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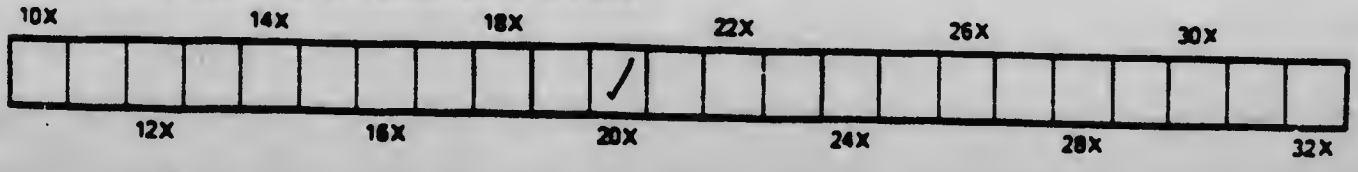

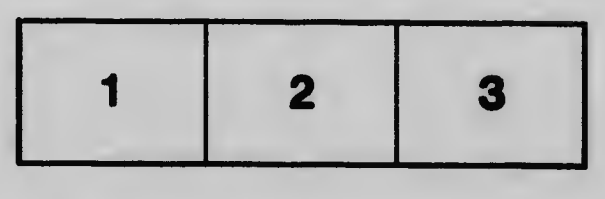

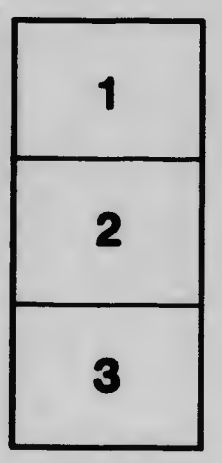

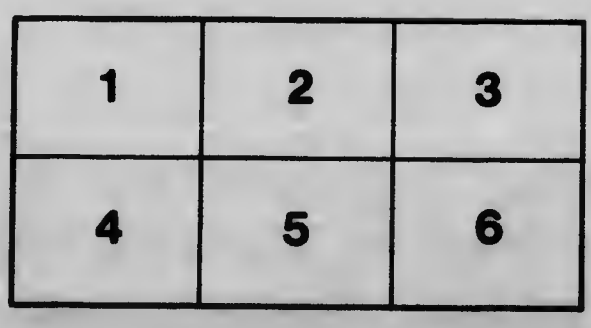

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Miss Darcey

A Parson's Ponderings

BY

G. J. LOW, D.D.,
Rector of Billings' Bridge and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, Canada

Author of "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy"

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1906

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, by G. J. Low, D.D., at the Department of Agriculture.

TO

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING

K.C.M.G., C.E., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

CHANCELLOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CANADA

THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION, INSCRIBED, AS
A TRIBUTE ALIKE TO HIS VERSATILITY AS
A SCHOLAR, HIS EXCELLENCE AS
A MAN, AND HIS PATRIOTISM
AS A BRITISH SUBJECT.

PREFATORY NOTE

THE "PARSON'S PONDERINGS" appeared at various times (as the dates will show) in *The Week,* of Toronto, a periodical now unhappily deceased. They were mainly prompted by occurrences of the time, and were possibly then more opportune than now. Nevertheless, many questions are still *sub judice* to-day: for example, legislation as to the observance of the Lord's Day. My convictions on this matter remain as they were ten years ago, when I wrote Pondering XIV., "Concerning Gallio."

The twelve *causeries* entitled "In My Study" were monthly contributions to the short-lived *Commonwealth,* of Ottawa.

G. J. LOW.

BILLINGS' BRIDGE,
March 26th, 1906.

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CHAPTER I.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS.

WHAT shall I preach about next Sunday? This is a question which, I suppose, occupies most parsons' thoughts early every week. At any rate it does mine just now, as I sit in my study, facing my library. It's no great library, to be sure; a poor parson cannot indulge in that luxury. Luxury, do I call it? Is it not rather a necessity in these days, when the last important work on any debated subject is as necessary to the scholar as the last style of reaper and binder is to the farmer who wants to keep up with the times? Yet a luxury it must remain to the man of slender means. It is rather provoking to have a brother parson, whose purse is longer than one's own, or some learned dignitary, remark to one: "Have you read Dr. Tonans' grand new apologetic work,

which completely overthrows Professor Molecule's attack on Christianity? If not, you ought to get it; it will only cost you five dollars." Alas! what is a man to do, when he has just been reminded by his wife that Sophie's shoes are worn out, and Johnnie must have a new jacket? Of course Dr. Tonans' book must wait. One can, however, buy Professor Molecule's new work, for that will only cost fifteen or twenty cents in the cheap popular form. So one can get the latest thought of the day on one side of the question at any rate. Now, what is the reason that I can get Professor Molecule's work so cheap, while Dr. Tonans' is so dear? Is it in accordance with the law of supply and demand? If so, there must be a tremendous demand for Molecule, and a woeful lack of demand for Tonans'. Or is it that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"?

A parson—who has to furnish his people with at least two discourses every week, who is supposed in these two discourses to give their thoughts a direction for good for the ensuing six days, who must (if he is worth anything) be *au courant* with the varied and turbulent thought of the day—ought to have no meagre library.

Of course, a parson of the type which Goldsmith has immortalized in the parish priest of

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

with his primitive, patriarchal life, his worldly calmness, and unsophisticated piety,

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year,"

might well be contented with "Paley's Evidences," and a few more old-fashioned tomes on his shelves. But "Sweet Auburn" is a thing of the past; it is a "Deserted Village," indeed, nowadays. And the idyllic pastor is as much out of date as the rustic schoolmaster.

Fancy Sweet Auburn's pastor suddenly transplanted to an ordinary Canadian village or small town; he would be utterly bewildered. Instead of being in the midst of a quiet homogeneous people—bucolic and stolid, happy and humdrum—among whom he was a king, with only the squire and the schoolmaster as intellectual equals—he would find himself tackling a congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of varied nationalities and mental gifts. And then this congregation would be only one of several rival congregations of various names, each striving to get the inside track of the others. Poor man! What would he do?

Fancy him, with his pitying heart and hospitable hearth open to every tramp or confidence man that come along! Fancy him being bothered with book-agents, and with his parishioners inquiring, "What do you think of the Jesuits' Estate Act?" "Are you an advocate of anti-poverty and equal rights?" "What are you going to do about prohibition?" "What is your opinion of evolution?" "What do you think of 'Robert Elsmere,' and 'John Ward, Preacher'?" What would the poor man do when he found one part of his flock fascinated by the big drum of the Salvation Army, and another part systematically absenting themselves from church and studying Professor Molecule at home? In the church he would find himself addressing a very mixed assembly. There would be, perhaps, a few, a very few, as simple-hearted and unlettered as his old parishioners—some much better informed than himself on many points—and the children, even of the poor and uneducated, attending high schools, and able to solve algebraical problems and analyze sentences in a way that would have posed his old friend, the rustic schoolmaster.

In one respect only would he find his position unchanged; he would still have to think himself

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year,"

or its modern equivalent in purchasing power. Poor man! gentleman, Christian, scholar of the antique type! He would find the tale of bricks demanded indefinitely increased, while his stock of straw was no larger than heretofore.

But I have been digressing. The question is, What shall I preach about next Sunday? What are the particular spiritual needs of my congregation just now, the needs which most require to be ministered unto? When I survey them in my mind's eye, and think of the heterogeneous assembly, of the various temperaments, the various grades of education and age, the various conditions of religious and irreligious life, I can really think of no style or subject adapted to all. So the question, What shall I preach about? involves another question which must be first settled, viz., To whom should I preach?

There is dear old Mrs. Green, for instance, with her eighty years of age, and yet still hale and hearty; she is sure to be in her place in church. She is one of the last remnants of Sweet Auburn's emigrants. She and her deceased husband were the founders of this church some fifty years and more ago. She was always accustomed to a severe, decorous, yet meagre, ritual. She loves the church in which she was

born, in which she has always lived, and in which she will die, and nothing could induce her to forsake it for pastures new; but her soul is vexed within her to think it is not exactly, in all respects, like the church of her youth. She loves "Tate & Brady," and even yet cannot quite reconcile herself to "them hymns," and these new "goings on." She loves sermons which depict in glowing colors the everlasting peace and joy which await the elect, of which she feels herself one—and so she is, and deservedly, too, dear old soul! And if the homiletic picture has some dark shades in the background of the sufferings of those who are not of the elect, why they serve only to bring into relief the central figure. It seems almost like sacrilege to ruffle her placid faith or cross her mental grain in the least degree.

And yet the style of sermon that would be sweet food for her soul would, I fear, be accounted but chaff by her grandson, who will be sitting by her side next Sunday, and who has just graduated at the university, and has arrived home full of honors in philosophy and natural sciences, and who knows that Professor Robertson Smith and Dr. Marcus Dods and many others, once accounted frightful heretics, are now had in honor.

Then there is Dr. Black, and those like-minded with him—and they are not a few—who come to church occasionally, once in a while in the forenoon, and spend the rest of the day in studying agnostic literature. These men tell us sometimes in person, sometimes through the press, that the utterances of the pulpit do not meet their spiritual needs, because they do not solve the difficulties which crop up continually in the course of their secular reading. They complain of the "cowardice" of the pulpit in approaching the "doubt" of the pew, and contemptuously hint that the pulpit avoids grappling with these subjects through either ignorance or fear. And yet, if one were to prepare a sermon specially for them the chances are they would not be there to hear it.

Then there are the Browns, who know nothing of modern doubts and modern literature; whose intellectual attainments are meagre, but whose emotions are very warm. Nothing will satisfy these but a sermon after the style of Sam Jones or Dr. Talmage; full of anecdotes, horrible, humorous, solemn, grotesque, tragical and farcical, combined in one spicy compound.

Then there is Mr. Blue, very Protestant, awfully Protestant, who has an unquenchable

horror of popery; who conceives that every change in the service, however slight, however common-sense, "leads to Rome"; who, if he sees a new book-marker instead of an old frayed one, thinks the "innovation" was put there by the Pope's orders, and is bound to protest. He can give you a long list of things in which he does not believe, but is hardset to tell you what he does believe.

And then there is young Scarlett, who has lately come from the city, where he was a worshipper at the Church of St. Aloysius, who is never content unless he sees candles, incense, crucifixes and vestments; he sits restless and indifferent under any sermon, unless the word "church" or "celebration" occurs continually in it.

And then there are the Greys—steady, thorough-going, loyal, God-fearing, earnest; who do not come to find fault, but who listen to the sermon in order to absorb what good they can find in it; whose religion is practical rather than polemical. They are loved and respected by all, though some may dub them slow and old-fashioned.

Indeed a Canadian village parson's congregation is a very mixed one, and his course not always smooth. The missionary of a purely

rural congregation is not so burdened. Such a congregation is the nearest approach to that of Sweet Auburn. Not that our Canadian farmers are so behind the age; but the similarity of occupation, of political and religious sentiment and of racial origin, which is found in many a Canadian "settlement," breeds a homogeneousness in the congregation which makes it very workable, and has its charm, while the average mental calibre is infinitely ahead of the Hodges of Sweet Auburn.

On the other hand, a city preacher can be a "specialist." No matter what his type of preaching, or style of service, or school of thought, there are plenty of people of all kinds to fill all sorts of churches; and each individual will naturally gravitate to that sort of service and preaching which attracts him most. And it is well that it should be so. As long as men's faces and figures differ, just so long will men's tastes and predilections, and the church (to be a "church" and not a "sect") must be big enough and wide enough for all sorts and conditions of men. Her clergy must not all be trimmed to one pattern. We want to-day, as ever, the fervid Peter, the indomitable Paul, the scholarly Luke, and

practical James, the loving, contemplative John. We want apologists and revivalists, those who appeal to the head and those to the heart; those who walk the cloister, and those who go through the streets and lanes and highways and hedges. We cannot all be perfect in every branch; but we want experts in all the branches. And the city should furnish these.

But the parson of a small town has all the classes one would meet in a large city, with only enough of each class to be a disturbing element for the others. He cannot pose as a "specialist"; he must be a "general practitioner," and a happy man is he if he can suit them all; for he has a far more difficult *rôle* to fill than the city pastor.

But to return to the question: To whom shall I preach next Sunday? I think—after taking everything into consideration—I shall preach to the Greys.

August, 1889.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING THE REVISED VERSION.

It is rather late in the day to grumble at the Revised Version; but I can't help it—I must relieve my mind. In preparing for a Sunday's work, I read over the second lesson, John xx., in the Revised Version; and it made me "mad." That Revised Version always irritates me. It must make anybody mad—who is a lover of his New Testament, who has (and there are thousands of such) many passages "by heart"—to hear those dear, old familiar sentences, with their sweet rhythm, altered and disfigured, for no earthly use that one can see. It jars one's nerves, it rubs one's mind the wrong way, like some atrocious variation thrust into some beloved old tune. That Revised Version is responsible for many outbursts of my wrath. Here, for instance, is the nineteenth verse, so familiar to every churchgoer, for it is the opening passage of one of the Gospels for Eastertide.

The old Bible reads: "The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when

the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews."

The Revised Version thus puts it: "When, therefore, it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews."

Now, in the name of common sense, what is the use of all this changing and shifting and ruffling up of words? What is gained by it, textually, exegetically, homiletically, philologically or otherwise? It will be replied: "It is a more literal translation." Yes, to be sure; as "literal" as if one translating from the French were to render "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" by "How yourself carry you?" and leave it at that. When I was a schoolboy in England, in translating from the classics, I had, of course, to do so "literally" first; but, that done, the master would always say: "Now, put that into good English." And if I left the sentence at last as some of the sentences are left in the Revised Version, I think I should have had what we used to call, in schoolboy slang, a "licking." Take, for instance, St. Paul's quotation from the Old Testament, in 1 Cor. ii. 9, beginning, "Eye hath not seen"; and compare the old and new versions. I grant the passage is difficult to render into good grammatic English, but at

any rate the old version makes sense. The Revised Version turns it into a mere jumble of words. What is the subject? What is the predicate?

To return to our chapter and verse, "When therefore it was evening," I object to that word "therefore." It is "literal," to be sure; but it is more than "literal"; it is literalism of a debased mechanical character that defeats its own purposes. It is true that the little Greek word *οὖν* means "therefore" *sometimes,* but not always. It is a monosyllable which St. John very frequently uses; it often enhances the rhythm of his sentences. In argumentative discourse it should no doubt be rendered "therefore." But in narrative, especially in such vivid, picturesque, *colloquial* narrative as St. John's, it serves just the same purpose as our little monosyllables, "now," "so," "then," etc. It is a particle to indicate transition of ideas, change of subject, sequence of events—it is used in repetitions after a parenthesis, etc., just as we use those little words. But the Revisors make it always "therefore," with Chinese stiffness. Now I hate that word "therefore" stuck in everywhere. It is a long word; it takes a long time to pronounce; it is a stiff, formal word; it is a formidable word; it bristles with

logic; it suggests premises and conclusions and Euclid's propositions, and all that sort of thing. It is so different from our friendly little words "then," "so," "now," "yet," "and," or the Greek *οὖν* and *δε*. Let anyone read the two versions, the old and the new, of the eighteenth chapter, and notice how irritating that "therefore" is reiterated in the latter, and he will surely say, as of old wine compared with new, "The old is better." (Luke v. 39.)

By the way, I think I have caught the Revisors napping. Out of the twenty times the word *οὖν* occurs in this eighteenth chapter, in three cases the Revisors have forgotten their own stiff rule of always translating "the same Greek by the same English word." In verse 3 they have left the old rendering "then"; in verses 12 and 16 they have changed "then" into "so." In all the other seventeen instances that horrid "therefore" occurs. I do not know why these three places should have escaped the infliction of their rigid rule. Doubtless it was an oversight.

In some few places the Revised Version emendations are valuable from a doctrinal point of view; for instance, in the distinctions between the Aorist and Perfect tenses; as in Gal. iii. 27: "For as many of you as *were* baptized

into Christ *did put* on Christ" (*e.g.*, then and there, at your baptism). But these places are very few, and by no means excuse the Revisors for the ruthless carving up of the old sentences, spoiling the rhythm and beauty of the style.

I wonder at the bad style so often displayed in the Revised Version, especially when the English literature of to-day abounds in such excellent models. In word-architecture the present age seems to be a golden one. It is refreshing to turn from the turgidity of some of the old learned authors to the limpid and yet vigorous writings of our own times. We have, too, all "styles" of word-architecture. There is the pure stately Gothic, graceful and strong, of Professors Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Fred. Harrison, or the "Decorated" of Lord Macaulay, or the "Flamboyant" of Archdeacon Farrar, or even the "Gargoyles" of Carlyle, to select from. But under what style are we to class the Revised Version? I should say, early English, debased.

June, 1891.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING SUPPORTING YOUR SUPPORTERS.

I HAVE just read my *Week* of to-day (September 18th), and its first page has set me a-thinking. It discussed the New Frauds Bill, and took high moral ground—very high indeed; it demanded that the Frauds Bill should begin higher. It would make it hot, not only for the man who gives presents to a minister, but even for "the man who, having sold or wishing to sell goods to a department, makes a contribution, voluntary or solicited, to the electoral fund of the party to which the minister belongs." Now this would be indeed heroic treatment, and might eventually reverse the present order of things, driving out of existence "the unlimited collection and use of money for election purposes" which is confessedly the bane of our political system.

I am not enough of a politician to discuss the ethics of this question from a political standpoint, but, as a parson, I would suggest that the

proposed legislation should begin even higher yet. Instead of confining itself to ministers of state and their clients, suppose it should reach even to ministers of religion and their flocks? The enforcement of the maxim, "Support your supporters," sometimes falls heavily on the clergy. Many a time is a poor pastor remonstrated with by the members or officials of his congregation for not supporting his supporters; many a time does he get such a hint as this, "I want to tell you, as a friend, that Mr. Tozer is offended with you; he talks of leaving your church and joining Mr. Smith's or Mr. Brown's church, because you don't deal at his store." Now under such circumstances there are two courses open to the offending minister. On the one hand he may pursue his own independent way. In that case he will lose Mr. Tozer, and then he will soon hear the mutterings of discontent at his alienating the members of his flock. On the other hand, he may submit and patronize Mr. Tozer henceforth; in that case he must "grin and bear it" if he should perchance find himself the victim of stale groceries, or tough meat, or ill-fitting garments, all purchased at the highest price, in order to retain the good graces of Mr. Tozer.

Now the question is: Supposing the parson

adopts the latter course, is he a "boodler"? I confess I cannot draw the line between his conduct and that of a contractor, let us say, who subscribes to the election fund. The difference seems to me to be one of degree and not of kind. To be sure, there is a vast difference between the amount of the contractor's cheque and the poor parson's little grocery bill, but the principle in each transaction is the same, I ween; it is "supporting your supporters." Now, if I am correct in my premises, I must needs confess with a heavy heart that I have more than once in my life been guilty (or the victim) of this species of "boodling."

The fact is the Old Adam in us all dies hard, and legislation, in order to exterminate him, must go very deep. How would it be for the Government to enact that, "Whosoever shall join any congregation or church and subscribe to its funds in order to obtain the custom and patronage of the members of such church, or of the pastor thereof, shall be judged guilty of boodling"; or, again, "If any pastor of a church shall patronize any shop or store, and so make bad purchases or bargains, simply in order to secure or retain the attendance in his church of the master or owner of such shop or store, he shall be judged guilty of boodling"?

Alas! if such laws were passed I wonder how many would escape of all the preachers who have of late aroused the indignation of the land with their eloquence concerning wickedness in high places!

In the small English town in which I was brought up the tradesmen and artisans were mostly Nonconformists, and they had great grudge against the rector of the parish. It was not because he was a Ritualist; on the contrary, he was an Evangelical of the purest type—what we used to call a Simeonite—and a good, lovable, Christian man, although an "aristocrat." No; their complaint was: "A pretty shepherd of the flock he is! If he wants a new suit or a new pair of boots, he goes to E—— (the county town) to get them!" Well, E—— was only sixteen miles off, and the tailors of our little town were not first-class, but the good rector took his own course; he belonged to the much-hated Established Church, and he was "haughty" enough to get his clothes and things where he could get best value for his money.

