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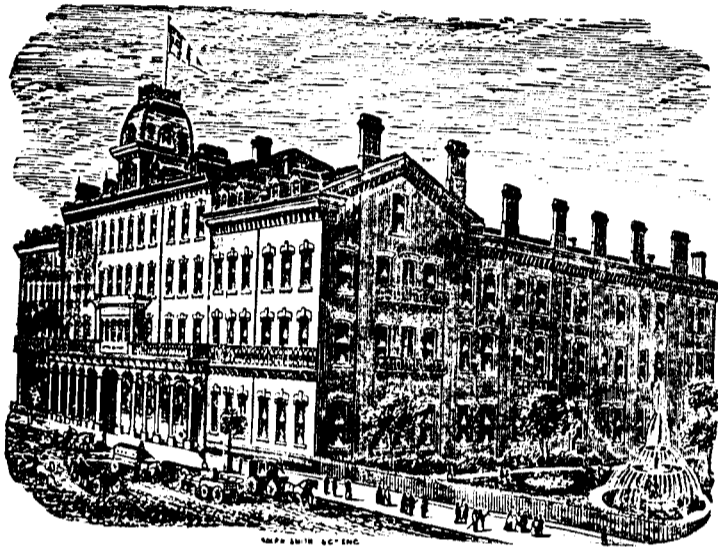
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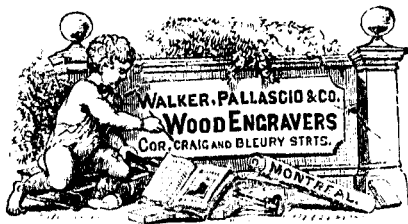
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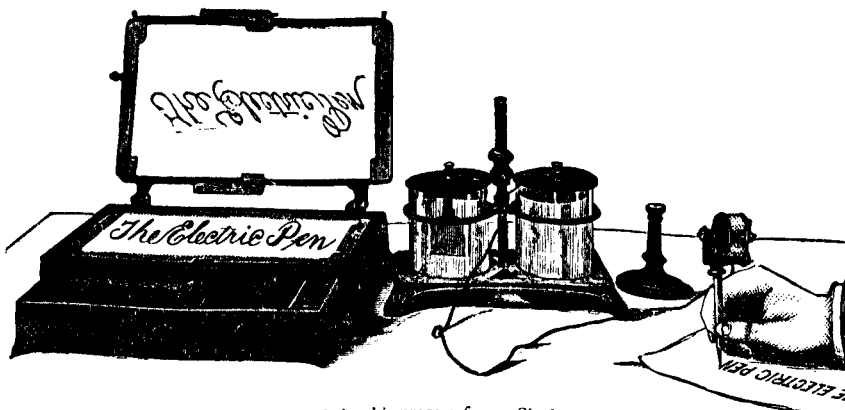
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THE TIMES.

The retirement of Mr. Blake from the Cabinet of the Dominion Parliament is nothing less than a calamity. All who feel concern for the country's good will regret that the state of his own health, and other matters, have made it necessary for him to resign his office. The Cabinet, the country, can ill-afford to lose his services. He is an eloquent speaker—a good debater—an educated and upright man. Too upright for the times and the place in which his lot has been cast. He was not at all fitted for the rough and reckless work that came to his hand. No wonder that he was at times bitter, for the mean shiftings of his own party gave to the attacks of the Opposition a double force. One-while he found himself called upon to meet the demand that O'Donoghue be amnestied by direct argument and refusal—all his party supporting him—and in a few months, when no change has occurred in the nature of the case, the Government compel him to take back his arguments and eat his own words, just to gain a few votes at an election. He was forced to see a pitiful attempt to shield the Speaker from the operation of law, and the probability of a complete condonement of his offence, by his re-election to the office he was compelled to vacate. Worried out of health and all patience he has given it up. The Liberals have no man to fill his place, and his retirement will not increase their claims to the confidence of the country.

The Budget Speech of the Finance Minister for the Province of Quebec was a decided success in its way, the best being made of a case not good to begin with. Treasurers find it difficult to deal with a deficit, particularly when it promises to grow greater each year. The new tax proposed to meet it is creating considerable excitement and opposition among the merchants of Montreal and Quebec. No tax will be popular with all parties—but this seems to fall so decidedly upon one class that opposition cannot be wondered at. The Treasurer said:—"I propose to put a duty of 25 cents upon each hundred dollars of the nominal value or amount of all contracts or agreements entered into for any purpose whatever, where the thing to be done or promised is of any appreciable value, including such transaction, which will be specially detailed in the resolutions which I propose to bring down; and 10 cents on all transfers of stock, deeds of sale, in fact transfers of any kind, obligations, &c. I will exempt certain contracts, such as bank notes, promissory notes, &c., and all other contracts where the value of the matter contracted for is less than two hundred dollars."

Upon the face of it this will make it worth the commercial man's while to leave the Province, for it must interfere with the introduction and spread of capital; bank and other investments will not be as easily negotiated, and the present profitable system of short loans will be abolished. The Province cannot afford to do this. Trade should be encouraged, and not hampered. The Government had better begin to learn that they are carrying out a self-destructive policy by thus legislating in favour of one section of the community.

Montreal has had its passion roused at last. It does right to be angry, we believe, in this matter of the railway. The Government of the Province have broken faith with Montreal, and worse. The Bout de l'Isle line was determined on, which would be of material advantage to Montreal; the city voted one million dollars for the railway on the strength of that determination. Now the route is to be changed, and Montreal must pay the money all the same. But the city in council, through its representatives, is saying the Government, no. Alderman Clendinneng spoke in no measured terms, and not a word was too strong. A large meeting of citizens condemned the policy of the Government by resolutions, and altogether a spirit of rebellion is abroad. Montreal must stand firm. Is there no appeal to the Dominion Government?

The debate in the British House of Commons on the Eastern question has been a surprise to everybody, probably, except the Earl of Beaconsfield, who believes in such things and prepares them carefully. When Parliament was summoned, at an unusually early date, the country boiled over with excitement. The war party and the war press roared with delight. The *Daily Telegraph* thundered and lightened, and rained and stormed, and cursed and prayed, all at the same time. Then came the Queen's speech asking for a supplementary vote, that war might be declared at any hour, and trade, depressed before, was paralyzed. That was nothing to the Turkophiles. They hated Russia; they loved the Turk like a brother; Mohammed was the patron saint. Hurrah! down with the Russians. But the debate has been a harmless thing. It was stated that at some point or other England must interfere, but that point was not described, except in a vague way, which might be interpreted to mean Constantinople, and there was a collapse, the Eastern question giving place to the Irish grievance. A period of waiting has been entered upon. The Ministers, nothing loathe, agreed to adjourn the debate.

European peace prospects are cheering. The war is suspended; Turkey is humble: England is cooling down, and not quite so furious; Germany is acting the part of a disinterested friend to all parties; and Austria has found that her interests are identical with those of Great Britain. The only danger lies in the temper of Russia. In the hour of triumph she may demand too much. Still it is difficult to see what demands on the part of Russia could affect Britain. The possession of Constantinople would be a white elephant for Russia. Austria will insist on the neutrality of the Danube—her commercial artery. The Suez Canal is not threatened, or likely to be; and any territory that the Czar may obtain in Asia will in no way help him to advance into India. Russia does not demand any exclusive rights of passage through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles; Austria would object, and probably Germany. The conference which has been agreed upon will decide it, and unless the plenipotentiaries fall to quarrelling, peace is more than probable. There is one great interest to be cared for and maintained by all the civilized world,—the self-government and security of Bulgaria, north and south, as well as Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The discussion on the Westminster confession and the Standards has almost ceased, but the Scotch have great questions before them. One is as to the introduction of a Roman Catholic hierarchy into the country, which is earnestly resented; the other, and the more important, is the question of disestablishment. The Church of Scotland, as an ecclesiastical establishment, is in great peril. The impression is going abroad, and deepening, that the spiritual interests of the people would not suffer if the church had no connection with the state. The Free Churches are beginning to question the right or expediency of allowing vast endowments to be absorbed by one part of the community. The Scotch reach to conclusions slowly, but their conclusions usually crystallise into facts. They are cautious, and also tenacious. When they have made up their minds—and they are doing that—they will soon carry their resolutions into effect.

The serenity of the United States continues to be disturbed by the Bland Silver bill. According to the *New York Herald* "American bonds are now being returned by European holders in larger amounts than at any time since their first issue. The explanation is that the holders of the bonds in Europe are desirous of realizing on them before the passage of the Silver bill, as, in the event of its passage, they conclude the bonds would be paid in silver, or, if held as investments, the interest would be paid in silver. In either event depreciation in the value of the bonds would be the result. One banking house, which has prepared a statement of its importation of bonds for the past three months, gives the figures during that time at \$16,110,800. Of this amount, \$4,514,000 were four and a half per cents., \$2,094,000 were new fives, \$44,000 were ten-forties, \$2,659,800 were of the issue of 1867, \$1,378,800 were sixes of 1881; of '65's there were \$3,188,500 and \$2,231,700 were call bonds. About \$10,000,000 of this amount came from London and the remainder from Germany. The firm states that the cotton which has been exported during the present season has been almost wholly paid for in bonds. The result has been that some \$60,000,000 of gold has been kept away from this market, bonds being sent instead."

WANTED—A PUBLIC OPINION.

And wanted greatly, urgently, this same public opinion. Not private opinion, nor party opinion, nor denominational opinion. Of that we have more than enough. The country is young as to history, small as to population, great only as to acreage and hope. All the elements of immaturity may be found. Strong, even violent partizanship, a most pronounced sectionalism, a general dislike and shrinking for everything that savours of criticism, and a loudly proclaimed opinionatedness. But the youth is speeding on toward manhood. Growth is rapid, development is sure. Canadians do well to be proud of Canada, not so much as it is, but as it shall be. The process of amalgamation has begun, differing races and creeds have touched each other. The Anglo-Saxon circle has cut and overlapped all the others. British sentiment as to free, industrious, prosperous life, is permeating all classes of this mixed society. The foundations of a great nation are being laid, well as some think, and all hope. The English love England, the Scotch Scotland, the French France, the Irish Ireland; each is proud of its original home, and all are proud of Canada. What all should strive after now, is not a French, or English, or Irish, or Scotch opinion, but a public—that is to say, a Canadian opinion. This cannot be manufactured in committee, will not rise up in the beauty of blossom or glory of fruit at the bidding of some society, but must be rooted in the intelligence and love of the people, and grow with the growth of their national life.

