—"That while in the estimation of this Board the present tariff of 17½ per cent. is fair and reasonable, yet in the event of its being found necessary to increase the duties for revenue purposes, this Board would respectfully request the Government to consider the industrial development of the country in any re-adjustment of the tariff."

The *Toronto Globe* has condescended to notice some words we said in criticism on one of its leading articles, which invited friends and foes of the present Government to look with pride upon the peaceful state of all the Provinces, and to mark the fact that no difficulty existed of an "interprovincial character, or between any of the Provinces and the Dominion Government." In answer to that, we mentioned the state of things in the Province of Quebec, especially the speech of M. Tarte, in which the Dominion Government was violently denounced, which "speech was in no way repudiated by the Provincial Cabinet." The *Globe* makes answer: "Neither was it endorsed." The *Globe* must know that when a gentleman, who has been chosen by the Cabinet or Prime Minister representing it, to move the adoption of the speech from the throne, uses words of strong import as to the attitude of his party, and those words are received with cheering from his own side of the House, and then, no disclaimer is put in, and no effort made to tone down the words, they are held as representing the party to which the speaker belongs. So that the words of M. Tarte were endorsed. The *Globe* says:—"Of M. Tarte, or, for the matter of that, as Mr. Bray, had

their way we should despair of anything like peace being secured in a country made up of different races and religions." The grammar of the sentence is peculiar, to say the least of it; but the *Globe* must have some reason for classing Mr. Bray with M. Tarte as an "Extremist," helping to make peace impossible. Of course the reason will be given now that it is asked for. But will the *Globe* tell a humble inquirer what it means by "interprovincial?" Does it use the word as we are accustomed to use the word international? Because, if so, the word is not only ugly, but meaningless. There is not the slightest analogy. Every nation of Europe may be in a blaze of civil war, and yet there may be international peace—each nation content to ruin itself. But the Provinces of this Dominion are not as the countries of Europe. One Government presides over all, and all are linked on to it. To say we have interprovincial peace, is simply to state that the Provinces as such, are not at war with each other. And war of that kind can scarcely be conceived as possible, while the division into Provinces is kept up. Certainly, we cannot specify one interprovincial difficulty that has not been settled, or is not in a fair way of being so, but we can specify differences between the Government at Quebec and the Government at Ottawa; and we can specify difficulties in the Province of Quebec which are neither settled nor in a fair way of being so; difficulties in matters ecclesiastical, educational, and financial, which in all likelihood the Government at Ottawa will some day have to meet and try to master. What is the use of talking of interprovincial peace, when what is wanted is provincial peace. As well have talked of inter States peace awhile ago when almost every town was in riot. This second edition of the *Globe's* boasting is tall, but very thin. We ask at the same time whether it is the custom with the *Globe* to speak of the editor of a journal over his proper name? It is quite unusual and a little lacking in courtesy, but if the *Globe* has decided to do so, we shall have no difficulty in speaking for the future of the Hon. Mr. Brown, instead of using the ordinary impersonal word Editor, or *Globe*.

The *Montreal Gazette* has not taken kindly to our criticism of its article on "RUSSIA'S POSITION," and makes answer in a leader of the 23rd inst., which opens in a way quite unusual, sneering at the editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR for "his apparently abundant leisure." What that has to do with the question it is difficult to see. But it must have occurred to the editor of the *Gazette*, at some period of his long experience, that not men of leisure but men of much toil do the general work of the world. Still, the imputation may be allowed to stand, and we confess to having had sufficient leisure, or time say, to study the Eastern question. The editor of the *Gazette* has been too busy to do that, perhaps, which is unfortunate—for himself always, and for the public when he writes on the subject; and it must be confessed that the second article does not make it manifest that the matter has been more closely considered in the interim. There are many statements made which are incapable of proof—e.g., that Russia excited insurrection in the Turkish provinces by secret emissaries—wanted to create an occasion for war and arouse in Europe such a feeling against the Porte as would palliate her own aggression, &c. We have heard that about the secret emissaries, but thought it had been exploded long ago. When first said, proof was asked, but not given. Has the *Gazette* any special information to give us? When the *Gazette* speaks of Russian schemes of aggression, its statements are based on fancies, not facts. When it condemns Russia for interfering with Turkey it forgets that Russia was one of the six great European powers which signed the Treaty of Paris in 1856, which settled the relations which Turkey was to hold to the rest of Europe—and which recognized a certain "FIRMAN" or Imperial proclamation which the Sultan had issued, and was a sort of magna charta for the subjects of the Ottoman Empire—for it promised safety of person and of property, religious toleration—equality before the law, the pure and prompt administration of justice, &c.—not a promise of their all being kept. When the *Gazette* says that Russia wanted to create an occasion for war, it forgets the revolt of the Bulgarians, the circumstances attending the issue and consideration of the Andrassy Note, the Berlin memorandum, the declaration of Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby that Russia had been most moderate and pacific in her demands—that Turkey first accepted, and then rejected, the proposals of the Great Powers, counting on the support of England—that then Servia declared war with Turkey, and that Russia, alone of the European powers redeemed her pledge. But in this forgetfulness the *Gazette* only follows in the wake of a large

party in England, and on that account our strictures were more severe than they would have been had the question been simply local in its character. The criticism was rather party and political than personal, and it is scarcely needful to say that the *Gazette* has no foe in the SPECTATOR.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The English Parliaments opened last week, and perhaps the absence of the Queen at the ceremony was felt more than it has been for years past. The hope had been openly and confidently expressed in circles little less than official, that Her Majesty had or would yield to the solicitations of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and open Parliament in person. And the occasion was felt to be more than ordinarily grave. Peace negotiations had been proposed between Russia and Turkey, and English interests were thought to be in peril. Whispers had gone forth that the Queen was in sympathy with the bellicose portion of the Cabinet, and would take the opportunity of shewing it. But the Speech from the Throne was read by the Lord Chancellor, to the disappointment of aristocrats and west-end tradesmen. Considering the prevalent excitement, and the oriental fancy of the Prime Minister, the Speech was a marvel of calmness and caution. It was just a repetition of what Ministers all along have been saying as to "watchful neutrality," "regard for British interests," and such like things, all of them perfectly harmless. The Tories of the country, and especially the Turkophiles among them, are disappointed. They looked for a blast of defiance, if not a declaration of war. A crumb of comfort was flung out to them by the Ministerial speeches which followed—but only a crumb. The Prime Minister delivered an oration on the occasion, which was correctly described by the Duke of Argyle, judging from telegraphic reports, as brilliant but evasive. The Marquis of Salisbury put on a war-like air, and spoke stronger words than England has been accustomed to hear from him for some time past. But after the peace-making part he played at Constantinople, he will be allowed, if not given, a little latitude for talk. The opposition in the persons of Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone, had not much to say by way of criticism or complaint. There was no occasion. The Ministry is carrying out the policy of the Liberals. The war once begun, not even Mr. Gladstone himself ever advocated an unwatchful and indifferent attitude. He, and the hosts that followed him, demanded nothing more than watchful neutrality. They never said Britain should forfeit any of her interests or see her rights interfered with; they only asked to have those rights defined, and to be sure that they were not going to war for interests that existed only in the fancy. It is well that the Cabinet can now ask counsel of parliament. There is less fear of the reckless Prime Minister, and more hope that calm consideration will take place before England gives the signal for what must be a general European war.

THE WAR.

Reports are current that a two-month's armistice has been concluded, but no official confirmation has been received at Constantinople or St. Petersburg.

Advices from Constantinople show that a general panic prevailed there, and excitement is hourly increasing. It was believed the guaranteeing powers would send ships to protect them. The new instructions to the peace delegates, of which Izzed Pasha was bearer, were sent more on account of the panic than for any other cause, and these instructions, as well as conferring far fuller powers, insist above all upon the delegates doing everything possible to stop the Russian advance. The correspondent also mentions the Russian threat to march on Constantinople. The Paris correspondent says: An official announcement has been published in Constantinople stating that if negotiations fail, everything is prepared for defence to the last extremity, and advises the inhabitants to be calm.

HELL AND THE UNITED STATES.

They have got excitement in the States once again. For a long time the people have been agitated over general trade depression; Wall street morality, upon which many failures let in much light—the Bland Silver Bill, or another attempt to plunder in a wholesale and legal way. But these were dull things and couldn't last long. Now, however, there is a subject on the tapis worthy of United States attention and seems likely to be dealt with *suo more*.

In England the doctrine of eternal punishment has been discussed for some time past. There has been a great, and manifest, divergence of opinion; good and earnest men ranged on both sides, the orthodox doing a little refined persecution now and then, but, for the most part, the argument has been conducted in a calm, scholarly and courteous way. A few echoes of the far-off storm had been heard in the United States, but not much notice was taken of it, until the thunder broke upon their ears, and rattled round their doors. The great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, whom they worship while they abuse, delivered

a discourse on "The Background of Mystery." In common with all serious, thoughtful men, he has been brooding over this difficult subject for years past. The brilliant, earnest sermons of Canon Farrar came to his hand, and, probably, decided him to speak his thoughts on the matter. There was not much decision in his words, and not much that was startlingly new. Canon Farrar possesses scholarly attainments, Ward Beecher does not, and so could speak with more firmness and authority. But Beecher has a profoundly philosophical mind—a clear, keen insight—and a heart big enough, and good enough, to interpret many things before which the logical faculties stand bewildered. He is a modest man withal, and the most he could venture to say was, there is a background of mystery to all this, the whole truth has not been unfolded, mists hang over it, we must wait until they break and lift, and meantime there seems some reason for hope that endless torture is for no one man. No more was needed. Smaller men had spoken before, and the States lived on. But that Beecher should venture to say in America, and to Americans, that there is a "background of mystery" to *anything* was more than could be borne. It not only threatened to take away a dear doctrine, which has given several beautiful words to the Anglo-Saxon tongue, as improved in the United States, but it seemed to insinuate that the people there, like the rest of the world, had to look at some things through a smoked glass. Awhile ago Prof. Huxley went to the States to lecture on Evolution, Biology, Protoplasm, &c., but he was behind the American age altogether—out of date in fact. And now since America has discovered Cook, who has explained all about the Trinity, and Theodore Parker, setting up the one and putting down the other, to talk of a "background of mystery" is to add insult to injury.