There may be demoralizing elements in a state church, but there are other elements equally demoralizing, in the voluntary system, with all its miserable rivalries and competitions and struggles for existence. But the compact

of Church and State is doomed, we are told. It is a "relic of mediævalism" that must be abolished everywhere, as it is in Canada. Be it so. But the problem which has yet to be solved by us Canadians is: Now that there is an entire separation between Church and State, between religion and politics, to which of the two belongs the department of ethics and morals? If the legislature means to control it, let it give the various religious denominations to understand that henceforth they must confine themselves to dogma and speculation, and let the enactments of the state on such questions as the day of rest, prohibition, and so forth, be based on purely political and utilitarian grounds, and let all its acts against "supporting your supporters" reach even to the churches and the pastors thereof.

September, 1901.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING WHAT IS A LUXURY.

THE article by Mr. Henry George, in the *Arena* some time since, on "How to Destroy the Rum Power," is no doubt a startling one. But there are so many startling doctrines nowadays that we have to control our emotions on hearing them or our heads will be turned; and, really, on calm deliberation, some of Mr. George's utterances, at any rate, sound like good sense. For example:

"Legal restrictions on any branch of business must introduce into politics a special element, which will exert power in proportion to the pecuniary interests involved. Under our system the power to get votes and to manage conventions is the foundation of the power to make laws and to secure appointments. The effect of the tax on the manufacture of liquor is to concentrate the business in the hands of larger capitalists and stronger men and to make evasions a source of great profit. This is the genesis of the American whiskey ring which sprung into the most pernicious activity with the imposition

of the two dollar per gallon tax. To tax liquor is inevitably to call a 'rum power' into politics."

Is there not considerable truth in this indictment, that all this system of excise and high license, and taxing of liquor in every corner, tends to throw the whole traffic into the hands of capital, and that capital will naturally use its power to control votes, and so rule the commonwealth? Certain it is that while temperance workers are using their utmost efforts to make the people of this continent dispense with alcohol in every form, English capitalists are pouring their millions into the country to buy up the breweries and distilleries. That does not look as if capital was afraid of high excise and high license, or even of prohibition.

On the other hand, while Mr. George argues that "free rum" would be the destruction of the "rum power," an agitation is being worked up at the same time for high license in addition to high excise. An advocate of this scheme for reducing intemperance thus argues in a daily paper: "It is universally recognized as a political axiom that the burden of taxation should, as much as possible, be laid upon the luxuries of life, so that the necessities of life may go free."

Our Finance Minister has acted upon this so-called "axiom" of late, in still further taxing alcoholic liquors and tobacco. He spoke, if I mistake not, to this effect: "I hope that those who indulge in these 'luxuries' will not object to be further taxed, when they consider that thereby the poor man will have his tax removed from such 'necessaries' as tea and sugar." It occurs to one that many a "poor man" (and poor woman, too, for that matter) loves a bit of a smoke out of his (or her) old clay now and then. But let that pass.

Now this "axiom" sounds very well indeed. It is an ancient one; in fact, somewhat mouldy. But though "universally acknowledged," it is a principle that is hard to carry out in practice in this present age; for pray, who is to decide what is a luxury and what is not? It all depends on the special needs of the individual, on the size of his purse, on the cheapness or dearness of the article in question, and on the state of the society in which the individual moves, as to whether any particular thing is a "luxury" or not to him. The Greenlander goes out in his canoe and harpoons a seal; he brings it home and skins it; he and his household eat the carcass, and of the skin he makes himself a cloak. We can hardly say he is indulging in

luxuries. Yet that same skin, properly dressed, and made into a fashionable jacket, and put upon the back of "Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square," becomes a veritable luxury; at least in the eyes of the poor "sweated" seamstress, who must content herself with scraps of worsted. The Hottentot goes out hunting and slays a leopard, or some feline beast—whether he eats it or not is a question; at any rate he flays it, and wraps the gaudy skin around his waist. Is that a luxury? Yet that same skin, imported from Africa, might form a most luxurious adjunct to the Persian carpet of the luxuriously furnished smoking-room of some member of New York's four hundred. The Chinaman, breeding his own silk-worms and weaving their products into a garment for himself, can "walk about in silk attire." Is he to be dubbed luxurious because he does not clothe himself in calico manufactured in Manchester out of the raw material grown in Alabama?

So we see, after all, that circumstances alter cases, and what might be deemed a "luxury" under some conditions, becomes a "necessity of life" under others. But who, in this nineteenth century of light and progress, is to determine whether any particular thing is a luxury or not? Is light a luxury? It was once, when a window-tax was imposed. Is tea a luxury? It was

thought so once when it was heavily taxed; certainly it is not a "necessity of life," or Providence would have ordained that the tea plant should grow in every clime. But a tax on it is everywhere felt to be a burden, because, "luxury" or not, people will have it in spite of the fact that it is a foreign product and that it induces nervousness, sleeplessness, heart troubles and what not. Is coffee a luxury? You had better not tell the Arab so. Is a dog a luxury? Undoubtedly, to Miss Dora, fondling her Gip; not so, surely, the collie of the Highland shepherd. Is a telephone a luxury? Yes, no doubt, if paterfamilias puts up one in his house in order that his daughters may chatter to their chums; but not when used by men of business. Are turkeys a luxury? Yes, if they cost twenty cents a pound, and beef is only five; but if you cannot get beef in your neighborhood and have a flock of turkeys in your barnyard, that alters the case. Are peaches a luxury? Yes, when they cost, as sometimes in Covent Garden Market, half-a-crown apiece; but not in some parts of America where they feed them to the pigs. Are watches a luxury? That is what I tell my children when they ask me to buy them one apiece; and a certain evangelist, now deceased, used to think so, for he taught his dis-

ciples that "the apostles never wore watches"; nevertheless all who travel by rail, whether in the luxurious "Pullman" or plebeian "colonist," are thankful that all the officials have good timekeepers. Are pictures a luxury? While they are no "necessity of life," it would be hard if the artisan were to be taxed for sticking a colored print on his wall. Is a piano a luxury? Sometimes, far from being a luxury or even a necessity, it is a positive nuisance—to the listener, who would gladly "prohibit" it. Still, I doubt if the greatest music-hater alive would wish to restore the old Puritan Blue Law which forbade the use of any instrument of music except a Jew's harp.

The fact is, the whole trend of modern civilization is to turn "luxuries" into "necessaries," and this arbitrary decreeing that such and such a thing is a luxury, *per se*, and must, therefore, be taxed, so as to make it intolerably dear, is out of harmony with the spirit of the age. We do not tax bananas and pineapples now. In the time of the Civil War the United States Government put a tax on matches, not because they were a "luxury," but because they were so indispensable and were consumed in such vast quantities that the Government was sure of a good revenue from that source. I would not like to assert openly, but I don't

mind whispering to my readers, that I *fear*—I won't say *believe*—that a similar motive might possibly prompt the imposition of this heavy tax on liquor with some of our legislators. Of course, such conduct would be too Pecksniffian to be attributed to the Legislature at large. Of course Parliament honestly considers alcohol an absolute "luxury," as those we have quoted do. I only suggest that it may be barely possible that some few of our M.P.'s might be biased that way, viz., by a conviction that alcohol *will* be consumed in any case, and that in large quantities; and so the revenue is assured.

Prohibition we can understand if we grant its premises: that alcohol is universally and invariably pernicious, for rich and poor, for sick and well, alike. "Free rum" we can understand on the ground that, where beneficial, the poor should enjoy it as well as the rich; and where pernicious the rich should refrain from it as much as the poor. But this heavily taxing, by all manners of ways, an article which is naturally cheap, and so making it artificially dear on the ground of its being a "luxury," is like saying: "This is an article which we decree that the rich may use, but the poor must not."

Is it not high time that we were governed by rules of sound sense, and not by "gush"?

December, 1891.

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

The Festival of the Epiphany memorializes an incident which is related by only one evangelist, and by him in few words. "There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem" in search of the Christ-child. But, brief as the story is, it has ever captivated the heart of Christendom; for it recorded the first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, it indicated the catholicity of His kingdom, it foreshadowed the mighty influence which the Christ-child was to wield over all the human race.

It is no wonder that this event, so briefly sketched by the evangelist, should have become a subject of curious, though devout, speculation in the early Church. "Who were these magi? Whence did they come? How many were there? What were their names and ranks?" And it is no wonder that Christian imagination, and Christian art, and Christian

poetry should have endeavored to supply an answer to the eager questionings of the Christian heart, and that their answer took the shape it did. These magi were three in number, as their gifts—"gold and frankincense and myrrh"—indicated. They were kings; for had not the prophet said: "Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising?" They were representatives of all nations, for the Psalmist sang: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents, the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts."

And so at last the pretty legend was evolved. There were three kings of Orient, one was fair, a descendant of Japheth; one was olive-brown, of the race of Shem; and one black, a son of Ham. One was young, one middle-aged, and one old. Nay, we even know their names: Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar. Have not the three stars of Orion's belt been named after them?

And now this allegorical legend, which not long ago was by many Protestants decried as "superstitious" and "unwarranted by Scripture," is taking hold of all Christian minds as if it were history, thanks to the romance of "Ben Hur," which has had its legions of readers. And we are still further familiarized

with it by the spectacular representation which was lately denounced by the divines of Hamilton, and yet witnessed by crowded houses there and elsewhere. And here I must make a confession. I myself have witnessed that spectacle. "Spectacle" is the only appropriate name for it. Drama it is not; for there is no speaking. It cannot be called a series of "Tableaux vivants," for many of the scenes were altogether *too* "vivants," especially the dances. It would be an indignity to call it a pantomime; so "spectacle" let it be. I say I witnessed that spectacle, not in Hamilton, but —no matter where. And I may add, I was not the only parson present—by a good many. I was disappointed, however. Not but that it was gorgeous beyond all expectation. But I went there (and I am sure my brother parsons all did, too) thinking I should see tableaux which would elucidate passages of Scripture more accurately than most of the pictures in our illustrated Bibles. But, ah me! instead of suggesting Scripture texts, those scenes far oftener recalled to my mind lines of Horace, such as,—

"Jam Cytherea choros ducit venus imminente Lunâ,
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes," etc. (Ode I., 4.)

And again—

> "Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
> Collegisse juvat," etc. (I., 1.)

as I gazed on those bewitching marches and dances of those lovely nymphs, priestesses, and what not. And then the chariot race!

> "Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos!"

To be sure, after one of those fascinating or spirit-stirring scenes, the mind of the spectator would be sobered by a vision of "Lepers on a Judean Highway," or something of that kind. But I fear the moral effect on the average youth, as he looked on that picture and on this, would not be as evangelical as the author probably intended.

However, that spectacle opened with "The Meeting of the Three Magi." So, now that Romance and Art have reproduced so graphically the ancient legend (such is the perversity of human nature), it is likely to be henceforth considered by the multitude as a matter of history. We must, however, bear in mind that these interesting legends were worked out by the Christian imagination of the Middle Ages, by those who knew nothing whatever of the ways of the East. To them

Oriental literature was a blank. But, as the revival of classical learning at the time of the Reformation caused much mental readjustment, so the introduction (we cannot say the revival) of Oriental literature into our modern seats of learning has made us readjust our ideas of the Eastern world. What did our fathers know of the Zend-avesta, or of the Rig-Vedas, or all those other mysterious volumes? Men of the new culture, however, are supposed to know all about them—like the modern Major-General of the "Pirates of Penzance." In olden times a parson might have become a D.D., although he were in blissful ignorance of the Rig-Vedas and the Zend-avesta, and all the rest of them. Not so now, thanks to the labors of Professors Max Müller, Monier Williams, Sayce and others. Every aspirant for honors in divinity must now know something at least of the teachings of these Eastern sages, and be able to form some theory as to whether or not those teachings influenced the Jews during the exile, or at any other period. So it strikes me that we moderns, too, may give the reins to our imagination in filling up the outline given by Scripture as to these "wise men of the East"; and I think we can make an idyll, probably more true to facts, and quite

as edifying as the mediæval legend of the "Three Kings of Orient." So I am going to try:

There were three wise men of the East (to be sure there were many more; but I am going to stick to the orthodox number; and there were three pre-eminently wise men). They flourished long before the birth of the Christ-child, and their influence even to-day is incalculable. Wise men they were, and kings they were—for what earthly potentate that ever lived exercised such power over the minds and souls of men as those three wielded millenniums ago, and still wield, though so long dead? These three were: Confucius, the wise man of China, who flourished about 500 years B.C.; Zoroaster, the wise man of Persia, who flourished about 600 years B.C.; Buddha, the wise man of India, who flourished about 1000 years B.C. (I keep to the old-fashioned spelling of the names of these worthies, for really there are so many new ways that I am not altogether certain which is the very latest style; and the chances are that before long somebody else will take out an orthographical patent for a still newer mode.) Of these three—

1. Confucius was the father of agnosticism, positivism and secularism; for though

he was a great ritualist and performed his rites most punctiliously, yet his religious opinions were very hazy, and "One world at a time" was his motto.

2. Zoroaster was the apostle of dualism. His system was a connecting link between Polytheism and Monotheism. He propounded the doctrine of two gods—one good and one bad—perpetually fighting each other, with a forecast that ultimately the good god would prevail. We may think that this doctrine has no counterpart amongst us of the enlightened West, but is it so? I fear too many Christians degrade their religion into a sort of dualism; they talk and think of the Evil One as if his power were almost equal to that of the Most High. Indeed, I fancy that a good part of Milton's "Paradise Lost," if we only changed the name of Satan into that of Abraham, would be accepted as fairly orthodox by the pious Parsee.

3. Buddha was the father of pantheism, of whom, it seems to me, Spinoza and other moderns are but feeble imitators.

These three wise men of the East were all dead centuries before the birth of "The Light of the World." But though dead they yet speak, and countless millions hear and obey.

They were, in a sense, "Lights of Asia"—not *that* Light, but may we not say, harbingers of that Light? Their writings are full of lofty thoughts, righteous ethics, noble aspirations. They were not idolaters, they did not in their blindness "bow down to wood and stone." They were, each in his own way, "seekers after God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." "And the times of this ignorance God winked at" (condoned), says St. Paul (Acts xvii. 20)—even the God "who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways." (Acts xv. 16.) By the way, what large-heartedness, what allowance for unavoidable ignorance, what tenderness St. Paul showed when he preached to the heathen! Nay, may we not go further and say that all the noble aspirations, all the righteous ethics, all the lofty ideals of these wise men of the East came from Him "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed"? The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who only partially enlightened those patriarchs, reserving the full light for us in these last days, is the "God of the spirits of all flesh."

Suppose, then, we imagine that these "wise men that came from the East to Jerusalem"

were the representatives, or hierophants, or delegates, of these three systems—the secularist, the dualist, the pantheist—seeking more light, and drawn by the guidance of heaven to the manger of Bethlehem—the Lights of Asia wending their way to the Light of the World? The Mongolian asking, "Is there another life beyond the grave?" to learn from Him, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"; the Iranian asking, "Shall evil be overcome at last by good, and if so, how?" to be taught, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil"; the Hindoo asking, "Where shall rest be found?" to hear the words, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest!" So the Epiphany becomes a pledge and seal of that future time when the Incarnate, the Crucified, the Risen Lord will fulfil His word, "I will draw all men unto Me."

"So runs my dream"—but, alas! in these days we behold a strange phenomenon. We see quondam disciples of the Christ deserting Him, and going for light to the wise men of the East! We see ex-Christians becoming occult philosophers, Theosophists, Buddhists! Is this the irony of history? Is this a rude awakening from our dream? Surely not. Let us

take heart and enlarge our field of vision. Let us view the whole battleground and not gauge the issue by the loss of a picket here and there. Let us not mistake the course of an eddy for the flow and trend of the great river of Christian history. For the day is fast coming—and there are plenty of indications thereof—when all Asia, which has sat so long under the partial light of these wise men of the East, shall respond to the summons, "Arise! shine! for thy Light is come!"

February, 1892.

CHAPTER VI.

"CONCERNING THEOSOPHY."

I RECEIVED the other day a letter from a gentleman unknown to me personally, who told me therein, that he had just read my "Ponderings" in the *Week* on "The Wise Men of the East." His remarks were extremely kind and laudatory, and I naturally felt highly gratified. But when I read a little further on, and was assured that my sentiments were quite acceptable to himself as a *Theosophist,* I became alarmed. My first thought was: Wonder if I said anything heretical? Wonder if I shall be hauled up before the Sanhedrim? Wonder if my clerical brethren will insist on my resignation or dismissal, as a dangerous character, as a heretic in disguise, as a Theosophist, no less!

My courteous correspondent sent me at the same time a couple of pamphlets explaining the elementary principles of Theosophy. These I read most anxiously and carefully. I had, a few years ago, tried to wade through some

dozen numbers of the late Madame Blavatsky's periodical, the *Theosophist;* but I must confess the perusal left one somewhat bewildered, not as to *my* faith but as to *theirs.* The pamphlets, however, kindly furnished me by my correspondent ("Letters on Theosophy," two sets, by Alex. Fullerton, F.T.S.) have the merit of putting the Theosophic doctrine in as concrete a form as I conceive to be possible. When I had mastered them, my alarm subsided.

Mr. Fullerton opens his case in these words: "Any man, upon first hearing the word 'Theosophy,' naturally supposes it a new form of religion, or a new interpretation of the Bible. Remembering the variety of churches and sects in even the smallest towns, and that these, as well as the fresh formations recorded in the daily press," etc.

Ah! there it is, the old story! The numerous divisions of Christians are the cause of still another effort to get some universal problem on which all can unite and so show forth the brotherhood of man! The late Lord A. Cecil used to begin his preachings in the same strain. So does every "fresh formation." So schism breeds schisms; so we Christians put a stumbling-block in the weak brother's way! I do not mean to say that there should be no differ-

ences of opinions or views among Christians; they are necessary and desirable. But it is neither necessary nor desirable that each separate opinion should be embodied in a separate organization. Fancy, if every shade of political opinion in Canada had its own separate parliament and executive!

Mr. Fullerton proceeds to expound in plain prose the two great central doctrines of Theosophy, which Sir Edwin Arnold has drawn out in such charming verse in his "Light of Asia," viz., "Reincarnation" and "Karma." The first of these, reincarnation, is a new name for the old opinions of Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato, of the pre-existence and transmigration of every individual soul. Socrates (in the "Phædo" of Plato) argues that the soul of every individual must have existed in some bodily shape or other before it possessed its present organism, and that after death it will again tenant some other form, human or bestial, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now this is just the Theosophic (or Buddhist) doctrine of reincarnation. I remember, as a boy, reading a most curious and interesting tale—I wish I could get hold of it again—called "The Transmigrations of Indur." It ran something like this: Indur, a pious Brahman, while endeav-

oring to rescue some animal from the jaws of a beast of prey, receives his own death-wound from the ferocious creature. But before his soul departs, Buddha appears to him and benignantly asks him to name his last wish. The dying man asks that in all his future "transmigrations" he shall always keep the memory and personal consciousness of his present human "incarnation." The request is granted, whereupon his soul contentedly departs from his body. On awakening to his new life he finds himself in a vast waste of waters, no land visible anywhere. He splashes about; he spouts water through his nose; he feeds on minute creatures of the air and water, which he swallows by the million; he admires the graceful lines of his back and tail; he is astonished at his own bulk. He is a whale. Notwithstanding, he enjoys himself hugely in his new "environment" he is quite convinced that life is worth living; until, one fine day, he feels a sharp pain in the nape of his neck. It is the stab of a harpoon. He looks with wrath upon a boat-load of fellow-souls, incarnated in shapes similar to that he wore formerly. He goes for them, but they dodge him, and he gets the prod of another harpoon. Finally through loss of blood his soul is again dislodged, and he "migrates." The next

time he turns up as a tiger; then a monkey, and so on. We boys used to read this story as one now reads Grimm's "Fairy Tales" or "Alice in Wonderland." But it appears that, according to Theosophy, we were all the time absorbing the most solemn truths.