What is opinion? Not a slice of infallibility let down into life, but a conviction which is open to argument, and from which springs a strong feeling. Because it is not an absolute and unalterable conviction it may change, and therefore is passionate, intense, tyrannical. When men have real and rooted convictions, reasonable or not, they are calm, confident, and little inclined to controversy. Half a doubt means a whole passion for argument. The men who argue their own side most, who are ever keen to discover and resent an attack are the men who have most doubt of their own position; just as the man who has only the opinion of himself that he is a gentleman, is the most on the watch for insult. Nearly all the conflicts that are human have had their origin in opinions, not in convictions. As a rule, the hatred and the malice that disturb life spring from opinions, not from principles. Rome forced conviction upon the people, and there was peace; the peace of stagnation—of death—Protestantism forces the people to have opinions, and there is strife. A war of opinions is not a bad thing—well conducted it is a good thing. The world over in all forms of life, there is war; death to the weakest and poorest, and the survival of the strongest and fittest. So in the conflict, weak and poor opinions will die, and the strong and the fit will live.

Public opinion is not always the infallible test of truth and of right, and so it is open to attack and defeat. It may be corrected by time and circumstance. It is based on three pillars, viz.: Numbers, Names, Antiquity, which pillars do not rest on the Immutible. No proof of that can be needed. The majority of one age is the minority of another. What was popular as science, theology, philosophy, a century ago, we hold in contempt to-day. "Our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be." Yet each system in its day commanded the attention and respect of the people. Great names fare no better at the hands of time. Napoleon the Great soon becomes Napoleon the Little, and stars of a generation ago have been blotted out of the heavens. That settles the question of antiquity. Tradition is the worst of friends, the most dangerous of foes, in particular to the man of Conservative instincts; it is good as a guide or a warning—it is bad as a motive for action. Because the world moves on, the lower passing into the higher. Great numbers, great names, great antiquity may all be wrong, and yet it is well to have a public opinion. It means variety, divergence, collision, but it means *life*, life that deepens, and broadens, and reaches up to perfection.

To have a true public opinion there must be freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and freedom of expression. In Canada we have neither of these. Freedom of inquiry is condemned by common consent. Certain things are taken for granted and as settled. To speak of them as still unsolved problems is to give insult to the general public, or perhaps, to some particular friend. Freedom of discussion is met by the cry "let us alone." Freedom of expression is only tolerated within certain narrow and well-defined limits. That is to say, if it is humorous it must meet the general notion of humour; if it is solid, it must be according to some unregistered, but well known idea of *avoirdupois*. That is not freedom of expression which is allowed to speak behind a *nom de plume*; it is the very barbarism of criticism; it is the lowest form of public speech. It allows a fool to sign himself WISDOM, and a blind, chattering maniac to call himself ARGUS. Freedom of expression means not only speech, but a personality made articulate. It means that a man may speak out the thought of his mind, or feeling of his heart, and not be called upon to suffer in peace, or goods, or reputation for the words he has uttered, so long as they be within the limits of fair discussion. But nothing must be interdicted, nothing denied; the mind must not be held in bondage, the soul must not be put in chains—for the moment any subject becomes a forbidden thing, that moment it becomes

the centre of a tyranny boundless in its ramifications and results. The men who try to regulate language would rule thought if they had but the power. Thought cannot be chained or denied. Expression should be as free. If it be said that thoughts cannot pollute or harm others while language may, the answer is simple, cleanse the thoughts and the speech will be clean.

The forces which can alone create a healthy public opinion are SPEECH and the PRESS; and they can only create it when they are themselves healthy. Just what they are, poor and low in tone and sentiment, or exalted in form and spirit, will the concensus of opinions be. Public speakers are burdened with a grave responsibility. As politicians, they not only create and sway great passions, and make laws, for good or evil, but they give tone to political life. If they talk in low and violent fashion, then political life will be a low and violent and vulgar thing. If they take inspiration from a party, then they will work for a party and not for the people, and will work with fuss and fume and roughness. Politics in Canada must be an important factor in social culture, for there are many parliamentarians, and all of them paid; which pay is a great incentive, not to a lofty discharge of duty, perhaps, but to seek the ups and downs of political life. There are men among us ever on the move across the waste of politics in search of a constituency—like Noah's dove seeking some green thing to rest upon. The great number, the facility with which an ordinary man may acquire the right to put M. P. or M. P. P. after his name, make it the more needful that political speaking should be of a high and educational character. Still greater and graver is the responsibility of preachers. Theirs is the highest calling; they speak words that live and shine; they form character and give the basis of all culture; they are commissioned to exalt all thought, to ennoble all sentiment, to seat moral beauty on the throne of strength. And they of all men should be free in thought and bold in speech; firm in the might of integrity, tranquil in the majesty of reason, yet borne on by the glow of a deep enthusiasm; not narrow in view, not slaves to tradition, or custom, or an audience, but only servants of God and Truth. The preachers of a country may keep it down as to thoughts and rights and development—as did the priests of the Church of Rome, and for a time the clergy of the Anglican Church—or may inspire the people to think more broadly and deeply, and with the strong right hand to take their civil and religious liberty, as did the clergy of Scotland. Canada wants greatly a bold, brave, free ministry; a ministry with heart and head, affection and intelligence. It wants the storm of discussion to sweep across the ecclesiastical forest, that it may be known what limbs have rotted and where the roots are. After that would grow a healthier public opinion.

The Press just as much must make or mar the people. While the Press is violent in denunciation of political opponents; false as to facts and figures in its reports; puffing without conscience or damning without reason; the public sentiment will be low, and public opinion only public stupidity. The Press may be strong for parties, may have well defined political lines along which to run, may have ecclesiastical leaning in this direction or in that, and yet be fair in the estimate of an opponent's character, and just in giving the two sides of a question. Then an opinion would be created which is near to conviction, and from which would spring great principles of action.

Public opinion will act and re-act upon its makers; it will move toward Justice and Right; it may bow down to tyranny for awhile, be it king or priest, but not for long. In the majesty of the sovereign people it will rise and hurl oppression to the dust. The Stuarts went down before it in Britain; the line of them got blotted out. Napoleonism went down before it in France. Slavery was crushed by it in the United States. If in the mercy of Providence it shall arise in Canada, what may be expected to happen? The disestablishment and disendowment of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec: The abolition of those petty provincial parliaments which waste money and time and temper: The abolition also of the parliamentarian's pay, thus giving honour to politics: A stream would be turned through the Press, washing away much rubbish,—here and there whole papers and their establishments: All property would be equitably taxed; that of the clergy as well as that of the laity. In fact, great changes would take place; many things being transformed, many more being abolished. And the world and Canada would go on, all the better for all the changes; finding at last that not in vulgarity but in virtue, not by party but by principle, the way to Heaven is found.

HERESY.—It is strange that men do not observe how the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next; how both opinions and practices, not long since deemed false and dangerous, are now admitted to be true and harmless. There are doctrines which our fathers held to be of vital importance, and of which we make but little account; and many good Christians now do on the Lord's-day things which fifty years ago would have been pronounced really awful in their wickedness; and yet there is more religion and better religion among Christians now than there was in those more strait-laced times. At any rate, it is undeniable that many an opinion which was heresy yesterday is no longer heresy to-day, and what is heresy to-day may cease to be heresy to-morrow; and in the face of these changes in religious opinion it is wonderful that men should be so confident of the infallibility of their judgment, the very men who are so confident having, perhaps, themselves come to approve things which in their youth they were taught to tremble at, as filled with the utmost peril to their souls. But so the change moves on, ever becoming, as we rejoice to believe, more and more wise, more and more charitable, and more and more in harmony with the will of God and with the real teaching of His word.

THE DEPRESSION AND ITS REMEDY.

There is no lack of opinion expressed on the commercial depression; but as to the exhaustiveness with which the subject has been treated, admits of grave doubts. A question, the decision of which affects so vitally the welfare of the country, requires that every fact bearing upon its solution should be well considered. The finance minister, in his budget speech of '76, concludes that it has been caused by over-importation, over-manufacturing, excessive stocks of goods and shrinkage of values. In his last effort before the House the condition of the country only received the passing notice; that Canada having a moderate tariff is by no means in such a bad plight as the United States. Mr. D. Mills, reporting the result of "the Depression Committee," an able report as far as it went, decides the tariff was not responsible for the crisis, that manufacturing had not suffered on its account; and gave it as his opinion that the causes were beyond the legislature of the country to remedy. Both these gentlemen, in fact, regard the industrial difficulties much as they would an earthquake—as some great convulsion of nature, beyond the sphere of the Canadian legislature. They appear to forget it is only a matter of mal-legislation. Its a funny thing if our business is beyond our control. Are not commercial crises phenomena of comparatively modern date? Sir A. T. Galt then delivered himself—that importations had been in excess in four years 140 millions of dollars, and administered a sharp rebuke to importers. It was hardly statesmanlike, though, to insist upon their importing less. He was not aware, seemingly, that competition necessitated importing to excess. For if Smith purchased less, Brown takes his customers. Sir Francis Hincks, in reply to Mr. Galt's insinuations, defended the merchants on the ground that "the expenditure of a large amount of money on public works necessitated importations." "the large expenditure created loss, and had been the cause of over-trading followed by a re-action such as occurred in completion of the Grand Trunk Railway." With all deference to his opinion, it is difficult to see why the expenditure of money necessarily creates loss; nay, why the money did not account for itself in the time being, by saving the trade a still greater humiliation? We have next in order Mr. Andrew Robertson, a practical business man, who likewise charges the crisis to over-importing and over-trading, beyond the power of consumption or means of disposal. No man knows better the importing and manufacturing business of the country. He is a competent witness on the goods account; but when he traces the inconvenient excesses to "a plethora of banking capital," we part company, unless, indeed, he means simply bank inflation, or speculation. He carries our sympathy, however, in his burst of honest indignation at bankers not sufficiently discriminating between capital and credit—honest trading and gambling rascality; but to imagine any permanent good from a homily addressed to the class of unscrupulous traders he meant it for, taxes credulity a little too much. It is like reading the Bible to the gipsies of Spain; they could not see the point—they all squinted!