Of course, it is said that Beecher and those who agree with him, have put away hell from their theology as a matter of personal convenience—for clear of that danger—they may hold Christianity in a comfortable way, and suit themselves as to all matters of morals. There is nothing new in the charge. It is what the Orthodox Church has always said of those who would not accept her dogmas and submit to her discipline. We can easily recall the brilliant, but shallow, discourse of Massillon on "Doubts upon Religion," in which he declared that doubts sprang from licentiousness, and unbelief was convenient for sinning. The Church of Rome hurled that scoff at Luther and his followers. It says the same of Protestants to-day. Scarce a reform has ever taken place in the Church, as to doctrine or discipline, but the same foolish charge has been made. Trinitarians have said it of Unitarians, and the Plymouth Brethren of all the world.

And there is some amount of "sweet reasonableness" in it. If men cherish doubts on this or that part of doctrinal teaching as an excuse for their sins, then their falseness and treachery should be made manifest. If Mr. Beecher, and his brothers in that faith, are afraid of hell from a deep and dreadful sense of deserving it, and are trying to kill the doctrine to get ease for the conscience, and to pluck all inconvenient thorns from the path of the transgressor—then the American press and pulpit do well to denounce them, and to show the whence and the whither of their teachings. They say the doctrine of eternal punishment for sin is necessary to enforce morality in the land, but for that doctrine men and women would sin freely, not fearing the consequences in the great hereafter. Then—Great God!—what a place America would have been but for this teaching? For as long as the nation has been a nation this doctrine has been taught by the press and from the pulpit—that sinners repenting and believing will be forgiven—no matter what the past has been. A handful of this incense flung on the black heap of a life's crimes will disinfect the whole and the sinner pass safe into heaven. But if they die impenitent the punishment is eternal, it is everlasting—if not a literal fire—it was that not so long ago—an inward remorse that shall last and deepen and grow more desperate for ever and for ever. It is banishment from God—a life without his life—breath and motion apart from Him—a place, a state of woe where hope can never enter, but every thought is torment in the mind, and every feeling a fiery torture in the heart. All the faculties shall live, but only live to suffer. Memory shall be as a worm at the vitals. All the being shall be on fire, but shall not burn.

The Americans are a Church-going people—they read the papers; and although New York has refused to keep alive a "daily religious," every paper almost puts alongside its garbage some sound theology and ethics. But what has this great and terrible doctrine done? What has it done in the States? Has it given even the semblance of honest dealing to trade? Are the Wall street bankers and stock brokers kept in awe of hell? Which do Chicago corn, and other, dealers dread most, eternal punishment, or a fall in the markets? What is the condition of things as to morality in New York? Let the curious ask the doctors—or the Ministers could tell them quite as well.

Certainly, the argument would tell as forcibly in other places—Rome has armed herself with this mighty instrument of torture. The result, as to morals, may be seen in any Catholic country. England has been orthodox on this point, and has no right to cast a stone at any of the nations of the earth. The fear of endless hell seems to have wrought small good in the land. If a tree is known by its fruits, then the question

may be fairly asked, what are the results of this doctrine on the moral life of the people? And what is the condition, as to conduct, of those who have taken leave to doubt it? Have they fallen into a grimmer state of being? Do they manifest less of good conduct? Is their word of less commercial value? For conduct must be taken as the gauge of religious life. The faith that will not produce good works is a dead and a worthless thing—dead and worthless for God and all humanity.

The merely social economist has a right to say—try some other method for the cleansing of society—this, teach that sin is, and must be, punished—Here or Hereafter the price of wrong-doing must be paid—no man can escape—prayers and penitential tears—a change of conduct—the exercise of faith in God and Christ—not one of these, and not all of these, can ward it off. It is an inexorable, and inviolable law that punishment shall follow sin. "Whatsoever a man sows—that shall he also reap." Cast in your seed—you in Wall street—you in the mansions of Fifth Avenue—and you in the dens of the city—cast in your seed—and the harvest time will come. Tell the drunkard, the unclean, the liar, the cheat, that he may laugh while he sins, but the time of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth will come! Tell them that the thought of virtue and truth and justice will be revived in them, and with the revived thought will come torture! Tell them they must travel back all the way they have wandered from God with worn and bleeding feet, and a breaking heart, and a dreadful sense of the eternal loss of time and opportunities! They have been told of separation from God, and have felt no dismay at the contemplation of it; they have been told of ever deepening depravity, and have not feared it—rather rejoiced at the thought—for not the evil in them, but the good has given pain—and when depravity shall have gone down to the roots and spread out to the fringes of being, there can be pain no more. Tell them of the awakening that *must* come and remain until the debt is paid, and see if they will find in that a license for sin or an opiate for the conscience.

OUR NORTH WEST.

The travels of Sir George Simpson, of Lord Milton, and Major Butler, had prepared the public to believe in the uncommon fertility of large areas in our North West Territories. But the more recent volume of the Revd. George M. Grant, entitled from "Ocean to Ocean," has set this matter more definitely before us. When he tells us of tracts of land producing a wealth of vegetation and "an astonishing size of root crops" without manure;—that farms were shewn him which had produced abundant harvests for thirty years without need of nourishment;—that he saw a lot which but a few years before had cost £50, bearing a potatoe crop for which the owner had been offered £450;—that other lots were pointed out, whose average annual yield was forty bushels to the acre, and that this was regarded as no uncommon occurrence;—that from the Red River to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about fifteen hundred miles, there are districts of equal fertility, and comprising an area equal to a quarter of Europe;—that a sufficiency of wood, and an abundance of water, and around the Saskatchewan, abundance of coal and other minerals were to be found: that there, the farmer needs no composts or guano, the only fault of the soil is, "that it is naturally too rich;"—that there, he can find abundance of such prairie land, having no trees to be felled, nor stumps or stones to be removed;—that there, with machinery, one man can do the work of a dozen;—that hay is so abundant, "that when threshing the grain at one end of the yard, he "burns the straw at the other end to get rid of it;"—that withal, there is a good market all over Manitoba for stock and produce, and that a title to 160 acres of such land may be obtained without money or price by a bona-fide settler after five years' residence and culture;—when he tells us all these good things, and, we believe, true things, we cease to doubt of the continued progress of the Dominion, in spite of the blunders or the unscrupulousness of Politicians, or, the narrowmindedness of Ultramontanians. Such a glowing statement should be enough to make even the phlegmatic Canadian eagle clap his wings with delight, and scream as lustily as his American neighbour over a fourth of July oration.

Possessing such a Canaan of unoccupied lands, which, as Mr. Grant says, are calling "come, plough, sow, and reap us," it is passing strange that the idle and the struggling are not in larger numbers seeking to take possession of it. In all our cities, and in most of our towns, the cry has been, for the past three years, of unusual lack of employment and depression of trade. The dismissal of an errand boy, in this city will procure, in one hour afterward, a hundred applicants to fill the vacancy. An advertisement for a salesman will, we are told, bring together on the following morning an army of hungry applicants; and a vacant book-keepership, or even a subordinate position in a counting house, almost provokes a riot. In our streets, around our public buildings, it is pitiful to meet the numbers of young and middle-aged men, some stalwart, and all more or less capable of muscular work, strolling about in idleness. When we meet Gusher, whose eye glass and well-waxed moustache cannot conceal the thread-bareness of his Ulster; and Grandison, whose daily flourishes with a twenty cent cane, at the St. Lawrence Hall, have not enabled him to liquidate his arrears to the washerwoman; and little Smirk, whose tailor's bills have to be paid out of the limited income of his widowed mother, because he cannot get a berth; and Podgers, talented, strong and educated, but struggling to support seven children on six hundred dollars a year, one is involuntarily impelled to cry to one and all of the numerous class of whom these characters are appropriate representatives, in the name of Heaven, take Horace Greeley's advice, and "Go—go West!"

Surely independence, even at the cost of a little preliminary rouging, is infinitely preferable to idleness and poverty; and a farmer's lot preferable to the dependency of a clerkship. The culture of the soil is not ignoble. It is the noblest, as it is the most ancient of all modes of labour. We are often, and truly told, in it lies the chief foundation stone of national wealth. The farmer, unlike the shop keeper, is also independent of most fashions. People

must eat, though high-heel'd boots have ceased to disfigure the female foot, or grecian-bends to disfigure the female form. He need care but little for tariffs or commercial failures, for his products are sold for cash, and the world must have free trade in breadstuffs. Though an unduly rainy season, may, now and again, affect his crops, the diminished supply is usually supplemented by a corresponding increase in their value; and no fire can burn his land, and no depreciation of bank stock deteriorate his cattle. Every additional seed he sows, and every acre he brings into cultivation, not only adds to his immediate wealth, but becomes a source of self-accumulating wealth for the future. And though he may, on the banks of the beautiful Assiniboine, or, under the shadow of the Little Touchwood hills, be removed from some of the literary attractions of a large city he is spared its peculiar vices and frivolities; and though he may not, like Cincinnatus, be called from his beet-roots and cabbage to govern the country, he is able, or, if he rightly fulfils his duty, will soon be able, not only to pay his debts, and to avoid miserable shams, but also to provide a competency for old age, if not a fortune for himself and his children.