However, to be just, Mr. Fullerton says nothing about our reincarnation or preincarnations as brutes or fishes. He talks about the evolution of the spirit in its various human forms. Well, let it be granted (after the manner of Euclid's hypothesis) that my "Ego," or "soul," has been through numberless transmigrations or reincarnations since the beginning of humanity. What would I not give to be able to recall at will to my memory any particular incarnation through all that time! I would not like to carry them all in my mind at once. But just suppose some "Mahatma" (or whatever the title of the proper authority might be) could act as a sort of "telepathic central." If I could only ring her up and shout, "Hello! central; connect me with the reminiscence of my 'Ego' in the Stone Age!" How interesting to see myself—or feel myself, or remember myself—clad in a cave-bear's skin and armed with a stone tomahawk, prowling around after some woolly rhinoceros! Then to recognize

myself as an early Briton paddling a coracle; and, then, maybe, reincarnated in St. Augustine of Canterbury; and so on all through history! What a glorious panorama of the ages would the story of one such spirit be! Now that Madame Blavatsky is dead, and Col. Olcott retired, perhaps Mrs. Besant will devote her energies to becoming such a "central." It would give such a practical and useful turn to Theosophic teaching, and be of inestimable service in solving a thousand problems of the past.

Mr. Fullerton says that reincarnation has no respect of country or sex. I wonder if my soul was ever embodied in Egypt? Possibly I might some day view the very mummy in which I once lodged. If so, I hope some "adept" will be there to inform me; it would be so interesting to know the fact. Or I might have been a Hindoo widow burning on a funeral pile, or Juliet of Verona, or Queen Elizabeth—who knows?

"Which is absurd," as Euclid would say. Besides, if the soul, between each transmigration or reincarnation, is steeped in the waters of Lethe, what is the use of it all? What matters it to me whether my spirit formerly lodged in Greek or Trojan? Here Theosophy steps in with her second central doctrine of "Karma,"

which is to set this all right. So let us investigate "Karma." Mr. Fullerton thus describes it: "The great doctrine of Karma is in itself exceedingly simple. It is the doctrine of perfect, inflexible justice. It means, as first defined by Colonel Olcott, 'the law of ethical causation'—'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' But it also expresses the balance sheet of merit and demerit in any individual character." "The Karmic law asserts itself over vast stretches of time and through numberless incarnations, not interpreting itself intelligibly in each specific incident of each life, but ensuring approximate justice in separate incarnations, and absolute justice in their totality." "There are . . . deeds of heroism or atrocity too momentous for full payment in one incarnation, and the settlement for such passes over and on till it suddenly appears during some distant birth, the long-pent force discharging itself at last, and, to our narrow vision, inexplicably. It is said that Buddha's favorite disciple was slain in his presence by robbers, and that he did not interpose. Questioned as to this, he replied that in a far remote date his disciple, then himself a robber, had committed a murder for which Karma had now overtaken him."

But, dear me, it is horrible to think what results may follow if Theosophy becomes universal or even prevalent! Let us imagine a case in a criminal court in the distant future. A burglar is tried and convicted of having robbed and murdered a Mr. John Smith. The judge asks the prisoner why sentence should not be pronounced. The convict replies: "My Lord, I have simply to say, it is Karma. Some centuries ago the soul of the late John Smith whom I murdered—I mean, whom I assisted towards a happier reincarnation—inhabited the body of a South Sea islander; at the same time my 'Ego' was incarnated in a missionary. The islander slew that missionary and appropriated his goods and ate him up. So this little incident, in which we both met again under altered circumstances, is simply an act of vengeance—I mean, the operation of the Karmic law." What criminal could not so plead justification for all his crimes? But perhaps by that time there will be an "adept" in the Supreme Court to test the truth or falsehood of such allegations.

And then, again, what a fearful weapon this will be in the hands of personal enemies—or political opponents—for destroying each other's characters. Fancy a Tory and a Liberal candi-

date on the platform of the future; the one asserting that he has it on the very best authority that the soul of the other once infested Ananias; and the other retorting that he has indisputable evidence that his opponent once had a life-lease of the body of Caligula. What libel suits the "adepts" of the future will have to settle! For my part, if my "spirit" is ever charged with the evil deeds it committed while dwelling in some cruel or vicious monster of the past, I hereby repudiate all responsibility. I will not be answerable for what it did while some other fellow had possession of it, and this, I fancy, will be the general verdict of the western mind. We of this continent are very practical, very business-like; we expect quick returns for our investments. "Every man for himself" is the general creed; and the idea of a man being responsible for the acts of ten thousand individuals of the past ages will not, I think, take much hold of us.

On the other hand, jesting apart, we Christians are bound in fairness to look at the other side of the question. If we see in the religious opinions of another what seems to us absurd or repulsive, it is only right that we, in turn, should take cognizance of those things in our religious opinions which seem repulsive or

absurd to him. We all need to see ourselves as others see us. I can quite understand that the many doctrinal eccentricities of Christians are in a measure responsible for the strange recoils of Materialism on the one hand and Theosophy on the other; and if these opposing systems have lashed us very sharply with their whips, it is (as my esteemed correspondent truly says) because the Christian temple needs cleansing.

Mr. Fullerton's first charge against us—our unhappy divisions—has already been dealt with. Doubtless our riyalries and wranglings—especially, perhaps, in our newspapers—do seem to them contemptible. I wish there were less of it. Then he charges the Christian doctrines of atonement, retribution, etc., with being opposed to all sense of justice. I am free to admit that these doctrines have been handled by very many preachers (and that not in one denomination, but in all) in ways to shock the sense of justice in many a scrupulous and cultured mind. But these are travesties of such doctrines, which the lashings of "our friends the enemy" may do much to correct.

And now let us see how far we can agree with our Theosophist friends. We, too, believe in incarnation—ONE incarnation—so firmly and fondly, that we deem it almost sacrilege to use

the expression in any other reference. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; partaking of our human nature that we through Him might be "partakers of the Divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). We believe also in reincarnation, in a sense; for we hold that Christ rose again with His body. True, that body was changed; it was no longer a "natural" body but a "spiritual" body (1 Cor. xv. 44), call it an "astral" body if you will, for with it He ascended into Heaven. And in that same sense we believe in a (future) reincarnation for ourselves. We do not believe that the "soul," abstracted from all organic form, is the highest stage of our existence. Our doctrine looks upon the soul, when freed from the body, as in a sort of "naked" condition, waiting to be clothed with our "house from Heaven" (2 Cor. i. 1-3), when He "will change our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21).

And we, too, believe in "Karma"—if Karma means absolute and eternal justice. The sentence quoted by Colonel Olcott, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is taken from our Scriptures, written by St. Paul, who also wrote: "We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every man may

receive of the things done *in the body.*" For we believe that the body sins as well as the soul. In fact, the body and the soul together constitute the individual who does right or wrong; and, therefore, we see the Karma, the eternal justice and fitness of things, in the body and soul reunited—or, if you please, the soul reincarnated—before the judgment seat of Christ, and therefore it is that we say, not, "I believe in the immortality of the soul," but, "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

April, 1892.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

One sometimes hears of a religious magazine, or of a preacher, that it, or he, is "abreast of the times." It must be very nice to be abreast of the times; but these times are very disquieting. The breezes are very fresh and the seas are very rough. It is precarious work to breast the waves of modern thought. Sometimes a divine makes too powerful a stroke, and gets ahead of the times, and then he is relegated to a back seat, and runs the risk of being, like Jonah, thrown overboard.

But, after all, in spite of the waves and storms which have ruffled the surface of the sea of modern thought, how very little has the "Ark of Christ's Church" been harmed! Indeed, the storms have done her good; they have called forth the activity and skill of her pilots and mariners, they have forced her to trim the ship, to make everything snug, to shorten sail it may be, and even to lighten her load by casting overboard

some of her cargo which she had accumulated in the long course of her voyages. But everything that was thrown away had proved useless, though sentimental affection clung to it as long as possible. She sails all the better for readjusting her freight, and after every storm she is in better trim to meet the next encounter.

To look at some of the storms of the last half-century—there was the Tübingen squall, when it seemed to some timid souls as if the winds and waves of German criticism would tear the New Testament into tatters. Well, that storm subsided; the Tübingen school is nowhere now; the later disciples of Baur have discredited the conclusions of their own master. We English-speaking people have the Revised Version as the result of the latest criticism, and what have we lost? A short verse or two here and there have been "thrown overboard," others have been altered a little, and that is all. The credit of the fourth Gospel has been grandly vindicated; the Catholic Faith is as inviolate as ever.

Then there was the Eschatological squall, raised by Canon Farrar and others. That was very fierce as long as it lasted, and certainly the ship was lightened of a load in consequence. But we all feel that what was then cast away

was not any part of the treasure committed to the crew by the Divine Master of the ship, but rather the curious constructions of various ages, very cumbersome and very ugly, which she had piled up in her hold. Doubtless they had served a good purpose in their day, but they were felt to be useless lumber now.

But before that there was another fearful storm; the Essays and Reviews squall. How violent that was while it lasted! But, now that it is all over, how has it left the ship? It would not be true to say it had no effect on her. The fact was, it drove here to shape her course more truly; and while not throwing overboard anything of value, she is in better trim to-day, thanks to that storm, to withstand the next one, which is now upon us, blowing from the same quarter.

The clouds began to gather, and the heavens looked very dark when the Encyclopedia Britannica came out with the articles by Prof. Robertson Smith, and others, respecting the Pentateuch and various other books of the Bible. Oh! how the wind blew then! and ever since, indeed, has the gale been raging. The blasts of the Higher Criticism have grown stronger and stronger. They will not overwhelm the ship; there is no fear of that; but we wonder how

she will trim her sails and stow her cargo in order to weather it.

The assaults on the Old Testament—or rather our present conceptions regarding the Old Testament—are very fierce just now. Many things hinted at in "Essays and Reviews" are now openly accepted as matters of course, and that not by "latitudinarians," or "unbelievers," or "scoffers," but by earnest Christians who are devoted to the faith.

I lately read over again Professor Jowett's essay on "Inspiration" in "Essays and Reviews," and compared it with Principal Gore's essay in "Lux Mundi," and I could not help thinking what a change had come over the spirit of the church in the interval between these two publications. Many of the remarks in the former of these, which scandalized the pious then, are mere truisms to-day.

In speaking of the chronological discrepancies in some of the books, and other like difficulties, Prof. Jowett says: "A principle of progressive revelation admits them all." And Mr. Gore insists upon the same idea—"the gradualness of the Spirit's method"—in revelation. Both believed in the inspiration of Scripture; but both believed that inspiration to be quite compatible with imperfect knowledge of physics,

chronology and history on the part of the writers. If so, it naturally follows that the further back we go in the history of human civilization the more imperfect and crude will be the knowledge in natural things of the writers of that age. Such a theory of inspiration might, of course, shock and distress those of the pious who have conceived of inspiration as extending to "every word, every syllable, every letter." But this pious opinion has never been the faith of the Catholic Church, as the Duke of Argyle and Mr. Gladstone both pointed out, in the *Nineteenth Century,* in their several answers to Professor Huxley. Mr. Gore, too, says: "The Church repudiated the Montanist conception of inspiration, according to which the inspired man spoke in ecstacy as the passive unconscious instrument of the Spirit; and the metaphors which would describe the Holy Spirit as acting upon a man 'like a flute-player breathing into his flute,' or 'a plectrum striking the lyre,' have always a suspicion of heresy attached to their use." ("Lux Mundi," essay viii.)

In the meantime the storm rages; the battle is waxing hot. Professors Briggs and Smith, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, are "catching it" just now. I see by the last

reports that among the charges brought against Dr. Briggs are, that he teaches that Moses did not write all the Pentateuch, and that Isaiah did not write all the book that goes by his name. I imagined that by this time nearly all the scholars were agreed upon these two points. At any rate, some Canadian divines are outspoken enough. The students of Queen's University have comparatively lately published the "Second Series of Sunday Afternoon Addresses in Convocation Hall." All of these addresses are excellent. There is a healthy, breezy, broad-minded tone pervading them all that refreshes and invigorates one. Three of them are by Principal Grant, and one by no less a person than the redoubtable Dr. Briggs himself. Perhaps some timid souls would fear that because some of the discourses deal favorably with the Higher Criticism they must necessarily be "destructive." Such persons would be agreeably disappointed; they would find in Dr. Briggs a man not only of learning, but of strong faith in Christ, and ardent love of the Word of God. Dr. Grant's addresses plainly and boldly endorse the findings of Robertson Smith, Cheyne, Driver, Gore and men of that school. But far from being "destructive" of the citadel of the Faith, these scholars seek merely to reconstruct and strengthen its approaches.

Another very remarkable book, as being "abreast of the times," is "The Book of Isaiah," by Rev. George Adam Smith. It is a part of "The Expositors' Bible," and it is published by the Willard Tract Depository of Toronto. Surely this last-named fact gives it the imprimatur of evangelical orthodoxy; and yet the whole work is based on the Higher Criticism. Dr. Briggs only teaches (I mean in the matter of Isaiah) what this publication of the Tract Depository asserts throughout. It is a most fascinating book; one is impressed not only with the erudition, but also with the deep spirituality of its author. Still I must own it is not without a pang one marks the entire absence of the old cherished ideas concerning many passages, and one is inclined to resent the reduction of these passages to meet merely the immediate circumstances of the prophet's time. But the best corrective and tonic for a disturbed faith is to read the whole book through; and also Rev. Brownlow Maitland's "Argument from Prophecy," which, though brief, is excellent, and argues from much the same standpoint.

What, then, is the result so far? What is the outlook for the "Ark of Christ's Church" in the midst of this violent storm? Better, I conceive, far better, than it was during the preval-

ence of the Essays and Reviews squall. She has stowed her cargo better; the "Plimsoll line" of demarcation, between what is to be held as *de fide* and what is matter of pious but shifting opinion, is more closely observed. The theology of her exponents is based more solidly on the great central fact of the Faith, *i.e.*, the Incarnation; it is more christocentric, so to speak; it insists that "God hath in these last days spoken to us all in His Son," however theologians may interpret the "divers portions" and the "divers manners," by which He spake to the few in the times of old (Heb. i. 1, 2). The trouble with the authors of "Essays and Reviews" was that while engaged in exposing to view and rejecting some misconceptions and mistranslations concerning the Bible they ran perilously near throwing overboard the "deposit of the Faith." Bishop Colenzo and his school actually did so. This is not the danger in the new movement. The Catholic faith —the faith of the Nicene Creed in the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Holy Catholic Church —is emphasized most strongly by the modern school, the school of "Lux Mundi," in the Anglican Church, and of the "Scottish Church Society," lately founded by men of such world-wide fame as Drs. Milligan and A. H. K. Boyd.

The Holy Scriptures are the compass by which the Church must ever steer; but it is necessary that the "variations" of the compass should be constantly rectified by an appeal to the pole-star of Truth; and the ship herself must be kept seaworthy. These storms try her. Sometimes the hearts of her pilots and mariners seem ready to sink with fear. But the Master is within her; let them hearken to His chiding, "Why are ye so fearful, oh ye of little faith?" He will keep His own; and by and by will bring us into the haven where we would be.

May, 1893.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING PREACHERS.

THE month of June is the time for religious assemblies and conferences of all kinds; and so there appears every day some newspaper item which sets one thinking. To those who study the religious and social, rather than the political affairs of the nation, the journals of the month have afforded a great literary feast, a veritable banquet. There are the *pieces de resistance,* such as the Campbell case, and the Briggs case, or the Methodist Transfer case, or the discussions in the Anglican Synods, served up in abundance; and there are also *entrées,* dainty little dishes, in which individual pastors appear "roasted," "grilled," "devilled," or otherwise served. I am going to try some of these.

Here is one about Dr. Wild, of Bond Street Congregational Church. His loving flock want to reduce his salary by a couple of thousand dollars; he has had la grippe; he wants a long vacation; he may possibly resign. Now, I have

not had the pleasure of ever hearing or seeing Dr. Wild; but all Canada knows him as one of our most famous preachers. Many people, if they were visiting Toronto, would not think they had "done" the city, if they had not "done" Bond Street Congregational Church. Is the famous preacher, after all these years of brilliant work, to be served so?

Here is another: The Rev. John Burton has been preaching his farewell sermon to the folk of the Northern Congregational Church. I read that he told them that the salvation referred to in the Scripture was not a condition "beyond the regions of the dog-star," but a salvation here also; a salvation not only for the individual, but for society at large—that Christ was the great determinative element in Church, social and civil life—that so believing, he could no longer preach denominationalism, which he regarded as a curse and not a blessing.

Bravo, Mr. Burton! That is just the kind of talk needed at present. There has been too much individualism, and too little collectivism in the ordinary conception of the "Kingdom of Heaven." Christianity was founded, not only to secure a future state of happiness for a few chosen souls, but also by its influence pervading the world, to render life here more worth

the living. It has done so already, to an incalculable extent; though these effects are ignored by the narrow, selfish religionist, who is only concerned about "saving his own soul," or, may be, saving also a few souls like-minded. This exclusiveness, this spirit of what some agnostic has wittily termed "other worldliness," has been well castigated by Professor Drummond, in his little book, "The Programme of Christianity." It is the egoism which is the necessary outcome of all "struggle for existence." Christianity is, indeed, as Mr. Burton says, the "determinative element" to counteract this natural egoism, with its strifes and jealousies. But sectarianism, or, as Mr. Burton calls it, "denominationalism," has thwarted the good work of Christianity by importing competitive and opposing organizations into our religion. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Burton; I hope he is not going to be lost to the city; but perhaps he will pardon me, or else attribute it to my High Church perversity, if I say that the social or collective idea, as opposed to the individual, is what we reckon a main feature of a "National or Catholic Church," as opposed to "Independency." The Church of Christ should not be looked upon as a sort of insurance office, where only certain selected lives are taken, but

as the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the leaven hid in meal, affecting more or less thoroughly all the society with which she has to do.

Here is a third dainty dish among our *entrées*. The Rev. —— ——, of the —— ———— Church, has been asked to resign —and why? His faithful flock all admit that he has been an excellent shepherd for years past. But, then, he is getting old, and he "fails to draw!" Alas, has it come to this, that the great business of a pastor of a church is to "draw?" There is something sinister in the expression, "fails to draw." Draw whom? and whence? It may possibly mean that Mr. —— fails to draw the waifs and strays from the lanes and the gutters. But one cannot help thinking that these are not the ones whom the good deacons of the church—in view of the annual financial statement—want specially to "draw." We all know pastors and flocks are naturally apt to rejoice over any sheep that have been drawn, not from the wilderness, but from other flocks. It is a hateful word, that "draw," in connection with "denominationalism." One can fancy King Ahab and his wife getting rid of the prophet Elijah because he "failed to draw," when he cried in his despondency, "I

only am left." One can fancy the fickle followers of John the Baptist, as soon as King Herod had put him in prison, dismissing him from their thoughts, now that he could no longer "draw" as he used to do in the wilderness. One can fancy the renegade disciples, of whom St. Paul complained (2 Tim. iv. 16), justifying their desertion of the aged apostle when he was about to be martyred, on the plea that he now "failed to draw." But I cannot understand how true Christians—after nineteen hundred years of Christianity—could go back to such pitiful principles, as if they were the right ones.

I can understand rival grocers and dry-goods merchants advertising against each other, or the manufacturers of rival patent medicines each protesting that his own particular pill or potion is infallibly certain to cure whatever ailment may afflict the purchaser. I can understand how these, and the vendors of various brands of soaps and washing compounds, should fill the papers with their big type and their wood-cuts—some comical and some repulsive—and their hideous "portraits" of their patrons. It is all very nauseous, it is true, and mars the enjoyment of one's daily reading; but it is all right, no doubt, in the way of business; it is an unavoidable factor in the "struggle for existence."

I can understand how the competition among railroad managers should force them to cut rates, and to print maps, each showing that its own particular line is the shortest possible line between the two points, A and B. I can understand the manager of a theatre letting a piece run for so many nights, and then substituting another piece for it, as soon as it "failed to draw." All this is of the earth, earthy; but should the Church of Christ be run on the same lines?

In the legal and medical professions, in spite of the fierce competition of the day, there still lingers some portion of that spirit of honor and professional etiquette which we old-fashioned folks used to think belonged to all the learned professions, and not least the clerical. But I am afraid it is dying out; the competition of "denominationalism" is killing it.

Some few preachers in the States get enormous salaries, equal to those of "my lords" bishops among the "bloated aristocracies" of the Old Country; and I often see accounts of the "magnetic powers" of such preachers. Certainly they "draw." Have these three Canadian preachers lost their "magnetism"? Alas! for all pastors, henceforth who, in their declining years, "fail to draw!"