These gentlemen all agree, however, on "over importation" as the arch offender, the minor excesses of course following. But here let us make a distinction—that term is not sufficiently definite. Over imports that are paid for cannot injure the general trade. All the goods that could be imported on such terms could never cause a commercial depression; and the charge so frequently made of general extravagance, if the bills be paid, is simply insulting. A nation, like an individual, may be extravagant, but it injures no neighbours if the goods are paid for. The adverse foreign balance is the point on which to fix the attention; it is that which deranges the finances and forces the capital out of the country; and that is what the banks are now actively employed at. But why does it not occur to our economists that every effect having a cause, *over-importation* might possibly be only the effect of a deeper cause? We protest against this sinister, this unfair method of condemning a culprit without a proper hearing, without all the facts of the case being brought out. We want the business thoroughly done, as slovenly work comes back on the delinquent. Let this commercial crisis question be formally and finally settled, so that its grim visage may no longer disturb this community. If two hundred buyers visit a foreign market and can buy on credit, they will not be fastidious as to quantity, &c.; but they could not do so unless qualified for that purpose by the banks. One buys at four months, and in the normal state of trade the goods are put into notes, to be prepared to lift British acceptances by discounting the notes at the bank here; and the buyer is again in the market. Six months out of twelve are sufficient to do a wholesale business, with a good buyer and a fair staff of runners. A young firm with \$5,000 capital may in this manner work into a trade of \$100,000 annually in five years; and the same activity is projected into the retail trade by this excessive competition. The banks usually have an excess of discounts over the sum of paid-up capital, Dominion notes and deposits at interest, of over forty millions of dollars! Just ask yourself what the effect would be on the importing interest, providing the bank line of discounted notes was kept within fair limits. It would cut off forty millions of accommodation and cool down the white heat of competition; but that would be legitimate banking. Every note discounted beyond the limits named, certainly weakens the assets, and lowers their character as first-class institutions. But is it not as *first-class banks* the trade of the country is committed to their care? It is on that plea surely. The capital of a mercantile firm has its just and fair limits in use; this general law cannot be infringed with impunity if its *status* is to be maintained. When the banks are strong, the general business is strong—and the contrary. The excess in discounts is a sufficient explanation, therefore, of excess in imports. But the banker never can have a *motive sufficiently strong* to limit discounts, as that would be curtailing profits, until a bank is established on the best securities, and competing for business. Preventive legislation would be impotent to accomplish what only *competition among securities* could effect. The remedy, therefore, is not to interfere directly to prevent banks from discounting to excess, they can do as they please about that, if you only extend banking to first mortgages, and let the securities work out their own destiny. It is not proposed to ask any concessions of the banks. The real estate proprietors ask no favours, but only rights.

The personal property is already covered by the banks, is their peculiar field; and the real property is left out, left to perish! a most anomalous

omission on the part of the legislature. The consequences, through time, a slow process probably, of extending the banking law to mortgages, would be the transfer of the forty millions of inflation on to good security; then industry would be saved and regenerated. Manufacturers would be benefited by the transfer, and the whole industry would get the full benefit of the vast amount of capital now lying dead and unproductive. But the amount of capital brought into play would be limited by the profits from bank dividends, leading to a reduction of the rate of interest. But again, the limitation of imports to a healthy trade would open up an extended field to manufacturing. What vast resources lie undeveloped, only wanting capital to call them forth! It is out of all question to imagine that a prosperous manufacturing industry can be cultivated and successfully established by the aid of such capricious bank accommodations. The manufacturer wants a line of discount that would be permanent as long as the security continued, and that is the aid that mortgages would afford. The banks, the finances of the country, are dependent on favourable balances, on exports, on a healthy industry. That is the programme. Manufactures are a necessity to insure a prosperous country. But the extension of banking privileges would tend, in fact, to elevate the character and credit of the present banks. They would be forced to discriminate, and that would effectually protect them from the raids of such customers as Gay, Davis & Co. That class of persons constantly complaining of credit being placed on an equal footing with cash and capital; such people are ill prepared to comprehend this question. Their ideas are too much of a retail order. True capital and credit are not on a level, but it is credit and not cash that has the start; and the obvious remedy is to give capital an equal chance at least with credit, and the result cannot be doubtful. In our humble endeavour to explain the finances and trade of the country we feel sure of having convinced the minds and met the wishes of all honest and right-minded people; but the rogues, we are sure, would never be satisfied. And finally, have we not been building a tower, which on reaching a landed height invariably falls? Defeated, we go at it again with the utmost good will and humour, when again our work is blasted. Twenty times we thus perform the unthinking labour, till we discover by chance probably, that the altitude is limited by the base. Extend your base, and with like energy you will successfully elevate an enduring monument of national industry!

ALPHA.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

The history of the diplomatic intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, is not one which an Englishman can contemplate with unmixed satisfaction. From the execution of the treaty of Versailles in 1783, to the arbitration at Geneva in 1872, England has either been defeated by the force of events, or imposed upon by the shrewdness of American diplomatists. The war of 1812 was at the worst but a drawn battle, yet we conceded by the treaty of Ghent everything of importance America demanded. By the Ashburton treaty we were defrauded of a part of Maine, through a forged map produced by such a distinguished statesman as Webster, and which he afterwards confessed he knew to be such when he produced it; but it was sufficient to deceive our acute representative, through his ignorance of the geography of the country. By the San Juan award we again lost valuable territory, through the blunders and incapacity of our agent. Under the Alabama Treaty, England demanded no compensation for Fenian raids on our soil, though any one of them would have been properly regarded as a *casus belli* by any other European power. By the same Treaty she conceded to the United States an immediate enjoyment of our invaluable fisheries, for a money consideration to be settled by arbitration afterwards, and also a right to Canadians to carry fish and oil into American ports free of duty. But our negotiators, with characteristic stupidity, and regardless of former lessons, omitted to stipulate that an award by a majority should be binding, and to claim exemption from taxation of the cans in which our fish are largely exported. Our cousins eagerly availed themselves of our concession, and exhibited their appreciation of the privilege, by levying immediately a duty of 35 per cent. on the fish tins, which is tantamount to a prohibition. Then they delayed the arbitration to the latest moment, and now their newspapers tell us the award will not be paid to us, because it was not unanimous! In equity, and by custom, among men of honour, if not by force of law, the reference of a dispute to three arbitrators implies that the decision of two of them shall be binding on the referees; for if not, why was the third appointed? Apart from this, the possession of eight millions surplus of British money retained by Brother Jonathan under the Alabama treaty, one would suppose would induce him to pay us our six million. To be honest, at least, when honesty cost nothing. But we are assured not only by an influential portion of the American press, but also by the distinguished General Butler, a representative of Massachusetts in Congress, that this modicum of justice is too much for us. He repudiates any payment, and proposes the forcible retention of our fisheries as coolly as if they were merely half a dozen silver spoons!

Unless these diplomatic kicks and cuffs, with other unenumerated snubbings, and bits of recent sharp practice, are not sufficiently humiliating to our *amour propre*, they should, at least, make us cautious, in our future intercourse, lest they be repeated. But it is to be feared that caution is yet lacking, if it be true, as we are told from Washington, at the time of our writing, that the object of Lord Dufferin's recent visit to that city was to induce the President to urge on Congress the ratification of the Halifax award. It is to be hoped our popular and talented Governor-General had no such mission. It could scarcely be credited that our Ministers would propose such an errand, or that he would undertake it, if asked. When a Government has to plead, in *forma pauperis*, for the fulfilment of treaty obligations, it would seem about time to cease disputing about its nationality, or, indulging in flights of imagination of a glorious future of Canadian independence. We submit, that it would be more dignified to allow the American Government to act on this question uninfluenced by ourselves. If it decide to pay its debt, let it do so. If not, why let all American Eagles shriek, until they can shriek no more,—“Repudiation, sharp practice, false maps, grab and keep, for poor old John Bull, and his dependencies, for ever and ever!” *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

These occurrences assume a graver importance when viewed in connection with the probable efforts of these Provinces to modify or change their present political position. And to these, must be added the existing and growing desire by the United States that Canada should become part and parcel of themselves. It is folly to deny it. For, from their first overt efforts for independence, in 1775, when Franklin came to Montreal, as a delegate from the Congress at Philadelphia until now, that feeling has existed to a more or less extent. During the war of 1812 they were as zealous in urging Canadians to withdraw their allegiance, as they were to defeat British troops in battle. During the struggle on slavery, between North and South, this desire for Canada, was in truth discouraged by the latter, but simply because additional free states would have weakened its influence. Now, that slavery is extinguished, both North and South, will, we believe, unite for its attainment. The wish is not confined to "fire-eaters," and politicians of the Jefferson Brick school. The recent admission of ex-President Grant, subsequently confirmed by such authorities as Mr. Secretary Fish, and Mr. Bancroft Davis, that a man of the high social position, and culture, and political experience of the late Mr. Sumner, actually insisted as a pre-requisite to the settlement of the Alabama question, the abandonment by England of all her American possessions! And not many weeks since, we were told by a distinguished journalist, in New York, that there was really a growing sympathy with Mr. Sumner's wish, and that, if Congress paid the award, for the existing lease of the fisheries, he believed it would be the last payment made for that purpose.

Under these circumstances, it may be asked, what would Canadian independence be worth to Canada? Or, rather let it be asked, could independence thus exist, except for a moment, and then only in name? Existence under sufferance from a rival is not independence. Our fate, under such conditions, might not be unlike that of a mouse, when caught by a cat—now played with, then cuff'd, anon permitted to run a few steps alone, and at the moment when mousey imagines herself to be free again, "gobbled" up.

It would be folly to rely solely upon our national rectitude to perpetuate our independence without sufficient physical power to enforce a disputed right. The rivalry existing in many branches of commerce between the two countries, must, in the nature of things, create misunderstandings, affording plausible excuses for a resort even to the *ultimo ratio regum* when a pretext is wanted for conquest.

"For we make our opportunities,
And they ever do pretend to have received a wrong
Who wrong intend."