The false pride of parents, which would prefer to make their son drive a quill instead of a plough—this silly and contemptible feeling which regards a merchant's office more genteel than a well-stocked farm yard, has done as much towards generating paupers, loafers, and snobbery as any other vice known to society. Look around the most limited of social circles and how many painful illustrations they furnish of these lamentable truths. Let us do our *petit possible* to contract their influence, if we cannot banish them altogether.

To these rich fields, which only need "to be tickled with the harrow" to smile with a harvest, we invite all needing help, able to work, and willing to work. And though winter is now upon us, yet we cannot refrain from adding—"Stand not in the order of your going, but go at once."

JOHN POPHAM.

BUSINESS AND BANKING.

Political economy is usually thought dry reading; but that may only appear so from the reader's point of view. The most earnest writers are dull enough to the frivolous; and sobriety itself will not always save a writer from contempt. Certainly if you read the economists for solid instruction you may be disappointed, as they are mostly men of exuberant imaginations. They assert strange things, and support their whims by elaborate arguments; but whether their logic is sound or not, it is convincing, and that is the practical point; as there is no safer economy than in gaining one's ends. Whatever be the merits of writers on commerce and banking, their doctrines are popular; but the less they are borne out by facts, the more dangerous they may be to the public welfare.

These writers to a man appear to build their magnificent structures upon the sweeping postulate that all the products of labour are under the law of supply and demand open to the market. It is all important that it should be so. But is it not assuming too much, and they even discredit their faith by still continuing to write and advise?

If all commodities are in the market, what consistency or need is there for further theorising, or as I should say, dogmatizing, upon the subject? Obviously in such circumstances the market should be allowed to take its own way, and deal out even-handed justice to all labour, and assign to every product of skill its proper supply and price.

The management of the whole property and business of a community is a question I take to be the same in kind as that of any private business; with this difference, that the individual has to purchase or borrow the currency he requires, while the community, by means of a banking law manufactures the circulation wanted, and saves the interest that would be incurred by borrowing money. For my part I am not aware there is any other difference in kind, between the business of an individual and that of the people as a whole.

The results of labour may be classified as follows:—Manufactures, products, tools, ships, farm stock, buildings and lands; or briefly into personal and real property.

The goods, &c., are doubtless all in the market; and also is the capital invested in the personal property, by means of the application of the principles of banking. But the capital invested in the real estate, which is, in fact, the most important item in the inventory, has little or no bearing upon the money market. Strange indeed, that that portion of Canadian capital which has been aptly termed the "conserved force or potential energy" of a nation's industry, should be practically ruled out of the money market! It is admitted that capital in real property is given to Loan Societies as security for money borrowed, bearing interest; but that is only its secondary use. Capital has also a primary use, in furnishing currency for industrial purposes; but the law denies to the mortgage the privileges extended to the promissory note. What would be thought of one in possession of an excellent cow, being forced by law to keep and feed her, not for her produce, but as security on which to borrow an inferior animal for her produce? Thus necessitated to keep two cows and at an outlay of rent for the hired one; all to secure the milk, butter, &c., of but one animal! Strange economy, you will doubtless exclaim! The trade of the country during the past few years has been so hopelessly involved by pursuing this wasteful policy, that every business man should consider himself warned to look to his material interests, and study the laws of trade for his own satisfaction and protection. There should be no more faith in the assurances of false prophets; and the double-threshed chaff so frequently retailed upon this subject is also played out. No more can this question be settled by lying. Let every man get at the facts, and also the figures where they are corroborated, and have a care of being any longer fooled by authorities. It may be urged we are a young country to act with independence; but surely we are of age to count our own half-pence; and being young, the data are less likely to be encumbered by obscurities.

Let us now consider the practical consequences of a partial banking law—limited to dealing in personal property.

It will not be denied that commerce is mainly controlled by the banks. There is one other economic power, and that is the tariff; but the tariff question itself can only be definitely settled by a liberal banking law. The banks make and unmake the trade of the country. They necessitate a certain line of action,

which cannot be avoided. As clay is in the hands of the potter, so is industry in the keeping of the banks. If the foreign trade is favourable, so much to their credit; if otherwise, they must answer for it. Take the imports and exports since the advent of confederation:—

	Total Imports.	Total Exports.
1868	\$ 73,459,644	\$57,567,888
1869	70,415,165	60,474,781
1870	74,814,339	73,573,490
1871	96,092,971	74,173,618
1872	111,430,527	82,639,663
1873	128,011,281	89,789,922
1874	128,213,582	89,351,928
1875	123,070,283	77,886,979
1876	93,210,346	80,966,435

The former is 899 and the exports 686, showing a balance against the country in nine years of two hundred and thirteen million dollars!

That is a sad record of figures, yet it is corroborated by facts. There are not wanting persons who unblushingly tell you that the country is so much the richer by an adverse balance of trade; this sort of deception, however, has not of late been so much indulged in. The popular method of dealing with such a statement used to be by adding the imports and exports of the first year; and compare that with the sum of the last year in the series, and draw the inference of wonderful progress in national wealth! But now the pertinency of these maxims is doubted: "The more you owe the wealthier you are." "That which is against us is for us." Don't hold in trade. It is not compatible with the laws of trade, which doubtless are as constant as those of nature, for a balance to be uniformly against a community that owns its public debt. That is why the trade of England can only be unfavourable in *seeming* or transiently so, while her capitalists are her creditors. If therefore the balance of 213 millions was in our favour, the rate of interest would be such here, as to make it profitable to import our debt. It would be lower than Canadian securities would be held at in London.

Obviously, the leading cause of the foreign trade being generally against Canada, is the banks dealing in personal property only; for the less security necessitates a higher rate of interest, and that is against manufacturers increasing exports. But if greater certainty is wanted of the truth of the above figures I may refer to the humiliating record of failures during the past three years.

To come to particulars; take any monthly statement from Ottawa, say that of Nov. last, of the Banks of Ontario and Quebec; and condense it to an estimable form; by first setting aside the gold and Dominion notes; then deducting the balance of available assets from the sum of what is due to other banks, plus deposits at interest, then classify the other items as follows, in round million dollars.

CAPITAL.	GOLD.	DOMINION NOTES.	DISCOUNTS.	DEBTS OR CIRCULATION.
58	6	7	Notes discounted 119 Debentures . . . 15	Millions Deposits at notice..... 14 Circulation of notes.... 22 Deposits on demand... 39
Assets.....147 millions			Debts..... 75	

The capital being absorbed in the assets, and they consisting mainly of promissory notes; the institution is a dealer in second class securities. Since the notes and goods are apart the security is not tangible and cannot be first class.

The notes discounted 119 millions exceed in amount the sum of the capital and deposits at interest by 47 millions dollars. If the laws of trade are as constant as the planets in their courses, the capacity of a business firm has its limits; and no bank can exceed its proper limits without impairing credit. Why therefore should the discount line be more than the sum of capital, borrowed money, and perhaps Dominion notes?

The debts are its circulation; particularly those payable on demand. In this country it usually averages in amount the paid up capital. And the gold reserve is never over 10,000 of the circulation.

To the creditor it is very important the debt should be secured. The banker is not so particular on that point, as his profits arise from the creation of debts. But the difficulties experienced in keeping out the circulation would certainly be overcome by giving security. The volume of circulation depends on good credit and a favourable foreign balance. These are advantages, which security only can impart.

It might be asked how much capital that institution has to loan? To my mind its capital is all invested. On putting the question to a leading banker lately, he confessed the banks, "do not loan money or capital," but only speculate on their credit.

In 1872 the notes discounted were 82 millions of dollars. In 1875 that line had increased to 141 millions, or an increase of 59 millions in about three years. In consequence of the adverse foreign trade reaching its height, causing an extra demand of exchange, the banks in February, 1875, shut down discounting, and demanded payments of maturing loans; this stringency in twelve months reduced the discount line to 112 millions—taking 29 millions of facilities out of circulation, and inaugurating a crisis of disasters unparalleled in the history of the trade of the country; here are the figures to this date.

In 1875	1968 firms failed for.....	\$28,843,961	liabilities.
In 1876	1728 " " "	25,517,991	"
In 1877	1890 " " "	25,510,147	"
		\$79,872,099	
Realizing say on an average 25 per cent.....		20,000,000	
Total loss		\$59,872,099	

an amount of money beyond all ordinary conception, and equal to the whole banking capital of the country, and no likelihood as yet of bottom having been

touched. So much for a system of banking which "only speculates upon its credit." The hazardous element,—that which inflates or contracts the values of the country, as the case may be, resides in the 47 millions of extra discounts. In my next I shall contrast with the above system, a bank dealing in first class securities—in its bearing on the development of the resources of the country.

ALPHA.

ARE LICENSE COMMISSIONERS A NECESSARY EVIL?

Among the social problems, to the solution of which the energies of the present generation are imperatively called, few have assumed the magnitude of that which is presented by the wide-spread habits of intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors. There are manifold aspects in which this problem may be viewed; but I propose at present to confine my attention to one, and that a comparatively limited point connected with legislation for the suppression of the evil. In this connection it seems impossible to keep clear of the question with reference to the advisability of prohibiting, by legislative enactment, the sale of intoxicating liquors; but it is desirable to avoid hampering the present inquiry by any discussion upon a question of so much difficulty. It seems to me indubitable from statistics, that prohibitory legislation, where it has been tried, has succeeded, not of course in eradicating, but certainly in diminishing, drunkenness to a very satisfactory extent: but it has yet to be ascertained, whether a more complete success might not be reached by a wise restriction of the traffic; and prohibition, if found to be indispensable for the welfare of society, is more likely to be successful if gradually introduced by restrictive measures of increasing severity.