July, 1893.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING THE "HISTORIC EPISCOPATE."

THERE is a very interesting and suggestive article in the July number of the *North American Review*. It is by the renowned Professor Briggs, and entitled, "The Future of Presbyterianism." After digesting its contents, I read over again Dr. Langtry's recent pamphlet, "Presbyterianism." The contrast was striking, and at first I thought it would be a very interesting problem to set one essay over against the other, and see whether out of the two I could make an "equation," so to speak, by dint of bracketing, eliminating, transposing, changing signs, and all that. I soon gave it up, however, for though they both treat of Presbyterianism, each views an aspect thereof which is irrelevant to the other's argument. Dr. Langtry reviews its past; Dr. Briggs discusses its future. Yet there is a factor common to both these doughty champions, and a very important factor it is. Each hopes for, and is working for, the unity

of Christ's Church. Each is doing what he can to bring about what we all desire to see, an organic reunion of Christians. Both conclude their several deliverances with a reference to this hope. Dr. Briggs says in his last paragraph:

"All American churches are in the stream of that tendency which is rushing onward towards the unity of Christ's Church. The hedges which separate the denominations are traditional theories and practices. . . . The problem in the near future is this: Can the liberals remain in their several denominations, and so become the bridges of Church unity? . . . There seems to be little doubt that the liberals, at the present time, are quite comfortable as Episcopalians and Congregationalists, and not altogether uncomfortable as Baptists and Methodists," etc., and he closes by hoping that Presbyterianism has become less "uncomfortable," and "as broad, catholic and progressive as her Congregational and Episcopal sisters; and then Church Union will be nigh at the doors, and a happy end of controversy will be seen in a united Protestantism, which will then be encouraged to seek a higher and grander unity in which the Roman and Greek communions will likewise share."

That is a glorious vision of the future! That is a dream worth dreaming! That is also the object which some High Church—very High Church—Anglican societies have had in view these many years. The Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom (known as the A.P.U.C.) and the Order of Corporate Reunion (or the O.C.R.) were organized in England for this very purpose. But I fear the position of the members of these societies, especially the latter, is not quite so "comfortable" as the learned professor might deem. The former are often looked on with disdain as a pack of visionaries, while the latter are generally viewed with suspicion as a pack of "Jesuits in disguise."

Nevertheless, it is pleasant to see "extremes meet," in this hope of the future; the High—the excessively high—Church members of the O. C. R. and the liberal, the very liberal Presbyterian professor. To be sure, though their ultimate object is the same, their methods differ widely. The members of the O. C. R. work, or are supposed to work, after the manner of conspirators determined to restore some obnoxious and oppressive dynasty which has been expelled. The other party (I hope Dr. Briggs will excuse the comparison) presents a spiritual scheme

which may be compared to the secular one of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in "A Look Ahead," which he published in the *North American Review* of last June. Mr. Carnegie sees in the future a grand reunion of the English-speaking race, and it is to be brought about in this fashion: The Queen is to abdicate her throne, for which Mr. Carnegie is kind enough to canonize her in advance; India, Egypt and other inconvenient parts of the Empire are to be abandoned to their fate; England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada and Australia are severally to become "independent states" in this new union; and the seat of government is to be transferred from London to Washington.

Now, glorious as this "Look Ahead" might seem to Mr. Carnegie, I think most of us Britishers, however much we may wish for the consolidation of the English-speaking race, will cry, *"Non tali auxilio!"* And so with regard to the ecclesiastical scheme of Dr. Briggs, we of the Roman, Greek and Anglican communions who adhere in various ways and degrees to the ancient episcopal dynasty, will hardly concur in forwarding Dr. Briggs' extremely liberal views of the Church, which he would like to see. Nevertheless, let us try to make some sort of "equation," even out of these unpromising factors.

I heartily sympathize with the Professor in many of his leading propositions. For instance, his dictum, that "The Bible, the Church and the Reason are historically three great fountains of divine authority," would receive my endorsement, and I think that of all Anglicans. As to the work of the Higher Criticism, it does not make us of the Church of England as "uncomfortable" as others, and for this reason: Supposing it should hereafter be universally conceded that the Pentateuch is the product of two or more hands, that there were two Isaiahs, and so on; supposing all that has been advanced by Professor Robertson Smith, Canon Driver and others, were established beyond all doubt or question, I do not see that one word of our Sixth Article would need to be changed.

On the other hand, as a "High Anglican," my views coincide with Dr. Langtry's. Leaving out of present consideration all matters of doctrine, and merely regarding Dr. Briggs' scheme of organic union, I answer with Dr. Langtry, "Never!" just as I would to Mr. Carnegie's proposals. We cannot give up our bishops any more than our Queen. This insistence by the Anglicans on the "Historic Episcopate" calls forth, naturally enough, the indignation of all other bodies. But, after all,

what can we do? The proposed United Church must have some organism, some form of government, some regimen; and with us Episcopacy is the very backbone; we cannot agree to adopt a molluscous condition of things. In spite of this difficulty, however, I think we may approach one another, even on this score.

Some time since an Anglican clergyman found the parish to which he had been appointed badly broken up by two opposing parties; the one, led by Mr. A., being very High Church, and anxious to adopt every possible adjunct to the services; the other party, led by Mr. B., very Low Church, and opposed to all "innovations," however commendable in themselves. The rector at length invited the two parishioners to a conference in his study, and with his frank and blunt common-sense, he said: "Now we can't go on in the way we are doing; we must average the thing. So let me know, Mr. A., how much ritual you are willing to give up; and you, Mr. B., tell me how much you can stand." The parson's suggestions were carried out, and a happy adjustment was the result.

Now, in this matter of the historic Episcopate, the Anglican Church is willing to "give up" a lot. Indeed, in my opinion, such a course would be not only essential in the case

of reunion, but beneficial to herself. We cannot expect all other denominations to model themselves precisely on our lines; for our organization in Canada has been by no means a conspicuous success; nor does it appear to the average student to follow so very closely the lines of the primitive Church. We Anglicans boast of our retention of the "three orders of the ministry," as propounded by St. Ignatius, and we feel very proud because the late Bishop Lightfoot proved so conclusively the authenticity of the shorter epistles. Well, now, let us suppose this St. Ignatius, whom we so often quote, were suffered to rise from his grave and visit us in the flesh. Suppose he were to find himself in one of our larger Canadian towns which has, say, two English churches in it. We can fancy the Saint, after walking about and becoming bewildered with the curious names of the different Christian sects, meeting an enthusiastic Anglican, who assures him that his Church has all along faithfully adhered to the ancient line of "orders." Thereupon would ensue a conversation something like the following:

St. Ignatius—"I rejoice to hear that you, at least, are the lineal descendants of the old Catholic Church, with its faith and order. I

would like to see your bishop; pray conduct me to him."

Anglican—"I am sorry to say, I can't do that, sir; for His Lordship lives some sixty miles away."

St. Ignatius—"Indeed! Then how often does he come here?"

Anglican—"Oh, about once in two or three years."

St. Ignatius—"Then who is his deputy?"

Anglican—"No one exactly. Each clergyman looks after his own church."

St. Ignatius—"And how many presbyters has your bishop, and how far does his jurisdiction extend?"

Anglican—"He has about one hundred presbyters, scattered over a space about as large as Asia Minor."

St. Ignatius—"And how many deacons are there?"

Anglican—"About four or five."

St. Ignatius—"Ah, doubtless they are with the bishop in his cathedral?"

Anglican—"Oh, dear, no! They are each in charge of a mission with four or five stations."

St. Ignatius—"Do you mean four or five congregations?"

Anglican—"Yes."

St. Ignatius—"Well, well! A large town with two churches, and the bishop in it only once in two or three years! No deacons to assist the priests in divine service! Your so-called deacons in charge of small diocese, with four or five congregations to look after."

I fancy at this stage the good Saint would heave a sigh, and conclude that things had got pretty much mixed. On the other hand, if we should visit some Presbyterian congregation, he would find a man who declared himself its bishop, and a presbytery of elders and a number of deacons all working fittingly together, and I think it would strike him, *prima facie*, that they were the closest copyists in the matter of regimen. The fact is, while adhering to ancient precedents, we have not taken care to adapt them to our changed circumstances, and so our "copy" has become a caricature.

Of course, I believe in "apostolical succession" and the "historic episcopate," in spite of this distortion of things. But if we desire other bodies to "stand" our episcopate, we must be prepared to "give up" these unprimitive misgrowths.

There is an admirable little work which goes fully into all this. I wish it were in the hands

of every Anglican priest, and, indeed, of every minister of every denomination. It shows great research, and is a capital hand-book of quotations from divines of every age, and besides it would serve as an *eirenicon,* I feel sure. It is entitled, "Bishops and Councils," by a Layman of the Church of England. (Kingston, Ont.: John Henderson & Co.) Among other valuable extracts it gives, *in extenso,* Bingham's proposal (Antiquities, Book IX., Chapter VIII.), wherein that learned divine, nearly two hundred years ago, held out the olive branch to the non-episcopal bodies in a way which may yet prove of service.

At any rate, if we Anglicans are sincere in the proposals put forth by the Lambeth Conference, especially if we are willing to stand by the terms of the fourth proposition, viz., "The Historic Episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administrations," we ought to be ready, and I am sure we would be willing: (1) To "give up all such adjuncts of the episcopate as may be objectionable to the rest, such as temporal titles of 'lordship,'" etc. (2) To have a bishop in every town of any size—which would mean an indefinite multiplication of bishops—provided, of course, that, after the ancient model, no town or city, however large,

should have more than one bishop. (3) To have our "deacons" reduced to their proper place, by being shorn of at least half their present powers and prerogatives, and indefinitely multiplied. If we "give up" so much, can the non-episcopal bodies "stand" the rest?

So, after all, I think I have got my "equation" at last. For let B P D represent respectively our "three orders" of Bishop, Priest, Deacon; let R stand for the Regimen of the propsed reunion; let t (a small t, as being of little consequence) stand for "titles" and other adventitious adjuncts of our modern episcopate; and then we have—

$$R = (B - t)\,x + P + \frac{D}{2}\,x.$$

July, 1893.

CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

THE House of Lords is doomed; it must be abolished at once. So say the people of England, if we are to believe the reports which appear in our papers; and the reason of this is that the Lords are so pertinaciously obstructive; they are always opposing the will of the people.

It is a terrible thing in these days to oppose the will of the people; we wonder how anybody can think of doing it. Indeed, for years—I may say, generations—past, ever since that unfortunate cargo of tea was infused in the Atlantic at Boston, the will of the people has been asserting itself pretty loudly. I have been lately looking over some volumes of a liberal English magazine, which were issued in the first quarter of this century. I was interested in noting the complaints here and there of the will of the people being overborne by some tyrant, or some ministry, or some ecclesiastical hierarchy. I suppose things are not quite so

bad now, and that the will of the people is being better attended to by the powers that be.

So the world is looking forward to that good time coming when there shall be no more obstruction, no tyranny of Lords or bishops, no bad blood, no mutterings of discontent, but all things shall run smoothly in the state, because the will of the people will reign supreme. In the Church, too, the bishops, if they still exist by the will of the people, will invariably register that will by seeing that each congregation has for its pastor the man whom it calls, and has that particular kind of doctrine and ritual which it affects; and then we shall hear no more of aggrieved parishioners or of church squabbles.

Now, ideally, this is a lovely state of things to which we are tending; the only trouble is that when we come to treat it practically this much-vaunted will of the people is hard to determine. Instead of being a uniformly homogeneous thing, it often proves to be a very composite affair, and a very uncertain factor. It sometimes turns this way or that on the slightest provocation. Even with the safeguard of the ballot it may be evolved by a mere chance, a fluke, a little dexterous manipulation; it may prove to be the will of but a small and precarious majority.

If the whole number of the Commons of England were to demand with one voice some particular measure, and the Lords were with one consent to reject the same, we could understand that the sense of the people of England would be outraged. But when, after hard fighting, innumerable speeches, enforcements of the closure, boundless activity of the whips, and other contrivances, a measure is passed by a majority of thirty or forty in a house of six or seven hundred members, it requires a deal of imagination to view that measure as the embodiment of the will of the people.

Not long ago an election was held in one of our counties to choose a representative to sit in one of the very numerous legislative halls which are required to give effect to the will of the few millions who constitute the people of this Dominion. One would think two candidates would have been enough to choose from; but there were no less than four; and votes were cast: For Mr. A., 961; Mr. B., 944; Mr. C., 804, and Mr. D., 61; in all, 2,770. I congratulate Mr. A. on his success as being at the top of the poll; I am sure he will wear his honors worthily. But I also sympathize with the unsuccessful competitors. They can only comfort themselves with the reflection that 1,809 voters

did not want Mr. A. Still, of course, those 961 who *did*, showed the will of the people.

Of course, this was a pure and unbribable constituency. But just suppose that by some unhappy chance there had been, say, a score of unrighteous men within it, ready with their combined vote to turn the scales either way, for a consideration. Just suppose, indeed, such a thing happening in any election where two parties were as evenly divided. Of course the successful candidate would pride himself on having bagged that score of unrighteous men. But it would be scarcely fair to credit the will of the people with the net result.

I was reading the other day in an American paper a story of the sheriff of some county in the Western States, whose duty it was to arrest a gang of men that had committed some great crime. But, unfortunately, all these criminous gentlemen had votes; and they were all of his own political party; and their suffrages had helped to put him into office; and it had been a pretty close shave at that; and the elections would soon be on again; and there those gentlemen stood at bay, ready to give him their ballots next election day, or their bullets right off, according to his procedure in the case. The story broke off just there; I don't know how the

sheriff decided to act. Let us hope the good man showed due discretion. Let us hope that he is still alive and hearty, and that he is still in the enjoyment of his salary and fees, as sheriff of the county by the will of the people.

We parsons know something of this in church matters. What *is* the will of the people? Who constitute the people whose will must be obeyed? These are questions which the most subservient minister may often find it hard to answer, especially in the Anglican Church, where such latitude prevails on many points. And we find that congregations are sometimes weighed—like "Salem Chapel," in the "Chronicles of Carlingford"—with the counterparts of the Tozers, men who labor under the delusion that their own individual will is identical with that of the whole congregation. When any change is proposed in the interior of the church, or in the conduct of the services, our Tozers are apt to say, "Well, personally, you know, Mr. Parson, I don't object; but the people would not like it." And, on thorough investigation, it has sometimes been found that this very vague term, "the people," was resolvable into Mr. Tozer himself. Occasionally the parson has resorted to a plebiscite to test the question, "Shall we have such decorations or not?" or "Shall

such parts of the service be sung or not?" or "Shall the choir boys wear surplices or not?" and sometimes the vote has shown that the will of the people had been miscalculated by Mr. T'ozer.

The earliest ecclesiastical historians give us some details of popular elections of bishops, etc., and I am free to confess that those accounts are not very pleasant reading. But I fear the story of many a church "election" and "call" of modern days would betray similar weaknesses, and show that human nature is pretty much the same now as in the days of old.

Two of the most powerful religious bodies in Canada—the Roman Catholics and the Methodists—have reached their present state of prosperity, not by consulting the will of the people, but by strong centralized government. To be sure, in the latter body—the Methodists—the will of the people is beginning to assert itself now, and democratic principles are pervading them, too; in due time they must succumb, like the rest of us. Well, be it so; let us all rise to the occasion. Let us all become, in Church as well as State affairs, experts in parliamentary tactics; let us study how deftly to extract a workable verdict out of conflicting opinions. But don't let us idealize too much;

that is to say, don't let us talk cant. Don't let us say that any fortunate condition of things, which in reality was the result of a due marshalling of votes or the skilful engineering of some cabal, is a bright exhibition of the will of the people.

March, 1894.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCERNING PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

I MET a friend the other day who asked me, with a look and tone of keen distress, if I had read Professor Drummond's last book, "The Ascent of Man." When I said yes, then came the inevitable question as to what I thought of it. I suppose, by the by, every minister of the Gospel is at times bothered that way; I mean, by persons of all sorts of opinions wanting to know what is *his* opinion of some one of the numberless new books propounding all sorts of opinions. One learns to be diplomatic in his replies, for if he is not he will get into trouble for sure; whatever he says will be colored by the bias of his interviewer. On the occasion in question, whether I committed myself in my answer, I cannot say; at all events, I managed to elicit the opinions of my friend, and they were to this effect: "I have lost all confidence in Drummond. . . . He has departed from the faith. . . . He has declared himself an

out-and-out evolutionist! . . . It is certain that if evolution is true the Old Book must go. . . . The Bible and evolution cannot be believed together. . . . If evolution is true there is no place for Christ or the Incarnation. . . . Mr. Drummond, avowedly a Christian, gives in his adherence to what even Huxley confesses is a mere hypothesis! . . . Mr. Drummond has fallen from grace; I have lost all faith in him!"

Of course (as indicated by the periods) he did not say all this continuously; I ventured to put in a remark here and there, though with the utmost caution. Now, my interviewer was a scholar and a man of culture; he was not of my own communion, but a Scot by birth and a co-religionist of Professor Drummond's. I quote his expressions, not because they were peculiar to himself, but because I am certain they voice the sentiments of very many religious people, who, after having been charmed and edified by the Professor's previous utterances, felt a shock and a revulsion of feeling when they read this last book and discovered him to be a thoroughgoing evolutionist. But they need not have been surprised if they had fully appreciated his first popular work.

At the time that "Natural Law in the

Spiritual World" appeared, there was much uneasiness in the air concerning the conflict between religion and science; and many men's hearts were failing them for fear lest these new departures should unsettle the Faith. But when they found that a learned Professor of Physics had written a work which combined science and piety, these good souls felt relieved; the very title of the book caught the fancy, which the charm of its style riveted. Everybody read it and was delighted; everybody breathed a sigh of relief to think that among the very experts of science a doughty champion had "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

But among all the people—godly men and devout women—who read that book, and quoted it, and hugged it with rapture, there were very few, it seemed to me, who detected that its author was propounding therein the principles of this so-much-dreaded "Evolution." One old gentleman of my acquaintance, who was somewhat of a *litterateur*, and, therefore, of course, deemed himself a competent judge on all matters theological, was specially jubilant. "Here is the book that puts to the rout all these scientific agnostics! Here is a Christian Professor of Science, who can quote Huxley to confute Huxley, and makes Darwin overthrow Dar-

win, and Herbert Spencer disprove Herbert Spencer!"—and so on. When I ventured to suggest that the brilliant author was himself an evolutionist, the old gentleman looked at me, at first with astonishment and then with dubiousness, evidently making up his mind that I myself was not "sound."

About the same time I wrote a letter to the *Week* (it appeared in the issue of 3rd of September, 1885) in which I expressed the opinion, drawn from his own words, that Mr. Drummond's religious views were undergoing metamorphosis, and hoped that in time those views would be enlarged into what we High Anglicans call the "Catholic" aspect of Christianity. I feel proud of that letter now; as proud as a weather-prophet when one of his predictions happens to be verified; as proud as a man always feels when he can say: "I told you so!" For this expansion of Professor Drummond's spiritual outlook has taken place; it is evidenced by his delightful booklet, "The Programme of Christianity."

To make my meaning clear, let me state that there are two divergent lines of Christian thought which I will call—not invidiously, but for convenience—the Puritan and the Catholic. The "Puritan" conceives of Christ as having

come into the world to save from future suffering (by taking upon Himself their burden) a certain elect few, of whom he is one. The "Catholic" dwells rather on the conception of Christ as having come into the world to save mankind at large from suffering both here and hereafter, and effecting this purpose "not only by working in them personal religion, but by joining them together in a body, or family, or kingdom, or church." (Sadler's "Church Doctrine Bible Truth.")

Hence the "Puritan" conception of Christianity is essentially individualistic, egoistic; the "Catholic" mainly collectivist and altruistic. Of course, as in the natural world, the egoistic emotion must first arise, as "The Data of Ethics" has shown; or, as "The Ascent of Man" puts it, nutrition must come before reproduction. The Puritan's dominant thought is expressed in the burden of one of his favorite hymns:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves *me*."