British protection! British protection! will now be shouted into our ears. We do not under-estimate it, nor undervalue it. We claim, as Englishmen, that we do love our country; while as Canadians, by adoption, the interests of Canada should be paramount to us. We shall be told that if independence would not suit us, we can continue to enjoy *protection* in our present position, and also by becoming a federal part and parcel of the British Empire. But to these answers it may be replied, will our dear old mother-country feel she can in justice to herself undertake our care, in our present relation, for an indefinite period? British America is her vulnerable point, her heel or Achilles, in her disputes with the United States. The latter have become better customers of England, as a confederation of independent states, than they might have been as a colony,—so we are told. Year by year, England appears more and more averse to war. Year by year, we get a warning that the time is approaching when we must stand or fall by ourselves.

But, if the other alternative be adopted,—a federal union with Great Britain,—will it not make our position, *quod* the United States, more dangerous than any other? If the desire for union with us exists in the States, will the establishment of a semi-monarchical power alongside of them have or have not the effect of precipitating an effort for its accomplishment? Is it true that during the Trent difficulty British officers reported that the resources of Canada, though supported by all available British troops, were inadequate to resist for any length of time the forces the United States could accumulate? The odds between the wealth of forty states and seven provinces, of forty millions of population against four, are, it must be confessed, somewhat great, though the latter should be backed by fifty thousand brave British soldiers.

We are justly proud of the extent of this Canada of ours. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the frozen North to the St. Lawrence, it contains every material element for the foundation of a large and powerful nation. She is indeed something more than the "*deux ou trois cents lieues de neige*" to which she was contemptuously compared by Louis XVI. after the cession to England. But nevertheless, the dangers and questions we have submitted, will, we fear, need to be calmly faced and answered, without passion or sentiment, within the next decade.

JOHN POPHAM.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

II.—On the Harmony between Theory and Practice.

Everyone, indeed, now admits it to be most absurd to talk against theory, for under no circumstances can a knowledge of the exact sciences be either useless or dangerous. A more harmonious feeling has grown up, too, between the scientists and the practitioners, creating a bond of union between them, which is becoming stronger and stronger every day. As a consequence, we have been called upon to witness, a more extended application of scientific principles to practical purposes, and this has resulted in a rapid and wonderful development in all branches of knowledge, but more especially in those departments relating to the useful arts; still we cannot but confess that the union between science and art is very far from complete, and in fact is most incomplete. Let us look at the question from the practical man's standpoint. He is naturally proud of his position, and of the great experience which a whole life's study of his particular work or works has given him, and will tell you that he has obtained all this without the aid of any theory. He will go on to say, that some of the brightest stars who have ever adorned the ranks of the engineering profession, were men wholly trained in the practical world. George Stephenson

was one of these, and he has often acknowledged that throughout the whole of his life, he ever felt the lack of scientific knowledge, and continually found the utmost difficulty in contending with questions which the possession of such knowledge would have immediately solved for him. So conscious, indeed, was he of the want that he gave his son a sound, scientific education. And surely no one can doubt that great as the undertakings of George Stephenson, of Watt, and of many others certainly were, they would have been still greater had they possessed at the outset a liberal education. But yet the practical man has much reason to be shy of the Theorist. The question ever present to his mind is, "What am I to do?" Trained from his youth up, in the immediate vicinity of his work, he has become, as it were, part and parcel of it, and almost feels "every throb which affects it." He knows by intuition, and shall I say by sympathy, how, when and where anything goes wrong, and how, when and where to apply the remedy. Can one be astonished at the wonder and contempt which he must naturally feel, when he observes men fresh from their theoretical studies, attempting futile and absurd experiments in most unpractical ways; experiments at times so absurd, as to warrant us in classing them with those who have a weakness for discovering perpetual motion? He has, too, many and glorious illustrations of the advantages arising from close and continued familiarity with his work. Bessemer with a minimum knowledge of chemistry, successfully developed his great improvement in the metallurgical industry, and made practicable a question for which the scientists, with every fact written in their books, could never specify the practical conditions.

Bridges, again, fail most frequently, not from having been badly designed, but from a lack of knowledge of the constitution and of the proper treatment of the material itself. The man who has been dealing with the material year after year, can tell at once the weak parts of his structure, and knows how to strengthen them, and can prepare for emergencies which the pure theorist could never by any possibility foresee. This, too, is the case in the world of machinery, and in almost every branch of practical knowledge, and the theorist can only hope to be properly appreciated, when to his theory he has added a due amount of practical knowledge; and, until he has done so, he must expect to see the merely practical man preferred before him.

The practical man, then, has some reason for his objection to the practice of theoretical men, and if he would stop at this point, all would be well. But to this objection he adds bigotry in his ideas, narrowness in his observation, and often exhibits a positive fear of the diffusion of knowledge, and such men the world should visit with its severest condemnation.

Our early engineers, with the exception of a few remarkable men, were almost entirely without theory, and were strongly impressed with the idea, that a knowledge of the exact sciences was both useless and dangerous. They went about their work, guided wholly by their common sense. They knew the difference between good and bad workmanship, and possessed the power of directing the operations of bodies of men, but of the proper distribution of material they had not the least idea. They were totally unacquainted with the first principles of their profession, and their reasonings were, consequently, difficult, precarious and unsatisfactory, and led them into mal-construction, and many of those errors which a knowledge of science would have taught them to avoid. Their chief object was to ensure the stability of their structures, and to effect this they put into them plenty of material, strengthened the weaker parts by an increase of mass, and did so regardless of expense or economy. An immense expenditure has thus been made in the production of totally unscientific work, and we are often called upon to witness failures and abortions in the art of construction which a superior skill and a more extended knowledge would have prevented. From structures of this kind, the engineers deduced formulæ, founded, however, on no mathematical truths, and often derived from most imperfect data. Mathematicians soon saw the absurdity of the reasoning on which their formulæ depended, pointed it out, and deduced other formulæ, which, although they had some scientific basis, were nevertheless of very little use. Some, again, who were doubtless men of power and ingenuity, but who were wanting in that skill of applying scientific principles to the practical requirements of nature, have wasted their time, money, and energy, by directing their attention to the solution of impossible problems, and to the discovery of imaginary inventions. Others, terrified, as it were, by the failures of the former, went into the opposite extreme, and cautiously avoiding all innovations, contented themselves with copying those old types, which had been found by experience to be safe. If such a proceeding as this had become general, all progress would have been stopped, and all science would have been paralyzed. Many circumstances, however, indicate that we have seen the last of such a state of things, and great energy is being displayed on all sides to create a closer relation between the pure and applied sciences. Modern culture shows, that for the future, we must depend for our progress to a very great extent upon the man of science. He, too, now recognises the complete nature of the difficulties which the engineer has to deal with, and desires to study them anew, with all the increased assistance he may derive from the experience of the practical man. This mutual intercourse will remove all pre-judices, and will foster a sounder treatment in all branches of knowledge. The promote a more perfect practice, and will engender ideas less speculative, but promoting this intercourse, and for the more thorough diffusion of that kind of skill which enables a man to apply scientific principles to practical purposes, chairs of engineering have been, and are being established, in colleges and universities in every civilized country, and the course of instruction proposed to the student that kind of knowledge which will enable him to determine the interior forces developed in the different elements of a machine or a structure, and to help him also to distribute his material properly, and to give to it the proper forms and dimensions, and will tell him how economy and strength may be combined. It will enable him to plan new designs by his own individual effort, and to provide remedies in case of accident. The young engineer must join his practical knowledge in the workshop and in the world. This will render him capable of judging whether work is well or badly done, will tell him of the quality

of his materials, and will teach him how to rule bodies of workmen. The student receives also a purely scientific training, which tends to improve his mental condition to make him exact, and to give him something of the character of an original investigator.

In my next article, I propose to speak of the "Educational Institutions (engineering) in Great Britain, Europe, and the United States."

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(To be continued.)

THE POPES.

[During the winter of 1866 the writer was in possession for some months of a very rare and remarkable work which came into his hands through the sale of a private library, the property of one of the oldest families in South Wales. The work, which is entitled *Histoire des Papes depuis Saint Pierre jusqu'à Benoît Treize*, is in five thick quarto volumes in antique French, published at the Hague by Henri Scheurleer, A.D. 1732. It is a history of the Papal See, for seventeen centuries, from the pen of a careful student of ecclesiastical history, who though himself a firm adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, saw clearly its need of sweeping reform. Though no direct information is given as to the authorship, and very few hints can be found in the book itself to aid in identifying the writer of this work, there is internal evidence to warrant the assumption that he was, or had been, a monk of the celebrated Cluny Monastery, in the south of France.

As a comprehensive view of the Church of Rome, from its inception up to the early part of last century, the work in question must be allowed a position unique among ecclesiastical histories, from the fact that it is neither an apology nor a condemnation, but simply an unprejudiced record of facts. Its value, as a straightforward narrative of undeniable historical events, can scarcely be over-estimated; and it is believed that a brief abstract or summary of its pages will be specially acceptable at the present time.

So far as known, the book has never been republished nor produced in a shape accessible to English readers. There are probably few copies of the original edition now extant. The volumes above referred to are now the property of a public library in London, England.]

(1.) ST. PETER is, by the general belief of the Roman Church, held to have been chief of the Apostles and Bishop of Rome from the year 42 to 66 of the Christian Era. As there is no certain evidence of this, and as all that is positively known of the Apostle's life and doctrine is conveyed in the Scriptures of the New Testament, it is unnecessary to do more than place on record this as the received tradition on which the entire Papal theory rests.

(2.) LINUS, A.D. 66-78, and (3.) CLETUS, 78-91, are believed to have been coadjutors of St. Peter, afterwards succeeding him in taking charge of the Church in the metropolis of the empire. Nothing is known definitely of their actions. Linus is mentioned in II Timothy iv. 21.

(4.) CLEMENT, 91-100, is referred to in Phillipians iv. 3, as a fellow labourer with St. Paul. A letter addressed by him to the Church at Corinth is, after the inspired Scriptures, the earliest Christian document which has been transmitted to modern times. A copy of this celebrated letter, supposed to date from the fourth century, was found in England in 1633 in the King's library. Many other letters are attributed, but on insufficient authority, to this bishop.

(5.) ANACLET, 103-112, holds so uncertain a place in the early records that some writers regard his tenure of the Papal See as altogether mythical. However, according to the received account he was of Greek descent, and suffered martyrdom after a pontificate of 9¼ years. The rule that every bishop should be consecrated by at least three others is attributed to him.