It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that a new movement has been started in Montreal for a more effective restriction in the issue of licenses. To accomplish its object, however, the movement must free itself from the fetters of a condition, which has always defeated, and must always defeat, a restrictive policy. It has been usually supposed impossible to frame a law for the restriction of licenses, which could operate of itself; and provision has, therefore, been commonly made for a Board, like that of our License Commissioners, to give the law practical effect. The supposed necessity of such a Board is founded on the belief, that discretionary power must be vested somewhere for the purpose of determining the persons on whom licenses are to be bestowed. Now, this discretionary power inevitably opens a way through all legislative restrictions; and it is for this reason that the question is proposed at the head of this article, whether License Commissioners are a necessary evil?

In speaking of a licensing Board as an evil, it is scarcely necessary to explain that I do not refer to the individuals of whom it may be composed. I have known men acting on such Boards, who were earnest in their desire to suppress intemperance, and unwearied in their efforts to restrict the issue of licenses. But the machinery, which they are required to work, is one for producing licenses, not for preventing their production; and it cannot but grind out are produced by such machinery at an increasing ratio, if the number to be issued is left wholly to the discretion of the Board; but even legal limitations of the number must be comparatively impotent, if the discretionary power of the Board is free to determine by whom the legally limited number of licenses are to be obtained. The difficulty of the licensing Board in carrying out the law will be understood by imagining a case such as must often arise. Mr. Oldrye has leased the shop at No. 10 Wassail street with the intention of opening a drinking saloon there; for a similar purpose Mr. Lagerbeer has purchased the adjoining shop at No. 12; while Messrs. Burgundy and Hock have erected the magnificent premises at No. 11, opposite, with the view of likewise making provision to satisfy the thirst of the community. They all apply to the licensing Board; they all fulfil the requirements of the law; they are all equally respectable. On what principle of justice is the Board to decide between their respective claims? And can we wonder that, under the pressure of such conflicting interests, legal restrictions should be torn to shreds; and that all applications, possessing equal claims, should be granted?

Now, it is here submitted as a question worthy of consideration, whether the law could not be framed to carry out its own restrictions, without the intervention of any Commissioners endowed with discretionary powers. So far from such intervention being indispensable, the law could be made to work more efficiently and less expensively by virtue of its own provisions; and the following sketch is intended to indicate the main features of a measure, which requires no co-operation from any agent.

The first requisite of such a measure would be an unalterable limitation of the number of licenses to be issued. It is not necessary here to define the principle of such a limitation. The number might be determined by some proportion to the population, or by some relation to the area within which the licenses were granted, or by some other consideration. Only let the principle of limitation be clearly intelligible, so as to leave no room for misinterpretations by which the restrictive intentions of the law might be defeated.

Having unmistakably defined the number of licenses to be issued, the proposed enactment should then make provision for determining the persons by whom the licenses are to be held. This it might do in a very simple manner. It might provide that each license should be offered by public auction to the highest bidder. Observe the advantages of such a plan. Waiving altogether the consideration of the funds which might thus be brought into the public purse,—though these would undoubtedly be far in excess of the nominal fees at present exacted—we can easily discover other recommendations of the scheme which render it immeasurably superior to any system that is hampered by the discretionary powers of a licensing Board. A few of the most prominent recommendations of the scheme may be pointed out.

In the first place, it is obvious that the plan of offering licenses to the highest bidders would dispense with the assistance of any special commissioner or commissioners. The simple arrangements for the auction of the licenses could all be made by one of the permanent officials in each municipality, such as a City Clerk; while his fees, as well as all other charges of the auction, could be paid out of the sums obtained from the successful competitors for licenses. An additional recommendation of this plan is that the licenses would

be distributed with the most strictly impartial fairness—a fairness which can never be reached as long as the distribution is intrusted to the discretion of a licensing Board.

It may be anticipated that, under such a system as has been sketched, a larger amount of capital would be required, than is implied at present, for obtaining and using a license. From this various benefits would probably be derived. The interests involved in the investment of so much capital could not afford to wink at illicit trading, and would therefore lead to the employment of an efficient detective agency, by which that unfortunate accompaniment of restrictive legislation might be held in check. In all probability moreover, the amount of capital required would throw the legitimate trade into the hands of a more respectable class of men,—a class who would feel that they had a certain character at stake in preserving the traffic from its grosser abuses, and in generally carrying out the requirements of the law. Such a class of men would also be more likely to save the trade from one of its most serious evils,—the circulation of adulterated liquors. There can be no doubt that much of the physical suffering, as well as of the mental and moral ruin, which results from intemperance, may be traced, not merely to the excessive use of alcohol, but to the fact that many of the liquors, professing to be purely alcoholic, are drugged with cheaper poisons of terrific power in shattering nerves and maddening brains. It has, in fact, been seriously proposed to introduce free trade in intoxicating liquors, with a provision enjoining the forfeiture of all liquors found to be adulterated; and the opinion has been maintained that such a provision would be one of the most effectual remedies for drunkenness. At all events, in addition to any general law against the adulteration of food, it might be advisable to provide in the License Act, for the professional inspection of intoxicating liquors, and the unreserved destruction of every stock drugged with the diabolical poisons with which such liquors are too frequently adulterated.

In conclusion I venture to suggest that the law might be so framed as to give social reformers various opportunities for making it subservient to the promotion of temperance. It might, for example, be allowable for Total Abstinence Societies to buy up licenses at public auction and open Temperance Restaurants instead of drinking saloons. I should not, indeed, recommend such a course; for it might originate such violent opposition as would defeat its objects, and it might encourage an illicit traffic, which would lead to more drunkenness than the legal trade. But there is no reason why some features of the Gothenburg system might not be combined with the scheme proposed. Societies might be formed for the purchase of the licenses offered at auction, to see that they were put into the hands of proper persons, and that every encouragement was offered to the community to use beverages of an un-intoxicating character, and to avoid at least the excessive use of alcoholic liquors. But it is impossible to enter here into the details of such a system. These are unessential features of the main scheme which is here proposed; and a great point will be gained if, in any amendment of our license laws, the fundamental principle of that scheme receives practical recognition.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

TEMPTATION AND LIFE.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."—MATT. IV., 1. "And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—MATT. XXVI., 39.

These two passages mark two great and decisive epochs in the life of Jesus Christ; one the period of his emergence from the obscurity and toil of village life at Nazareth and the beginning of his marvellous ministry; the other the close of that ministry and the final struggle with sin and death. Once before, the thought and purpose in him broke out in startling evidences of a super-human wisdom. It was at the time of an annual pilgrimage to the holy city of Jerusalem, when the child of just twelve years turned from the sunny street and social party to the quiet courts of the Temple where some Hebrew sage was reading from an ancient book the inspiring word of prophecy, and telling of how the great God had wrought miracles on their behalf, at sound of which things the child propounds most startling questions. It was a prophecy of the future, a prophecy which no doctor in the Temple could read or find the meaning of; it was the first breaking out of that original nature into self-luminous power; it was the light of God kindled within and flashing through the human veil. From that time nearly twenty years pass,—calm, quite uneventful years to the outward seeming. He lives the simple life of a villager, toiling as an artizan, pacing daily the common track of custom. Then again, there is a great outbreak of the nature—this time not of the child, but of the man—an outbreak that will not be repressed. At first it was a meteor's flash—sudden, startling—telling of fire somewhere. Now the sun has mounted the heavens, and will climb higher and higher, shining down upon earth and all men. But, between Nazareth and the preacher's office and work—the work of giving the world a true thought of God, and a true, immortal sentiment of love—there lies the wilderness, peopled with misshapen devils which must be conquered each and all. He passes through the place of trial, having crushed the foe, and in town and city and village preaches the word of healing and life. After three years more the crisis comes—the trial long impending—the judgment hall—the scoffing crowd—the dark-browed priests—the crown of twisted thorn—the cross of crucifixion—darkness—death. But, between the work of teaching and the work of Redemption—between the word spoken and the life given there lay Gethsemane, where the death cloud hung, a dark and brooding mass, and where the whole man rose up in prayer for escape, and crying out his agony, as if a whole world had been wounded and rent the calm night air with its cries. Why the wilderness? and why the garden? Have they a meaning and a teaching? I think so. The way to the office and the work led first to Jordan, and then straight through that grim wilderness, because self-conquest is the true preparation for high office and great work. Look at this matter a little.

Temptation—what is it? We have got to use the word in a loose and

thoughtless way—a vague and indefinite way. When we think about it we mean that some attack is made upon our moral nature, some attempt at fascination or deception or overpowering. It may come from without—it may arise from within—it may be both at the same time. Some power has put forth an effort to make us do wrong; and that is right so far as it goes, but it does not give the full meaning. A man may be tempted to good as well as to bad. An influence from without, a passion from within may lead him to do right. Men are tempted upward as well as downward. The words in our English version of the New Testament temptation and trial are from the same original word, and the only shade of difference that can be given them must be gathered from the context, not from the word itself. The best word to express the primary meaning of what we have called temptation or trial, I think is *test*. Something is done to put the character to the proof. God declared that for forty years He was tempted by Israel in the wilderness; that is, by their complaining and unbelief they had *tested* the divine love and forbearance. Character is only known by testing. A man may be called honest when he has had occasion, in himself or circumstance, and opportunity for stealing, but would not. He may be called virtuous when he has held to virtue when vice appeared more pleasant and more profitable. God has sown the world with tests—with temptations down and up. They might be removed—all drawings to evil—to avarice—to pride—to lying—to cheating—to drunkenness—to debauchery, and what then? A world of saintly men and women—great manhood—great and shining womanhood—all human life made luminous? No; only a world of children; that's all. Innocence, not holiness. Beauty, but not glory. That or this is a temptation to a boy: he is drawn by it—fascinated by it—to wrong. What will you do? Remove the thing out of his way that he shall see it no more? If you are foolish and want to get rid of a difficulty you will, and will leave him weak by your action for years, if not for life—an easy victim to the next evil that may come in his way. But if you are wise and patient you will teach him to master himself until the thing has ceased to fascinate him. It's a poor honesty that can only be maintained by removing all chance to be other; and a poor everything else from the first to the last in the catalogue of virtues. If in any way you could go through the world removing all things that can tempt men to evil, you would undo the work of creation and get back to chaos and no life. Human life in its lowest and most barbarous forms has few temptations; as it rises, develops, brings out the image of God in clear shining, temptations thicken and crowd in his lot, until you reach the highest man, Christ, and He was tempted as no other. Resistance is one of the cardinal virtues, without which no character can be complete. God wants us to advance from childhood to manhood; He wants to gather men and women home, who have stood against temptations and that way got strong—have fought great battles and that way gained great victories. He does not remove a single temptation. His plan is to give the tempted, moral strength and mastering grace.