But the mind which rests content with this egoistic sentiment shows a case of "arrested development" in the spiritual world. The more altruistic one becomes the more he will value the collectivist or "Church" idea of

corporate Christianity, and the less altruistic and the more egoistic he becomes (for there is degeneracy and atavism in the spiritual world, too) the more ruthlessly he views the breaking up of the corporate unity of the Church. I suppose we have all heard the story of the old Scottish couple who separated from this communion and that, not finding any to their liking, until at last they formed "a wee kirk o' their ain." When some one asked the old lady: "Do you think you and your husband are the only two in all this town who will be saved?" she replied: "A' weel, I hae ma doots about Jock!"

Now let any one study "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and notice the utter absence of the "Church" idea therein. Let him take, for instance, the chapter on "Growth," and see the "believer" after the Puritan idea, growing without effort in the "effectual calling," which came to him without desert, and viewing with calm and indolent self-complacency his own "assurance," while all around are rotting in "total depravity." And then, by contrast, let him take up the charming little essay, "The Programme of Christianity," published seven years afterwards, which so lucidly sets forth the "Church idea," and he will see how Mr.

Drummond has enlarged his view of the spiritual world.

But still the question recurs: How can men hold the doctrines of Christianity along with those of evolution, as Professor Drummond seems to do? This is the question which perplexed my friend who interviewed me, and which, I am sure, perplexes very many thinkers in his denomination and in mine, and I presume in others also. To put it in his own terse way: "What place is there for the incarnation in the scheme of evolution?" I did not answer the question at the time. I was "diplomatic," as I said before; but this is a question that all theologians have got to face. To ignore the widespreading acceptance of evolution, to act as if nobody of any account held it, and to go on preaching platitudes, is an ostrich-like policy. To fancy that the "hypothesis," as they love to call it, is becoming discredited, or dying for want of verification, is a fond dream of some divines, who have not kept pace with modern investigation, which dream "The Ascent of Man" will do much to dispel. If theologians insist on the premise, "evolution is contrary to Christianity," of course it is their business to oppose evolution; but a vast number of thinkers will only conclude: "Then so much the worse for Christianity."

My answer to my friend would have been, if it had been timely: "I can find no place for the Puritan idea of the Incarnation in the scheme of evolution; but on Catholic lines it fits in admirably; and this is the teaching of that book so much discussed, so little understood, so bewildering to many, "Lux Mundi."

"Ah!" will say the agnostic or skeptical reasoner, "you so-called 'Catholics' have a protean kind of theology. You can adapt your faith to suit all circumstances and conditions. Your Elizabethan compromise, as the Church of England has been called, can, like the coat of the Jewish pedlar, be made to fit any customer by giving it a twitch here, and a pull there, and a tuck somewhere else." I have heard and I have read such expressions concerning the Anglican Church many times. I have only to reply: "Softly, my friend, softly; you confound theology and faith." I must ponder on this later on. In the meantime let me say: The Catholic faith deals with certain facts; theology with the *rationale* of those facts. The why and wherefore are fit subjects for theological speculation; the fact remains as the object of the Christian's faith; and that fact is, "The Word was made Flesh." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

February, 1895.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING THEOLOGY AND THE FAITH.

I SAID in my last that I should soon ponder upon the distinction between Theology and The Faith. This resolution of mine has been stimulated by the Rev. J. Burton's letter in the *Week* of 2nd March criticizing my essay in so very kind and friendly a spirit.* Indeed, there was far more of concurrence than of dissent in his comments; and our differences can, I think, be easily reconciled, with one exception. My friend (for I heartily reciprocate his courtesy) thinks that the future "cleavage" in Christian thought will be between the Puritan or Individualist and the Catholic or social conception of religion. I sincerely hope not, for we want both ideas blended and not dissevered. We want the personal, self-appropriating faith of "Sun of my Soul," and of

> "Abide with me when night is nigh,
> For without Thee I dare not die,"

together with the altruism or catholic spirit of the remainder of that same hymn, beginning with the lines,

> "Thou Framer of the light and dark,
> Steer through the tempest Thine own Ark."

In my opinion the cleavage gaped its widest at the great upheaval of Reformation times, when Puritanism formulated her doctrines. The most definite expression of "egoistic" religion that I can think of is Head II., Section 2, of "The Sum of Saving Knowledge," which one finds, along with other interesting documents, bound up with the Westminster Confession.

My friend likens Puritanism to a pineapple, rough without, but sweet and wholesome within. I quite agree with this sentiment. Surely all of us have found at times some of the sweetest and noblest souls encased in this somewhat rough exterior. But, then, the pineapple of Puritanism has had three hundred years in which to grow mellow. If one studies the documents before alluded to, and such controversies as those of Richard Hooker, with Travers and Cartwright (*vide* "Ecclesiastical Polity," *passim*. Keble's Edition), one cannot help feeling that the fathers of the Anglican reformation and

the compilers and revisers of the Prayer-Book must have found the Puritan pineapple very unripe, to say the least of it, and must have had a hard job to make any portion, however small, assimilate with their system.

On the other hand, I am bound in justice to concede that, in these modern days at any rate, all the crudeness is not on the side of Puritanism. If one comes across some young "priest" who treats with disdain not only "the sects," but even his own brethren who, in his opinion, are "not Catholic," because they have not "restored" some custom or practice which he deems essential, such as—well, let us say, the Kiss of Peace—one has good grounds for pronouncing all such "fruits of the Catholic revival," as not only sour, but nauseous. But these are only the "crabs" among the fruit.

No; we don't want cleavage; we have had enough of that; we want to heal the breaches of Zion. We want to blend, and not dissociate, the seemingly antagonistic elements—the acids and the alkalies—into the "one body"; for they are all needful, in due proportion, to the "perfect man." Far better that they should amalgamate in one solution than that each should be crystallized and bottled up in some special ecclesiastical polity of its own. The only way

to effect this, it seems to me, is to allow plenty of room for differences of speculative theology, while we draw the line at matters of fact; so distinguishing between the facts of the Christian religion and the *rationale* of these facts, between the Faith and Theology. Let me give an illustration of my meaning:

Ages ago, before there was any proper science, men had observed that on certain occasions the moon when at the full would mysteriously diminish in size and dwindle away until it was blotted out of sight or nearly so; and then after a short interval she would as gradually reappear. Various theories were propounded to account for the phenomenon. The Chinese philosophers, for instance, had a theory that a huge dragon in the sky swallowed the moon, and was made to disgorge it by the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire raising such a din with drums, tin pans, yells and every kind of noise, as to scare the said dragon into a fit of indigestion. The theory of the ancient Chinese philosopher is now generally discredited; but that does not discredit the fact that an eclipse occurred. So must we learn to distinguish between the Christian verities, and the various philosophic theories by which various individuals and sects have endeavored to explain those verities; and

the more so in these days when scientific research is forcing us to reconstruct or largely modify our philosophic systems. That is to say, we must distinguish between Theology and the Faith.

Now the Elizabethan compromise was based on that principle. While allowing free play for various theories as to the why and wherefore of the Incarnation, she insisted rigidly on the *fact* of the Incarnation and its correlative doctrine of the Trinity. Accordingly, the Church adopted the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of objective facts to be believed. As to the seventeen different kinds of subjective faith, of which only one was of a "saving" kind, and other like subtleties, about which some of the Puritan fathers interested themselves, she left them, along with the subtleties of the mediæval schoolmen, as open questions. Cannot all Christians—for the sake of that "brotherhood" we all desire, but which cannot be realized so long as we are kept apart by sectarian fences—agree on this platform? This is the purport of the second article of the famous Chicago Lambeth proposals, to which Professor Shields, of Princeton, so chivalrously responded.

The Catholic Church in pre-Reformation times erred, I conceive, through an undue

eagerness to settle every question and define everything so as to leave no room for differences of opinion; and the various Protestant bodies in the recoil erred in the same manner, but in different directions. The outcome of all this was the creed of Pope Pius IV. on the one hand, and the various confessions of Augsburg, Westminster, etc., on the other; all of them too long, too exacting; so that many persons, like the late James Anthony Froude, have found one as hard as the other to swallow in its entirety. Let us get back to the Nicene Creed, with its simple propositions; simple, that is to say, in a certain sense. "The simplicity of the Gospel" is a stock phrase with the disputants of one school of thought to discredit the doctrines of another school; but the term "simplicity" is an ambiguous one. I must revert to this another time, however.

During the Reformation, and, indeed, ever since, until quite recently, the fathers of the Anglican Church were denounced for their half measures, and for not being explicit enough in their demands on the faith of the people; but, after three centuries, wisdom is being justified of her children in these days of new departures in every branch of learning. If we accept evolution, in whole or in part, "the sum of sav-

ing knowledge" must be largely reconstructed; but I don't think that the Prayer-Book (thanks to the Elizabethan compromise) will need much tinkering.

The following is the letter:

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I always read with pleasurable sympathy "Parson Low's Ponderings," notwithstanding the fact that the Churchman so manifestly appears through all; for the Churchman is so thoroughly human, so catholic, that one could wish—were there not ecclesiastical barriers, ah!—that the specier Churchman might rise to the dignity of genus. I am with him, however, on Professor Drummond's works, and share his wonder that the drift of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was not more generally appreciated, though it may be well for general advancement that the Professor's fascinating style covered for a season his iconoclasm. My friend (none the less so that in *propriâ personâ* we have never met) will, however, bear with me if I break a lance with him on what he is pleased to call, without offence, the Puritan ideal as contrasted with the Catholic. That the two types he distinguishes exist is a fact, the individualism which finds expression in the line quoted (only I capitalize the word he italicized, "I am so glad that Jesus loves ME"), and the grander, because more sympathetic, spirit which breathes in another strain (which, by the way, is in striking contrast with the sect that cramped the author's life):

> "Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
> The air, the earth, the sea,
> In unison with all our hearts,
> And calls aloud for Thee."

Further, I believe that the coming line of cleavage in the Christian community, as ecclesiastical lines wear out, and dogmatic walls crumble, will be between that exclusive individualism which at this present is manifesting itself in premillennial pessimism, and that larger life which the national churches in their day endeavored to represent, which Jesus taught in that universal prayer, "*Our* Father," rather than Mine; and which Paul expressed in pregnant lines: "All things" (*τα πάντα*) reconciled to the Father in the work of the Son: Christian optimism; the earth is the Lord's and not the devil's; win it for its rightful Master.

My criticism on my friend's utterance is that individualism was not the Puritan ideal or characteristic. If the songs of a people indicate their sentiments, then Catholic hymnology has all the marks of individualism to be found in the Puritan school. Few instances of more intense individualism are to be found than in the mediæval hymns now happily becoming so common in Christian worship. Look through "the Christian year" of Keble, how "Sun of My Soul" strikes the chord of harmony with all its pages; and Newman's "Lead Thou *me* on" is pitched in that same egoistic key. On the other hand, when Puritan voices would utter with stronger emphasis than harmony:—

> "We are a garden wall'd around,
> Chosen and made peculiar ground;
> A little spot enclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wide wilderness,"

the conception was not so much individualistic as that of separation for the Master's service. Hence the hymn continues:

> "Make our best spices flow abroad,
> To entertain our Saviour God."

Puritanism, like our pineapple, had frequently a harsh exterior, but there was sweetness within, and its true intent, as I read it, was well put by the Westminster divines, to glorify God first ere entering upon the enjoyment of Him forever.

Puritanism—I mean the Puritanism of history—erred in imagining that the great Father of us all was to be glorified by the intense devotion of a few of His children rather than by the completion of the family circle. The Catholicism of Lux Mundi errs equally in maintaining that the great blessings of the Incarnation find their most effective channels of communication in the special institution with which its authors are identified. In the meantime let us be assured that

"God fulfils Himself in many ways"

"till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Gravenhurst.

JOHN BURTON.

March, 1895.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCERNING DUAL LANGUAGES.

On St. Patrick's Day—or rather on the 18th of March, for St. Patrick's Day fell on Sunday this year—I attended a public concert, given by our Roman Catholic brethren. A prominent feature of the programme was an eloquent and touching address on the woes of Ireland. The learned lecturer told us that the Green Isle was once a land of peace and prosperity, the abode of saints, the home of every virtue, in the days King Brian Borume; but her troubles began with the advent of the Saxon in the reign of King Henry II. (By the way, he did not remind us that the invader came armed with the authority and blessing of Pope Adrian IV.) He laid great stress on the fact that, in spite of all the efforts to stamp out Irish customs and the Irish language, those customs and that language remained as dear as ever to the hearts of the people, and would not be stamped out, and cannot be stamped out even to this day.

I caught a bad cold that night. I don't mean to say it was the effect of that speech. It must have been the draftiness of the place where I sat; for all the while I felt a cold chill down one side of me, while the other half responded to the genial warmth of my surroundings. Anyway I had to lie up and nurse myself for the next few days; and I whiled away a part of the time in reading that delightful novel of J. M. Barrie's, "The Little Minister." I was fairly carried away with that story; I sympathized so heartily with the sorrows and trials of that little man as he became the cynosure of all the eyes of his beloved flock, who constituted themselves a committee of detectives to shadow his every movement. I became, like him, fascinated by "Babbie" with her winsome ways, equally at home as the *grande dame* with a well of English undefiled, or as the rollicking gypsy talking the broadest Doric. I was deeply interested, too, in all the little squabbles of the Auld Licht, and U. P., and Established Kirk divisions of the people of Thrums.

Along with this relaxation my mind was also considerably occupied with the discussions then taking place in the British House of Commons on the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. I read all the arguments, *pro* and *con,* and all

the current literature upon the subject that came within my reach. I gathered from what I read that the gravest charge against the Establishment was that she had failed to secure the attachment of the masses in Wales because she had ignored their native tongue. The services were, or rather had been, always in English. To be sure, of late years this defect had been largely remedied, bishops and priests were selected for their aptness in the vernacular, and Welsh services were now quite common. But the remedy came too late; the neglect of the past had alienated the people beyond all hope.

On the 28th March I found myself sufficiently recovered from my attack of influenza to venture once more into the Town Hall, and there I had a new sensation. Mr. Dalton McCarthy that night addressed an immense crowd on the stirring question of the day—the Manitoba School Law. He spoke of the dire evil of introducing the "race and religion" dissensions into the new country, and he enlarged greatly upon the grievous mischief arising from tolerating the "dual language" system.

Now, I would like to ask: Is it any wonder if, after such a week's experience, I got things

awfully mixed! As I pondered on Irish saints and Saxon sinners, Auld Lichts and U.P.'s and Established Kirk and Welsh dissenters, and that *bête noir,* the Anglican Establishment, trying for centuries to stamp out the dual languages of Ireland and Wales, but all in vain, and then thought of Mr. McCarthy's auditors valiantly resolving that they would stamp out this dual language nuisance in Manitoba—in the land where are heard

"The bells of St. Boniface,"

which Whittier has made classic—is it any wonder that, in my convalescent state, I felt like calling, if not upon the moon, at all events upon the shades of St. Patrick, St. David, St. Chad, and every other saint in the British calendar, to tell me, in the words of the Captain of H.M.S. *Pinafore,*—

"O why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

I may be wrong, but it looks to me very much as if we, in this country, and at the close of the nineteenth century, were about to repeat the mistakes of centuries ago, the mistakes of the Saxon invaders of Ireland and Wales, and that we mean to try once more the "stamping

out" process which, after all this lapse of time, has proved such a failure. If so, shall we not leave a similar unenviable legacy to our descendants? Languages won't be stamped out, and can't be stamped out. The fact of the matter is, I don't believe in "stamping out" anyway; I don't believe in "prohibition." I don't believe in a majority—whether of numbers or of power—trying to stamp out the feelings or the traditions or the habits of a minority. And I fear it won't pay in this country any more than it has elsewhere, or in this century, with its diversities and complexities, any more than it has in the past.

I cannot see why we should be so scared about the French language. What is the harm in our English tongue, if we call the live animal a "sheep" and its carcase "mutton"? There are many such vestiges of the "dual language" struggle embedded in our tongue ever since the Norman Conquest. I would say, Let nature take its course—Let the best man win—Let the fittest survive—and all that sort of thing.

Three or four years ago I spent a most delightful summer holiday on Lake Temiscamingue, as the guest of Captain Percy, of the Steamer *Meteor,* partaking also of the

hospitality of Mr. Mann, the Factor of the Hudson Bay Co.'s post there. One stormy night I was stopping at the "Fort." The French priest, in charge of the mission at Baie des Peres had come down that afternoon in a canoe with some Indians, and being storm-stayed was also made a welcome guest. The dear old gentleman entered into a most pleasant chat with us in excellent English. There were five or six English-speaking persons present, and I doubt if any one of us could have conversed with him in French with the facility with which he conversed in English. Besides his mastery of the two languages (and Latin, as a matter of course), the good father preached to and conversed with the "sauvages" of his mission in their own Iroquois. The dual language, or the multiplied language, was no trouble to him.

If it is a nuisance and an expense to have documents published in the dual language, it is no more than Great Britain and other countries had to contend with in their early evolution. And it is nothing to the trouble incurred by the vendors of patent medicines in the United States. One often sees their wrappers of directions printed in four languages—English, French, German and Spanish

—and sometimes Italian to boot—so as to be serviceable to all the citizens of the republic.

I am pondering on this question not as a politician, but as a student of the "humanities." But I do hope this matter of dual language will not emerge into a bitter trial of strength or a determination to "put down" or "stamp out" the weaker half. "Let nature takes its course." The immortal bard says: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." What kind of "nature" is it, I wonder, that we should get a touch of to make all Canada kin? Is it the adroit, bi-lingual nature of Babbie, the Egyptian, as portrayed in "The Little Minister?"

April, 1895.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING GALLIO.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that Gallio has been grossly maligned by preachers of all denominations. I refer to the Gallio mentioned in Acts xviii. 12-17, who has always been held up as the impersonation of apathy in religion. All those who won't come to church, all the careless and godless, are constantly warned of what is in store for them if they persist in following the awful example of Gallio, who "cared for none of those things."

Now I maintain that the said Gallio has thereby been libelled. Instead of holding him up to execration, the divines of the present day —especially those who most loudly advocate "the entire separation of Church and State" —should hold him forth as a model of statesmanship, and call up all rising, and risen, politicians to emulate the noble conduct of Gallio. For what are the facts? Gallio was

pro-consul of Achaia (see Revised Version). That is to say, in modern language, he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Morea, in Greece, representing H.I.M., the Roman Emperor. But he was more than that: he was Governor, Prime Minister, Cabinet, Parliament, Chief Justice, all rolled into ... In short, he represented the State. The Jews of the place dragged the Christians before him; he, very properly, declined to interfere in their quarrels. He was determined that Church and State should be kept entirely distinct. The matter brought before him to adjudicate upon was, in his eyes, a squabble between two rival religious sects. It was a matter of "denominations" and not of politics. "He drove them from the judgment seat," and would have nothing to do with their quarrel. He was quite right; and he should be held up as a model for all statesmen in these modern days.

The great problem we Canadians have to solve is, how to keep religion out of our politics; and we have not accomplished the feat yet. But the only way to solve any problem is to be logically and mathematically exact, and carry out every premise to its legitimate conclusion, even though that con-

clusion brings us—like Euclid's *ex hyp.* arguments—to the confession "which is absurd."

As an old-fashioned Tory, a believer in Church and State (*in the abstract,* that is to say), I must confess to a certain grim satisfaction in seeing things getting into the muddle they are now in in our Canadian politics. I feel like rubbing my hands together and saying, "That is the outcome of all our sectarianism; we shall soon arrive at the 'which-is-absurd' end of our experiment!" However that is neither here nor there. Whatever my predilections as an old Tory may be, as a practical Canadian I ask, "What is to be done, things being as they are?" The true answer seems to be, "Carry out our principles to their logical end." The much-vaunted principle which we have set up as the Idol of the Forum for this *fin-de-siecle* age is the entire separation of the Church from the State; that is to say, of religion from politics. Very well; be it so; but let us be thorough, let us have no shams, no half-way measures. Let every member of Parliament, whatever may be his personal religious convictions, as a politician be a Gallio.

For example: a certain member, let us say, brings in a bill for the better observance of

the Lord's Day. What has the State, I should like to know, got to do with that? Suppose the Jews and the Christians had argued before Gallio's judgment-seat as to whether the seventh day or the first day of the week should be kept holy? Indeed, possibly that was one of the questions they discussed when he replied; "If it were a matter of wrong or of wicked villainy, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you; but if they are questions about words and names and of your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of such matters." So should it be now treated, for this is purely a "Church" matter, and one on which the various sections of the Church itself are not agreed. Jews, Seventh-day Baptists, Second Adventists, Quakers and others would be aggrieved by the State's interference. The various religious organizations must look to it themselves. Let Parliament follow the precedent of Gallio.