(6.) EVARISTE, 112-121, is mentioned in many of the ancient records. He is said to have divided Rome into parishes, also to have introduced the custom of dedicating or consecrating churches.

(7.) ALEXANDER I., 121-132, governed the Church during ten years of tranquility; and though he is honoured as a martyr, it is stated by Irenæus that he died a natural death. The use of "holy water," of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, and of mixing water with the sacramental wine, are attributed to this Pontiff.

(8.) SIXTUS I., 132-142, was elected after an interval of 25 days. Nothing is known of his history or manner of death, though he ranks among the early martyrs. The institution of Lent dates from about this time.

(9.) TELESPHORUS, 142-154, a Greek by birth, had been accustomed to the hermit life, and suffered martyrdom after a tenure of the episcopate for 11¾ years.

(10.) HYGIN, 154-158, was also a Greek, and son of a philosopher. A great number of ecclesiastical rules are attributed to him, concerning the order of the Church and the ranks of the Roman clergy; also the introduction of the system of having a godfather and godmother to present children for baptism.

(11.) PIUS I., 158-167, is by some historians placed at a later date, but the evidence of Irenæus, who was a contemporary of this bishop, seems conclusive as to the correctness of the date mentioned. Some records are preserved of the alleged appearance of an angel to a brother of this bishop, named Hermas; but this does not obtain much credit.

(12.) ANICETUS, 167-175, was a Syrian by birth. Soon after his elevation to the episcopate, he was visited by Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, a disciple of St. John. They discussed several points on which they were agreed; but on the subject of time for holding the Passover or Easter they could not concur. Polycarp, following the usage of the Asiatics, of St. John and of St. Philip, celebrated the Paschal Feast on the fourteenth day from the first moon of the Jewish year. Anicetus, guided by the tradition of the Roman Church, celebrated this feast on the Sunday after the fourteenth. As Polycarp would not give way, it was agreed that each should follow his own custom. During this pontificate arose the sect of the Gnostics, who denied the resurrection of the body.

(13.) SOTER, 175-179. A letter from Denis, of Corinth, congratulating this bishop on his liberality to the poor, is in existence; especially mentioning his

"ministering to the necessities of the brethren who are condemned to work in the mines." The heresy of Montanus now began to attract much notice; he claimed to be inspired and to have the gift of prophecy.

(14.) ELEUTHERUS, 179-194, received a deputation from the Christians of Lyons, in Gaul, who requested him to take some decided action against the Montanists. It is stated, on somewhat slight authority, that this bishop also received an embassy from Lucius, King of part of Britain, asking for teachers to be sent to teach his people Christianity; and that certain missionaries were accordingly sent.

(15.) VICTOR I., 194-202, was an African by birth, and soon became distinguished for zeal. He lost no time in putting down several heresies which had arisen, excommunicating the leaders. He also wrote letters to the Asiatic Churches, strongly censuring their practice of observing Easter at a different time from the Western Churches, and even excommunicated several of them. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, however, wrote a letter in the name of the Christians of Gaul, censuring the action of the Pope. Several councils were held, and ultimately all the Churches, with the exception only of Ephesus, agreed to adopt the Roman practice. This result appears to have been mainly owing to the efforts of Irenæus, who exerted himself greatly to bring about an agreement. [Irenæus suffered martyrdom in the year 197, in the reign of Severus. He was buried at Lyons, where his tomb is still shown.]

(16.) ZEPHYRIN, 203-220. At this time the Church was subjected to rigorous persecution. Though compelled to remain in hiding for a considerable time, Zephyrin acted with great vigour towards the Montanists.

(17.) CALLISTE I., 221-226, is said to have built a church at Rome, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary. He is best known by the celebrated cemetery in that city which bears his name; but it is uncertain whether he founded it or only enlarged it.

(18.) URBAIN I., 226-233. During this pontificate, the Emperor Severus being favourable to Christianity, the faith made great progress. The Prefect of Rome, however, required Urban to offer incense to the god Mars; and on his refusal punished him with severity.

(19.) PONTIEN, 233-237, being accused by his enemies of disregarding the imperial laws, was sent into exile by Severus, and took up his abode in Sardinia. Being anxious that the Christians in Rome should not be left without a pastor, he thereupon resigned his office. Such was the respect, however, in which he was held by the faithful that they refused to elect anyone to take his place, until the day of his death in the year 237, when he suffered martyrdom by being beaten to death with rods.

(20.) ANTEROS, 237-238, was a Greek by birth. He too suffered the same fate after having held the office of bishop little over a month.

(21.) FABIEN, 238-250, acted with great vigour during a period of rest from persecution. He excommunicated Privat, Bishop of Lambese in Africa, whose scandalous conduct had been censured by a Council of sixty bishops. He also sent a number of missionaries into Gaul. It is stated, but on doubtful authority, that he baptized the Emperor Philip and his son. After their death a new persecution broke out, and Fabien was among the first victims. After his death the Christians were scattered to all parts, and unable to elect a successor for eighteen months. During this interval Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, (himself obliged to flee for his life, and having all his property confiscated) wrote several letters to the clergy of Rome, exhorting them to hold fast the faith.

(22.) CORNELIUS I., 252-253. It had been impossible to elect a bishop during the lifetime of the Emperor Decius; but immediately after his death Cornelius was chosen by sixteen bishops who were then in Rome. During his pontificate a schism occurred in the Church. A presbyter named Novatian succeeded in inducing three bishops to consecrate him to the episcopal office, and claimed supreme authority. He was, however, excommunicated by a council. A plague shortly afterwards broke out in Rome, and the Christians refusing to sacrifice to the gods were subjected to cruel persecution, Cornelius being sent into exile in another part of Italy. In his time the Church at Rome had become very numerous, and counted as many as 44 presbyters.

(23.) LUCIUS I., 253, was a companion of Cornelius in his exile. After his election he was banished from Rome, but soon returned; suffering martyrdom after holding office only seven months.

(24.) STEPHEN I., 253-257. Soon after his consecration the Bishops of Astorga and Merida, two towns in Spain, whose deposition had been pronounced for certain crimes, came to Rome and requested the Bishop to reinstate them, which he promised to do. The other Spanish Bishops, however, induced Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, to call a council of twenty-eight bishops, who confirmed the deposition of the two accused. Subsequently a dispute arose between Cyprian and Stephen regarding the validity of baptism by heretics; the latter holding it to be valid, while the former maintained the necessity of re-baptism. This dispute was broken off by a renewal of persecution under the Emperor Valerian. Stephen is believed to have died in prison.

(25.) SIXTUS II., 257-258, was a Greek who had held the office of deacon. A letter came to him from Denis, Bishop of Alexandria, giving an account of the rising of the heresy of Sabellius, who held that the Trinity was but three names of one Person. The Emperor, who was at this time away from Rome, carrying on war with Persia, sent orders for all bishops and deacons of the Christians to be put to death. Sixtus, and a number of others, were accordingly taken while at prayer in the cemetery of Calliste, and put to death immediately afterwards. After his death the bishopric was vacant for twelve months. Lawrence, chief of the deacons, suffered martyrdom at this time by being roasted on an iron bed.

[NOTE.—The names of Bishops and others are given in the same form as presented by the author, excepting where an Anglicized or Latinized form of the name is so much better known as to justify a change.]

(To be continued.)

CHEERFULNESS IN RELIGION.—I endeavour in vain to give my parishioners more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that He is best served by a regular tenour of good actions,—not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is, to be unhappy!—*Sydney Smith.*

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

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

I.

ST. LUKE XIV. 11-32.

This parable is not only the most beautiful, but perhaps the most many-sided of all the parables. Taken as the story of an ordinary life wandering—of fine purposes perverted, of struggle and defeat, the slow coming of want, the fierce grip of a grim and deadly famine, and the remorse that follows, the return and the reception;—it is full of the divinest pathos, truth and love. But it has suggested another line of thought and teaching to my mind. I propose to mentalise the parable, to take the narrative form as given here, follow pretty closely the lines marked out, and show how a man with the best of motives may wander from his early faith, travel into regions unknown and dangerous, get bewildered by false teachers, get bewitched by the harlotry of worldly wisdom, hire himself to an alien, that is to say, embrace and profess a creed of pure negation, and hold it till the famine comes with its hot breath to scorch and wither through the soul; and then he is driven by steps of inward want back to man's original, grandest, though simplest creed, "Father, forgive, receive thy son."

Believe me, friends, I am not prompted to do this by any desire to find new ways of presenting the truth. I am no seeker after novelties, though I always rejoice to be able to put a word of rebuke or of instruction in a new and clear light; for it seems to me that Wisdom has cried in the streets so long, and her truths have become such undeniable truisms that men have got to disregard her. Truths the most profound and startling seem to lose their force and meaning from a constant repetition. Facts that wear the same colour, propound the same teachings day by day, year in and year out, soon become objects of indifference, if they are not altogether banished from the attention. The imagination is a great and powerful element in our nature. Christ often sent His truths through the imagination to the soul. The bird on the house-top, the corn swaying in the summer wind, the water gleaming far down the well, the lily, lifting its beautiful face to the light, innocent childhood clasped to the breast of passionate motherhood, all were to him as broad avenues leading straight to the inner chambers of the soul. This parable is just a magnificent appeal to the imagination. Not a publican or sinner that heard it, but would grasp the great mystery of godliness, and feel that he too might return to his Father and his home.