The wilderness was in Christ's way. Through dark days, visions of all that could allure and betray the soul of man passed before him, the demand that he should use his higher powers to satisfy his lower wants, the appeal to the appetites, the suggestion that he might at once command the attention and worship of the people by the doing of some miracle, the appeal to his highest consciousness of superhuman power, to his very zeal for his mission on earth, and then, floated before him, as in a vast panorama, the world with its pomp and parade of power, its shining crowns and firm based thrones, its gold and silver and far-shining glory, and the shortest way to the kingship of all opened up. No need for a cross and centuries of shame. No need for the patient waiting, the pain of hope deferred. Work as I would have thee, preach my words, and not those of high heaven, and thou shalt find a short cut to universal possession. But, the man was more than the devil. The Right mastered the wrong. The fire leaps on the gold. What does it matter? Nothing—nothing—only, as all is not gold that glitters, you are sure that this is *gold*, it is gold—it has gone through the fire.

Is it difficult to recognize in this the history of every faithful soul. When we have entered into solemn league and covenant with duty, formed the high resolve to be good and do God's work for men, there comes upon us this period of testing and of mighty trial. The old evils smile upon us and stretch out hands of pleading and call upon us. And they must be faced and fought and mastered. By conquest over self, won by passing through sore and dark temptations, we are fitted to emerge into the light and the place of earnest duty. Then we have this glorious equipment, we have conquered in ourselves the weakness and the ills with which we war in others. We have faith, born of actual experience, that God can conquer evil. Then comes a time to men when a sense of high calling and responsibility starts up in them, a feeling that life was not given to be wasted, nor gifts to be abused—then, an infinite desire to do for self and men and God—then the knowledge that life was made to enlarge to the scale of eternity, and through the damp and shadowy chambers of the soul a call goes ringing to put away this ease and sleep and self-indulgence, to reach by faith in Christ into the mind and heart of God, and do, if not mightily, then worthily and well. And the time of testing comes—the wilderness, and the hunger, and the devil, and oh, the thing is horrible—a lonely place, and bleak as an Eastern desert, where we have to learn, as a lesson for all life, that man cannot live by bread alone, that he must descend from the lofty pinnacle of his pride to the place of men's passion and want and woe, that he must not reverence wealth, or splendid wrong, or other things of earth and time, but only God and Right—then, he will have conquered self; will have laid his finger upon the springs of his own life, the angels of God are his helpers, and the world waiting for his word and work. Don't abolish that wilderness, don't shirk that fierce encounter, don't go leagues around to escape a foe, your true work, your true place, your true manhood lie that way—go.

Gethsemane, too, stands forth with its practical lesson for life. The wilderness was the preparation for the Teacher's office, the garden saw the conflict which prepared for the judgment hall and the cross. Have you never marvelled at the calm majesty with which He moved amid all the wild tumult of the people? How unlike the disciples? They were filled with terror, He with peace. And the reason for the difference; they had slept, had not watched and prayed, and so got ready for the testing. He had prayed and wrestled and conquered

Himself, and so, the world. At the moment when the tramp of armed men was heard upon the bridge of Kedron, and the torches as they passed flashed upon the rolling waters, He was prostrate on the ground teaching His will to bow itself down to high heaven, and when later on the low hum of many voices broke the silence of the night, and woke the echoes of the garden, when the torchlight gleamed through the trees, He was bending over James and John and Peter breathing out his deep desire that sleep might hold them in its kindly arms and save them from the coming trial. You know how calm He was, how majestic the rebuke that holy men, bearded Rabbi's and vested priests should send a band of armed ruffians by night to do an act of public justice. In the judgment hall, surrounded by angry priests and sinners swearing falsely, He was still unruffled. On the dark way to Calvary He had thought for the weeping women. On the cross He put up that prayer of mercy that shook heaven and earth:—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." So Christ did not shun the temptation or the testing, did not ask to have them put away, but met them, and conquered them. The moral victory for the world was preceded by the moral conquest of Himself. He grew as all other men must grow, as only all men can grow, by passing from stage to stage of inward strife. First the trial and triumph in the desert, and then the greater trial and grander triumph in the garden, when all the man bowed down to love and God.

It is so with us all. The greater moral victories are preceded by greater inward struggles. We wonder sometimes that temptations should so thickly and continuously line the ways of life. It came yesterday, we fought it down, and sang our song, thinking we had done. It is here again to-day. The clouds gathered a few hours ago and broke in thunder and lightning and torrents of rain. It passed, now for some peace and rest, no, see there, the clouds have risen above the horizon and are climbing up the sky, and another storm is at hand. What will you do? Cry against the gathering clouds, and pray down the storm? no, don't do that, it is better that the storms should come and that you should meet them. The work to be done is not there, but here, in your own mind and heart, giving strength, you must fight unto the end, every morning will light you to some fresh battlefield, and well for you if every evening sets upon some slain desire, some conquered foe. Ah, I know how hard it is, you fought well and bravely, in the desert and hoped the end had come. But no. This world is grandly built in wisdom and in love, it is sown with trials, spotted all over with temptations that men may learn to grow strong, you turned from the hot and thronged and dusty ways of life to cross the field or climb the hill or plunged into the deep mysterious shadows of the woods, but you couldn't escape temptation. It came in the form of ambitious dream, or rush of wild desire. Nor yet have you done. Gethsemane lies there dark before you, your place of final cry and struggle. Having by the grace of God conquered every sin in you, there by the same grace shall you conquer every trembling weakness and shrinking of the flesh. For you, like the great Captain of our salvation must be made perfect through suffering. But the struggle by night will bring the calmness of the morning, the hour of exceeding bitterness will bring in the day of conquering strength, the prayer for deliverance will call down the power of endurance and angel thoughts of comfort.

One word more. This right use of temptation, the real self conquest can only be made by this two sided apprehension. First of our relation to things of time and sense. They are useful, they are needful. But either of them, all of them may become a source of evil. To get bread is an imperative but *how* to get it is where the trial comes in. Watch that, man must have bread, and more, truth and justice, do not legislate for the bread, but for *yourself*.

And then, there must be a right apprehension of the relation we sustain to God. "O my Father," was the plaintive, trustful cry. God was not an enemy, a fierce, implacable Almightiness, a being to be propitiated, a Herod or a Nero with no limit to his power. He was Father, with a heart to love and a hand to help always. And with answering love that had no fear, a faith that knew no wavering he sent the quick sharp cry piercing the calm night: "if it be possible let this cup pass from me." How can we win conquests until like Christ we have learnt to cry to the heavens, "my Father." If He is less to me than that I cannot turn to Him when the crisis of life has come, I must have a father's heart.

Here is the teaching then, for yourself and for all others who would save the soul, there is the wilderness and its testing. Every part and every passion will be fiercely tried. It is well, manhood is made of positive virtues, not of mere negations. The desert trial is the preparation for the great work of life. And the preparation for the desert trial is the baptism in Jordan. Not the force of laws or customs, or social order, but God in the heart and mind, a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then there is strength, assurance of victory. And when the clouds have gathered, and the blue lightning is beginning to play round the fingers and you feel that the crisis of life has come, a time when to stand is to stand for ever, the preparation is in this—"O my Father, not my will, but thine be done"—for here you have conquered yourself, you have conquered the world, you have taken heaven by force. The true life gathers strength by conflict, it passes through dark and bitter times as a ray of sunlight pierces the heavy gloom and cloud. The pagan poet tells a story of the fountain, Arethusa which for many a league ran through the salt and bitter sea, from Peloponnesus all the way to Trinicia, and then came up pure sweet and sparkling water, spreading greenness and beauty in the wide valley of Ortygia. Even so your life shall be, if true and faithful—passing through the trial of wealth or poverty, fame or shame, through desert places dark and drear and coming forth a star to shine for ever in the firmament above.

A. J. BRAY.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Our ancestors, up to the Conquest, were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply. It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricultural persons in the Commons, crying out "Ancestors, Ancestors! *hoare non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us!"—Any cover for nonsense—any veil for trash—any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty!—*Sydney Smith*.

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and heartily, too, at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and, on the other hand, it would betray a sorry want of faith to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men, I believe, are much worth loving in whom there is not something well worth laughing at.—*Julius Hare*.

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

II.

(Continued from Page 27.)