Again, in the matter of education. The State is determined that every child shall be furnished with sufficient mental training to make him or her an intelligent citizen. That is all right; but the religious knowledge or training of the child is the business of the particular Church to which the child belongs—if it be-

longs to any. Let us carry out to the full end the "great principle" of this continent—the entire separation of Church and State. The State schools and colleges must be wholly secular; the morals therein taught being those of Aristotle, Cicero, Herbert Spencer, and the like.

I know all this will sound shocking to some good Christians; but "logic is logic"; we will have to come to this sooner or later. I can imagine a conversation like the following between some pious lady and myself: "Would you have no religion in our Public Schools?" "No, madam." "No reading of Scriptures?" "None whatever, madam." "No prayer, not even the Lord's Prayer recited?" "Certainly not, madam; for let me tell you a fact in my own experience. In taking charge of a certain parish I found the senior boys' class in the Sunday School was taught by a young lady whose 'views' were those of the Plymouth Brethren, and she positively objected to the use of the Lord's Prayer. I had to dispense with her services, considering such views somewhat incompatible with the usages of the Anglican Church, though my action savored of 'High Church tyranny.' Now I want to know, if resistance to the use of the Lord's Prayer was

made in a *Church* school, how can we enforce its use in a *State* school?"

The State then must learn to act like Gallio, and the Church must learn to retrace her steps in many important particulars. For these eighteen centuries and more she has been working hard to make Christian states of the nations of the earth. Now, on the threshold of the twentieth century she must begin *de novo,* and remember that religion has nothing to do with the State as such, but concerns only the elect.

Of course, to my old-fashioned Tory mind, all this is a *reductio ad absurdum.* But we Christians have brought ourselves to this by our sectarian divisions; it is not the State that is to blame. If the members of one sect take the chief rulers of the synagogue of another sect and, metaphorically speaking, beat him before the judgment seat, the civil power must needs dismiss both parties, and carry out the statesmanlike policy of Gallio.

July, 1895.

IN MY STUDY

I.

THERE is a very pretty legend in classical mythology that Astræa, the goddess of Justice, lived on familiar terms with men in the Golden Age, but when they became corrupt and impious the Golden Age terminated and Astræa left the world in disgust. Thereupon Jupiter assigned her a place in the sky, where she still appears as the constellation Virgo—the virgin—while her scales of Justice form the sign Libra—the balance.

It is a pretty idea on the face of it, this of the guardian deities of the several virtues mingling freely with men; but there is a reverse and very ugly side to the legend. Is it not too bad, when you come to think of it, that Jupiter should have picked out from the world Astræa, and other such individuals, heroic men and virtuous maidens, and pinned them to the sky as curiosities—just as a butterfly-hunter pins his choice

specimens, while he left Mercury, the patron of thieves, and Venus and Bacchus and such like, to roam at large at their own sweet will?

But, perhaps, that is a wrong way to put it. Perhaps we ought to say that Jupiter, on account of the pure "cussedness" of mankind, removed these worthies from a stage where they were not duly appreciated, or where their usefulness was gone, to a sort of Senate or House of Lords, where they found themselves permanently "fixed"—just as some good and faithful members of the Commons sometimes undergoes apotheosis by removal to a life seat in the Upper House.

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However, in these iconoclastic times the myth of the Golden Age has lost its value; and pardon me, gentle Christian reader, if I, for one, rejoice thereat. Nowadays we take no stock in a Golden Age that is past and gone. Geology and other sciences have taught us that the earth has passed through many ages and periods, but there was none of them "golden." Nay, the further we trace them back the worse we find them, until we get to the age of—

> "Dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime."

Nature's progress has been one from the imperfect towards the perfect—from the crude to the ripe—from the worse to the better—from chaos to cosmos. The Golden Age is not one to which we, like the pagans, look back, but one to which we look forward, and one which we can help to bring about. "Excelsior" is Nature's motto, and it should be ours. To adapt St. Paul's words, "Forgetting the things which are behind," we should "press forward to the things which are before." Our business is to bring Astræa down from her stiffened position in the sky and let her live freely amongst men, ever exercising her just and beneficent sway.

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Nevertheless, the high priests of science remind us that progress and development in general are quite compatible with degeneracy and reversion to type in individual cases. While humanity at large is advancing, particular nations may decline. And then again, nations, like individuals, may gain in some special department of virtue or culture and lose in another. The ancient Romans, in becoming more literary and refined, became at the same time more dissolute.

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One can imagine a people becoming more

sober and yet less truthful. Indeed—I say it with hesitation, for I may be mistaken—I sadly fear this is our own case. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when Britons used to boast with some justice of their love of truth and honor. But I fear our credit in this respect has been tarnished.

When I was a young man not long out from England, I once heard the Rev. Lachlin Taylor, at that time a famous Methodist minister, deliver a splendid speech, in the course of which, while contrasting Christian truthfulness with Oriental duplicity, he stated that in Cairo the donkey-boys, when they wanted to make a very solemn asseveration, would say, "On the word of an Englishman!" I mentioned this statement, with some feelings of pride, to an Anglican clergyman, who himself had been a great traveller. He replied: "Oh, yes, that used to be so; but I am afraid we English are losing our character among the nations for being as good as our word."

I felt mortified at this, for as an English schoolboy I had been trained in those principles of "honor" which are, or were, customary in English schools. Our good master often would "put us on our honor"; and if any boy broke his *parole* he would be "sent to Coventry"—

it is now called "boycotted"—by his very playmates as a "cad," unfit to associate with gentlemen. To call any one a "liar" was the greatest stigma that could be put upon him.

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But my crude ideas upon this subject were soon rectified in this country. The first shock to my prejudices was listening to an ethical discussion among some seniors as to whether the English or the American maxim were the better, the English being: "Treat every man as honest until you find him to be a rogue," and the American: "Treat every man as a rogue until you know him to be honest." The decision arrived at was that, though the English formula was ideally more beautiful, yet the American one was sounder in practice. This gave a very uncomfortable feeling to one who had been indoctrinated in the proverb, "If a man cheats you once, blame him; if he cheats you a second time, blame yourself."

Yet, notwithstanding, I imagined that the "upper classes"—at least, in American society—were very sensitive upon the point of honor; for I had read of the Honorable Senator This shooting at sight the Honorable Senator That for calling him a liar. Surely, thought I, this is evidence that Astræa has not deserted the

elect of America. But alas! I found to my chagrin, that it was not the *being* a liar, but the being *called* a liar, which had hurt the feelings of the Honorable Senator This.

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Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia," conceded that truthfulness was a characteristic of the Protestants of the British Isles, though he urged that in other virtues the Roman Catholics were superior. After all, human nature being what it is, I think we may allow that the prevalence of any special virtue—or vice for that matter—depends on the condition of the surroundings. Like the germs of physical diseases, so the bacteria of spiritual evils thrive and multiply in congenial soil. It is no credit to the man of ample means that he does not steal; his temptations do not lie that way. Doubtless the freedom of speech and the personal liberty we enjoy tend to foster the spirit of candor and truthfulness of which we boast. But, then, if that is the case, why should the spirit of "honor" decline among us, as is alleged? There must be other factors in the case.

January, 1901.

II.

The accession to the throne of His Gracious Majesty, King Edward, recalls to mind some curious lines, purporting to be very ancient, which appeared in English papers some forty or fifty years ago. They were:

> "For full three hundred years and moe
> King Edwarde's masse shall be laid lowe,
> When Seventh Edwarde King shall reign,
> King Edwarde's masse shall be sayed againe.

It appeared in all the dignity of black letter and ancient spelling. I do not undertake to reproduce the exact mediæval orthography; I only remember there were ever so many final 'e's, so I have stuck them in *ad libitum*.

But they were remarkable lines withal, and their author, even if he lived only fifty, and not three hundred years ago, made a bold prediction. Its publication created much discussion. There were those who firmly believed in its prophetical character; there were those who scoffed and profanely spoke of it as what is vulgarly called a "put-up job." As with Mother Shipton's prophecies, so with these lines, some believed and some believed not.

But Mother Shipton had the temerity to close with—

> "The world unto an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

and consequently ever since 1881 her prophecy has been discredited. It remains to be seen whether the forecast of our anonymous author will be verified or not.

One argument of the unbelievers was, that there would be no Edward VII., for if the Prince of Wales succeeded to the throne he would certainly be called King Albert, or Albert Edward. His Majesty has nullified that argument by assuming, in his manly and dignified proclamation, the title of Edward VII., to the disappointment of some, the surprise of many, and the delight of still more; among these last, I see, is the "Englishwoman," whose "Love Letters" have been lately published.

And other circumstances are pointing to the fulfilment of this prophecy in due time. Already the distinctive features of "King Edward's Mass"—the six points as they are called—are in actual use in many Anglican churches. The Office of Holy Communion in the American prayer-book approaches the old office more nearly than ours. And if one looks at the pic-

ture of the group of bishops of the P. E. Church, vested in cope and mitre, and so forth, which appeared in several journals not long ago, one would conclude that there was nothing in "King Edward's Mass" that those Right Reverend Fathers would stick at.

But, again, another notable sign of the times is, that not only are the omissions of the prayer-book of 1552 being restored, but also many of its additions to the prayer-book of 1549 are more and more dropping into disuse. It is interesting to watch this process, not merely from a polemical, but from a literary and historical point of view.

These additions to the latter prayer-book are some prayers, but mainly and most prominently certain "Exhortations." These are not strictly devotional, but rather didactic and homiletical; they are addressed, not to Almighty God, but to the congregation. They are instructive, to be sure, but the instruction is of a very primary, elementary character. They are just the sort of thing that was needed at the time of their composition, when education was the property of the few.

In those days preaching was a rare gift, even among the clergy; and so "Homilies" and "Exhortations" were provided in abundance

for those who were not deemed competent to fulfil the duty of preaching. But, then, those who were deemed competent *could* preach; they could preach for hours! Nowadays everybody can preach, women and small boys included.

The preaching function, then, being so very common nowadays, these homiletic additions of the prayer-book of 1552 seem somewhat superfluous, especially that sermonette beginning, "Dearly beloved brethren," which is the introduction to both morning and evening prayer. And so the authorities of the Anglican Church have given us leave—or we parsons sometimes take leave—to cut these preachments short, so as to give us more time, it may be, for our own deliverances.

Not only so, but there is a marked contrast in literary style between the "Dearly beloved brethren" and the bulk of the prayer-book. The fathers of the Reformation succeeded admirably in translating the concise, stately and sonorous Latin of the pre-reformation service books into equally happy English. But by 1552 literary taste had evidently undergone great change, which is very much in evidence in that opening exhortation.

This exhortation and the other parts then added, instead of being concise, are prolix;

redundancies abound, and indeed are studiously affected; for example "acknowledge and confess"—"sins and wickednesses"—"dissemble nor cloke"—"goodness and mercy"—"*most* chiefly"—"assemble and meet together"—"requisite and necessary"—"pray and beseech." All this is of a very different type of word architecture from the rest of the services; it belongs to another era in literature.

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It is a matter of wonder how literary taste should have undergone so great a change in so short a time. But there are fashions in writing just as much as in dress. Someone sets the style, and forthwith every young writer strives to copy it until it palls upon the public taste and is dropped.

In the days of our grandfathers the style in vogue was based on Latin mythology; a writer was nothing if not classical. The sun was invariably written of as "Sol," the moon was "Cynthia"; the poet began his poem with an invocation of the muses:

> "Descend ye nine, descend and sing!"

or words to that effect.

How entirely all that has gone out of fashion! We have, to be sure, occasional references to

Hymen and Cupid and Venus, but these are getting more and more rare. At present the favorite model, among the scientists at all events, is not Latin, but Greek; and we have all sorts of clumsy compounds of Greek words added to our dictionaries from year to year—geology, biology, ontology, rhinology, anthropology, paleontology and every-other-kind-of-ology.

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But to return to the "Dearly beloved brethren" and its love of duplication. I am inclined to attribute the fashion to the revival, at that time, of the study of the Hebrew language. All readers of the Old Testament must needs have noticed how this doubling of terms was a common thing with the Hebrews. "He arose and went"—"He opened his mouth and spake"—"he lifted up his eyes and saw"—"he spake and said"—"the poor and needy"—"sins and iniquities"—"mercy and goodness," and so on.

I conclude that the author of the opening exhortation and the other additions to the prayer-book of 1549, was so saturated with Hebrew learning, that he fell instinctively into the Hebrew mode of expression.

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There is a charm in the composite structure of the prayer-book, just as there is a charm in

the composite structure of many a cathedral or church in the Old Country. The Norman crypt or the Saxon porch, or the Tudor arch, or the perpendicular window, each tells its own story. As the various strata in any locality afford interest to the geologist, so the historian and divine find interest in the philological strata of the prayer-book.

February, 1901.

III.

THIS is an iconoclastic age. In Church history the eighth century was so named because, by order of the Emperor Leo, all the pictures and images in the Christian churches were removed and destroyed. Still, the eighth century was not the only age of idol smashing; we moderns can lay claim to that title. And sometimes a little iconoclasm is a good thing.

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With our twentieth century illumination we can look back on ancient times of idol-smashing and take a philosophic view of it. We know that at first the Christian Church took root mainly among the poor and lowly, and naturally could not cultivate the graces. But by the eighth century she had become wealthier

and more æsthetic. Perhaps too much so; and a little "Puritanism" was needed to check the tendency to become, like the luxurious people around, too devoted to the picturesque. Leo the Isaurian was the Cromwell of those days.

And doubtless there was a danger then in the love of the artistic. Many of the Christians had been before their conversion veritable idolators, and the old infection of nature remained in them not wholly eradicated, so that every picture or image filled the beholder with an irresistible craving to worship it; just as every sight or smell of wine fills the old toper with an irresistible craving, no matter how often he has taken the pledge. So, possibly, it was a great advantage to the Church, in the long run, to receive a check from Leo and his "Ironsides."

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Indeed truth is never arrived at in a direct line. The seeker after positive truth, in whatever department of thought, is like a ship bound to reach her destination under a head wind; she can only do so by tacking to starboard and port in succession. This, by the way, is suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer's most interesting chapters on the "Direction of Motion" and the "Rhythm of Motion" (First Principles,

Part II., Chap. IX. and X.), wherein he speaks of the undulations and oscillations of all movement. He argues that the same law which governs the billows of the sea and the fluttering of a flag in the breeze and the vibrations of a harp string, governs also the movements of the heavenly bodies and the alterations of climate; and in sociology also, the same law operates, in the alterations of good and bad times in the monetary world, and of conservative and progressive legislation in the political world. Our progress in all affairs is by "tacking," like a zig-zag fence, as it were.

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There is a picture in the illustrated papers of the statue of the late Queen Victoria in Bombay on the day of the Empire's mourning, the statue being loaded with heaps of lovely flowers. The spirit of loyalty was touchingly displayed, but no doubt some of the Parsees and Buddhists and Hindoos in the city concluded that the statue was an "idol" which the British were "worshipping." Indeed, if the spirit of Oliver Cromwell were hovering anywhere around the Queen's dominions at that time, I am sure his ghostly fingers were aching to do some idol-smashing.

But there are other idols besides pictures and

molten images and graven images; the idols which the Prophet Ezekiel says we "set up in our hearts"; idols which the Philosopher Bacon classified as "*Idola Tribus, Idola Specus, Idola Fori and Idola Theatri,*" which we will roughly translate into English as Historical Idols, Personal Idols, Commercial Idols and Conventional Idols. In all four respects this age, as I remarked at the beginning, is an iconoclastic age. And I ask permission of the reader to do a little idol-smashing on my own account.

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I have been reading over again Watson's English translation of Xenophon's memoirs of Socrates. Now, if there is an historical idol in existence bigger than most it is Socrates. After all these centuries we still look upon him as the paragon of wisdom, austere and abstemious (as no doubt he was), dropping words of wisdom everywhere, persecuted at home by a termagent wife, and a martyr to the cause of truth at the hands of his ungrateful fellow-citizens.

His disciple Plato undoubtedly idolized him —or idealized him, which is much the same thing. When Plato in his works tells us that Socrates said this or that, we are convinced in mind that Plato in his humility suppresses him-

self ar l gives us his own thoughts under cover of his beloved master's great name. In point of fact the disciple far surpassed his master.

In the same way, that portion of the book of Isaiah (chapters xl. to lxvi.) which is attributed by critics to a disciple of the older prophet—Matthew Arnold calls him "the Isaiah of Babylon"—surpasses in sublimity of thought and grandeur of language the first portion, the work of the original Isaiah, or "the Isaiah of Jerusalem."

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I conceive that the portraiture of Socrates, given us by Xenophon, is fairly true to the original; but even that is an idealized portrait. After reading what his "worshipper," Xenophon, says of him, I cannot help feeling that old Socrates must have been an awful nuisance. He had private means enough to live upon in his own frugal and abstemious way; so he did not care to work to earn money. He made it his mission in life to teach everybody all he knew without any remuneration—a very bad precedent to set. And so he spent his whole time poking around—now in the sculptor's studio, now at the bridlemaker's, now at the corselet-maker's, now kicking his heels on the carpenter's bench, and all the while pestering

his victims with questions till he got them fairly "rattled."

What a grand cross-questioner he would have made as a modern barrister! And how often must the poor artizan, hindered from his work, and plagued with the old philosopher's company and his questions, have wished him far enough away. "What!" says Hippias, "are you still saying the same things, Socrates, that I heard from you so long ago?" Yes, he was, without doubt, an awful bore.

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And so I sympathize with his wife, Xantippe. She has always been held up as an awful example of a shrew and vixen; but we may be sure she had good cause, many a time, for getting mad at the old philosopher. I can fancy his coming home to his dinner, after plaguing people with his questions all morning, and a dialogue ensuing something like this: "Well, Xantippe, and what are you doing now?" "I'm cooking the dinner, don't you see?" "And will you tell me what method of cooking that dinner you adopt?" "I'm boiling the mutton." "But yesterday you fried the mutton; why boil it to-day?" "Why, for a change, you fool." "But if the meat was agreeable to us yesterday, why——" and so on and so on,

until he got her mad enough to shy something at his head. We must make allowance for poor Xantippe's bad temper.

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What an iconoclast we have in Mrs. Carrie Nation! What consternation she has wrought among the worshippers of Bacchus? But was there need of all this idol-smashing in a prohibition state like Kansas? One naturally asks, What is the good of prohibition, if this kind of thing is necessary?

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And then, again, iconoclasts of all ages have been famous for smashing, not their own, but other people's idols. Here is some lady who has been smashing drug-stores in Chicago, because as a Christian Scientist she abjures drugs. If this sort of iconoclasm spreads, where shall we end? The vegetarian will be smashing all the butcher shops. The victims of some unlucky speculations in stocks will be smashing all the exchanges with their "tickers." And even irate husbands, when their wives' bills come in, will be for smashing all the milliners' shops.

If we would be iconoclasts, let every one set to work to smash his, or her, own idols.

March, 1901.

IV.

In the last number of *The Commonwealth* Principal Petry was kind enough to notice my remarks in the February number about the additions of 1552 to the Prayer-book of 1549. Concerning the "duplication of terms," such as "pray and beseech," he says, very truly, that they are "the outcome of the bi-lingualism which was so common in early English."

He quotes Mr. Earle's "Philosophy of the English Tongue" to that effect, and also Professor Meiklejohn, who says, "From 1066 down to perhaps the end of the fourteenth century . . . French and English words came to grow in pairs."

All this is very true; and perhaps we in Canada will hereafter become addicted to a similar pairing practice as the result of our dual language. And, to look still further forward, no doubt His Majesty's subjects in the Transvaal will by and by find the convenience of "pairing" in the bi-lingualism of Boer and English, which will certainly prevail for many a day, no matter what the terms of peace may be.

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Yet, notwithstanding, I think Mr. Petry has overlooked my main contention. He italicized this portion of Professor Meiklejohn's note:

"And thus we find in the prayer-book the phrases, acknowledge and confess, assemble and meet together, dissemble nor cloak, humble and lowly." Now let me italicize *my* contention. *All these pairs, and several others, are crowded together in one short paragraph*—viz., the opening Exhortation, or "Dearly beloved brethren"—in a way that cannot be matched by any other piece of English composition that I know of.