You will agree with me that these are times of peculiar danger. Speaking broadly we are prosperous everywhere. It is a time of plenty and of full supply. We have tremendous energy, and that has commanded a tremendous success. We have such a command of material wealth as the world has never seen. Pleasures are refined of much of the old vulgarity and violence. Learning is in highest esteem—the scientists are reaping a wonderful harvest. It seems as if amends are being made for some past times of drought and barrenness. And our very plenty is our peril. We are in danger of falling into the same mistake as did ancient Jeshurun. There is danger arising from the fascinating pleasures of the day, there is danger arising from our love and worship of wealth: there is danger arising from the recoil from the old strictness and sternness in matters of scientific and religious beliefs; there is not the danger of a storm, and being driven on to the rocks to find wreck and death, but there is the danger of soul drifting in the calm. Men are drifting into doubts, losing their hold and their place, drifting dreamily on to the rocks. Some have drifted and can be carried no further. I know them. Their doubts have given birth to morbid impulses, and the morbid impulses have given birth to the most dangerous reactions. And there they are, like a ship flung upon the sand, gaping in every seam, cracking in the sun, drifted souls, flung on to the rough and pitiless shores of unbelief. I want to see how it came about. And now to the scene and story. You are to imagine to yourselves this home. A calm, quiet place, far away from the scenes of strife and controversy. So far that they hardly hear the din of contending theologians and scientists and philosophers. There are two brothers, with many strong points of likeness. They both have the father's image outlined on the face; they have both the father's mode and manner of expression; they both seek and love to have the guiding counsel of the father. But there are also points of difference. The elder is of contented mind, can look on mystery with scarce a longing to see what it means, will take the teachings of his childhood on to be the faith of his manhood. But the younger is of another mind. He may often be seen to stand with eager, anxious face before some mystery of truth; there is now and then the light of curious questioning in his eyes, and try as he may, the throbbing heart will not be still. He has accepted the early teaching as his brother does, he is not given to doubting, but only to wondering; he doesn't dispute, but puts an earnest question now and then. The father can say now, though not a murmur has been heard, to the elder, "Son, thou wilt ever be with me," but he cannot say it of the younger.

These brothers are types, you see, friends. The elder, of that class who are always content with the creed they received from their fathers. There are multitudes of people who are never troubled with a religious doubt, never open the lips to make an enquiry, never know what it is to have a storm of fear sweeping through the soul. The old landmarks are dear and precious things; they have served as guiding points to many a voyager in life's sea, and they may not be removed. They are content with the old ways, and the old words, and would as soon think of quarrelling with the stars of heaven as with an ancient form of faith. I have no word of censure for them. That elder brother is true to his nature, and he didn't make himself.

The younger is type of another class; of the men and women who have restless minds, daring natures; men and women who seem born to questioning as they are born to trouble. They cannot see a mountain peak without feeling the desire to climb to its top. To discover the mouth of a cave is to enter in however dark it may be. They are not content to use a thing until they have attempted some process of analysis. They search, question, test, undeterred by thoughts of age or popularity. Don't sneer at them. They also are true to their nature; and a brave, noble true nature it often is. They often blunder, and stumble and fall; they are men who get wrecked as we shall see; they are the men who go down to herd with the swine and eat husks as you will see before

we have done with this parable; but, these also are the men who king the ages; from this class are gathered your prophets and priests. Sometimes they pass through the fiery furnace and come out with scarce a hair singed or the smell of fire on the garments. Sometimes they come from the land of famine, come to be true, great sons for evermore. Your Peters, your Thomases, your Philips, your Pauls, your Luthers, are drawn from among them. As yet I like that younger son. It is grand to receive, but grander when receiving you enquire.

So much for the points of difference in the brothers. I have done with the elder now, shall have no need to look at him again. I want to follow this younger. Look at him there at home—Father and Son—that is the relationship they sustain. That relation is eternally fixed. His mind bears on it the Father's image, the Father's thought moves in it. There in his innocence and beauty, with no thought of wandering from his home, trusting, loving, and always glad, he is a son. And he will always be a son. Turning away from early forms of faith, wandering here and there in quest of others, bewildered and in doubt, lost to faith and an alien, he will ever be a son. He cannot efface the image. He cannot altogether cast out the thought. He cannot quench the last spark of that fire kindled first by a father's breath. Don't you see the teaching brethren. In your innocent and beautiful childhood the image of God was on you, the light of truth struck full on the soul, the fire was kindled by Him who made you. You have since wandered, doubted, rioted in unbelief, but you cannot altogether efface the original impress. You have buried the fire under load upon load of black ashes, but the spark is still there. Man may destroy the beautiful and make all round him a waste and howling desert, but he is still man, and as man, belongs to God. While your self, your inner self of soul exists, you must bear somewhat His likeness. You feel this at times. At rare moments you hunger and thirst after righteousness, you long to have truth in calm possession, you long to have a settled faith and home, you are weary of doubt, you are sick of mysteries. Sign of your parentage my brother. In spite of your fears, doubts, wanderings and riotings, while your soul lives God will have a son, a son in His own likeness, a likeness marred, disfigured, but still bearing some resemblance, and while God lives you will have a Father, a Father wronged, rebelled against, sinned against, but always a Father, and always ready to forgive.

I must ask you now to regard this young man as beginning to question his early faith. For intellectual wandering never begins by doubt of God and a wish to break away from communion with Him, it begins I think in questioning what man has said about God. Man's interpretation of the facts of nature and of revelation, man's judgment concerning right and wrong, where in pleasure sin begins and where in duty the imperative is touched. Now what are the great disturbing forces that come to young and thoughtful minds? Perhaps if I went to the root of the matter I should find that it comes from this, a great and manifest difference between men's lives and their creeds. For when the reflective faculties are aroused and begin to exercise their rightful functions in criticism, that criticism is directed first of all not toward creeds, but toward the men and women who hold the creeds, not toward principles in their abstract form, but toward principles in their concrete form, as embodied in daily life. This young man of whom I am speaking has begun to use his reflective powers and to exercise his critical faculty. He is working among men and always observant. He has been taught in the ordinary popular creed of the day, Calvinistic or Armenian. He hears men speak of an enthusiastic devotion to heaven, and finds that in all the work of every day they are devoted to nothing but the world. He finds men holding a creed pledging them to make peace on the earth, and in their action only making war. He hears whole churches preaching holiness, and sees them daily baptising the flesh and the devil. He sees everywhere a huge contradiction between faith and practice, and he turns to examine the faith if haply he may find the reason and explanation of the practice. And that examination by men that can satisfy in most points a young and honest mind. A mind worn and wearied with much toil may embrace some creed, Calvinistic, Armenian or Popish to find the longed for rest, but not so the young spirit which has just begun to put its great unanswerable questions. For it desires not rest, but information of the truth. And while some points of belief will receive instant confirmation from his reason, his conscience, his affections, others will offend and nature. He cannot command for himself the faith that shall receive them. Be God is a great and awful King before whom the universe must tremble. He hates arbitrary law, with slumbering wish and will to break it. He broke it, and at once was hurled from happiness, stripped of the majesty of his nature, and doomed to transmit to each of his children the fearful guilt of his own and everlasting hell his birth-right. True, He found a ransom, but even then it is a transaction, and God is careful first of all, not for Christ died, not to rescue man from his sinful wanderings back to truth and heaven, but to appease the infinite anger of an infinite God. In Romanism men are under an infallible man; in Protestantism men are under an infallible human life, but infallible as a teacher of history, revealing the truth of God and of questions of the past and of science. It is in fact a will, published by heaven at different times through different men. And interpreters take those different utterances and crush and cut them to make poetry and precept and vision, and meet the demands of the moment, and clear judgments calmly given, to make so the young enquirer stumbles at once on inconsistencies and things unreasonable. Love is not at the root of all things, but law. God is first a King; the cross of Calvary is the awful record of heaven tell of his infinite power, and the way he enquires on, pondering deeply on the relations of the divine nature and of fatalism which no reasoning can destroy, facts also of free will that are incontrovertible. He sees the lines of rival systems running into each other and

crossing each other, and falling into infinite confusion. And the resolve is formed to break away from the old and go out in search of a broader, a larger, a truer and a freer faith. That is the point of departure, the longing breaks out in act, the inward thought is framed into speech. He gathers all together, his energies, his purposes and plans, to set out on the journey. He is confident of success. He will solve the problems for himself; he will face the contradictions and master them all, he will break away from the old and cramping things to find a loftier ideal and a fuller faith. Ah, many a brave and bold young mind has come to that conclusion, fascinated and drawn by the light that seemed to fall on the far off land; scorning the lower and the more familiar forms, and the imagination thrilling to the thought of running along the lines of absolute government, and taking in maybe the absolute and universal, he confidently sets out.

Let me say a word here to parents, you have trained your children in your own faith, imposed your own and your father's creed upon them. That is well, a man should not hold a faith he doesn't think it worth his while to teach others. But don't let the lines laid down be hard and fast, binding and immovable. The faith you hold has done for you, and *will* do for you, but it may not do for them. Let them go forth to enquire and search the lands beyond. Let them explore unknown seas if they will. Don't chain down the eagle, don't compel the younger brother to move in the narrow round of the elder; give him his portion of goods, principles, purposes, general truths of life, and let him go. It is God's will perhaps that he shall pass through famine to peace and home and heaven.

And a word also to the young. You are growing discontented, you are tired of set creeds and forms, of sects and parties, isms and orthodoxy, you want to get away from these and be free. But don't be in too great hurry to cast off your early faith; don't mistake license for liberty as so many do, don't let out on the troubled sea of religious controversy without being sure of yourself, your compass and chart. There are rocks ahead and breakers. Beware my young brother beware. You may bring new truths to light, or you may lose all of truth you have. Don't drop one creed before you have another to take its place. Pass from faith to a larger faith, from light to a broader and clearer light if you can. But be sure that the steps are upward and not downward. You may be very honest, and yet get very wrong. That young man in the parable went away to succeed, but they witched away his fine purposes from him and drove him into the fields to feed if he could on husks, or die. You say your creed is narrow and cramping, Beware lest in turning from it you embrace a narrower and crushing unbelief. I shall speak of that farther in the exposition of this parable, but let me say to you now, I am not condemning departure from an early creed. It was not this young man's going from home, but the way he used his liberty and spent his goods that made the sin. God has endowed you with a mind, use it. Let it go forth in quest of food, to feed upon, and if you use it you must grow out of the old, for the world is set to an ascending scale. Lay hold of the great questions that confront you everywhere, questions of God and Christ and immortality, of free will and fate. Don't thrust them from you, for they will come back again, you may hush the cry of your heart now by turning to the dull business of money making, you may tread down your spirit, thoughts and emotions, but they will come again, when you are worn and weary, when the evening of life has come, or when the new day has dawned, they will come storming in upon the soul, for you must work them out here or in the great hereafter. But, set about it soberly and seriously. Don't look upon your doubts as things to play with, don't think to find amusement with strange and brilliant fancies, or the weird fantastic shapes the fogs of your mind fall into. Aye, be more than serious, be spiritually minded. The soul must have an anchor, or you will drift, on to the rocks and death, you must have the kingdom of God within you, not as a creed, but as principle of life. You must have the living Christ in you, giving guidance to mind and to heart. Go forth, broaden the circle of truth for yourself if you can, but be sure and keep hold of the centre, you may yield to ideality and the various forces and impulses developed by modern thought, you may join the crusade against worn out creeds and cramping forms of church life and do it safely, if you have and hold the central truth of earth and heaven, the Fatherhood of God, "for, wandering from that by lines, as from centre to circumference, you will hap at last on the truth of life and the life of truth, Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world. With Jacob cry, "tell me thy name I pray thee," but like Jacob, keep hold of Him your soul would know, crying ever from the place of shadow and strife, "I will not let thee go."