But though we do not presume to apologise for death, it is easy to see that many of the greatest moral and intellectual results of life are only possible, can only begin, when the claims of the animal life are satisfied; when the stormy, complex, and chequered career is over, and the higher tops of the intellectual or moral nature alone stand forth in the distance of time. What was the blind old harper of Scio to his contemporaries, or the querulous refugee from Florence, or even the boon-companion and retired playwright of Stratford, or the blind and stern old malignant of Bunhill Fields? The true work of Socrates and his life only began with his resplendent death, to say nothing of yet greater religious teachers, whose names I refrain from citing; and as to those whose lives have been cast in conflicts—the Cæsars, the Alfreds, the Hildebrands, the Cromwells, the Fredericks—it is only after death, oftenest in ages after death, that they cease to be combatants, and become creators. It is not merely that they are only recognised in after-ages; the truth is, that their activity only begins when the surging of passion and sense ends, and turmoil dies away. Great intellects and great characters are necessarily in advance of their age; the care of the father and the mother begins to tell most truly in the ripe manhood of their children, when the parents are often in the grave, and not in the infancy which they see and are confronted with. The great must always feel with Kepler,—'It is enough as yet if I have a hearer now and then in a century.' John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching along.

We can trace this truth best in the case of great men; but it is not confined to the great. Not a single act of thought or character ends with itself. Nay, more; not a single nature in its entirety but leaves its influence for good or for evil. As a fact the good prevail; but all act, all continue to act indefinitely, often in ever-widening circles. Physicists amuse us by tracing for us the infinite fortunes of some wave set in motion by force, its circles and its re-percussions perpetually transmitted in new complications. But the career of a single intellect and character is a far more real force when it meets with suitable intellects and characters into whose action it is incorporated. Every life more or less forms another life, and lives in another life. Civilisation, nation, city, imply this fact. There is neither mysticism nor hyperbole, but simple observation in the belief, that the career of every human being in society does not end with the death of its body. In some sort its higher activities and potency can only begin truly when change is no longer possible for it. The worthy gain in influence and in range at each generation, just as the founders of some populous race gain a greater fatherhood at each succeeding growth of their descendants. And in some infinitesimal degree, the humblest life that ever turned a sod sends a wave—no, more than a wave, a life—through the ever-growing harmony of human society. Not a soldier died at Marathon or Salamis, but did a stroke by which our thought is enlarged and our standard of duty formed to this day.

Be it remembered that this is not hypothesis, but something perfectly real—we may fairly say undeniable. We are not inventing an imaginary world, and saying it must be real because it is so pleasant to think of; we are only repeating truths on which our notion of history and society is based. The idea, no doubt, is usually limited to the famous, and to the great revolutions in civilisation. But no one who thinks it out carefully can deny that it is true of every human being in society in some lesser degree. The idea has not been, or is no longer, systematically enforced, invested with poetry and dignity, and deepened by the solemnity of religion. But why is that? Because theological hypotheses of a new and heterogeneous existence have deadened our interest in the realities, the grandeur, and the perpetuity of our earthly life. In the best days of Rome, even without a theory of history or a science of society, it was a living faith, the true religion of that majestic race. It is the real sentiment of all societies where the theological hypothesis has disappeared. It is no doubt now in England the great motive of virtue and energy. There have been few seasons in the world's history when the sense of moral responsibility and moral survival after death was more exalted and more vigorous than with the companions of Vergniaud and Danton, to whom the dreams of theology were hardly intelligible. As we read the calm and humane words of Condorcet on the very edge of his yawning grave, we learn how the conviction of posthumous activity (not of posthumous fame), how the consciousness of a coming incorporation with the glorious future of his race, can give a patience and a happiness equal to that of any martyr of theology.

It would be an endless inquiry to trace the means whereby this sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows can be extended to the mass, as it certainly effects already the thoughtful and the refined. Without an education, a new social opinion, without a religion—I mean an organised religion, not a vague metaphysic—it is doubtless impossible that it should become universal and capable of overcoming selfishness. But make it at once the basis of philosophy, the standard of right and wrong, and the centre of a religion, and this will prove, perhaps, an easier task than that of teaching ceaseless psalmody in an immaterial heaven. The astonishing feat was performed; and, perhaps, it may be easier to fashion a new public opinion, requiring merely that an accepted truth of philosophy should be popularised, not take the suicidal course of trying to cast out the devil of selfishness by a direct appeal to the personal self.

It is here that the strength of the human future over the celestial future is so clearly pre-eminent. Make the future hope a social activity, and we give to the present life a social ideal. Make the future hope personal beatitude, and the future hope, in the truest sense, social, inasmuch as our future is simply an active existence prolonged by society. And our future hope rests not in any vague yearning, of which we have as little evidence as we have definite conception: it rests on a perfectly certain truth, accepted by all thoughtful minds, the truth that the actions, feelings, thoughts of every one of us—our minds, our characters, our *souls* as organic wholes—do marvellously influence and mould

each other; that the highest part of ourselves, the abiding part of us, passes into other lives and continues to live in other lives. Can we conceive a more potent stimulus to rectitude, to daily and hourly striving after a true life, than this ever-present sense that we are indeed immortal; not that we have an immortal something within us, but that in very truth we ourselves, our thinking, feeling, acting personalities, are immortal; nay, cannot die, but must ever continue what we make them, working and doing, if no longer receiving and enjoying? And not merely we ourselves, in our personal identity, are immortal, but each act, thought, and feeling is immortal; and this immortality is not some ecstatic and indescribable condition in space, but activity on earth in the real and known work of life, in the welfare of those whom we have loved, and in the happiness of those who come after us.

And can it be difficult to idealise and give currency to a faith, which is a certain and undisputed fact of common sense as well as of philosophy? As we *live for others* in life, so we *live in others* after death, as others have lived in us, and all for the common race. How deeply does such a belief as this bring home to each moment of life the mysterious perpetuity of ourselves! For good, for evil, we cannot die; we cannot shake ourselves free from this eternity of our faculties. There is here no promise, it is true, of eternal sensations, enjoyments, meditations. There is no promise, be it plainly said, of anything but an immortality of influence, of spiritual work, of glorified activity. We cannot even say that we shall continue to love; but we know that we shall be loved. It may well be that we shall consciously know no hope ourselves; but we shall inspire hopes. It may be that we shall not think; but others will think our thoughts, and enshrine our minds. If no sympathies shall thrill along our nerves, we shall be the spring of sympathy in distant generations; and that, though we be the humblest, and the least of all the soldiers in the human host, the least celebrated and the worst remembered. For our lives live when we are most forgotten; and not a cup of water that we may have given to an unknown sufferer, or a wise word spoken in season to a child, but has added (whether we remember it, whether others remember it or not) a streak of happiness and strength to the world. Our earthly frames, like the grain of wheat, may be laid in the earth—and this image of our great spiritual Master is more fit for the social than for the celestial future—but the grain shall bear spiritual fruit, and multiply in kindred natures and in other selves.

It is a merely verbal question if this be the life of the Soul when the Soul means the sum of the activities, or if there be any immortality where there is no consciousness. It is enough for us that we can trust to a real prolongation of our highest activity in the sensible lives of others, even though our own forces can gain nothing new, and are not reflected in a sensitive body. We do not get rid of Death, but we transfigure Death. Does any religion profess to do more? It is enough for any creed that it can teach *non omnis moriar*; it would be gross extravagance to say *omnis non moriar*, no part of me shall die. Death is the one inevitable law of Life. The business of religion is to show us what are its compensations. The spiritualist orthodoxy, like every other creed, is willing to allow that death robs us of a great deal, that very much of us does die; nay, it teaches that this dies utterly, for ever, leaving no trace but dust. And thus the spiritualist orthodoxy exaggerates death, and adds a fresh terror to its power. We, on the contrary, would seek to show that much of us, and that the best of us, does not die, or at least does not end. And the difference between our faith and that of the orthodox is this: we look to the permanence of the activities which give others happiness; they look to the permanence of the consciousness which can enjoy happiness. Which is the nobler?

What need we then to promise or to hope more than an eternity of spiritual influence? Yet, after all, 'tis no question as to what kind of eternity man would prefer to select. We have no evidence that he has any choice before him. If we were creating a universe of our own and a human race on an ideal mould, it might be rational to discuss what kind of eternity was the most desirable, and it might then become a question if we should not begin by eliminating death. But as we are, with death in the world, and man as we know him submitting to the fatality of his nature, the rational inquiry is this—how best to order his life, and to use the eternity that he has. And an immortality of prolonged activity on earth he has as certainly as he has civilisation, or progress, or society. And the wise man in the evening of life may be well content to say: 'I have worked and thought, and have been conscious in the flesh; I have done with the flesh, and therewith with the toil of thought and the troubles of sensation; I am ready to pass into the spiritual community of human souls, and when this man's flesh wastes away from me, may I be found worthy to become part of the influence of humanity itself, and so

Join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

That the doctrine of the celestial future appeals to the essence of self appears very strongly in its special rebuke to the doctrine of the social future. It repeats, 'We agree with all you say about the prolonged activity of man after death, we see of course that the solid achievements of life are carried on, and we grant you that it signifies nothing to those who profit by his work that the man no longer breathes in the flesh: but what is all that to the man, to you, and to me? we shall not *feel* our work, we shall not have the indescribable satisfaction which our souls now have in living, in effecting our work, and profiting by others. What is the good of mankind to me, when I am mouldering unconscious?' This is the true materialism; here is the physical theory of another life; this is the unspiritual denial of the soul, the binding it down to the clay of the body. We say, 'All that is great in you shall not end, but carry on its activity perpetually and in a purer way,' and you reply, 'What care I for what is great in me, and its possible work in this vale of tears; I want to feel life, I want to enjoy, I want my personality,'—in other words, 'I want my senses, I want my body.' Keep your body and keep your senses in any way that you know. We can only wonder and say, with Frederic to his runaway soldiers, 'Wollt ihr immer leben?' But we, who know that a higher form of activity is only to be reached by a subjective life in society, will continue to regard a perpetuity of sensation as the true Hell, for we feel that the perpetual worth of our lives is the one thing precious to care for, and not a vacuous eternity of consciousness.