Certainly no other part of the Prayer-book is like it—and let me remark that this particular Exhortation is not the product of the eleventh century nor of the fourteenth, but of the middle of the sixteenth century. In the exhortations of the older Prayer-book of 1549, as in all English literature, we now and then come across a "duplication" which is rather agreeable than otherwise; but the piling up of them in such profusion in one short passage evinces to my mind some literary fashion or fad of the year 1552, which fashion I attributed to the revival of the study of Hebrew at that time. If all portions of the Prayer-book had been constructed on the lines of the "Dearly beloved brethren," the services would have been very tiresome.

The terms "humble and lowly" mentioned by Professor Meiklejohn remind me of the "duplication" in the Magnificat, "and hath exalted the humble and meek."

These two adjectives represent the single term *humiles* in the Latin and *tapeinous* in the Greek (Luke i. 56). The Authorized Version changed this duplicate term into "them of low degree," which the Revised Version has retained. But for my part I prefer the old "humble and meek" of the Prayer-book; and for this reason. We may be humble in *circumstances* or humble in *spirit*. The Greek word *tapeinous* represents *both* aspects; at all events, in the New Testament, if not in the classics. Archbishop Trench, in his "Synonyms of the New Testament" (chap. xlii.), has a very interesting dissertation upon this. The expression, "them of low degree," only gives one aspect, viz., the humble in circumstances. In fact, we want the two words, "humble and meek," to reflect the fulness of the Latin *humiles* or the Greek *tapeinous*.

We know well that the humble in circumstances are not always humble in mind. And there is a pride among those who have fallen from high estate, which, however impotent or foolish it may appear, we can understand and

even admire. The Spaniards are a proud people; and they have a great deal to be proud of in their past history, when they occupied "the seats of the mighty."

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So, too, we respect the pride of the scion of some ancient and noble house which has come to misfortune through either ill-luck or ill-conduct. We generally pity—though we sometimes mock at—the pride of the bearer of some noble name who is out at elbows. And that is a sore evil in these days when, as in the days of Ecclesiastes, "money answereth all things." Lady Clara Vere de Vere, though "daughter of a hundred earls," when poor, has no show to-day in comparison with the daughter of ten million dollars.

April, 1901.

V.

I HAVE been lately occupying my leisure hours by reading an old novel—old, that is, in these present rushing days of novel writing and novel reading. Novels, it seems to me, get out of fashion like clothing, and we look on one published forty or fifty years ago in the same way

as we look on an old photograph or "daguerreotype" of a lady with enormous hooped skirts and hair stroked down her face, who might have been one of the first readers of the novel in question.

Nevertheless, as it often touches our hearts to look upon these old-fashioned pictures of those we knew in our youth, and to recall "the tender grace of a day that is dead," so an old novel—if it is a good one—is a source not only of pleasure but of profit to the thoughtful reader. By a good novel I mean one which not only amuses but instructs, and by a thoughtful reader I mean one who can trace the lessons, historical or sociological, embodied in an interesting story.

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Such a novel is the one I was reading. It was "Shirley," by Charlotte Bronté. It described life in Yorkshire, England, in the early part of the last century, during the Peninsular War—in 1812 and thereabouts. We have a pretty faithful delineation of the manners and customs of the English, or at all events of the people of Yorkshire, at that time.

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There are three contiguous parishes treated of, each with its rector and his curate. The

three curates—mere boys just out of the university—often meet and are great "chums," though each has his own individuality, and the three rectors are elderly gentlemen, each character being quite distinct from the others. In those days there was, of course, no "Ritualism" to cause dissension among the clergy or people. Nevertheless, there was the High Church, Tory element, and the more democratic, or Low Church element. In fact, there were the diversities of sentiment which must needs exist in every institution, political or ecclesiastical, which permits freedom of thought and expression; and that happily has always prevailed in the "Establishment" so-called.

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However, it was not the ecclesiastical, but rather the social aspect of those times which most interested me. For the period (1812) was a most critical one in English history, as every one knows. Britannia in that eventful year seemed like the "Noble Six Hundred," in Tennyson's poem of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The War of 1812 is known to every schoolboy in America, whether Canadian or "Yankee." (I hope our friends across the border will pardon the term, but really there is a sad need of some word which will distinguish

the citizens of the United States from ourselves, who are Americans as well as they.)

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But in that same year Wellington was sweeping the army of Buonaparte out of Spain. He stormed Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz—he gained the great victory of Salamanca, and he entered Madrid in triumph. So at that time it may be said of Britannia:

> "Cannon to right of her,
> Cannon to left of her,
> Cannon in front of her,
> Volleyed and thundered.

And then, too, with regard to her own internal administration it was true that "Someone had blundered." For those famous "Orders in Council" seriously hampered the trade and manufactures of the country and caused much distress in consequence.

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Among the great sufferers of that time were all who were engaged in the woollen manufactures of Yorkshire, both capitalists and laborers, both masters and men. And then, too, there was the displacement caused by new inventions and new machines. The warehouses were gorged with goods which the owners could not dispose

of, thanks to the "Orders in Council." The mill hands were being dismissed, because the new machines could dispense with their services; and what were they to do?

Mother Church preached patience and submission. That was very pious and proper. But patience and submission meant starvation and ruin. Dissent preached impatience and resistance. "Smash the machines!" was their cry, and smash them they did. But *Cui bono?* The troops were ordered out, the rioters were either shot or imprisoned, and general misery prevailed. And the capitalists were wondering when they would get money for the goods they had manufactured, and the hands were wondering how and where they could get work to give them and their families bread. All this is graphically described by Miss Brontë.

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And now, after dwelling on those times of trade depression, as depicted in "Shirley," we turn our eyes to the present state of things in Yorkshire. We find the mills there still; but enormously enlarged. The machinery which aroused the wrath of the "hands" has been removed indeed, but only to give place to machinery of an infinitely grander type. And yet labor has survived the innovation and is

better off than before. But yet we are not happy. Instead of riots we now have "strikes." How true are the poet's words to-day, as in 1812, or in 1842, when "Locksley Hall" was published:

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

To-day we hear of fortunes made in a few days by some shrewd speculation, fortunes not counted by the ten thousand pounds, but by the ten million dollars. Here's a Pierpont Morgan thinking of buying up the Atlantic Ocean as a private lake for himself. Here's a G. H. Phillips, who, like a second Joseph, has bought up all the corn in Egypt, and made himself a Crœsus all at once. Here's a James R. Keene, the famous "plunger," whose "operations" on the New York Stock Exchange brought him in $20,000,000. Why, it takes one's breath away

to read the daily news of such things. But all the while there are the hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher, and before long I fear we shall have another "Coxey's Army," who, it may be, will be more militant than the hosts of that famous leader.

May, 1901.

VI.

I WAS much interested in the article on Spelling Reform in last month's *Commonwealth*, and I am slowly coming round to the writers' opinions. It used to irritate me woefully when the phonetic system of spelling was introduced by the American press, especially by the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, whose publications are of great interest to clerics. My gorge rose at "program," "theater," "center," "thro," and a host of other "reformations," which to me were deformations.

But when we reflect we remember that many of the words which the reformers are now trimming and pruning bloomed into their present shape after centuries of growth. The evolution of our present English is not like that of a vast building designed and constructed at one particular time, and expected to remain in

that shape for ever. Rather it is like that of a huge vine ever-increasing, ever-spreading, catching hold with its tendrils of all sorts of things and utilizing them in some way or other, and spreading and sprawling in such a way that it must needs be pruned now and then, if it is not to grow wild altogether.

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Certainly much pruning has been done heretofore. If we read "ye olde Englyshe" and compare it with the modern, we shall see how many superfluous 'e's have been cut off, and how many 'y's have been turned to 'i's, and so on. Then why not apply the knife to the superfluous *-me* in "programme," and finish it off like "diagram"?

So with words ending *-re*. We are getting used to "theater," "center," "fiber," "saber," and so on. Well, be it so. But whilst we are at it, let us lay down some rule of general application; let us treat *-le* in the same way as *-re;* let us write Bibel, sabel, tabel, abel, fabel, cattel, pickel, bottel.

Indeed this last word, at all events, used to be so written. Chappel's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" has a "ballade," entitled "The Leather Bottel," of which rhyme—I beg pardon, rime—there is an amusing parody in

Blackwood's Magazine, of May, 1871. This parody is a satire on Darwin's "Descent of Man," which appeared about that time—thirty years ago—and was then, I may well say, the "rage"; for everybody raged either at it or in its favor.

The verses are prefaced with a quotation from the "Descent of Man" (Vol. I., page 212), which begins: "The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of Vertebrates, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians." *Blackwood* suggests that "the word Ascidian, *if not spelled Askidian,* should be so pronounced"; because it is derived from the Greek *askos,* a wine-skin, which the venerable, though minute, creature under consideration resembles.

The first verse of this "Darwinian Ditty" runs thus:

"How many wondrous things there be
Of which we can't the reason see!
And this is one, I used to think,
That most men like a drop of drink:
But here comes Darwin with his plan,
And shews the true 'Descent of Man':
And that explains it all full well;
For man-was-once-a leather bottél!"

There's a lot of interesting matter in that old number of *Blackwood*. "The Leather Bottél" is followed by another song, entitled, "Platonic Paradoxes." About that time was issued the late Professor Jowett's admirable English translation of Plato's "Republic." The song is a satire—not on the English rendering, the beauty of which is gracefully acknowledged in a note, but—on the ideas and doctrines propounded by the great philosopher of ancient Greece—the socialism and communism of that famous work of his.

Let us sample this song of "Platonic Paradoxes":

"Every honest man grieves
At the number of thieves
That our social temptations create, O!
And our hearts are all sore
For the wretchedly poor;
And I'm sure the same feelings had Plato,
But the system propounded by Plato,
These deplorable ills to abate, O!
Was to break off with Mammon,
Have all things in common:
'Private property's gammon,' said Plato."

Moreover, this same number of *Blackwood* contains the remarkable brochure which created such a sensation at the time, viz., "The Battle of Dorking," which described—as a sort of secu-

lar apocalypse—the invasion and conquest of Britain by some European power, presumably Germany. This disaster was the result of her unpreparedness, her want of "militarism," her false economy, and so forth. It is interesting to read this to-day, in the light of modern events in South Africa. If it had been thoroughly studied by the powers that be—for it certainly put its finger on some of our weak spots—perhaps the blunders and disasters which marked the beginning of the war would have been avoided.

But on the other hand, how many of the gloomy forebodings of the writer have been belied! He imagined England in the direst straits; at war with the United States—sending ten thousand men to defend Canada; with India in revolt; with the Fenians threatening her at home, and with the invading army landed on her shores after having sunk the Channel fleet by their superior explosives. She calls home the squadron from the North Pacific coast, which can only come by sailing round Cape Horn, and so is too late to be of service; and she can only muster some fifty thousand volunteers on her own native heath to repel the enemy, which, of course, "makes no bones" of them.

I hope the writer of "The Battle of Dorking" is still living; if so, he will be pleased to see how his pessimistic prophecy has so gloriously failed; how, instead of England sending ten thousand men to defend Canada, Canada and Australia between them have sent more than that number to fight the battles of the Empire—how, instead of India being in revolt, the Indian troops have been the comrades of the British in much warfare, and are proud of being "Soldiers of the Queen"—how, instead of being at war with the United States, British and American soldiers are now fighting side by side in China—how, instead of the Old Flag trailing in the dust before a European power, the "Laureate of the Empire" can make his Tommy Atkins sing with truth:

"You may take the wings of the morning,
And flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you can't get away from the tune that they play
To that blooming old rag overhead."

June, 1901.

VII.

Oh, that awful heat we had to endure at the end of last month! Several times I "took my pen in hand," but it was no use, I could write nothing. I could think of nothing to write about except the heat. Then I would fling my pen on the desk and my body on the lounge and try to sleep. But that, too, was impossible; those detestable flies would persist on holding a picnic on my face.

"What were flies made for anyway?" I was tempted to remark. And then I remembered a good little Sunday School story which I had read in my childhood about a little boy who propounded that same question to his mother. The good wise religious mother—all mothers were of that type in those days, at least according to our Sunday School books—answered him not in words, but deeds. She took the lad across some commons, and they passed a spot where lay the carcase of a dog or some other animal surrounded by a host of flies. The odor was very disagreeable, so they hastened away, the mother not yet vouchsafing to interpret this object lesson.

But a few days afterwards she took him

again for the same walk; and on the spot where the carcase had been there was nothing but a few bones. Thereupon the good wise mother began her discourse. "Now, my dear, if it had not been for those flies"—and so forth. We can imagine the rest of her instruction, how the flies had acted as scavengers in making away with the offensive object.

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This story came to my mind as I lay fighting the flies; but I said, "Why should they torment me? I don't want to be 'scavengered.'" Thereupon I procured some sticky paper called "Tanglefoot"; the flies in the room soon became attached to it, and I had a few minutes of blissful dozing. But when I got up and looked at that paper which afforded me such relief, my heart misgave me, as I saw the flies which had been bothering me themselves in such agony. There they were, with rueful countenances and gestures of despair trying to extricate their limbs from the Sirbonian bog into which I had enticed them. I thought of those lines of Shakespeare:

> "And the poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Nature seems so cruel. Mr. Seton-Thompson tells us that all animals in a state of nature come to a tragic end. And those innumerable flies are bound to end their little lives in some sad manner, whether caught in the spider's web, or snapped up by a bird, or beaten to death by a storm, or mired in "Tanglefoot."

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But do they suffer the pangs of which the poet speaks? Indeed, does the giant, when he dies, find those pangs? I am inclined to think we have maligned nature, and that death is not ordinarily accompanied by great pain, as we have been taught to believe.

There have appeared of late some articles in scientific papers stating that ordinary deaths are unaccompanied by pain. In the case of most fatal diseases a state of stupor—one might call it anæsthesia—precedes the "giving up the ghost." And in violent deaths the shock at once destroys or dulls sensation.

I like to think this true; it makes nature not so fell and ruthless as she seems. Men who have been rescued from the jaws of some wild beast—the great Dr. Livingstone among the number—have described their sensations as being rather pleasurable than otherwise. They lay calmly watching the beast and wondering

with the utmost apathy where he would take his first bite.

It is very gratifying to know this, for when one sees a cat playing with a mouse it has caught, which seems the refinement of cruelty and makes one's heart bleed for the poor little creature suffering such torture, and provokes one to rail at nature for its hideous cruelty, it is a satisfaction to think that the little chap feels as impassive as Dr. Livingstone did. When a terrier shakes a rat, or a greyhound a rabbit, it is comforting to think that he has thereby shaken the senses out of the wretched creature, who thenceforth suffers no pain.

It is remarkable that Shakespeare, in the line immediately before those I quoted, makes Isabella say:

"The sense of death is most in apprehension."

What a thinker Shakespeare was, and what a lot of philosophy he boiled down in the Duke's speech in that same scene! ("Measure for Measure," Act III., Scene I.)

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I was once standing on a small rustic bridge looking down into the water and watching a shoal of minnows—they played about the edge where the water was shallow, but every now and

then they would venture out further. In the deeper part was a pike lurking among some weeds. By and by he made a dart at them; away they scuttled into the shallows and the pike returned disappointed and surly. The little fishes, after taking breath and enjoying a good laugh at the pike's expense, and emboldened by their previous success, ventured forth again, this time still further into the deep. They reminded me of a lot of street arabs in some large city teasing a burly policeman. Out darted the pike again and this time he succeeded in gobbling up the hindmost of the shoal. I wished that I could have caught that pike and made him disgorge the plucky little fellow he had caught. I would have liked to have resuscitated him and to put him the question: "Now, do you think, in view of your tragic end, that life is worth living?" I feel sure he would have answered, "Why certainly, for while I lived I had heaps of fun, and when the pike swallowed me I knew nothing more until you officiously meddled. You caused me more pain in restoring me to life than I felt when the pike give me my happy despatch."

Fainting is not painful; it is the "coming to" that is painful. So it is with drowning. More than once I have watched by some death-

bed and have seen the dying breathing away his life, with effort it may be, but with an expression of apathy on the face. And then some loving watcher—out of pure affection, no doubt—would apply a spoonful of brandy to his lips, and I have seen the look of irritation sweep over the face of the dying man, as if he said, "Why do you torture me? Let me alone to die in peace."

In fact, pain seems to be the concomitant of the beginning of life rather than of its close; and the pretty sentiment of the Persian poet is happily, in most cases, fulfilled:

"The morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears while all around thee smiled.
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
O mayest thou smile while all around thee weep."

July, 1901.

VIII.

WITHIN the last few months the Anglicans of Ontario have had to mourn the loss of many of their leading divines—Archbishop Lewis, Dean Lauder, Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, Canon Spencer, and others. Among them is one to whom I would pay my little tribute, the Right Rev. I. Hellmuth, D.D., who died a few weeks

ago in England. After holding many important positions in the Church, both in Upper and in Lower Canada (as the two provinces were formerly termed), he was, in 1871, consecrated as coadjutor to Bishop Cronyn of Huron, with right of succession. He resigned his see and went to England in 1883.

He was Principal of Huron College, which owed its existence to his zeal and energy, when I was a student there. I found the value of his instructions, especially in Hebrew language and literature; for he was a full-blooded Jew, brought up in the "straitest sect of his religion" in Poland, and did not embrace Christianity till he was over twenty-one years of age. He was well-versed, not only in the Hebrew Scriptures, but also in Talmudic and Cabalistic lore. He was always quoting "Rashi" (which is short for Rabbi Solomon ben Iarchi), "Aben Ezra," "Kimchi" and Maimonides and a lot of other learned and mystical Jews of the Middle Ages. His little work on "The Divine Dispensations"—of which he gave me a copy that I value on account of his autograph in it—is interesting, because it emphasized a truth, which we all recognize now, but which was then in abeyance, viz., that "The Divine Dispensations" were a gradual development—

that, in fact, Divine revelation was a matter of evolution.

Of course, this is a mere commonplace now; but I well remember the day when many an old-fashioned Anglican would shake his head over some passage, and scent "heresy," or "broad churchism," or some dreadful thing in that little book. How funny it all seems to-day—after forty years—when the Higher Criticism is taking our breath away with its assertions as to how the "development" took place.

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Principal Hellmuth—for it was under that title I first knew him—was a remarkable man; his personal magnetism was immense. He had a wonderful pair of dark brown eyes—large, mobile, luminous, keen, penetrating, yet kindly. One felt it was best to be thoroughly open and honest with him, for then one could rely on his good will. But he soon wearied of the onerous position of a bishop, and retired to England to assume once more the functions of a mere presbyter, as so many colonial bishops have done. Indeed so common an occurrence has this become that the list of colonial bishops who have resigned their sees is quite a lengthy one; and these ex-bishops are derisively spoken of as "returned empties." But this is not fair.

Many a man who is a great success as a preacher or leader of a theological party might, as a bishop, find himself in an atmosphere uncongenial and even noxious. A lawyer who may be an admirable pleader might, I should fancy, find himself out of his element on the bench to which he may be called. I believe there have been cases when a judge has gladly stepped down from the bench and resumed his place at the bar. And why should he not, if he finds himself "built that way"? A barrister must needs be a partisan. It is his business, and his duty, to make the very best of his client's case. He must cover the weak points and accentuate the strong ones. But the judge's duties are just the opposite. He must duly estimate every point, weak or strong, on both sides. In fact, the "judicial" temperament must be the opposite of the "barristerial," if I may coin a word.

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As with the Judicial Bench, so with the Episcopal. But the trouble with us Anglicans is that appointments to the Episcopal bench are by popular election. Now all elections—whether ecclesiastical or civil—are of necessity, struggles of partisans. It is all very well to decry "partyism," but it can't be abolished—nor should it be. Any one who is elected to

any office—whether bishop or bailiff—must needs be the nominee of a "party." "The will of the people," "the voice of the people," and suchlike phrases are very pretty no doubt, but they are ideal. "The choice of the people" means simply the choice of a majority of the people." That majority may possibly be ninety-nine per cent.; but usually it is nearer fifty-one per cent. That majority, whether in ecclesiastical or civil affairs, upholds one particular opinion or policy or measure, in opposition to the party of the minority, and the nominee of that majority is sure to be a strong if not a violent partisan.