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

Mr. Harrison's striking discourse on the soul and future life has a certain resemblance to the famous essay on the snakes of Ireland. For its purport is to show that there is no soul, nor any future life in the ordinary sense of the terms. With death, the personal activity of which the soul is the popular hypostasis is put into commission among posterity, and the future life is an immortality by deputy.

Neither in these views, nor in the arguments by which they are supported, is there much novelty. But that which appears both novel and interesting to me is the author's evidently sincere and heartfelt conviction that his powerful advocacy of soulless spirituality and mortal immortality is consistent with the intellectual scorn and moral reprobation which he freely pours forth upon the 'irrational and debasing physicalism' of materialism and materialists, and with the wrath with which he visits what he is pleased to call the intrusion of physical science, especially of biology, into the domain of social phenomena.

Listen to the storm:—

We certainly do reject, as earnestly as any school can, that which is most fairly called Materialism, and we will second every word of those who cry out that civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology, and if death is the end of man, as it is the end of a sparrow. We not only assent to such protests, but we see very pressing need for making them. It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain, and to tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish. And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this, which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena, which deny man a spiritual in addition to a moral nature, which limit his moral life to the span of his bodily organism, and which have no place for 'religion' in the proper sense of the word. (9 P. 630.)

Now Mr. Harrison can hardly think it worth while to attack imaginary opponents, so that I am led to believe that there must be somebody who holds the 'corrupting doctrine' 'that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp.' Nevertheless, my conviction is shaken by a passage which occurs at p. 627: 'No rational thinker now pretends that imagination is simply the vibration of a particular fibre.' If no rational thinker pretends this of imagination, why should any pretend it of devotion? And yet I cannot bring myself to think that all Mr. Harrison's passionate rhetoric is hurled at irrational thinkers: surely he might leave such to the soft influences of time and due medical treatment of their 'grey pulp' in Colney Hatch or elsewhere.

On the other hand, Mr. Harrison cannot possibly be attacking those who hold that the feeling of devotion is the concomitant, or even the consequent, of a molecular change in the brain; for he tells us, in language the explicitness of which leaves nothing to be desired, that

To positive methods, every fact of thinking reveals itself as having functional relation with molecular change. Every fact of will or of feeling is in similar relation with kindred molecular facts. (10 P. 627.)

On mature consideration I feel shut up to one of two alternative hypotheses. Either the 'corrupting doctrine' to which Mr. Harrison refers is held by no rational thinker—in which case, surely neither he nor I need trouble ourselves about it—or the phrase, 'Devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp,' means that devotion has a functional relation with such molecular change; in which case, it is Mr. Harrison's own view, and therefore, let us hope, cannot be a 'corrupting doctrine.'

I am not helped out of the difficulty I have thus candidly stated, when I try to get at the meaning of another hard saying of Mr. Harrison's, which follows after the 'corrupting doctrine' paragraph: 'And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this [corrupting doctrine], which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena.'

Nevertheless, on pp. 626-7, Mr. Harrison says with great force and tolerable accuracy:

Man is one, however compound. Fire his conscience, and he blushes. Check his circulation, and he thinks wildly, or thinks not at all. Impair his secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discoloured, or depraved; his aspirations flag, his hope, love, faith reel. Impair them still more, and he becomes a brute. A cup of drink degrades his moral nature below that of a swine. Again, a violent emotion of pity or horror makes him vomit. A lancet will restore him from delirium to clear thought. Excess of thought will waste his sinews. Excess of muscular exercise will deaden thought. An emotion will double the strength of his muscles. And at last the prick of a needle or a grain of mineral will in an instant lay to rest for ever his body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling, and action, with which that compound organism was charged.

These are the obvious and ancient observations about the human organism. But modern philosophy and science have carried these hints into complete explanations. By a vast accumulation of proof positive thought at last has established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon.

I cry with Shylock:

'Tis very true, O wise and upright judge.

But if the establishment of the correspondence between physical phenomena on the one side, and moral and intellectual phenomena on the other, is properly to be called an *explanation* (let alone a *complete explanation*) of the human organism, surely Mr. Harrison's teachings come dangerously near that tender of physical theories in explanation of moral phenomena which he warns us leads straight to corruption.

But perhaps I have misinterpreted Mr. Harrison. For a few lines further on we are told, with due italic emphasis, that 'no man can explain volition by purely anatomical study'. (11 P. 627.) I should have thought that Mr. Harrison might have gone much further than this. No man ever explained any physiological fact by purely anatomical study. Digestion cannot be so explained, nor respiration, nor reflex action. It would have been as relevant to affirm that volition could not be explained by measuring an arc of the meridian.

I am obliged to note the fact that Mr. Harrison's biological studies have not proceeded so far as to enable him to discriminate between the province of anatomy and that of physiology, because it furnishes the key to an otherwise mysterious utterance which occurs at p. 631:—

A man whose whole thoughts are absorbed in cutting up dead monkeys and live frogs has no more business to dogmatise about religion than a mere chemist to improvise a zoology.

Quis negavit? But if, as, on Mr. Harrison's own showing, is the case, the progress of science (not anatomical, but physiological) has 'established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon,' and if it is true that 'impaired secretions' deprave the moral sense, and make 'hope, love, and faith reel,' surely the religious feelings are brought within the range of physiological inquiry. If impaired secretions deprave the moral sense, it becomes an interesting and important problem to ascertain what diseased viscus may have been responsible for the *Priest in Absolution*; and what condition of the grey pulp may have conferred on it such a pathological steadiness of faith as to create the hope of personal immortality, which Mr. Harrison stigmatises as so selfishly immoral.

I should not like to undertake the responsibility of advising anybody to dogmatise about anything; but surely if, as Mr. Harrison so strongly urges (p. 627), 'the whole range of man's powers, from the finest spiritual sensibility down to a mere automatic contraction, falls into one coherent scheme, being all the multifarious functions of a living organism in presence of its encircling conditions;' then the man who endeavours to ascertain the exact nature of these functions, and to determine the influence of conditions upon them, is more likely to be in a position to tell us something worth hearing about them, than one who is turned from such study by cheap pulpit thunder touching the presumption of 'biological reasoning about spiritual things.'

Mr. Harrison, as we have seen, is not quite so clear as is desirable respecting the limits of the provinces of anatomy and physiology. Perhaps he will permit me to inform him that physiology is the science which treats of the functions of the living organism, ascertains their coordinations and their correlations in the general chain of causes and effects, and traces out their dependence upon the physical states of the organs by which these functions are exercised. The explanation of a physiological function is the demonstration of the connection of that function with the molecular state of the organ which exerts the function. Thus the function of motion is explained when the move-

ments of the living body are found to have certain molecular changes for their invariable antecedents; the function of sensation is explained when the molecular changes, which are the invariable antecedents of sensations, are discovered.

(To be continued.)

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

—:O:—

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

She rocked herself from side to side, pulling at her hair, and he listened, appalled. "You stayed away a good while, and I made up the powder; and when we went out, you put it in the post; and the next I heard of it was the news that she was dead, and you were taken—you, as innocent as the daylight, Dominick, my darling. And, first, I nearly died with the fright, and the helplessness; but then I saw that there was something for me to do, and I did it."

She paused, and checked the swaying of her body. Her hands hung in the heavy loops of her red hair. Something like a smile came for a moment into her face.

"I got into *the place*—the horrid place at Kilkenny; it was close to my new school-house—and I picked acquaintance with the servants, and I set fire to the laboratory. I went very near to saving myself and you that time."

"Stop, stop; for God's sake, stop!" said Daly hoarsely. "What's the use?"

"Very near to saving myself and you," she went on, as if he had not spoken, knitting her brows into a frown; "but fate was against me. And then I fell sick. I don't know any more, until two days ago, and then I got well enough to come here."

"Why did you come? Oh, why did you come?"

"He asks me!" she said again. "He asks me! I came for the same reason that made me do everything else that I have done; because I love you, and I must take you out of this now."

Was she mad? Had the crime turned her brain? or rather had she committed the crime because her brain was already turned? In his mind, weary, although strained to the utmost pitch of excitement, he asked himself these questions. He was awake to the imminent need of making her comprehend the full truth as regarded him and his determination; and he conquered the horror of speaking to her, a great horror, though the ruined wreck of the old guilty love floated somewhere on the surging waves of his troubled mind all the while. They would have little time, and there was much to say.

So Daly rose, and lifted her from the floor. As his hand closed round her arm she kissed it, quickly, roughly; but he did not heed the action. He placed her in the chair beside the table, and picked up her bonnet.

"Put this on," he said; "you haven't long to stay here; and now you are here, there's a great deal to be said. I prayed God that you might not come, but prayers of mine are not likely to get far on their way to Heaven. I prayed that I might never see you again"—she started—"for your sake and my own. I hoped you were safe out of harm's way, when I knew it was you that did it."

"How did you know?"

"I knew it from the first moment. I knew it, because I remembered that night, and the feeling that came over me, like a warning, when you wished the sick woman dead. I knew, because I *deserved it*—not *how* you did it, but that you had done it, and what the end must be."

"Yes, the end is easy to see," she said. "It would have come quicker if I could have stood, or walked, or been carried here, before to-day. But you'll forgive me for that, won't you? I wanted to tell you all, before I should tell the others."

"What others?"

"The gentlemen; and get you out of this. It's all over, and it seems a long, long time since I had the notion that we might be quit of her, and harm could never come to you. How should I have dreamed that harm could come, when your own letter seemed to make it secure?"