It is not merely that this eternity of the tabor is so gross, so sensual, so indolent, so selfish a creed; but its worst evil is that it paralyses practical life,

and throws it into discord. A life of vanity in a vale of tears to be followed by an infinity of celestial rapture, is necessarily a life which is of infinitesimal importance. The incongruity of the attempts to connect the two, and to make the vale of tears the ante-chamber or the judgment-dock of heaven, grows greater and not less as ages roll on. The more we think and learn, and the higher rises our social philosophy and our insight into human destiny, the more the reality and importance of the social future impresses us, whilst the fancy of the celestial future grows unreal and incongruous. As we get to know what thinking means, and feeling means, and the more truly we understand what life means, the more completely do the promises of the celestial transcendentalism fail to interest us. We have come to see that to continue to live is to carry on a series of correlated sensations, and to set in motion a series of corresponding forces; to think is to marshal a set of observed perceptions with a view to certain observed phenomena; to feel implies something of which we have a real assurance affecting our own consensus within. The whole set of positive thoughts compels us to believe that it is an infinite apathy to which your heaven would consign us, without objects, without relations, without change, without growth, without action, an absolute nothingness, a *nirvana* of impotence,—this is not life; it is not consciousness; it is not happiness. So far as we can grasp the hypothesis, it seems equally ludicrous and repulsive. You may call it paradise; but we call it conscious annihilation. You may long for it, if you have been so taught; just as if you had been taught to cherish such hopes, you might be now yearning for the moment when you might become the immaterial principle of a comet, or as you might tell me, that you really were the ether, and were about to take your place in Space. This is how these sublimities affect us. But we know that to many this future is one of spiritual development, a life of growth and continual upsoaring of still higher affection. It may be so; but to our mind these are contradictions in terms. We cannot understand what life and affection can mean, where you postulate the absence of every condition by which life and affection are possible. Can there be development where there is no law, thought or affection where object and subject are confused into one essence? How can that be existence, where everything of which we have experience, and everything which we can define, is presumed to be unable to enter? To us these things are all incoherences; and in the midst of practical realities and the solid duties of life, sheer impertinences. The field is full; each human life has a perfectly real and a vast future to look forward to; these hyperbolic enigmas disturb our grave duties and our solid hopes. No wonder, then, whilst they are still so rife, that men are dull to the moral responsibility which, in its awfulness, begins only at the grave; that they are so little influenced by the futurity which will judge them; that they are blind to the dignity and beauty of death, and shuffle off the dead life and the dead body with such cruel disrespect. The fumes of the celestial immortality still confuse them. It is only when an earthly future is the fulfilment of a worthy earthly life, that we can see all the majesty as well as the glory of the world beyond the grave; and then only will it fulfil its moral and religious purpose as the great guide of human conduct.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

—:O:—

CHAPTER III.

"DOMINICK'S CURE."

The Clerk to the Union lodged in a house in a small, quiet street, which branched off from the main street of Narraghmore. His rooms were on the second floor; the first was used as a bookseller's and stationer's shop by an individual who did not do a roaring trade by any means, and whose temper had been much soured by the introduction of the Circulating Library system, and the necessity he had been under to adopt it. He had yielded, but in as restricted a degree as possible, and the "circulating side" of the shop was calculated to disappoint visitors a good deal. It had its attractions, however, in a small way, as a centre of gossip: women met each other beside the book counter who never met each other anywhere else, and it afforded a slight but welcome interruption to the deadly dullness of female life in a place which had plenty of resources for men: but, like most Irish towns, supplied nothing but church or chapel-going to women. Dominick Daly was busy writing in his sitting-room one day at the end of May, his table was crowded with official papers, and he was pulling up some arrears of business. He looked tired and troubled, and once or twice he left off writing, took a letter from his breast-pocket, read it, and replaced it. At length he laid aside the official papers, and said half aloud—

"There will be time to send it to-night."

"It" was a letter. He began to write it, slowly, thinking much, laying down his pen often, and leaning his head on his hands, gazed at the words he had written, but as though his thoughts were far away. Presently he took from the lower part of his desk a small parcel, done up in white paper, with the neatness of a chemist's making-up, but without any label, and folded round it the sheet on which he had, after all his thoughts, written only a few lines. He was about to place the packet in an envelope when a knock at the door interrupted him. He paused, and said "Come in." His visitor was Katharine Farrell.

"Katharine!" he exclaimed, rising, and while his face flushed at the sight of her, with visible embarrassment in his manner.

"Yes," she said, "I came to look for you. There's sickness at the Bellews, and I'm not to go. You don't seem to want me much."

"You know I always want you; only—"

"Only you're afraid of the tongues about the place. Never mind, let them prate. I'm going next week. I slipped through the shop below, and nobody saw me. Are you ready? Can you come out?"

She had not taken a seat, and he had not resumed his. She was looking about with the curiosity a woman always feels in the surroundings and belongings of the man she loves.

"I can, in a minute or two. I must finish a letter."

Another knock. A man who wished to speak to Mr. Daly. "He can't come in here," said Daly, hurriedly, to Katharine; "I'll be back in a few minutes. Left alone in her lover's room, Katharine's eyes fell on his desk. The packet wrapped up in the letter he had just written lay upon it, also an envelope on which was a name, "Mrs. Daly."

Katharine's face flushed deeply, as she saw the words, "Mrs. Daly;" she muttered, "Ah, that will be my name some day. When—when? What people are left in the world, no good to themselves or others, but to stand in their way! I'd like to see what he finds to say to her."

After a moment's hesitation, Katharine slipped the packet out of the paper, and taking the seat Daly had vacated, she read her lover's letter to his sick and suffering wife; read it with eager eyes, and set lips, and a gradual fading out of every gleam of colour from her cheeks. Then she sat, holding the paper away from her perfectly still and white. There was no step on the stairs; Daly was detained longer than he had expected; she rose, opened the door, and looked along the passage and over the stairs. All was still, and she resumed her seat.

Five minutes afterwards, Daly returned, and they went out together, both passing through the shop. Daly dropped his letter into the box at the post-office as they passed it, on their way to the wide shady road which led towards the canal bank. This would be almost their last walk, and the knowledge, with all its pain, was a relief to Dominick Daly. The solicitude, which Katharine did not feel for herself, he felt for her; and he shrank instinctively from the recklessness which characterized her, while he felt to the utmost how entirely and passionately she loved him. Father John O'Connor had been as good as his word; he had obtained another post for Miss Farrell, at a greater distance than Athboyle from Narraghmore, and she was to leave the latter place within a week. None too soon, for though the ladies who visited the school, and patronized the handsome and clever young schoolmistress, heard nothing of the matter, public opinion in her own class was not favourable to Katharine Farrell.

This was very near their farewell hour, and the spirits of both were naturally depressed. This time it was Daly who spoke of the future, and dwelt upon the happiness that it might bring to them; this time it was Katharine who seemed disinclined to pursue the topic. He had heard from Mrs. Cronin, Daly told her, that his wife was considerably worse, and that she was very irritable and hard to manage, insisting upon it that there were "cures" to be had if anyone would try to get them for her, and bitterly angry that Dominick had not attended to her latest request of this kind.

"There's nothing I could do I haven't done," said Daly; "but Mrs. Cronin begged so hard I would send her something new just to keep her quiet. I sent her some powders, there's nothing in them but soda, and they can't do her any harm; nothing will do her good or harm now."

Katharine said nothing of the satisfaction which such an account of Daly's wife must have inspired in her; she only leaned close and heavily upon his arm, and an uncertain smile passed over her colourless face. The man's heart was full of various feelings, and he gave expression to them with more than usual ease—for Daly was not generally free of speech—but the woman's mind was seemingly concentrated upon the parting that was near, and filled with an intensity of anger against the priest who had "beaten her," as she said between her teeth, low and fiercely. It was not until Daly was on the point of leaving her that Katharine burst into one of the fits of passionate tenderness which irradiated her beauty, and made her more than human in her lover's eyes.

"You will not forget me, for one moment, when I am gone," she said; "you will think of me always, and feel every minute long that keeps you from me. But it won't be for long; it won't be for long."

"No, darling, there's something tells me it won't be for long."

Four days later, a scene of unusual excitement might have been witnessed at Grange's—excitement which grew stronger, and laid hold on a greater number of persons as the hours of the day wore on. Groups gathered on the pavement at the street corners, and there was a throng round the Court-house, where two of the local magistrates were sitting. Mr. Bellew, the chairman, and another member of the Board of Guardians, were seen to push through the crowd, and enter the Court-house with perturbed and anxious faces. Folks said that Dominick Daly was within there, in the awful character of a man charged with a capital offence! What was the nature of it? People did not seem to be agreed on that; hence the influx into Grange's. What was certain in the matter was, that two of the county constabulary had come into Narraghmore early in the day, and, after an interview with the sitting magistrate, had proceeded to arrest Dominick Daly at his lodgings, and that, very soon afterwards, and in some unexplained way, the awful word "murder" was bruited about. Little by little it came to be understood that the charge against the popular and generally-respected Clerk to the Union involved the blackest and most treacherous of crimes. His wife was the victim, the invalid wife, so much older than himself, who lived apart from him, up north-ways, in the mountain district, and was afflicted with the falling-sickness—a circumstance that had cleared Daly from the reproach which otherwise he would have incurred, in Ireland, a quarter of a century ago, by living apart from his wife. Could it be true? How did they say he had done it? The whole town had seen him, over and over again, during the last three days—how could this horrible thing be? Then was given a version of the crime which made it, if possible, still more treacherous, horrible, and cold-blooded—a version which caused the women who flocked to the circulating library side of Grange's shop to exclaim, with every variety of epithet, that no one could ever believe such a thing of Dominick Daly. This version set forth that he had conveyed the poison which had caused his wife's death, in a letter to her of a kind, even affectionate character. It was long since such a theme had offered itself to the newsmongers of Narraghmore.