It is not always wise to convert a mainspring into a pendulum. David may be an expert in attacking the Philistines with his sling and stone, but he might not succeed so well as Solomon upon the judgment seat. By the way, that judgment of Solomon's, which is recorded as an instance of his magisterial wisdom, seems to us moderns a somewhat rough-and-ready way of settling a legal case. To be sure, he showed his wisdom in seizing what modern philosophy calls the "psychological moment." Still, it is a kind of judgment that would not bear repeating. It reminds us too much of the ways of settling disputes in the Wild West. We moderns require

our Solomons to hear with heroic patience the counsel on both sides—and then give elaborate and equable directions to the jury who shall pronounce the verdict—whereupon Solomon passes sentence. But we must remember that all this elaboration is the result of the evolution of judicature since the days of Solomon. The East—arrested in its development—still prefers the crude, rough-and-ready way of Solomon's time, without his wisdom or even his love of justice. I fancy many a mufti or cadi delivers his judgment, not according to any psychological knowledge he may possess, nor according to the weight of the evidence, but according to the weight of the several bags of gold which each party to the suit hands him. But alas! if all tales be true, even our boasted Western civilization, especially in those places where the appointment is a matter of popular election, is not altogether free from this stain. Anyhow, it must be a most uneasy seat, that upon the bench, whether judicial or episcopal.

August, 1901.

IX.

This year is the jubilee of a memorable time. In the year 1851 was held the first World's Fair. The credit of establishing industrial exhibitions belongs to the French; for "expositions" had been held in Paris at various times from 1798 to 1849. England, following the precedent set by France, held an industrial exhibition in 1828, but it was not a success. She blundered at first, as in many other cases, and notably in the South African campaign. However, although she often fails at the beginning of an enterprise, she generally comes out all right in the end. This is characteristic of conservatism, and the English people are awfully conservative. Mr. Herbert Spencer has some weighty remarks in his "First Principles," on the "all-important function" which is exercised by "conservatism, both political and theological" in social evolution.

At all events, the English people fifty years ago seized upon the idea of holding an exhibition which should be not national merely, but universal. I say "English," but perhaps we owe it to the German element of the Prince Consort—"Albert the Good"—the father of

our King. The idea should certainly be credited to him, for in 1849 he addressed the Society of Arts, of which he was President, in these words (I quote from Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"):

"Now is the time to prepare for a Great Exhibition, an exhibition worthy of the greatness of this country; not merely national in its scope and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world; and I offer myself to the public as their leader, if they are willing to assist in the undertaking."

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The Prince's suggestion was adopted and carried out enthusiastically. The Crystal Palace, the creation of Sir Joseph Paxton—and a wonder of the world in those days—was erected, and the first "Great Exhibition of All Nations" was held, being opened in state by Her Majesty on the 1st of May, and remaining open to the public until the 15th of October, 1861.

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Another notable event of 1351 was (woe worth the day!) that the American yacht, at the Cowes regatta, on the 22nd of August, won from all the yachts of the United Kingdom the famous cup, which has remained ever since in possession of the United States. I was a school-

boy in England that year, and I well remember what a stir these two events created. Proud as we were of the success of the Great Exhibition, with its beautiful Crystal Palace and the vast conflux of people thereto, we were mortified beyond measure at the defeat sustained by our yachtsmen. Many were the sighs and lamentations, the explanations and excuses offered for the loss of that cup.

Punch had a ballad, to be said or sung by Jack Tar, which began:

> "Now weep, ye British sailors true,
> Above or under hatches;
> For Yankee Doodle's been and come
> And beat our crackest yatches."

It proceeded to adduce various wild reasons for this disaster, but it ended by confessing:

> "But them's all lies, I'm bound to say,
> Although they're told in batches;
> It was the build and cut of sail
> That did for all our yatches."

After being fifty years in the hands of its captors, let us hope that this jubilee year will witness the release of the prisoner; let us shout with all our hearts and voices to *Shamrock II.* —"More power to your—spinnaker!"

In that year, 1851, the Temple of Janus was shut, at least as far as the British Empire extended. Lord Gough's great victories over the Sikhs were achieved in 1848 and 1849. Sir Charles Napier, commander-in-chief, had formally annexed the Punjaub to the British dominions, and in 1850 returned home from India, leaving the whole country pacified. The Burmese War did not break out till the opening of 1852; the Crimean War began in 1854, and the terrible Mutiny in 1857.

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What a host of famous men were living in that year! The Duke of Wellington, aged 81, and the Marquis of Anglesea, aged 83—two Peninsular and Waterloo veterans—both walked in procession at the grand opening ceremony on May 1st. At the same time "Our Bobs," if not a spectator of the pageant, was probably at home, packing up his traps, and making all arrangements to depart for India (which he tells us in his book he did on the 20th of February, 1852) to begin his glorious military career.

In that year the railway from Alexandria to Cairo was built, and gold was discovered in Australia by Mr. Hargraves, a returned "forty-niner" from California. Livingstone was ex-

ploring in Africa and Layard in Assyria. Numbers of dauntless sailors were in the Arctic Seas searching for traces of Sir John Franklin; several came home this year with reports of failure, and some, alas! never returned.

Among the leading statesmen, in the Government or Opposition were the (then) Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Derby, Earl of Minto—titles in which we Canadians have a proud interest—Salisbury, Disraeli, Gladstone, and many others.

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The religious world was greatly stirred by the Tractarian movement, and Pusey, Newman and Keble were alive; so was Archbishop Whately; so were the leaders of the subsequent Broad Church movement, though not yet in evidence —Stanley, Jowett, Baden Powell (father of the renowned B. P.) and Temple, now Primate of all England.

Then flourished Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Faraday, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, H. Spencer, the last named being the only survivor. Alfred Tennyson had just been installed Poet Laureate in the room of Wordsworth, who died in 1850.

In the United States, J. Fenimore Cooper died that year, and Daniel Webster the next,

while Longfellow, Prescott, Washington Irving and others were producing splendid work, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was putting her finishing touches to her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which appeared in 1852.

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But why go on? There is no end to the brilliant list; and I have confined myself to English-speaking people. At this time when we are eagerly looking forward to welcome the grandson of the great Queen and his consort in their royal progress through the Empire, we cast back one fond look to that glorious epoch of which this year is the jubilee.

September, 1901.

X.

WHAT an eventful month has elapsed since I last wrote! On Sunday, 15th September, I was in Montreal as a delegate to the Provincial Synod then in session in the metropolitan city —for Montreal is the metropolis not only commercially, but as far as we Anglicans are concerned, ecclesiastically. On that Sunday morning I was a worshipper in St. George's Church. By the way, to a cleric it is a great advantage to sit now and then in a pew and become a

simple worshipper instead of a functionary. One can experience from a layman's point of view how it feels to be preached to—or at, as the case might be.

On that day the furniture of the church was hung in black, the service was almost funereal, the Dead March in Saul was played; the sermon, a splendid one, by the Bishop of Niagara, concluded with a most pathetic allusion to the cause of our mourning—the death of the President of the United States at the hands of an assassin. On the following Wednesday the Synod attended in a body a requiem—I beg pardon, as a Protestant I should say a memorial service—in Christ Church Cathedral. Nothing could be more solemn and sombre—the dead President was most reverentially remembered.

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Three or four hours afterward the members of the Synod were—not collectively, but individually—in the midst of a vast crowd hailing with enthusiasm the advent among us of the heir to the British throne. The streets were brilliant with flags and shields of all colors, and all the pageantry of court and camp. That night the great city shone with illuminations, fireworks and torchlight processions. Oh! it was a joyous time.

How strange the contrast! At one hour signs of mourning and woe for the assassination of a man representing the highest type of modern democracy—at another, the wildest enthusiasm and joy at the arrival in our midst of the representative of a throne which has endured a thousand years! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says our poet. But we have seen both in republican France and in the republican United States that the uncrowned occupant of the chief seat must be just as uneasy—at least, during his brief tenure of office.

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I left Montreal on Thursday evening, 19th, so that I was in town to take in the festivities at Ottawa also. "Comparisons are odious," we all know, but there really was much in which each city excelled. Nothing could be more spirit-stirring than the immense torchlight procession in Montreal and the fireworks and the general hilarity of the vast crowds. Nothing could be more grand than the illuminations of some of the larger buildings, such as the Bank of Montreal, the Railway Stations, and many of the stately mansions of Montreal's millionaires. But undoubtedly the death and funeral of the President dampened to a great extent the joy of the occasion.

In Ottawa our chief pride was the exquisite adornment, both by day and night, of Parliament Square and the adjacent streets. It was like a scene in fairyland—all so harmonious, so beautiful. It is a pity that amid all this joyousness, dissatisfaction should have been felt—and caused—by the want of recognition of the Presbyterian, Methodist and other evangelical denominations. Rev. Dr. Herridge's manly and dignified protest was well-timed.

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Wherever the fault lay—and that I do not pretend to understand—it is a pity that anything should have happened to intensify the ill-feeling which the Anglican Church has aroused against herself in the past, and—if my clerical brethren will allow me to say so—mainly through her pretentiousness. The late Archbishop Lewis of Ontario, in speaking of the state of the Church in Canada some fifty years ago, often said in his own terse and vigorous way, that the Church was "dying of respectability." Though we have recovered greatly since those days, still I am afraid the dregs of the disease have not been eliminated.

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There are some truths, bitter but wholesome, which we Anglicans should swallow. England

is not the United Kingdom, still less is it the British Empire. The Church of England is not "The Church" in Scotland. The advance in Canada is due not so much to Englishmen as to Scotchmen. Our monetary, manufacturing, exploring, lumbering institutions are conducted mainly by Scotchmen. In Canada Englishmen are generally Methodists—the "Church of England" is made up of Irishmen—and finally, in numbers, in popular influence, in wealth, in literature, both Presbyterians and Methodists are far ahead of us. These truths, well digested and assimilated, will serve to cure us of that chronic distemper which Archbishop Lewis said nearly finished us long ago.

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I speak, of course, from a purely secular standpoint. The State—that is to say, the Canadian people in a body—has nothing to do with the Biblical, or historical, or metaphysical discussions which divide Christians. I think the Government did wisely in abolishing the office of Chaplain to the Senate. It would have been a bone of contention, and have given rise to much ill-feeling. Besides, if "the entire separation of Church and State" is our principle, let us be logical.

Their Royal Highnesses are receiving many valuable presents, which indicate not only our esteem for them personally, but also our devoted loyalty to the throne and Empire. Of all these gifts the most valuable in my estimation is the chieftain's hat, which the Indians in the North-West gave up to the Duke. Like the widow's mite, it was a gift which cost them much. It was their symbol of authority—used by generations of chiefs—and as sacred to them as the big ugly stone in the coronation chair, on which King Edward will sit next year, is to the Englishman. The presentation of that hat was a graceful acknowledgment of the suzerainty of the British monarch.

October, 1901.

XI.

English reviews of late have contained many essays criticizing the war in South Africa, and the general verdict is that the old-fashioned system of warfare is played out. There is a noteworthy little article in the *Contemporary* of July, "Our Methods in South Africa," by a Regimental Officer in South Africa, which puts the case in small compass. I cull a few pregnant sentences:

"With very few exceptions, the Boers, who possess all the two late republics but the towns and the railways, are split up into small independent bodies." "Our unwieldly columns afford them pure delight." "I have seen less than a dozen Boers playing with a convoy, and never a troop despatchd to cut them off, owing to the general's superstitious terror for his waggons." "The Canadian or Australian, who volunteers to take fifty of the finest mounted infantry in the world to surround twenty sleeping Dutchmen at a farm, is told that he must not go without half a battalion and a gun, an addition which must utterly stultify his errand." "This desultory warfare will go on for the lack of one simple expedient." "That expedient is man-hunting."

The daily papers add daily confirmations of these statements. We read continually: "A number of British columns are operating in Orange River Colony." "They occasionally locate a few Boers, who gallop off when discovered." "Then they turn and snipe the British columns." "Botha's force is being surrounded; he cannot escape." "Botha's force dissolved, and he himself has escaped." And so on, *ad nauseam*.

Is it not time that a new system was adopted, and that the Boers were shown that "two could play at that game"? And the Empire has splendid material which could be utilized for this purpose of "man-hunting"; noble, loyal fellow-subjects of ours, who would gladly give their services, which I am sure would prove invaluable. I mean the Red Indians of Canada. They have all the qualifications which are now so loudly called for. In keenness of sight and hearing, in mobility, in marksmanship and horsemanship, in endurance of privations, in self-reliance and resourcefulness, whether alone or in concert with his fellows, the red man is more than a match for the Boer. He would not be entrapped in ambushes; he is too good a scout. He would not be deceived by flags of truce and such like dodges; he is too wary. He would not need eye-glasses; his sight is too good. He would not need a waggon to follow him with provisions; he is too much of a sportsman for that; he could carry his pemmican in his saddle-bags, as the Boer does his biltong.

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If we sent out a contingent, uniformed in buckskin of their own make, which would be more serviceable and picturesque than khaki, and commanded by their own chiefs, I venture

to say they would give a good account of themselves in this business of "man-hunting," and would speed the end of the war. But they must not be hampered with regimental red tape. David must not be made to fight Goliath bundled up in Saul's armor. Let them have a free hand. Give their chiefs general instructions as to what will be required of them as scouts and "man-hunters," and I prophesy that they will acquit themselves with credit to the Empire, and return home more loyal than ever, and proud of having served as "Soldiers of the King."

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"But savages!" it will be said; and I know that a howl would be raised by the pro-Boers at the idea of our employing "savages." They are not "savage" enough to produce such assassins as those of Italy, if Marion Crawford's stories are credible, or the Nihilists of Russia, or the bandits of Bulgaria, or the anarchists of Christian nations. They are not so savage as those who can exhibit a cinematograph view of the burning of a negro, accompanied by a gramophone reproduction of his yells and groans, for the delectation of those who are savage enough to enjoy such a performance.

Archdeacon Mackay, who has spent twenty-five years among the Cree Indians of the North-West, was in Ottawa lately giving missionary addresses. He speaks highly of the many noble traits in their character. So does Bishop Bompas, of Selkirk, and Bishop Reeve, of Mackenzie River. So do the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and others who have lived among them. Let them be honorably dealt with, and life and property are safer with them than among the wild freebooters of the Western States.

Some ten or twelve years ago I spent a holiday on Lake Temiscaming, as the guest of the captain of the steamboat *Meteor,* and of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Temiscaming and at Baie des Peres. One day a party of us from the steamer was in the Hudson's Bay store at the latter place, and saw the manager in conference with an Indian. Presently he said to his clerk: "Give (mentioning the Indian's name) a hundred dollars' worth of goods." One of our party said in surprise: "Do you trust him with that amount?" "Certainly," was the reply; "he wants his hunting outfit for the winter, and next spring he will bring me furs in payment." I wonder if the average white man would be so trusted. On another occasion I was in a birch-bark canoe

with a young man, a divinity student, who, during the summer acted as missionary, not to the Indians, who were all parishioners of a venerable French priest, but to the Protestant settlers around the lake. After paddling for a considerable time, we determined to take a tramp inland. We drew our canoe upon the beach, overturned it, and placed underneath our coats, vests, purses, watches, etc. I asked: "Is it safe to leave our things here?" My friend replied: "Perfectly safe; there are only Indians round here; there are no whites."

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Yes; send a thousand or so of them, armed with the best rifles and supplied with plenty of the best ammunition, trust to their loyalty and honor, and they would soon teach the Boers that "sniping" does not pay.

November, 1901.

XII.

Ever since Tennyson mourned over his lost friend many bereaved hearts, year by year, have had cause to appropriate those melancholy lines:

> "With trembling fingers did we weave
> The holly round the Christmas hearth;
> A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
> And sadly fell our Christmas Eve."

We are powerfully reminded of this, as once again "The time draws near the birth of Christ," by the awful disasters which have happened among ourselves of late. The accidental deaths of Mr. McRae by a bullet, of Major Bond by fire, and of Mr. Harper and Miss Blair by water, have suddenly brought mourning to relatives and loss to the community.

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I am glad it is proposed to raise a monument to the late H. A. Harper. The gallant deed in which he perished evinces his nobility of soul; and those, like myself, who had the pleasure of intimate converse with him, whether in lighter or more serious vein, know his intellectual worth.

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Ah, well! Let us close this line of thought with the lines wherewith "In Memoriam" closes that stanza:

> "Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
> Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
> O Father, touch the east and light
> The light that shone when Hope was born."

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone. This is a holiday which somehow does not fill us Canadians with the enthusiasm that it does our neighbors to the South. Its approach does not

speak to us of homecomings and family gatherings, of the turkey and the pumpkin pie, and all that sort of thing. It is a statutory holiday—that's all. The shops are shut—at least most of them—and the workers in the great hive of industry have another chance to take breath, and they govern themselves accordingly. Some—a small minority, I fear—go to church and hear a sermon expatiating on the material and secular blessings which Almighty God has showered upon Canada, and upon the Empire at large. But it seems a half-hearted kind of business. What is the reason?

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Undoubtedly the main reason is that it is held at a time when people least feel inclined to be joyful. The days are getting shorter and shorter, and gloomier and gloomier. The ice is forming on the streams and ponds—enough to prevent boating and sailing, but not enough for sports on the ice. The harvest is all gathered in, to be sure, but that was two months ago. There may be snow; there may be mud; there is sure to be an unwelcome state of things. Within the houses there is a condition of unsettledness; we have not yet got down to our winter ways, and we are ruefully watching the pleasant autumn slipping away.

To be sure, we in Canada are not so badly off as the denizens of Old London during a November fog. We cannot wail, as did Tom Hood:

> "No sun, no moon,
> No stars, no noon;
> No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,"

And so on, with his long list of "minus quantities," until he cries:

> "No comfortable feel in any member,
> No swallows twittering beneath the eaves;
> No fruit, no flowers, no trees, no grass, no leaves,
> No-vember!"

And happily, in Ottawa, through the enterprise of our journalists, we had not to bewail, at morning and at evening, that most serious of all holiday privations, "No paper!" Nevertheless, the citizens, on the eve of the national thanksgiving, owing to the "anchor ice," which formed so suddenly this year, were forced to growl: "No electric light, no cars, no water!" All of which did not tend to stimulate the spirit of thanksgiving.

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One can understand why that time of year was originally settled upon by the good Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Those worthy Puritans, in their zeal for civil and ecclesiasti-

cal reform, had decreed that Christmas Day, with its "superstitions," should not be observed except as a fast. So, to offset this day, they made an "ordinance" that the day of family gatherings and good cheer should be held a month earlier, at that gloomy time when human hearts were least inclined to "be merry and joyful"; a severe test of faith; a "self-denying ordinance," indeed.

But they did not manage to kill out Christmas Day. All the traditions and folklore, not only of England, but of Germany and all Europe, have congregated in this country, and they seem to increase and multiply; the Christmas trees, the stockings hung up, the visits of Santa Claus, and all the frolics and follies of the old season. I doubt if the English or continental papers contain among their advertisements as many atrocious pictures, as our papers do, of Santa Claus preparing to reach our shores, and getting into all sorts of scrapes by the way, and all that sort of thing. So the simple legends of our forefathers, charming in their *naïveté,* are exaggerated into monstrosities.

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The learned disquisitions, *pro* and *con,* as to whether the Christ was actually born on Christ-

mas Day, do not interest me. There is, to my thinking, too much special pleading on both sides. Certain it is that the Scriptures, or (to accommodate myself to secular phraseology) the documents of that period, say nothing about the precise date of His birth. What matter? Suffice it for me that the Church—I mean the Christians of the early days in their corporate capacity—determined to keep *some* day to commemorate the birth of One whom all admit to have been a tremendous factor in the ethical and spiritual evolution of humanity. What if the Church—I mean organized Christianity—did adopt the season of the pagan Saturnalia? A better time could not have been chosen, at least for the northern hemisphere; the time of the solstice, when the sun, which has been growing weaker and weaker, takes a turn for the better, and nature's hopes revive as every day sees a little more than the last of the life and light-giving sun. A most typical time to observe the birthday of the Christ. And so we wish all our friends and readers "A Merry Christmas."

December, 1901.