His glance turned to the letter, as he had written it out from memory. It lay close beside her hand at that moment.

"It seems a long time since then; everything is lost and gone. That was before the shock, before I knew they had suspected you and taken you. But since, I have come to my right mind again, and can tell it all clear out. Some of the harm can be undone."

"None of the harm can ever be undone," said Daly. "Listen to me now, for time is precious, and try with all your might to understand every word that I am saying to you."

"I understand, I understand." Once more she began to rock herself from side to side, and to twist her fingers as if in pain.

"You must do nothing of what you intended to do. You cannot take me out of this, or out of what is to come, by anything that you can do or say. Hush! do not interrupt me by one single word!"

The woman obeyed him; she was cowed by the power and the command in him which she had never seen before, and she was too true a woman not to recognize them, with something like faint, far-off, admiration, even thus, and now.

"You must go away, and stay away; you must never make a sign. Everything that can be done for my defence will be done; the gentlemen are seeing to that. I shall have a fight made for me; it will fail, but not through the fault of my friends, God bless and reward them! But you must never be heard of again in any way or anything relating to me."

She looked at him, in sheer blank astonishment, quiet now.

"Until the trial? Do you mean that? But when I tell them, there will be no trial."

"You shall never tell them."

In an instant she started from her seat, and rushed towards the door. But he caught her, and held her, while she struggled with him fiercely, trying to tear away the folds of her shawl, with which he had covered her mouth.

"Let me go! let me go!" she gasped faintly; "am I to kill her and you too?"

"You surely *will* kill me, if you don't obey me."

Still she struggled, until he repeated this several times; at length she yielded, exhausted, and feebly muttering, "Go on, then, tell me what I am to do," sank down before the table, with her arms spread out upon it, and her face hidden. He spoke from thenceforth with perfect composure.

"There will be a trial, and I shall be defended. I have told the gentlemen that I am not guilty, and they believe me. I have told them the truth; there was nothing but soda in the powder I put in the letter, and the letter was intended to prevent my poor wife from finding out that I was putting a harmless cheat upon her. The doctor would have told her that I was, if she had let him see the medicine *as I sent it*. My defence will be the simple truth, and that the poison that killed her got mixed with the harmless powder in some way which I cannot explain. That defence will be quite useless, because there will be the letter—they'll believe their reading of it, and not mine; and there will be the motive"—he paused, and a shiver passed over him—"the motive, which can so easily be proved against me."

"Aye, aye," she murmured, "there was a motive, only it was mine, not yours; it was mine, like the crime."

"No," he said, sorrowfully, "it was ours; and I am the guilty. It was a terrible day for you when you saw me first."

"My curse—no, no, my blessing be upon that day!" murmured the woman.

"Curses or blessings upon it are all one now. I am not going to give it either. All that is gone for ever, like the time that is gone. What we have got now is very short. That letter—there's a copy of it under your arm this minute—and the motive, the talk about you and me—the talk that I might have hindered, had I been an honest man, and so saved you from all the rest—and the evidence, will hang me, if all the counsellors in the kingdom were on my side."

She lifted her face, and turned it, hardly to be recognized in its mask of livid fear, towards him. His meaning was breaking upon her.

"Hang you! When I did it! When I shall tell them that I did it!"

"You shall never tell them. This is what I have to say to you. I have known from the

first that you did it, and there is no turn which you could have given to circumstances, that I have not been prepared for. Did you think, that you were coming here to confess your crime to me, your tempter and your fellow-sinner?"

"No, no, my lover; oh, Dominick, my lover!"

"Did you think, I say, that you were coming here to confess it, because you and I too are utterly beaten, and then to go and tell it to the world and take the penalty of it, letting me go free? Free to what? Did you, in your womanish folly, when the madness of murder had passed away from you, think such a thing as that?"

Scorn of her, horror of her, pity too, were in his voice and in his face, and also the power which forced her to reply with the truth.

"I did. I think so now. It shall be so."

"It shall not be so. You shall not tell that truth, and before we part for the last time in this world you shall swear to me, your lover, as you called me, the only oath I want from you—that you will *never* tell it till your death is near to you, nearer than mine to me to-day, or for many days to come. You shall swear this to me, if you don't want to know that the blackest despair of all comes to me from you, blacker despair than the judge or the jury could sentence me to, if I had ten lives for them to take from me. Listen to me, Katharine," the vehemence of his tone changed to a solemn earnestness; "by the living God, who shall be our judge, if you do not swear that oath to me, or, having sworn it, if you do not keep it, I will go into the dock and plead guilty."

"And what good would that do you," she stammered, "if I was there, and told them the truth?"

"Which I would swear was a lie. Who would believe your word against mine, do you think? I would tell them: here is a girl whom I have deceived, an innocent girl, with a good character, and respectable people to swear to it, and I, a married man, made love to her, and tempted her, and promised to marry her when I should be free. And she loved me, and trusted me, and now she wants to die for me. D'ye think they'd believe your story, when I'd tell them mine from the dock, with the letter, and the remains of the powder, and the evidence to back it; and nothing to back yours but the love of a villain like me to account for your tremendous lie, and the old belief that there's nothing a woman won't do for her lover, to make them think *mine* the truth? There would not be a chance for you. There's not a man from Donegal to Cape Clear would believe your story, or doubt mine. So, if you want to hang me, as surely as if you put the rope round my neck with your own arms—"

"And what else have I done?" she moaned.

"Go and tell your story. At least, it would make a quick end. There's little trouble with a murderer who pleads 'Guilty,' and tells them all they want to know from the dock. It will have the same ending, anyhow, as I believe, but there are my *chances* in a trial. Great or small, there's always *some* chance, and God is above all. Who knows, He may have mercy upon me, if mercy it would be. Tell your story, and you destroy my chance; you are the minister of his justice to me. Anyhow, I have told you what *I* will do. Make up your mind—there's very little time, we shall be interrupted soon—what *you* will do."

"I will swear, and keep my oath."

She stood up, trembling, but her face was calmer, less death-like, and she touched a crucifix upon the table—"I swear to obey you in this; but, but, the chances, there *are* chances?"

"I have said, there *are* chances. I don't count upon them: don't you count upon them either. You have no more to do with this, or with me. You have only to go away, and to keep silence, in any case, and to—repent."

His voice faltered, and his eyes dropped from her face. She laughed.

"That's all!" she said. "In *any case*, whether you are saved from the punishment of my act, or whether you suffer for it, I—who did it, wicked as it was, devil as I am, for your sake, and because I could not live without you, I have only to go away, and keep silence, and repent. I *must* obey you, for you are stronger than I am, and you have beaten me by your threat, because I never thought of what *you* could do, only of what I could do myself; and now I know you would keep your word, so you have conquered me. *It's done with*. It's over; but I'll tell you, at least, what *was* in my miserable mind. It was, that when I had told the truth, when you knew that my wretched ignorance had never taken in the notion that the death she had to die could be a hard one, or the most distant dread that it could harm you;—an awful fool, Dominick, a miserable fool;—when I was going to give myself up to my righteous doom, and you were going to be cleared of suspicion, you would tell me that you forgave me, because it was all for your sake; that you would let me rest for one moment in your arms again; that you would say to me, 'I loved you once.'

She made the slightest possible movement, as if to approach him, but he stepped back. She went on rapidly—"That can't be now—you have beaten me. You know better than I, and your ingenuity would make anything that I could do useless. The punishment must come to me in its worst shape. You told me once that you would die for me, Dominick, and I know. There's that one gleam in all this black, dreadful night!"

She drew a little nearer; a wild light came into her eyes, her white cheeks were streaked with crimson. Her hands fluttered like leaves, and her gown stirred with the trembling of her knees.

"I will repent, I will repent, if the chances are for you; and, and, if you will give *me* a chance then, Dominick, my darling, my lover—I love you—how shall it be, since you have beaten me, and I cannot die for you, if the chances are for you?"

She clasped her hands, and stretched them towards him. A terrible yearning, half madness, half memory, all anguish, was in her beautiful dreadful face. He recoiled still farther, and answered her thus:—

"Woman, if the chances were for me, I would rather be hanged twice over than see your face again."

She uttered a sharp cry, like that of an animal caught in a trap. The next instant the step of the gaoler sounded on the flags outside. She drew her shawl around her, she lowered her veil, and she said, between her shut teeth, as the key turned in the lock—

"I shall never repent. You never loved me, and the past is a lie."

The prison official had brought Daly's dinner.

"I am ready to go now," said Katharine Farrell, with perfect composure. "Perhaps you will kindly take me to the gate."

She passed through the door without another word, and stood in the passage until the man joined her.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

YOUNG MUSGROVE. A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square.

This pleasant tale of Mrs. Oliphant's steals quietly along, bearing the reader with it in easy and willing beguilement. The fortunes of the children, Lilia and Nello, interest, while incidents do not strike us as overdrawn. Most of the characters are natural; and even the unlikely letters of an educated woman often possess. Mrs. Oliphant's novels have the charm which the and pathetic, always restful and refreshing. This book has, however, the faults as well as the beauties which sometimes characterizes a woman's work. Too much time is taken up in (with the exception of the old Squire) are weak and indistinct. Young Musgrove himself, though the author intends us to admire him, is so little of a hero that one is tempted to believe Irving can do better work than this. But the periodical novel appears to be a necessity; prepares for them; and whether she is at her best or not, of one thing we may always be certain, her books will be healthy, readable, and safe. We recommend Young Musgrove as a pleasant companion for those quiet hours passed at the sea-side or in the country in the summer, when light literature becomes the order of the day.

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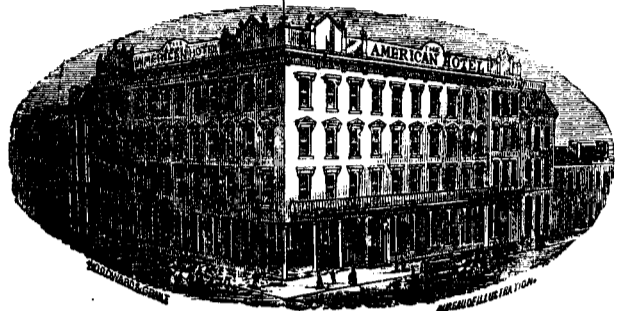
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