It was remarkable that public opinion, or rather public feeling—as yet there was hardly material for the former—set much more strongly in Daly's favour among the higher than among the lower class of people. The former were inclined to scout the suspicion of such a crime against him with impatient scorn; the latter hesitated, and were pretty unanimous in canvassing a possible motive which the gentry could know nothing about, but which might have "put him beyond himself," even to the awful extent of murder. A whisper of this kind travels fast; and by the next day, wherever the story was told, Katharine Farrell's name was linked with Dominick Daly's in ominous conjunction—especially by the women, who were ready enough, and not without some sound sense in their readiness, to declare, that if he "did it," she had driven him to it. Didn't everybody know that she was always after him? Was it any secret that Father John O'Connor did not like the looks of it, and had his eye on the two of them this long time? Who but he was getting Miss Farrell quiet and easy out of the place, without raising a scandal? All this, and much more of similar import, modified the incredulity with which the story was received at Narraghmore.

That story, horrible as it was, had straightforward simplicity about it, and was narrated at the inquest, by Mrs. Cronin, the dead woman's friend and relative, with a plain directness that told terribly against Dominick Daly.

Mrs. Daly had been for a long time subject to very severe epileptic fits, for which she had been treated in the ordinary way by the parish doctor at Kilkenny. She had long lived apart from her husband, with her own consent, but he occasionally visited her. Whenever he did so, he behaved kindly to her, and she was undoubtedly attached to him. In reply to a question by the coroner, Mrs. Cronin stated that Mrs. Daly had repeatedly requested her husband to inquire about "cures" for her, and being pressed on this point, she added that it was the deceased woman's habit to make a similar appeal to every one, and that she would try all the remedies suggested, some of them of the silliest and most superstitious kind—and that for allowing her to do so, Mrs. Cronin herself had been censured by the doctor, so that of late Mrs. Daly had attempted to conceal from her that she had been trying experiments. This did not, however, apply to the remedies sent by Mr. Daly on former occasions, or to the medicine which her husband had enclosed in his last letter to the deceased woman. These had all passed through Mrs. Cronin's hands, and been administered by her. "She did not misdo anything that Mr. Daly would send," was her explanation of this breach of the doctor's orders; "he was a knowledgeable man." With fatal precision the death of Mrs. Daly was traced to the effect of the "cure" which had come to her in her husband's last letter.

"She cheered up greatly," said Mrs. Cronin, "when she got the letter. 'He hasn't forgot me, God bless him,' says she, 'and he hasn't gave me up, like Dr. Todd, that gives me just the one old thing. Make haste, Sally dear, and mix me a glassful of Dominick's cure. He says I may take it night and morning; but, with the blessing of God, I'll begin it this minute.' So I mixed the cure in a glass; it was a white powder, and I put a pretty big spoonful in it, for the poor creature thought she could never get it quick enough, or enough of it, and it was hard to mix; but she took it off as gay as could be; and then she says: 'I'll lie down on my bed a bit, before I answer his letter. Didn't I tell you, when he'd go about it in earnest, Dominick would find a cure for me?'"

These were practically her last words. A short time after she had swallowed the first dose of the "cure," she was seized with such symptoms as made Mrs. Cronin send for Dr. Todd, who immediately detected all the features of poisoning by arsenic. His evidence, and that of Mrs. Cronin, was complete and conclusive; and the *post-mortem* examination would doubtless confirm the doctor's opinion. The unfortunate woman had been speedily released from her sufferings, and the first question of the doctor had elicited such suspicious circumstances against her husband, that he had immediately communicated with the police, who applied for a warrant for Daly's arrest.

The inquest was adjourned for several days; and it said much for the suspected man that there was, at that distance from the place of his abode, a general knowledge of his good char-

acter, a general feeling that he had been "a good friend to the poor," and therefore must not be lightly suspected. But there was no levity in the suspicions which closed round Dominick Daly like a black cloud, and fairly shut him in, when the last letter he had written to his wife, and the remainder of the powder which Mrs. Cronin swore to as having been conveyed in that letter, were produced, and the powder having been analyzed, was found to contain arsenic.

The evidence forthcoming on the resumption of the inquest, subsequent to the analysis of the poor remains of the victim, was rendered additionally impressive by the fact that a fire had broken out in the laboratory at which the dreadful process of examination was conducted, and almost all its contents had been destroyed. But the sad fragments of mortality which were to reveal a crime and to bring a criminal to retributive justice, were saved by a ghastly accident. A fireman tossed a sealed jar out of a window in the blazing laboratory; it fell uninjured upon the grass, and there it was found, amid the ruins of two costly buildings, set on fire none could tell how—and made to deliver up the secret which it held.

The coroner's jury returned their verdict—"Wilful Murder" against Dominick Daly; the consequent formalities were speedily accomplished, and the accused man was committed to jail in the county town, Portmurrrough, to take his trial at the summer assizes.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BESSIE HARRINGTON'S VENTURE, by Julia A. Mathews. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (\$1.50.)

This is a book which if once begun will be read eagerly to the end. The story is told with much simplicity, and with real power. John Britton, the hero; is one of the many outcasts and pariahs of society, of whom there are sad enough specimens in all our large cities. His earliest recollection "was a dim remembrance of a certain night when he had crawled, before a sugar warehouse, and fallen comfortably asleep, after licking off, with a very small tongue, from the inner side of the staves, every crumb of sugar which yet adhered to them." When we are introduced to him at a later period he forms one of a group of roughs who have in one of the worst quarters of the City. John is about to be expelled; when a young lady herself undertakes the formidable task of teaching him and his associates. This is "Bessie Harrington's venture." The story of her success should be read by every Sunday-school teacher. All we can say here, is, that John Britton in after years becomes himself a sort of apostle to the vagabonds and outcasts among whom his early life was spent. There are passages of thrilling interest in the story; and yet no mere sensationalism. The scenes and characters bear the stamp of reality and life. John is perhaps too ideal in his self-renunciation and sacrifice, and the book closes with a success which in real life is not always achieved. But little book, and some will probably be induced to begin who never thought it possible before. The book is singularly destitute of "padding," no "moral remarks" of the author's hinder the progress of the plot, or occupy the closing pages; the moral is in the story itself.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.—No name series. Boston: Robertson Brothers, 1877.

This is a book of small merit, if any, thoroughly American in tone and sentiment—that is—the men pet and coddle the women, and the women pet and coddle themselves. All Europe, "I remember one evening in Florence," "Oh, we met last in Rome," &c., &c. These conversations take place mostly in Boston, so the ladies are all very good after a very worldly fashion. The young ladies have their "cooking class," where they "stay to lunch above all else, a "Bazaar," with material furnished just in time from Paris. There are plenty of actors in this silly drama. A Mrs. Sanders, who "belongs to societies and writes reports." A Mr. Sanders, a most obedient husband, only required to get money for his wife. A Mrs. Porter, who talks much and fast, and always in italics. Amid a host of others the heroine comes in, a Miss Fraser, and upon her drops quite suddenly "from a set of Rome days," and then come Dr. Thornton, who has been "up the Nile," and Henry Desknow how Boston ladies talk had better read "The Wolf at the Door." The title has little to do with the book. It is dragged into one of the conversations. The book should be called "Ducks and Geese in Council."

AN ARITHMETICAL PROPHECY.—I claim to have discovered a method of calculating the position in time of future important events,—something entirely new; and to have found the exact time of the Consummation or End, and all the chief prophetic dates, including the day of the Resurrection, as nearly as the war of the Resurrection of Christ is known.

I point to this year (1878 as the year of the Covenant with the Jews spoken of in the Book of Daniel, to Napoleon IV. as the emperor who "shall confirm the covenant;" and to the war in the East as preparing the way for the Covenant and gathering of Jews to Palestine. —Rev. xvi., 12-16. I point to the seventieth week of years (Dan. ix.) as beginning with August 1st, but possibly also as civil years on or about July 13th. From August 1st they are against Turkey—the preparing of Palestine for the Jews—is so near, the end of the war is probably near.

January 7th, 1878, (day 922 B. C.)

JOHN C. WILSON.

MR. GLADSTONE.—Mr. Sidebottom, M.P., speaking at Glossop, quoted the following opinion expressed by Mr. Gladstone in 1854:—"I apprehend that what we think to secure by the war is not the settlement of any question regarding the internal government of Turkey, as this will be a work for many years, but there is the danger of the absorption of the Turks by Russia, which will bring upon us greater evils than those which already exist. These are called upon to resist by all means in our power." These words were spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 6th of March, 1854, and, Mr. Sidebottom said it would be difficult to find language more applicable to the present moment, or which expressed the situation with more exactness or precision. A Sheffield Liberal forwarded the extract to Mr. Gladstone, asking him if he really did utter the sentences attributed to him, as they appeared to falsify his present position. Mr. Gladstone replied as follows:—"Sir,—I do not doubt I said, and it was quite true if I did, that the immediate object of the war in 1854 was to repel the aggression of Russia upon Turkey. Russia made a demand at that time which did concern the redress of the Christian grievances, but in the opinion of all Europe law; but with it were combined measures which were then believed to be realities, and to provide for the redress of grievances. Your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE. Dec. 11."

True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

Nine-tenths of the quarrels in this life would be averted if we would never take the doubt against charity. Never accept an insult. Men who go about looking for men to kick them are seldom disappointed. Men who accept only the best interpretation for men to kick them to have always the best acts to interpret.

OBIT.

On Friday, the 18th instant, at the residence of his brother, in Newburgh, Ont., JAMES HOPE, Esq., (formerly of Kingston,) father of Mrs. W. Geo. Beers, of Montreal.

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